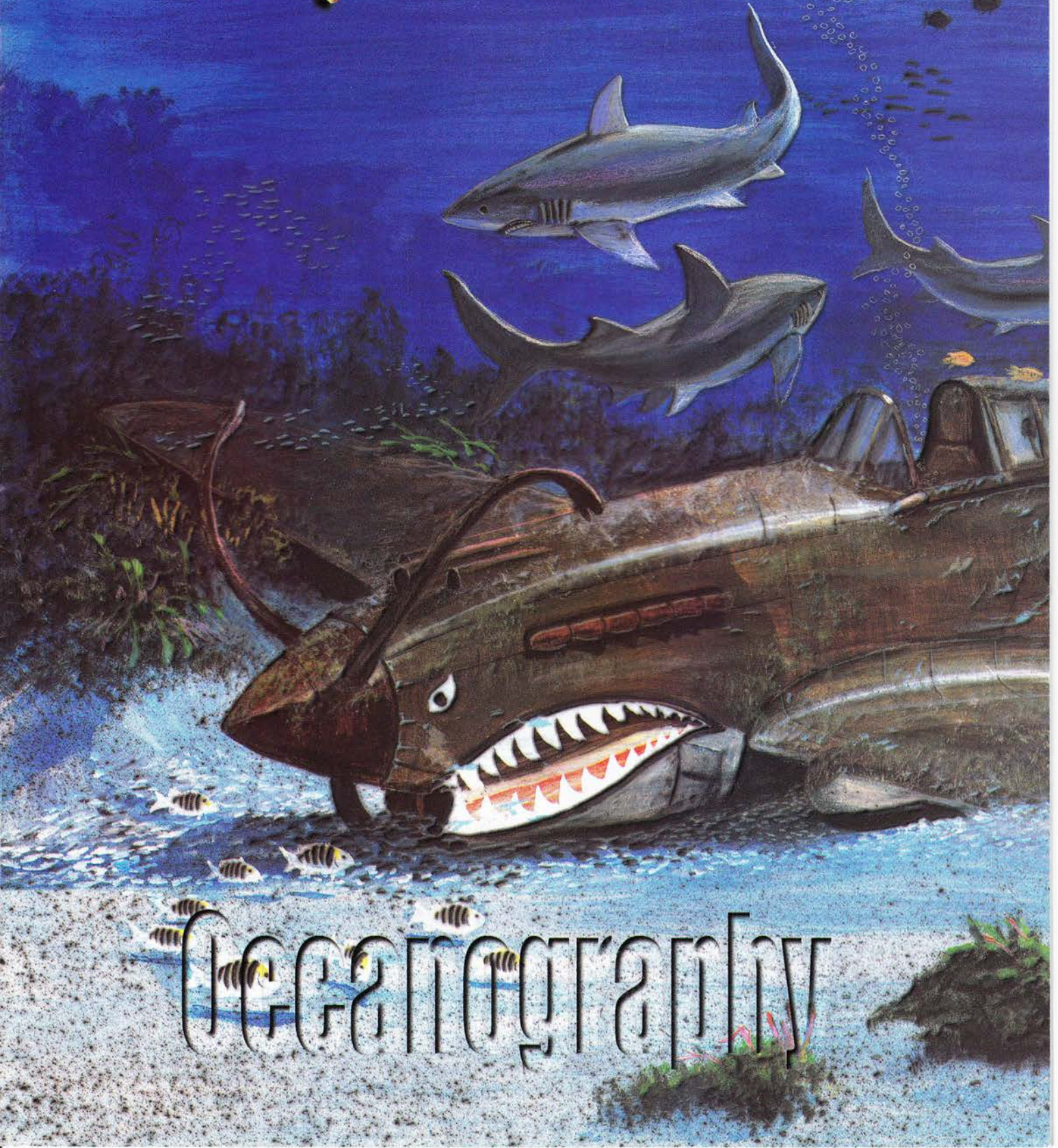


Summer 1998

HIGH Adventure

LEADER'S EDITION



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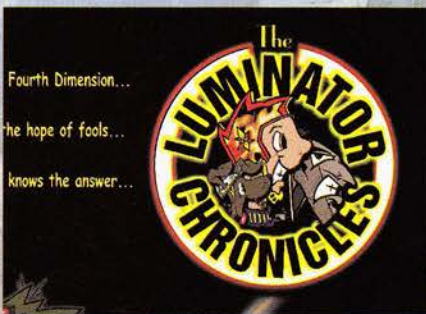
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cover by Fred Deaver

HIGH ADVENTURE—Volume 28, Number 1 ISSN (0190-3802) published quarterly by Royal Rangers; 1445 Boonville Avenue; Springfield MO 65802-1894. Subscription rates: (*High Adventure Leader* only) single subscription \$9.95 a year; bundle (minimum of five subscriptions, all mailed to one address) \$9.00 a year, \$13.95 (foreign mailing address). ©1998 General Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc., Gospel Publishing House. Printed in USA. Periodicals postage paid at Springfield, Mo. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *High Adventure*; 1445 Boonville; Springfield, MO 65802-1894.

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EL NIÑO

Bay of Terror

B

rian rubbed the sleep from his eyes, pulled on his pants and a sweatshirt, and donned his favorite baseball cap. He never went

fishing without the faded, battered, San Francisco Giants cap his dad had bought him for his seventh birthday.

"Come on, Dad!" he called down the hallway. "We'll be late!"

Brian's father Bill, clamored toward the front door, clutching two fishing poles in one hand and a tackle box in the other. A broad smile adorned his face. He cherished these Saturday morning fishing trips with Brian.

"You ready to catch something today, Buddy?" he asked his 8-year-old son.

"Yeah, if we don't miss the boat!" Brian said excitedly.

It was still dark outside when Bill parked the car at a pier near Fisherman's Wharf. He had reserved two spots on a fishing charter that would take him and Brian into San Francisco Bay and then to the Pacific Ocean.

Brian scurried up the boat's runway, eager to begin the expedition. Bill followed behind and

joined his son at one of the boat's four fishing ports. The sun was peeking its red and orange head over the eastern horizon as the boat pulled away from the dock and out into the unseasonably warm waters of the bay.

Brian loved to fish in San Francisco Bay. There was always so much activity: fishing boats pulling in and out of docks, seagulls squawking overhead, and barking seals swimming and playing on the rocks along the shore.

Before Bill had finished setting his fishing pole in a support, Brian already had his line hooked and baited. He was ready to go!

"You've really been paying attention at Royal Rangers, haven't you?" his dad quipped with a smile.

"I sure have!" Brian replied. "Our commander is a fishing expert. He's taught me a lot of stuff."

"Oh, yeah? What else has he taught you?" Bill asked.

Before Brian could respond, a strong gust of wind knocked his Giants' hat across the deck. As he retrieved the prized cap, he noticed that the boat had started rocking. The waves had gotten

bigger, and the sun-drenched sky had grown cloudy.

Soon after Brian and Bill dropped their fishing lines into the Pacific, Brian noticed something in the water.

"What's that, Dad?" Brian asked as he pointed to a long line of buoys that dotted the western seaboard.

"Oh, that's for El Niño," Bill said.

"El who?" Brian asked with a puzzled expression.

The wind blew harder. Big waves crashed into the boat, sending spray into the faces of the six fishermen on board. A warm, light rain began to fall.

"El Niño is what's been causing the warm weather we've been having, Brian," Bill said. Bill worked for the San Francisco Institute of Meteorology, where he has been studying the effects of unusually warm waters in the Pacific Ocean.

Brian struggled to keep his balance on the bouncing boat, watch his fishing line, and listen to his father at the same time.

"El Niño happens every few years. It means that the ocean water is warmer than usual

because of conditions in the atmosphere that interact with waves in the ocean. In some parts of the world, El Niño causes hurricanes, tropical storms, and tidal waves.

"El Niño means 'The little one' in Spanish. South Americans gave it that name because they noticed that El Niño usually happens around Christmas time. 'The little one' refers to Baby Jesus!"

Pointing to the string of floating instruments, Bill continued: "Those buoys measure water temperature, currents, and winds, and they send the information to researchers all over the world. This helps them study El Niño and make weather forecasts."

"Oh, yeah!" Brian exclaimed. "My Rangers commander told me about that too! He said we should be careful to check weather forecasts before we go out to sea. But I didn't think that El Niño would ever bother me. I thought that was only for people in other countries! We don't need to worry about storms, do we, Dad?"

Thunder ripped through the sky, as rain began to pound the deck ferociously. The wind roared in their ears as Brian, Bill, and the other fishermen ran to the boat's small shelter area. They had been surrounded by a tropical storm.

"Yes, we do!" Bill shouted.

The boat was no match for the fierce waves. It was rocked from side to side, and spun every which way. Bill and Brian held on to the shelter's storm railings, and to

each other. The driving wind and rain made it next to impossible to hear or see.

But, through the falling sheets of water, Brian could see the western horizon. He was terrified as he made out the form of a huge wave that was growing in size and building in momentum as it rolled



in the boat's direction.

"Dad, look at that!" Brian yelled.

"I see it, Son! Just hold onto me!" Bill said as he pulled his boy close to him.

It was a tidal wave! The fishermen braced themselves as the wave approached. The boat was thrust skyward, as it climbed to the wave's crest. As soon as the wave passed underneath, the boat would crash back to sea level.

Bill and Brian prayed that God would save them.

Like a raft riding a waterfall, the boat slid down the backside of the wave and crashed into the ocean. Water splashed onto the deck and the fishermen were thrown to the floor. The boat bounced violently, then came to a peaceful rest.

Bill and Brian opened their

eyes and climbed back to their feet. They were safe! The tidal wave had passed. Eventually the wind and rain died down, and the sea calmed.

"We made it, Dad!" Brian shouted as he leaped into his father's arms.

"Yes, and I think we learned a lesson too," Bill said. "What lesson?" Brian asked curiously.

Bill explained, "You didn't think El Niño would really come, did you? You thought it would only affect other people in other parts of the world."

"Well, it came. And you know something else? Jesus is going to come soon too. And a lot of people won't be ready for His coming. Many people think they have a long time to get

ready for Jesus' return, or that Jesus is coming for everybody. But, Brian, He's coming only for those who have accepted Him as their personal Savior. And the Bible says that nobody knows when He will return. He could come tomorrow! And we'd better be ready."

Brian lay in bed that night thinking about the great fishing adventure he'd experienced that day. He could still feel his body rolling with the waves of the rough sea he and his father had survived. He thought of the comfort he had felt when he was buried in his father's arms during the storm. And, just before he fell asleep, he thanked God for being his Heavenly Father who holds him close and secure during all of life's storms.

Illustration by Howard Prater



DARBY'S UNDERWATER ADVENTURE

BY ROBB HAWKS

"Hi! I'm Darby Jones. Well, actually, I'm Darby Jones, Junior. I'm a Pioneer, and my dad, Darby Jones, Senior is the Royal Rangers commander. Dad taught us that all things work out for good to those who love God! Boy, is that true!

"Awhile back I found and returned a lot of money that had fallen out of an armored truck. The owner of the company was so grateful, he gave me a reward of \$300, which covered my entire Campor-ama expense. But that is not what today's adventure is about. The newspaper awarded me their "Young American Award" for my honesty, and my dad and I were flown to the Caribbean Island of Barbados as a prize. It is here, on the Island of Barbados, that my underwater adventure took place . . ."

"Okay, Son, remember what I taught you in the swimming pool," Darby, Senior said. Darby, Junior tried to think, but it was all a swirling, gurgling experience. Darby's dad had been teaching him to scuba dive. Darby had practiced in a swimming pool. His final exam was to throw all his scuba gear into the deep end of the pool, and then swim down and put it all on underwater. Now he was bobbing up and down in a small boat in one of the bays of Barbados.

"Now the water is only 40 feet

deep here. There will be plenty of sunlight on the bottom. Just stay close to me and we will have a lot of fun," Darby's dad said.

"What about sharks?"

Darby asked.

"There shouldn't be any sharks inside the reef. Okay? Let's go!"

Darby and his father climbed into the water, checked their masks, air regulators, air pressure gauges, and then slid down into the depths of the water. It was wonderful—much better than snorkeling. The regulator mouthpiece let air into his mouth from the pressurized air tank. The regulator controlled the air pressure, allowing the air to enter his mouth at a slightly greater pressure than the water around him. He barely had to breathe, and the air rushed into his lungs. It only took a few flaps of his flippers and he glided through the water. Down they went, deeper and deeper. It was like being a fish.

And then he saw it. There, resting on the bottom of the bay was a shipwreck! Darby followed his father down towards the wreck. It was awesome. There were little fish everywhere. All kinds of things were growing on the wreck—sea things of all colors and incredible shapes. Darby was lost in the beauty of the colors when something tugged at his flipper. Darby's heart seemed to stop beating and he spun around and came face-to-face with his father.

Commander Jones was pointing off to one side. Another diver was coming toward them. This diver

held a long fishing spear in his hand. The Hawaiian sling spear had a large rubber band that propelled it. The diver would swim up to a tasty-looking fish, point the spear at it, then release his grip on the spear. The rubber band would launch the spear a few feet and impale the unsuspecting fish. The diver removed the fish from the spear and stuffed it into a net bag at his belt.

Commander Jones turned away and began to swim around the other side of the wreck. Darby watched in fascination as the other diver speared another fish. It was amazing. Only a little blood seemed to seep out of the wound. Suddenly, a light gray movement, off in the distance, caught his eye. Coming out of the darkness behind the fishing diver, was a large shark! Blood in the water—of course! Sharks had an incredible sense of smell. The little bit of blood that Darby could see could be smelled by the shark miles away!

Darby began frantically waving his arms at the unsuspecting diver. The diver did not realize that Darby was trying to warn him, and merely waved back. The shark got closer and closer. Darby looked around for his father. He couldn't see him. He must be on the other side of the wreck. Darby started to panic. His instinct was to race towards the surface and escape. But the shark could follow him as long as he was in the water. Closer and closer the shark came. The closer it got, the bigger it looked. Suddenly the diver looked around and saw it. It was obvious that he was both sur-

prised and shocked. He slipped his arm from his spear and used both hands to untie the fish bag from his belt. The shark began to circle around the diver. Each circle was smaller than the previous, getting closer and closer. Finally the diver got the bag loose and open. One by one he removed the dead fish and pushed them in the direction of the shark. The shark hesitated for a moment, and then with a sudden snatching movement, devoured the fish.

Each time the diver would drop a fish, he would slowly move away from the shark. His movements brought him towards the shipwreck. Suddenly, Darby found himself in the circle of the shark's movements. The diver dropped his last fish and made a dash towards the shipwreck. Darby simply tread water, his head following the movement of the shark. Shiny-black shark eyes, eyes that never blinked or showed any sign of emotion, focused on him as the shark's circle got smaller and smaller.

Darby was frozen. He couldn't

think; he couldn't move; all he could do was stare as the shark got closer. Suddenly the shark made a darting movement. Darby was grabbed from behind and dragged into darkness! Darby tried to scream, but the regulator mouth-piece made it almost impossible. Darby felt something pulling at his arm and then his eyes opened to see his father. Commander Jones had grabbed him from behind and pulled him into the safety of the shipwreck. Slowly his heart resumed beating at a normal pace. Darby and his dad watched through an old porthole as the shark circled for awhile and then swam away.

Their air tanks were almost empty, so the three divers slowly swam back to the surface and their boats. On the way back to shore, Darby began to complain about how the shark had almost killed them.

"The shark is only doing what God made it to do," Commander Jones said.

"What? God made the shark to eat us?" Darby asked in disbelief.

"No, Darby. The shark is God's ocean cleanup crew. You see, the shark eats fish that are wounded, sick, or dying. That is why the blood attracts them. Sharks are something like eagles, hawks, and vultures."

"What? Sharks are like vultures?" Darby asked.

"Darby, when a wild animal is struck by a car and left alongside the road dead, who cleans up the dead remains?"

"Well, sometimes the road crew does. But I guess I have seen a lot of birds, like turkey vultures, who swoop down and eat the dead animal," Darby said.

"That's right. You might say that turkey vultures are part of God's cleanup crew. Sharks are part of God's ocean cleanup crew, eating the weak, sick, and injured fish."

Darby thought about this all the way back to shore. God truly did have every detail taken care of in His wonderful plan of creation.



snorkeling

by Tom and Joanne O'Toole
Outdoor Journalists

Imagine looking 30 feet below through ocean water. Our first snorkeling expedition in crystal-clear water made a startling impression on us. We had joined a tour which promised to show us "the fascinating beauty of the underwater world." As soon as we slipped over the side of the boat, floated flat on the surface, and looked down at the fabulous colors and formations 30 feet below, we were captivated.

You don't have to swim in deep water to enjoy snorkeling. Even in waist-deep water, swimming becomes more interesting and considerable more fun.

In shallow depths, where there are no regulations against it, one can easily dip down and snatch whatever catches your eye. If you happen to be off a popular shelling beach, snorkeling gear can give you a big advantage. When we were on Sanibel and Captiva Islands, along Florida's southwest Gulf Coast, we paddled out to a sand bar, snorkeled off the far side, and collected perfect shells. They are the kind of specimens beach-combers hope to find someday, but rarely do.

The basic equipment for snorkeling is simple: a mask, a snorkel tube, and a pair of fins. Best of all, snorkeling equipment is not expensive.

Casual snorkelers are frequently content with equipment they buy at discount stores, while more serious enthusiasts want the best available.

If you want to experiment before you buy your own, many shops at resorts and similar places rent gear. Also, most planned snorkeling tours provide all that is needed.

SNORKELING MASKS

Of primary importance is a comfortably fitting snorkeling mask. The

ideal mask is more oval in shape than circular, and it covers your face from the eyebrows to the upper lip. To check the fit, wiggle the mask onto your face so it feels comfortable without being held in place by its elastic head strap. Tip your head back, then inhale through your nose to create a vacuum. If the fit is proper, tip your head forward, and the mask should stay in place while you are inhaling without securing it by hand. Once it fits this way, adjust the head strap so it fits snugly behind your head. It doesn't have to be overly tight, just snug; water pressure will do the rest.

The mask should fit tightly against your nose but without discomfort. Not allowing any air to enter, you'll almost automatically breathe through the snorkel tube that is in your mouth.

State-of-the-art masks have curved side panels, crystal-clear vision, and an easy, quick-adjusting strap.

To prevent the mask from fogging up, moisten the inside of the face plate with saliva, smear it around the glass, then rinse it in the water where you'll be snorkeling.

The mask creates an airspace between your eyes and the water, a necessity for clear vision. A mask must fully cover your eyes and nose because of an effect called the "squeeze." A squeeze is a buildup of a pressure differential between the ambient water pressure and the air pressure within the mask.

To ensure your comfort, this pressure differential must be equalized. If the outside water pressure increases, which occurs when you dive deeper

without an increase inside the mask, there will be a sensation of pressure on your face. To control this, you must exhale through your nose—which increases pressure inside the mask, and, in turn, equalizes with the pressure exerted by the water.

Okay, so much for the physics lesson. The vast majority of snorkelers spend most of their time floating along the surface, so they are rarely confronted with pressure resulting from deep diving. At best most divers just dip down to pick up a shell or grab something interesting from the sandy bottom.

CLEARING YOUR MASK

Masks vary somewhat in their size, configuration, and construction. Selecting one that fits properly is a step towards making it easy to clear your mask when it leaks a little. Some masks have a one-way valve built into the faceplate to allow for the escape of water that invariably collects inside.

When you tilt your head up to pool the water above the valve and exhale through your nose, the increased air pressure will push the water out the valve. However, the same thing can be accomplished without a valve by just lifting your head back so the water inside the face mask collects down above your upper lip.

Next, place the heel of your hand on the upper part of the faceplate, press it tight against your forehead, and exhale through your nose. The added pressure will "blow out" the water through the lower seal of the mask.

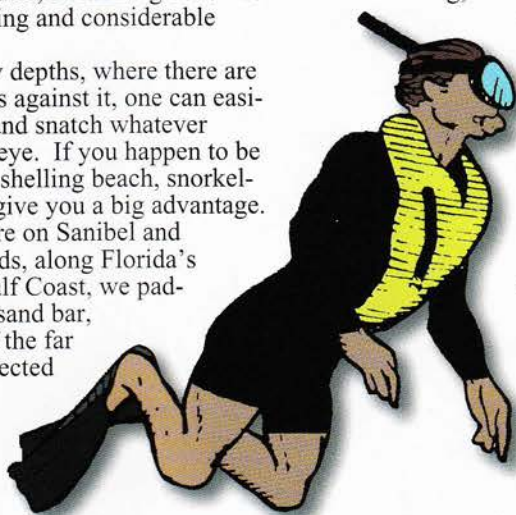
SNORKELING TUBES

A snorkeling tube is simply a breathing tube with a mouthpiece. It is u-shaped to wrap around the side of the face and extend above the surface of the water, permitting you to breathe without lifting your face from the water. The tube is attached by a short strap to the mask, keeping it tight to your face, and always pointing up out of the water when you are floating or swimming face down on or just below the surface.

A snorkeling tube can be moved vertically by sliding it up or down through the rubber locking strap on the mask. The mouthpiece and tube should be adjusted so it fits comfortably.

A properly designed mouthpiece

(con't p. 15)



Some say that Time is the Fourth Dimension....

Some say Time Travel is the hope of fools....

Many have asked, only One knows the answer....

written by Debbie Webb
illustrated by Howard Prater



Starring

Layor "Lucus" Sregnar

The villainous Dark Master

His trusty dog, Beamer





Ken Hunt
National Commander

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The scientific world of climatologists is beginning to break out in a cold sweat. They're as nervous as a cat in a roomful of rocking chairs.

This issue of *High Adventure* focuses on "Oceanography"—the science that deals with the oceans, their physics and chemistry, and their water resources. Startling new developments regarding this highly specialized science are saturating the media. We're hearing widely scattered reports from the scientific community warning of new catastrophes and awesome global weather changes in the making.

People are reacting predictably to this bad news. They're worried. But the man of God does not need to wring his hands in despair or be afraid of what's coming. Listen to what God foresaw long ago concerning global weather changes:

"There will be signs in the sun and moon and stars, and upon the earth distress [trouble and anguish] of nations in bewilderment and perplexity [that is, without resources, left wanting, embarrassed, in doubt, not knowing which way to turn] at [the echo] the roaring of the tossing of the sea. Men swooning away or expiring with fear and dread and apprehension and expectation of the things that are coming on the world" (Luke 21:25, 26, The Amplified Bible).

What's all this media furor about? What impact will all of this have on you and me? And how authoritative are all these ominous predictions?

If you and I were to walk into the offices of the Climate Prediction Center, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, USA, we'd be shocked and amazed at the mountains of sophisticated electronic equipment and recordings piled high with worldwide weather data. And all of it spelling out troubling times ahead weather-wise.

So what in the world is worrying scientists? And why does the media continually trumpet warnings about "greenhouse effect"—raging windstorms, unprecedented desert flooding, unparalleled droughts, and verdant jungles drying up? Why are we hearing so much about widespread famine, crippling crop losses, monster snowfalls, and globally altered weather? What is the world is going on?

Recently Denver, Colorado, was blanketed under 22 inches of early-winter snow. Accompanying snowdrifts were deep enough to hide a truck, and some did. In Indonesia and Malaysia (island nations of the Western Pacific) fires set intentionally to clear out rain forests burned out of control, ravaging the countryside and creating choking smog that drifted over several continents, producing darkness at noon. Because El Niño was delayed, normal monsoons that would otherwise have doused the flames, failed, leaving fires burning uncontrollably.

Did you know that 2,000 electronic sensing buoys (heat-recording devices) are anchored strategically throughout the Pacific Ocean and are revealing unheard of ocean temperature changes? What's responsible for all these super-sensitive floating thermometers? And just what is El Niño?

El Niño is the scientific term describing a monstrous, moving warm water mass occurring in the Pacific Ocean, stretching out over hundreds of miles. *El Niño* in Spanish means "The Child," or "The Little One." This name was used for the tendency of this phenomenon to arrive around Christmas.

Regardless of how *El Niño* will act as one of the most powerful influences on world climate, and in spite of its potential for disaster, the man of God "...will have no fear of bad news.... His heart is secure, he will have no fear" (Psalm 112:7, 8, NIV). "When these things begin to take place, stand up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is drawing near" (Luke 21:28, NIV). So, don't get shook up; look up!

ONLINE

news

National Training Camp in Finland

TWO RUSSIAN RANGERS
TRAVEL TO FINLAND FOR
A MIRACLE NTC

excerpt taken from *Russia for Jesus*
magazine, October 1997

Everyday in Russia is an adventure! But the days September 9-16, 1997, were even more exciting than usual! These were the days I was privileged to take two Russian Royal Rangers commanders from the city of Ufa to Kuopio, Finland, for the Finnish National Training Camp.

It started with an invitation from Hanspeter Neck (Swiss national commander) and Jukka Piirainen (Finnish national commander) to bring a few Russian Royal Rangers commanders to this NTC. After we identified who could go, it came to light that they didn't have international passports. This was just the beginning of a long list of miracles needed to make the trip. There were also Finnish visas (a 2-day miracle), health insurance, train tickets, etc.

God is faithful! I picked up the visas on Monday, the commanders at the train station on Tuesday evening, and we left at 4:00 a.m. Wednesday. My friend Lee Eddy came along as my copilot and we started our drive to Finland. The drive was fairly uneventful, though I learned something of Russian speed traps, pothole dodging and *lesnaya toileta* (forest



bathroom). After three document checks, we finally made it to the Russia/Finland border.

Crossing the border was not a big deal, but time-consuming—3 hours. The roads in Finland were good and the 4-hour drive to the camp seemed to fly by. We arrived at midnight and were greeted by smiling Finnish, a snack, and a warm bed. All is well!

The 4 days of the training camp were wonderful. There was only one snag: the Finnish-Russian interpreter was not able to come to the camp. So... guess who? Yes, it was me, and I now have a new respect for our interpreters! Hanspeter taught most of the theory classes for my commanders in English and I translated—with the help of a Russian-English dictionary.

The Russian commanders have

taken all this new information and experience back to Ufa and are on fire to share it with the other commanders. I believe we will see great things in the future from Ufa. We will be holding at least one NTC in Russia this year.

We took 2 days for the drive back. We stopped in St. Petersburg and spent the night at the Pentecostal Union Bible School. It was a real blessing to not have to drive 20 hours straight again.

The pastor in St. Petersburg is anxious to have Royal Rangers in the 40 churches he is over. Now 600 pentecostal churches in Russia can be exposed to Royal Rangers. Praise God!

ONLINE, Junior Councilmen Report

Rev. Benny Ferguson
National Coordinator
Light-for-the-Lost

Dear Sir:

Thank you for the letters of encouragement, which were sent to Junior Councilmen Justin Douty and Caleb Nance when they received their Gold Medal of Achievement Awards.

It never ceases to amaze me how the Lord works in the hearts and lives of those who will listen to His still, small voice. If we allow God to speak, and if we will listen, He can open doors wherever we are.

When the Light-for-the-Lost ministry opened the opportunity for the Junior Councilmen program, I became a councilman and began working to get the youth in our local outpost to pass their LFTL Merit and to become Junior Councilmen.

I have watched as these young men became involved in banquets, expressed interest in missions, and made pledges without reservation. I have had doors opened to a homesick college student from Bosnia to provide materials in her native language, and through sharing with the parents of one of our Royal Rangers what Light-for-the-Lost is all about. Through the outreach of the Royal Rangers urban ministry program, I have had the opportunity to share *The Book of Hope* with the hungry of New York City.

At this year's LFTL Banquet, I had the privilege of sharing with a Royal Ranger and his mother what the *Edward Elephant Says...* material is about and watched as they chose to support it, knowing it was a step of faith for them to make a pledge of any amount.

Two copies of the story of Stephen Hill (in the Czech language) were made available that night at the LFTL Banquet, and I watched as another Junior Councilman made a pledge of \$100.

These are small things I have been privileged to experience and there are so many councilmen that God desires to use. I feel so unworthy, yet I sense the Lord saying, "You don't have to drive the water wagon to share in the blessings of service to the Savior; for if you share just a cup of water in My name, you have done it unto Me."

Yes, God is still using LFTL, not only on the foreign fields but also here at home. As we support LFTL and get the material into the hands of those who need it, the Holy Spirit will bless it.

Thank you for the opportunity to share in this ministry.

Sincerely,

Raymond W. Nance

Raymond W. Nance

Let Freedom Reign!

The recent weeks have been very interesting ones in my life. Let me begin with the story of my youth pastor, now outpost chaplain. That's right!

Our youth pastor, Mark Morrow, who serves as our outpost chaplain, had earned his Gold Medal of Achievement while growing up as a Ranger. He also earned his Frontiersmen Camping Fellowship Buckskin advancement. This is my idea of a youth pastor!

I can't adequately tell you what a blessing it is as a "rookie" senior commander to have a youth pastor who loves Rangers. Mark has truly been an answer to prayer.

The youth have been in a Holy Ghost revival now for 9 months. Mark has given me opportunities to share with them and even sent one of the youth back to Rangers to earn his GMA. He was awarded that medal on February 15.

I have seen youth turning into fiery prayer warriors, and frankly I had become jealous. They've been meeting Mondays and Tuesdays for prayer and Bible study, having regular evangelistic services on Wednesdays—160 attended a recent meeting, of which a third were visitors and many committed their lives to Christ.

Mark told the youth he wanted to cut out the Monday Bible study so they could have time with their families—instead of holding services throughout the week. He challenged them to go with him to Bethel Temple on Thursday nights to receive from God and bring it back to our home church, Warwick Assembly.

Immediately, God placed in my spirit that I should challenge our Trailblazers and Challengers toward revival. Two of them took that challenge and went with me to the youth service at Bethel.

We were blessed!

At work the other day I was praising and worshiping the Lord and thinking about all the fundraising ideas for Camporama. Then the Lord opened my spiritual eyes. I began to visualize Rangers from around the world on their knees praying. Then I was back in that field at the national campground in Missouri. My spiritual eyes saw a sea of Rangers being swept over by the Holy Spirit in power and might. I saw boys and men falling under the presence of God and being filled with a fiery zeal for the lost one they returned to their outposts, cities, and nations.

This vision was like an army of Holy Infantry, ready to march onto the field of battle to face the enemy on his own turf with the overpowering force of Spirit-filled prayer and preaching.

Tears of joy welled up in my eyes as I saw the enemy put to flight and the prisoner of war camps overrun by the forces of righteousness and love.

Why am I saying all this?

God has placed us here at this time for this purpose. God wants more than just a great camping experience this time. This is our moment to strike while the iron is hot.

The theme is set for Camporama, "Let Freedom Reign." Let the freedom and power of God begin even now to reign in our lives. I think God has brought us—Royal Rangers and commanders—to this point as His prayer warriors. Let's prepare for revival to begin at Camporama!

Ad Dare Severe,

Gary "Burn'n Heart" Rothwell
Senior Commander
Outpost 59, Potomac District
Warwick Assembly of God
Newport News, Virginia



TESTIMONY



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Cost: \$39.95
3 Sidekicks™, 24 trophy kicks, 3 Cross Bars™ scorepad.

Topic: For outpost games and tournaments. Boys can enjoy playing this table-top game year-round. The game not only provides a fun activity, but can be used to raise funds for the outpost through tournament competitions.

- *Reaching Boys for Christ*

The 3:38-minute promotional video conveys the problems today's youth face while focusing on our unique approach to reaching boys for Christ.

Item Number: 729NZ128
Cost: \$10

- *Harvest Task Force: Reaching Urban America*

The 5:28-minute video promotes the National Urban Leadership Conference and focuses on the urban thrust of the Royal Rangers ministry.

Item Number: 729NZ129
Cost: \$10

- *Harvest Task Force: Breaking Powers Through Prayer*

The 5-minute video promotes the National Harvest Task Force efforts. The Royal Rangers HTF is designed to target key areas where commanders gather to fast and pray and to participate in evangelism efforts. The national Royal Rangers Office hosts yearly HTF's in addition to the district-sponsored HTF's. This video is ideal for commanders who want to promote the Harvest Task Force.

Item Number: 729NZ064
Cost: \$10

- *The Book of Hope*

The Book of Hope is ideal for urban evangelism in African-American communities. The Book includes the story of Jesus, based on the New International Version of the Gospels, and includes preface pages on God's answers for today's urban issues.

Item Number: 729HC120
Cost: \$.55 ea. per 500-plus
\$.65 ea. per 100-400

- *Frontiersmen Camping Fellowship Brochure*

The full-color brochure is ideal for promoting FCF. It describes the FCF program, lists membership requirements, and includes an area for listing the distributor's address and telephone number.

Item Number: 729NZ018
Cost: \$.10 ea., min. order 100

- *Rangers WinTracker, ver. 2.xx*

The software program for DOS computers with Windows enables a commander to effectively track the advancements and profiles of his Royal Rangers. The program includes the new Challengers/Trailrangers Advancement Trails.

Item Number: 729NZ140
Cost: \$65

- *Rangers Trailtracer*

The software program is designed for DOS computers without Windows. It enables the commander to create profile sheets for each Royal Ranger and to track his advancements under the new Advancement Trail.

Item Number: 729NZ141
Cost: \$45

- *Gold Medal of Achievement Bulletin*

The 11- by 8 1/2-inch format, which folds in half, enables the user to print the GMA ceremony schedule and service activities on the opposite side, which has a full-color design.

Item Number: 729NZ069
Cost: \$15, per 100

The Youth Bible

Contains numerous devotional topics ideal for any outpost group meeting. Commanders now have a host of youth issue devotionals at their fingertips.

Item Number: 729NZ106
Cost: \$17

Walk Thru the Bible

An excellent method for teaching Rangers about the Books of the Bible and their central themes. Colorful cartoons associate the theme with the name of each book in a bright, fun, and unforgettable way.

Old & New Testament

Coloring Book

Item Number: 729NZ114
Cost: \$10.95 ea.

The coloring book is ideal for Straight Arrows and Buckaroos groups.

Old Testament Flash Cards

Item Number: 729NZ118
Cost: \$6

New Testament Flash Cards

Item Number: 729NZ119
Cost: \$6

The Ultimate—English

Item Number: 729NZ007
Cost: \$.05, min. order 100 *

The Ultimate—Spanish

Item Number: 729NZ010
Cost: \$.05, min. order 100 *

The brochure highlights the "ultimate experience" for a boy, then presents the salvation message. This evangelism tool is ideal for canvassing neighborhoods to invite boys to Royal Rangers. The brochure is designed so that the outpost number and telephone number can be printed on the back of it.

* Both English and Spanish versions of *The Ultimate* brochure may be obtained free of charge by outposts unable to afford the cost or by outposts conducting outreach ministry. Such outposts must request the items through the national Royal Rangers Office, Marshall Bruner, and must pay for shipment.

Urban Commanders Training Guide

A 66-page training manual that offers new insights to penetrating urban America with the Royal Rangers ministry.

Item Number: 729NZ009
Cost: \$6.50

Insight Group: Commander's Guide

Item: 729NZ049
Cost: \$9

Insight Group: Ranger's Guide

Item Number: 729NZ050
Cost: \$7

The *Insight Group* curricula is ideal for groups Pioneers age and up. *Insight Group* provides 13 sessions that are ideal for monthly meeting features or a weekly 30-minute values/Bible study. *The Commander's Guide*, a 104-page guide, instructs the leader how to use the curriculum along with the materials that are presented in the *Ranger's Guide*.

Victor's Victories

For Straight Arrows and Buckaroos commanders: Contains 13 stories with Bible studies and discussion topics that address issues today's young boys face: the single-parent home, death is not the end, controlling anger, peer pressure and gangs, friendship, the importance of winning, and much more.

Item Number: 729NZ057
Cost: \$18

The Solid Rock

Video & curriculum series

- *Kids 'n' Gangs*
Item Number: 729NZ100
- *Streets of Pain*
Item Number: 729NZ101
- *Finding God's Will for Your Life*
Item Number: 729NZ104
- *Looking for Life in All the Wrong Places*
Item Number: 729NZ105
Cost Each Packet: \$32.95

Each packet contains a video on the youth issue and a leader's workbook that can be duplicated.

Meeting Feature Videos:

I Didn't Do It

Topic: Telling the truth
Audience: Straight Arrows, Buckaroos
Item Number: 729NZ107
Cost: \$14.99

Strangers

Topic: Child Abduction Prevention
Audience: Straight Arrows & Buckaroos
Item Number: 729NZ108
Cost: 14.95

Decisions & Consequences

Topic: A look behind prison walls; teaches the consequences of sin
Audience: All age groups
Item Number: 729NZ109
Cost: 19.95

Incest: Solving the Pain

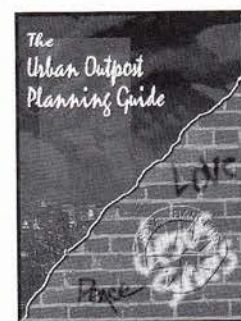
Topic: Child abuse prevention
Audience: Commanders
Item Number: 729NZ110
Cost: \$19.99

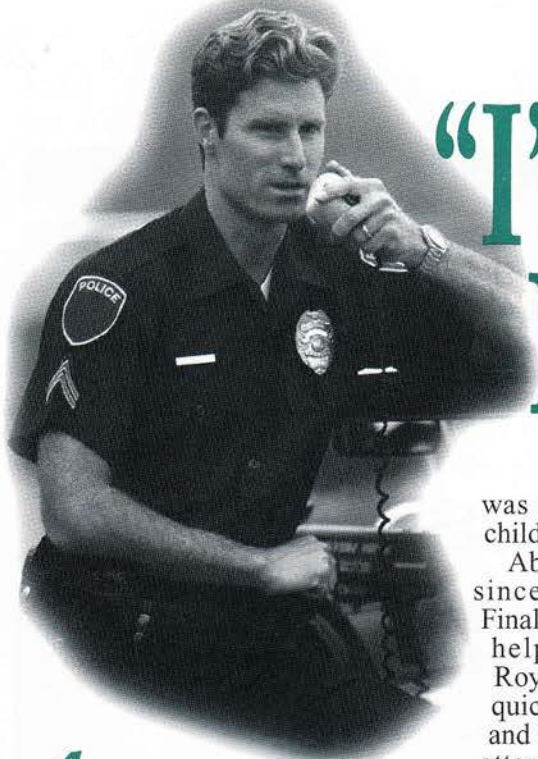
Urban T-shirt

Size L: Item Number: 729NZ058
Size XL: Item Number: 729NZ059
Size XXL: Item Number: 729NZ060
Cost: \$9

Urban Cap

Item Number: 729NZ067
Cost: \$8.50





"I've Got Someone Not Breathing!"

A police officer, who also serves as a chaplain, faces one of his greatest challenges.

My heart leaped into my throat as I raced toward my patrol car. Being a pastor, police officer, and police chaplain, I was used to dealing with accidents and injuries on a daily basis. But the sound of the officer's frantic voice calling out over the police radio, "I've got someone not breathing," was still echoing in my mind.

Lights flashing and sirens wailing, I sped to the accident scene. My quiet day of "routine patrol" changed into a nightmare in a moment's notice.

A Quick Assessment

Arriving on the scene, I surveyed the damage. Two cars had been involved. One of the drivers was a retired military colonel. The other driver was a young mother. She had an adult passenger with her and five children. An officer

was giving CPR to one of the children.

About 10 minutes had passed since I arrived on the scene. Finally, I looked at the boy I was helping. He was one of my Royal Rangers boys! Another quick glance around the scene, and I realized these children had attended my church. But there was no time to think about it now.

From Tragedy to Heartbreak

A rescue worker took my place as I responded to the sergeant's call for my assistance. I began reconstructing the accident scene as I viewed the physical evidence of the tragedy. Only seconds passed before the chief of police called me over and whispered, "I need you to change hats. That little boy over there is not going to make it. We need a chaplain much more than we need another police officer."

I sheltered the young mother as best as I could as the media crowded in. She cried out for the cameras not to invade this moment of agonizing tragedy. I tried to calm her fears and pray with her.

Then she saw my face and recognized me as the pastor of the church she had attended. She grabbed my hands and began to weep uncontrollably. We prayed together, held each other, and cried as her oldest son died on the cold, uncaring pavement.

A few days later, I buried her son. What began with a radio call ended with a prayer of committal.

A Difficult Ministry

The ministry of the law enforcement chaplain is not for everyone. Crises generally fail to

follow a convenient schedule. Your office is frequently the passenger seat of a patrol car, homicide scene, police station briefing room, or an accident scene. And personal counseling and ministry encounters people in times of their greatest needs and sometimes in their most heroic hours.

Law enforcement chaplaincy is not a ministry for the squeamish or faint of heart. Some scenes haunt my thoughts even years after the event, but I continually turn them over to the Lord. Only He can help me through these difficult moments.

What can you do? Every time you hear a siren or see a police vehicle racing by, remember to pray for law enforcement chaplains—you never know what their next greatest challenge is about to be.

Bruce W. Clark has been the pastor of Bethel Assembly of God in Mount Dora, Florida, since 1982. He is a part-time officer and chaplain for the Mount Dora Police Department and is author of the book, *An Introductory Study to the Law Enforcement Chaplaincy*. Reprinted with permission from Bruce Clark and *American Horizon* magazine.

AMBULANCE

OUTPOST

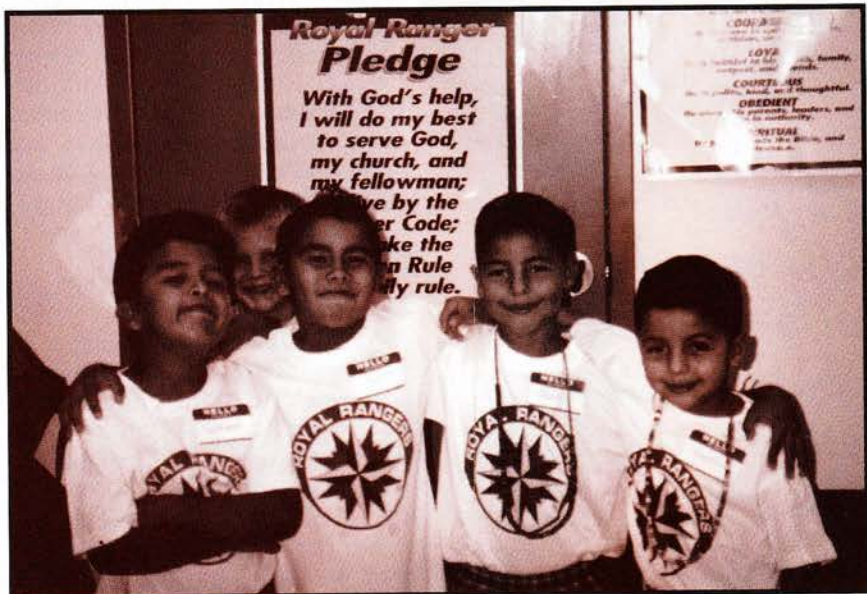
lorenzo martinez

Outpost 167 Goes to Smith Park

THE SUMMER OF 1997 WAS A MILESTONE FOR OUTPOST 167 OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA

District Commander Freddie Espinoza, of Pacific Latin American District, and Pastor Raul Cadriel, of Abundant Life Center, had given us the okay to start our first Royal Rangers outreach ministry program. The place would be Smith Park in West Phoenix. This neighborhood is infiltrated with poverty, gangs, broken homes, high crime, prostitution, drugs, etc. Even with all this, there were young boys who needed Jesus, and that's the challenge Outpost 167 saw: to reach, teach, and keep boys for the Lord Jesus Christ!

It all started with Pioneers Commander Frankie Hernandez, a park maintenance employee for the city of Phoenix. Smith Park managers were looking for summer programs for boys and recreation



Photos by Lorenzo Martinez

for 8 weeks before school restarted. Commander Frankie, an ex-gang member himself before the Lord saved him, submitted the Royal Rangers for consideration. After a meeting and presentation with the park manager and the parent association, we were in for the summer. Only one parent opposed the Royal Rangers outreach program.

At our first Royal Rangers meeting in June, 14 boys attended. We were allowed to use two rooms located in the Smith Park building. We had

permission to use their TV, VCR, rest rooms, bulletin boards for announcements, and post our Royal Rangers Emblem and other posters on their walls. They gave us permission to use the volleyball court, playground, and baseball field. We had the entire park to ourselves for the meeting.

We had five commanders, one Trail Ranger, and three councilmen to help with the meetings. These were the men God had called and who were willing to go the second mile to reach that inner-city boy who was unchurched and underprivi-

leged. After our first meeting, we divided the boys into two groups—Straight Arrows and Buckaroos in one and Pioneers and Trailblazers in the other. We had meetings 6-7:30 p.m. for the next 8 Fridays. The park officials told us they had never seen the boys so excited about anything since we started the Royal Rangers meetings. The parents started to notice changes in their boys' attitudes, their behavior, and their language.

Our weekly meetings consisted of opening prayer, roll call, recreation, coloring, craft, and Bible story reading and study, with a devotion at the end of each meeting. We also implemented the urban achievement badge system.

Our national office was very helpful in sending us urban ministries materials to use with our meetings. We received urban ministry caps, T-shirts, videos, and teaching handbooks. The Pacific Latin American District helped us by sending us Royal Rangers T-shirts for the boys.

We had 12-15 boys attending our weekly meetings. The best part of all this was that different boys would come on different nights. By the end of the summer, we saw 14 boys give their lives to Jesus! Every night our commanders were led to pray for our boys and their parents before dismissing their meetings. We were never stopped from praying.

We concluded our summer meetings by having a Pinewood Derby for the boys. Our church not only financed the Derby kits for the boys but also served free hot dogs, chips, and drinks for the whole community at Smith Park! During the park picnic, some of our local men had opportunities to witness to the parents who attended.

Our district PowWow was held 1 week after the outreach ministry program ended at Smith Park. Our local church



and outpost supported 10 boys from Smith Park to attend the PowWow.

Remember the one parent who opposed our outreach program? God touched her heart, and she signed a check for \$100 to help send the boys to the PowWow! Praise the Lord!

Many of the boys had never been out of the city, much less to a PowWow. At the PowWow the evening services were very exciting. The devotion was serious and gave the boys a challenge. We saw many of the Smith Park boys respond to the altar call and once again commit their lives to Christ. We saw tears in their eyes and hands go up. Some were even

slain in the Spirit. Some of the boys testified later that they felt different afterward. God touched them in a special way.

It's been months since we ended the outreach ministry at Smith Park, but some of those boys are still attending Royal Rangers meetings at our local Outpost 167. Our pastor has given us permission to pick up the boys every Wednesday in the church van and bring them to our meetings. Our goal is to return to Smith Park and do another 8 weeks of Royal Rangers outreach so more boys can hear about Jesus.

In conclusion, we want to thank National Commander Ken Hunt and Marshall Bruner for their support and contribution to this outreach ministry of Outpost 167. We also thank District Commander Freddie Espinoza and Pastor Raul Cadriel for their contribution and prayers to help make this challenge a victory and milestone for Abundant Life Center Outpost 167. I also thank Senior Commander Marcos Gaucin and all his gifted and God-directed group commanders for their commitment and dedication during the 8 weeks of meetings. We also thank Isaac Cadriel of the Men's Department for producing a video for us. They are indeed special commanders for going the extra mile to reach, teach, and keep boys for the Lord Jesus Christ.

TRAINING

don franklin

Survival On A Canoe Trail

Scenery in the northern Minnesota woods is mind-boggling. There you'll find spectacular sunsets, cascading waterfalls, pristine-pure lakes, streams teeming with fish—all in abundance. Words cannot describe the remoteness of the wild north, the pervasive silence, or the ever-present wildlife. And it all provided a perfect setting for our first Royal Rangers National Canoe Expedition (NCE).

But something odd and unforeseen happened to me just before that canoe expedition began. On a beautiful day in September 1973, I stood on the parking lot of a local motorcycle dealer, drooling over a brand-new motorcycle that blew my fantasies into overload. Fascinated by its sleek lines and its promise of unlimited thrills, I gently nudged that chromed beauty ever so tenderly. But I nudged too hard! To my surprise, the bike began to fall over away from me. Instinctively, I reached out—off balance—to catch it.

What happened next I was to regret for months to come. I heard a loud “pop”—the sound of my right forearm muscles tearing. Searing pain raced through my arm. Then my arm went limp and I went into shock. Woozily, I sat down to figure out just what kind of dumb trick I had pulled on myself.

Oh, no! I thought, as the realization hit me that I was due to serve on the staff of our forthcoming NCE up in the Boundary

Waters of Minnesota. I became filled with apprehension at the prospect of driving 1,000 miles, plus all the physical exertion ahead on our canoe trail. But right then and there I began to encourage myself with God's Word. Romans 8:28 says, “And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called

“What happened next I would regret for months to come...the sound of my right forearm muscles tearing.”

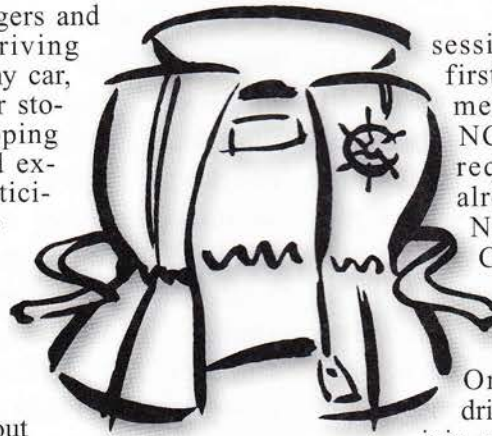
according to his purpose” (NIV). God's Word lifted me!

Days later two other Rangers and I were driving north in my car, telling war stories, swapping jokes, and excitedly anticipating canoeing. Soon I felt better and became less concerned about my arm.

Upon arriving at the quaint, little town of Ely, Minnesota, we checked out the well-stocked outfitter companies that catered to canoeists of all kinds—including tenderfeet like us. We stocked up, because this was to be the last town this side of deep wilderness, the last gas station, the last grocery store, the last good square meal, and the last place of medical assistance (although we had a certified advanced first aid man on our staff).

Our jumping-off place was located lakeside at the Boundary Waters Ranger station. Department of Interior officials there issued our permits and laid down regulations. Our first setback came when we were told that a maximum of only 12 campers would be allowed per campsite. Like it or not, we had to split up our 24 men into two groups, an awkward division we hadn't anticipated. (Learning Experience Number 1.)

At our orientation session, we made our first mistake in judgment. Since each NCE applicant was required to have already completed a National Training Camp, we assumed all of our enrollees were qualified. Not so! One man, who had driven 1,500 miles to join us, had not, in fact,



attended an NTC. Feeling sorry for him and being "good ole boys," we broke our own rules and permitted him to come aboard. Later we discovered that his lack of camping skills seriously compromised his safety and the safety of others. We took a big chance when we accepted his unacceptable qualifications.

Trainees were taught aquatic skills and extensive canoe orientation, such as getting in and out of a canoe, righting a capsized canoe, power-stroke steering, how to properly lift and carry a canoe overhead, how to pack a canoe, how to pull a canoe with ropes, etc. We determined who were swimmers and who were not, then paired a swimmer with a nonswimmer in each rented canoe. This was a critically important decision that greatly improved our training.

We required lifejackets to be worn by anyone entering water at any time, no exceptions. Each man was issued a Duluth bag, a super-tough canvas bag 36 inches long and 24 inches in diameter, to carry supplies. It had a long, strong rope drawstring to tie the top tight and also serve as a rope to be suspended from your neck. You put this bag in the bottom of your canoe and, if you packed it right, your canoe would not capsize. That Duluth bag became our lifeline, our enemy, our friend.

Freeze-dried food was issued. We had all just said a temporary good-bye to civilization, radios, TV, telephones, pizza, candy, and ice cream. Now we bravely settled down to the serious business of cooking our food over campfires, eating reliable, nutritious, sometimes appetizing meals. It kept us

headed by most of the men. But some were not prepared for the nonstop moisture. This was to become our worst enemy, our biggest pain in the neck, as rain began to fall and, for over a 5-day period, stopped for only 11/2 hours!

Going from one lake or stream to another involved portaging—physically challenging hikes over wooded trails that were now deep mud-pools. Heavy rains produced muck that sucked your shoes right off your feet, while mosquitoes had their way with you. While my partner carried our canoe, I carried our two Duluth bags, one in front and one in back. Mother Nature laughed as my body was pounded into submission by those big bouncing bags.

Camping in the rain tested our skills and our stamina to the max. Although water had penetrated everything, we still built warming fires, cooked our meals, and worshiped the Lord in lively evening services, turning trials into triumph.

We visited Knife Lake Dorothy—a hardy, 75-year-old, single woman who lived alone the year-round at Knife Lake. In summer she served cold root beer and snacks to canoeists. In winter she cut her own ice, winched it up her long conveyor belt to her ice-house (which had walls 4 feet thick and was full of sawdust), for use in summer. A rugged, cheerful individual, she was delighted to receive an autographed Royal

Rangers Bible as a commemorative gift.

Northern woods are unforgettable

in many ways. And so

too are the local no-see-ums (microscopically tiny specks of biting fury somewhat like chiggers), who play hide-and-seek on

your skin. And leeches? They love to attach themselves to your body and dine on your blood. Mosquito swarms have you on their menu morning, noon, and night. But there were colorful waterfowl like the loons—their eerie calls accentuated the loneliness of the wilds, sending goosebumps up and down your spine. There were ducks, geese, beaver, and bears. Oh yes—bears sniffed out our prize catch of 12 fish and stole us blind!

Returning, our descent into lower lakes provided breathtaking rides down raging rapids. We'd been advised to either portage our canoes on special log skids or chance a hair-raising ride down the chutes. For some macho individuals, zipping down rampaging torrents became a gut-wrenching, nail-biting, nerve-racking experience. The risk/reward factors of shooting the rapids could be either a canoeist's dream or disaster. But it was gut-check time, and we all (gasp!) somehow made it.

Our closing Sunday morning service was unique as we rendezvoused around a rock out in the middle of a lake. Our speaker stood on the rock and led us in worship in a setting never to be forgotten.

At trail's end, we discovered that our positive mental attitudes had made us flexible, creative, and adaptable. We had coped. We had learned much and learned fast. We had proved our buddy system admirably. Timid men had emerged tougher, more self-confi-

dent, and more capable of teaching others. Theory had become practice. We left

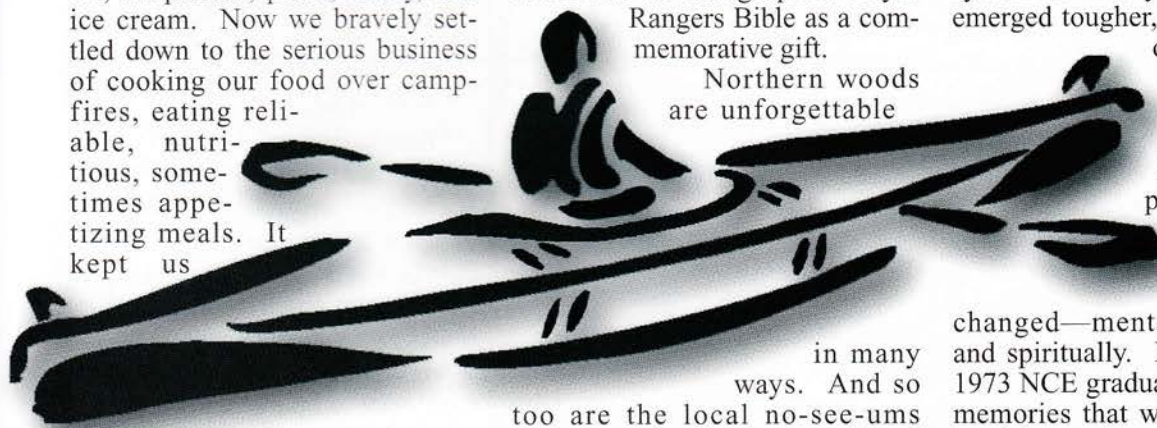
there wonderfully charged and

changed—mentally, physically, and spiritually. Each of our first 1973 NCE graduates carried home memories that were unsurpassed, inspiring, and one of a kind.

We were ordinary men doing extraordinary things.

alive—sort of.

Prior warnings about bringing waterproof plastic bags were



DEVOTIONS

david boyd

Don't Spoil

Supplies needed: Various types of beef jerky, a picture of a sailing ship

Hold up a picture of an old sailing ship. Talk about what it must have been like living on a ship for months and months as it sailed across the ocean. Talk about the how you would prepare for a journey like that. Ask the kids questions such as:

What types of things would you need to bring on board?

How would you know what to bring?

Could you stop at the store along the way if you forgot something?

What would you eat?

Were there refrigerators?

How would you keep the food from spoiling?

Allow the boys a few minutes to discuss what it must have been like. When you are ready, hand out a piece of jerky to each Ranger. Ask them about the jerky. Why doesn't it spoil? How old is the meat? Will the meat spoil? How long will it last.

Explain that salt is a preservative. It has unique properties that cause it to keep food from spoiling. It can keep food edible and pure.

Compare salt to Jesus. The more

salt you put into a meat, the better it will keep the meat from spoiling. The more of Jesus we have, the better off we will be too. Jesus can keep the kids from turning bad.

Discuss with the children how we put Jesus into our lives. Every time we go to church, we are putting more of Jesus in us. Every time we pray or read our Bible, we are putting more of Jesus in us.

Explain that spoiled meat tastes really bad, in fact it can make us sick.

If we eat spoiled meat our first reaction is to spit it out because it tastes terrible. Rev. 3:16 says, "So,

because you are lukewarm—neither hot nor cold—I [will] spit you out of my mouth [says the Lord]" (NIV). Without Jesus in our lives, our lives can become full of sin. God says He will spit us out.

God doesn't want us to spoil like bad meat. He wants to have the preservative power of Jesus in us helping us to live holy lives for God.

Point His Way

Items needed: Several compasses

Give each child a compass. Give them some basic instruction on how to use a compass. If possible take them to various locations within the

building and ask them which direction is "north."

Explain that the compass will always point north (unless it is interfered with by outside electrical source.) Show them that no matter which way they turn the compass or no matter which way they turn their bodies, the needle on the compass will always point north. Explain that this is how ships in the ocean learned to chart their course. They would use a compass and the stars to guide them.

God wants us to stay on course. He always wants us to point our lives towards Jesus. Jesus gave us an example of how He wants us to live. God wants us to always live the way Jesus taught us to live. He wants us to always point towards Jesus.

Talk about situations that occur when friends try and twist or turn the truth to try and get us to do something wrong. Suggestions include:

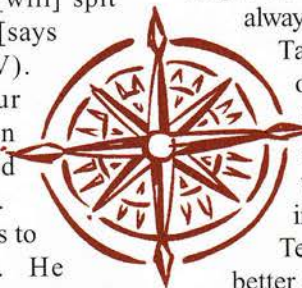
Tempted to cheat to get a better grade.

Tempted to steal.

Tempted to lie.

Tempted to disobey our parents.

Like a compass that always points north, Jesus wants us to always point our lives toward Him. A compass that stops pointing north is worthless and thrown away. We don't want to be like a broken compass, we want to serve God and "Point His Way!"



Guarding Your Rudder

Items needed: Picture of a ship or a small toy ship, a small toy horse, pencil, rope, tape and tissue paper.

Preparations: Wrap tissue paper around a pencil and cover it with tape to form a soft item for a child to bite on. Tape rope to either end. Make a homemade bit that can go into a boy's mouth so that you can pull his head one way or the other like you would guide a horse.

Hold up the picture of the ship or the toy ship. Talk about how sailors would sail a ship. Ask the boys if they know how a ship is steered. Explain the process between the wheel and the rudder. The rudder is a tiny part of the ship, yet it controls the whole ship. Explain that God's Word talks about a rudder and a ship. Read James 3:4.

Take ships as an example. Although they are so large and are driven by strong winds, they are steered with a small rudder wherever the pilot wants to go.

Explain that the Bible is talking about the tongue and comparing the tongue to a rudder. In the same way a rudder guides the ship, our tongue guides our lives. Talk about this for a while. Ask the boys various questions such as: How does our tongue control our bodies? What happens when a tongue is out of control? What happens when we keep our tongue in control?

Read James 4:5,6. Likewise the tongue is a small part of the body, but it makes great boasts. Consider when a great forest is set on fire by a small spark. The

tongue also is like a fire: It corrupts the whole person.

Talk about the bit that controls a horse. Hold up the homemade bit you made. Have a volunteer be the horse. Gently show how you can guide the horse with a tiny bit. Read James 4:3.

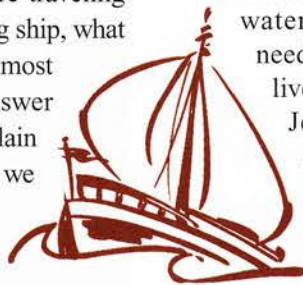
Summarize by explaining the importance of keeping our tongue under control.

Water of Life

Items needed: Pitcher of water, glasses and salt.

Ask the boys: If you were traveling across the ocean in a sailing ship, what one item would you need most to survive? The best answer isn't food; it's water. Explain how quickly we can die if we don't have water.

Ask the boys why sailors don't just drink water from the ocean? Obviously it is because the water is salty and unfit to drink. Fresh water is absolutely essential to our survival.



Take out a glass and pour a fresh glass of water for a couple of kids. Ask them to drink some. Then pour salt into the glasses and allow them to taste it. Explain that it is not enough for our bodies to have water; it must be the right kind of water. It must be clean and pure.

Read John 4:4-26. This is the account of Jesus speaking to the woman at the well. She knew she needed physical water to live, but she didn't know she needed spiritual water. Jesus calls himself the "Living Water." He was explaining to her that just like water gives life to the body, He gives life to the eternal soul.

Each of us needs fresh water to live. Each of us needs the Living Water to live spiritually. We need Jesus to fill our lives.

Jesus was trying to teach us that He is as important to our lives as water. Without water we will die.

Without spiritual water we will die spiritually.



The first Saturday of each month is dedicated to prayer and at least 1 hour of fasting for the Royal Rangers ministry.

June							July							August						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
28	19	30					26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
														30	31					

CRAFTS

brenda millhouser

A Yard of Cars

Items Needed:

- 6 - Yard Sticks
- 1 - 1/4 inch keyhole screw
- Glue sticks (low temp)
- Glue gun
- Band or table saw (adult use only)

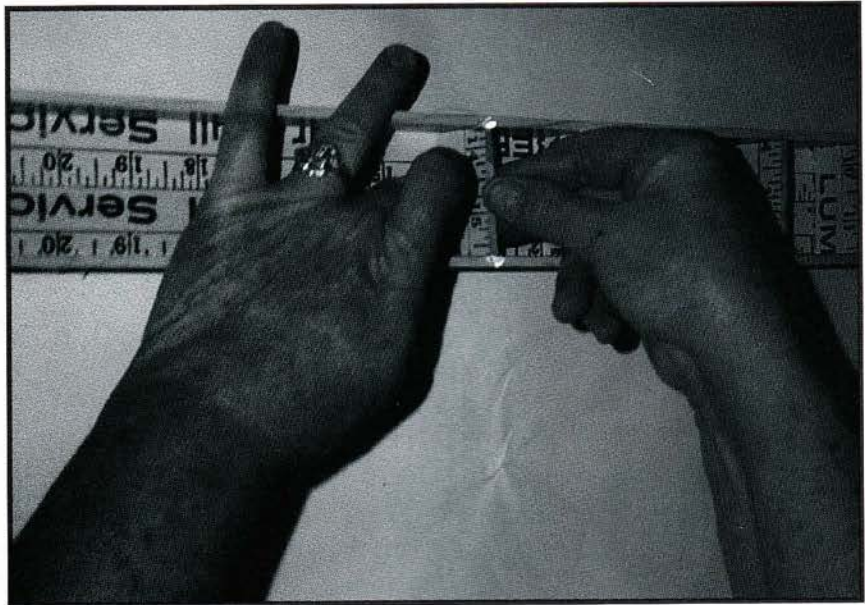
Lay to one side four of the yard sticks. With the remaining two yard sticks, the commander or adult helper will need to cut 21-17/8-inch pieces. Sand the ends of each small piece lightly to remove the uneven edges.

Lay two of the yard sticks face down side by side. Turn one stick up at an angle, and put a thin line of hot glue all along the inside edge from one

end to the other and quickly press next to the other yard stick to form a spliced, two-stick wide back. Before turning over to the face side, secure the two spliced sticks with one of the small pieces at the top and bottom of the sticks.

Now turn the craft over to the face side. Now put a thin line of glue down one side of the top edge of

back piece, and, taking one of the remaining sticks, stand it on edge along the edge of the back to form one side of the rack. Now repeat on the other side of the back. This will give you one double-wide yard stick with a yard stick on each side. Now you are ready to put the top and bottom pieces on the display rack. Holding a small piece in your hand,



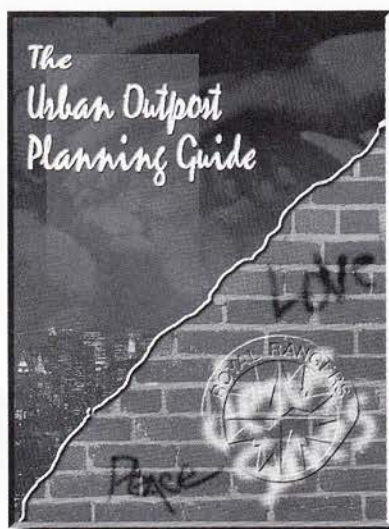
Photos by Brenda Millhouser



put a thin line of glue on and slide it into place three edges of the piece between the two sides and the back, putting one at each end to enclose the rack.

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You should now have 18 1 7/8-inch pieces left. Taking one piece at a time, put a line of glue on three edges and very carefully slide into place every 2 inches apart, all the way down the inside of the rack. This will form a display rack for 19 Micro Machine cars or trucks.

To complete the Yard of Cars

display rack, you will need to screw the little 1/4-inch keyhole screw into the top, back edge of the rack so it can be hung on the wall of a boy's room. Boys can now add 19 of their favorite Micro Machine cars to display.

Note: Many lumber companies will sell you yard sticks for a minimal charge, because they keep them on hand for advertisement. This is a real inexpensive craft, but it will require some adult assistance and supervision. Some yard sticks may vary in width by a fraction of an inch, so be sure of the exact width of the shelf pieces needed, according to the back piece. You can also adjust this rack to fit Hot Wheel cars by making the back piece three yard sticks wide and cutting your shelves to fit.



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Postage and handling charges: Less than \$10.00, 15%; \$10.00-\$49.99, 10%; \$50.00 or more, 8%. State sales tax: CA, 7.25%. Prices subject to change without notice. For shipments outside the U.S., actual postage costs are billed. All orders subject to credit approval.



The Luminator Chronicles

Chapter 1

A tremendous boom jolted 15-year-old Laylor "Lucus" Sregnar from sleep. It was a moment before he remembered he was in his aunt's and uncle's house just outside Denver. He threw off the covers and ran out onto the deck that overlooked a gently sloping, wooded mountainside. An orange glow lit up the night sky above the blackness of the trees. "Wow!" Lucas said under his breath. A series of brilliant fireballs was rolling skyward. It reminded him of the story about Elijah going up to heaven in a chariot of fire.

What could have caused an explosion like that? A bomb? An industrial accident? A crash? Suddenly, a pang of fear crept into his thoughts. His aunt and uncle, Joan and Mark, had gone to drop Lucas' parents off at the airport for their early morning flight. They were returning to New Zealand where they were missionaries.

Lucas and his parents had said their good-byes the night before. Laylor's dad had been an aerospace engineer with NASA until 7 years ago, when he felt God's call to missions. Since then the Sregnar family had always ministered together on the field. Now for the first time Lucas, along with the family dog Beamer, was staying behind. He would live with his aunt and uncle while he finished high school in the States.

Lucas went back inside the house, anxious for his aunt and uncle to return and tell him everything was all right. He sat down on the sofa to wait.

The next thing he knew, Mark was gently shaking his shoulder. Joan was with him. Her eyes were red like she'd been crying.

"What is it?" Lucas asked, his heart gripped with panic.

"I'm sorry to tell you like this," Mark said sadly, "but we thought you'd want to know right away. There was a problem with your parents' plane during take off . . . there was a crash. We're so sorry, Lucas, but your parents didn't make it."

"No!" Lucas cried. He sat up suddenly in his bed. He was drenched with sweat. His throat ached with tension.

The same dream again.

Would the memories of that horrible night 3 years ago ever fade? And this should have been a happy morning. It was his 18th birthday.

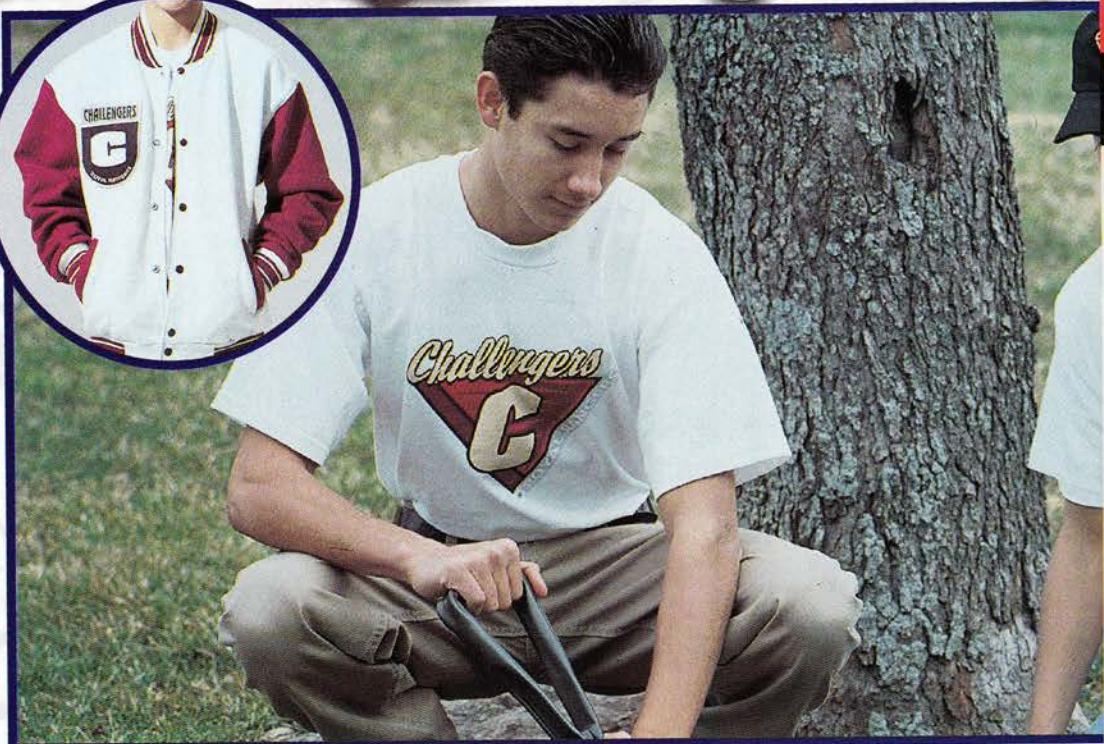
What a way to wake up.

**Be looking for the exciting release of *The Luminator Chronicles!*
(Spell Laylor Sregnar backward and see what you get.)**

we're breaking new ground

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ONE GREAT RANGERS PROGRAM FOR BOYS AGES 15 TO 17. THREE CREATIVE OPTIONS LET YOU BE PART OF RANGERS—YOUR WAY! THREE NEW HANDBOOKS—CHOOSE THE ONE (OR TWO OR THREE!) THAT'S JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!



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*Every Challenger needs a **CORE KIT** too. It includes the Royal Rangers Challengers Merit Packet, Challengers: The Bible and Today's Issues, and the Challengers Binder with Tabs. (Already included with the Trail Rangers Handbook.)

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MEDALS & MERITS

Each program has five advancement levels, with a **MEDAL OF EXCELLENCE** for Rangers who accomplish all required merits in their field of study.

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Quester 15JQ7061 ♦ Adventurer 15JQ7062

Voyager 15JQ7063 ♦ Discoverer 15JQ7065

Navigator 15JQ7064

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MEDAL OF EXCELLENCE PIN For Challengers outfit. 15JQ7067 \$2.75

GREAT GEAR TOO!

CHALLENGERS JACKET Proudly wear the new Challengers logo! Maroon and ash gray, thick fleece jacket features contrasting ribbing and metal snaps. Machine wash. Cotton/polyester blend.

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Adult XL 08JQ1450

\$49.95 each

CHALLENGERS T-SHIRT Challengers logo on 100% heavy weight, preshrunk cotton T-shirt. White.

Adult M 08JQ1442 \$8.99

Adult L 08JQ1443 \$8.99

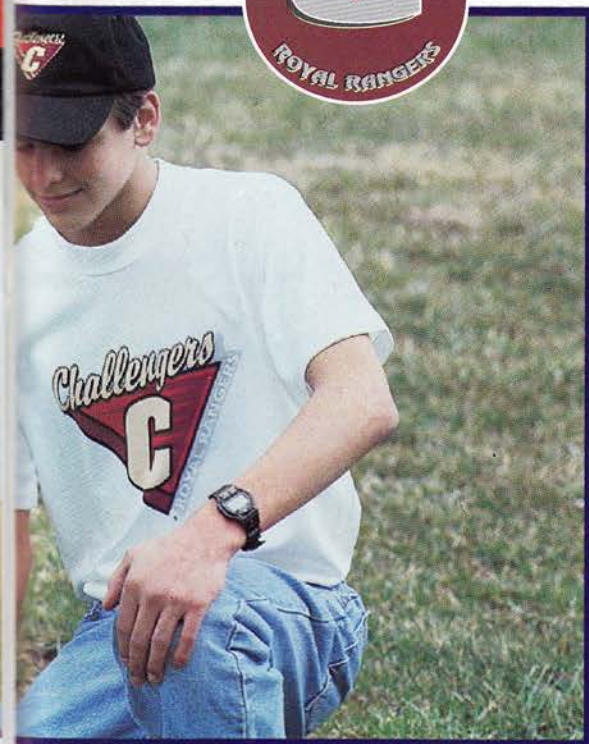
Adult XL 08JQ1444 \$8.99

Adult XXL 08JQ1445 \$9.99

Adult XXXL 08JQ1446 \$12.50

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CHALLENGERS



CHALLENGERS LOW-PROFILE CAP

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*Not required merits

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Christian Growth: Christian Worship	15JQ7103
Christian Growth: God's Design-Your Choice	15JQ7104
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Missions America Placement Service-Trip 3	15JQ7123
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Christian Service	15JQ7129
Light-for-the-Lost	15JQ7130
Missions Abroad Placement Service-Trip 1	15JQ7131
Missions Abroad Placement Service-Trip 2	15JQ7132
Missions Abroad Placement Service-Trip 3	15JQ7133
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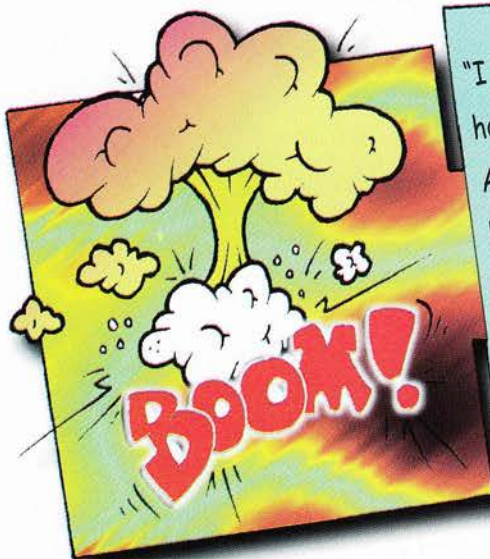
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Kascal Rangers

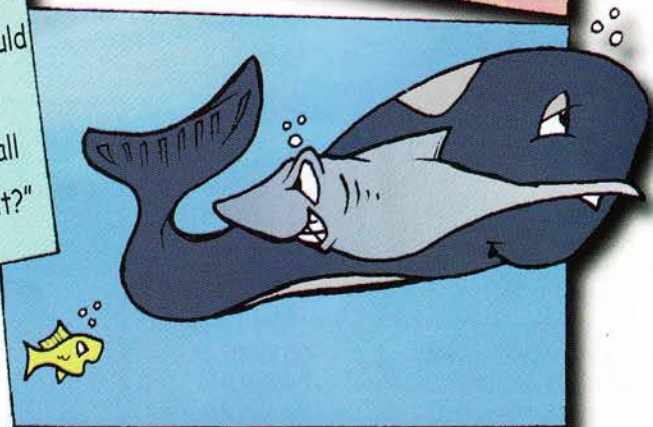
"...My teacher believes in the 'Big Bang' theory!"



"She says the world was created by a big EXPLOSION!"

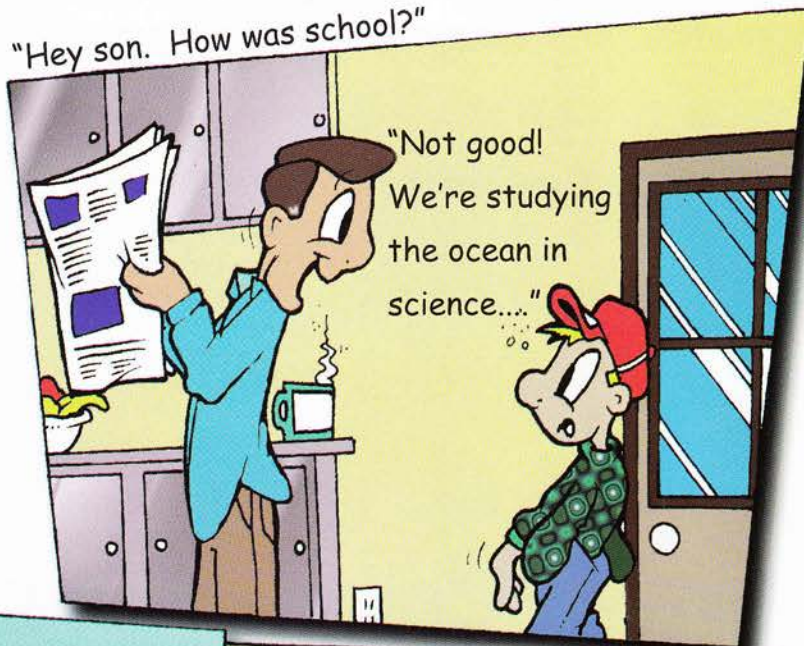


"I know! But how could ANYONE believe that a Big Boom could create the ocean and all that is in it?"



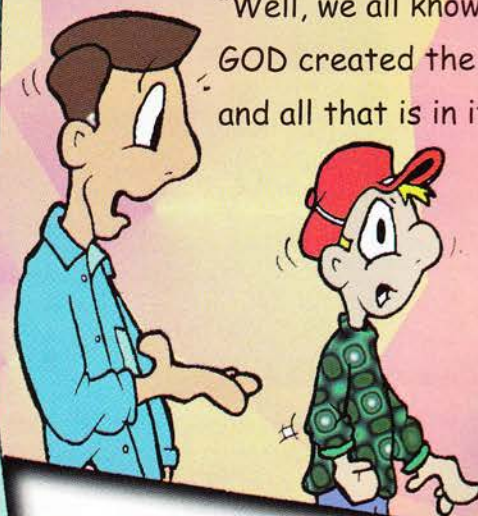
"Like the sharks and the whales!"

"Hey son. How was school?"

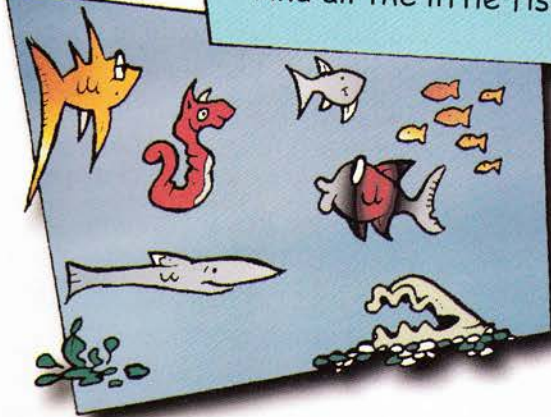


"Not good!
We're studying the ocean in science..."

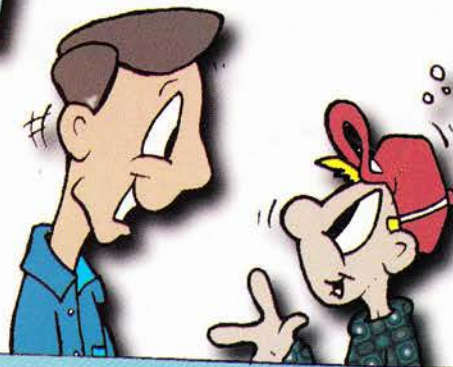
"Well, we all know that GOD created the world and all that is in it!"



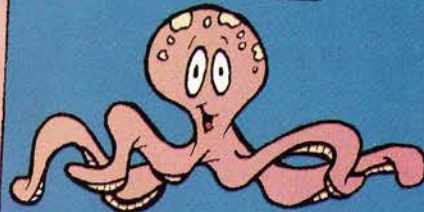
"And all the little fish too!"



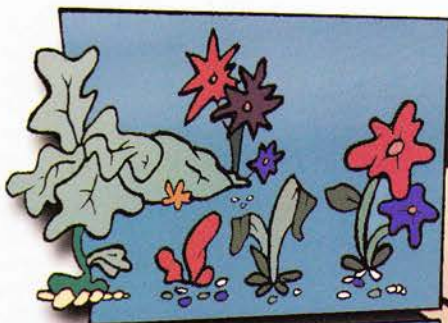
"Only GOD could make things that COOL!"



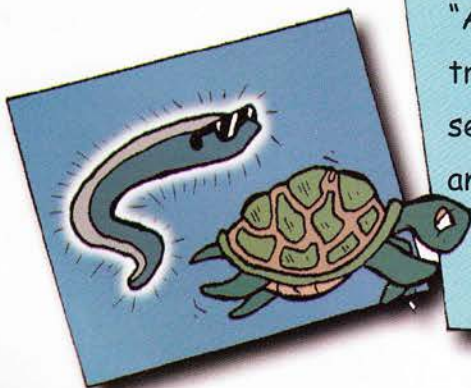
"And the octopuses!"



"You're exactly right! And think of all the plant life too!"



"And the electric eels and sea turtles and..."



"Okay, okay! I get the picture!

Let's go on believing in GOD'S creative powers and watch the Big Bang theory take a BIG FALL!"

"Isn't God Awesome!"



"And God said, 'Let the water teem with living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the expanse of the sky.' So God created the great creatures of the sea and every living and moving thing with which the water teems, according to their kind" (GENESIS 1:20-22, NIV).

Illustrations by Howard Prater

GNIA Focus

by anthony h.

The Value of Royal Rangers

What does Royal Rangers mean to me? That there is a way I can get closer to my father. The reason this is possible is that when we go on camp-outs, he must help me with certain things because of my disability. So, doing these kinds of things has brought us closer together, and it has brought my father closer to God. He has not accepted Christ yet, but I know he will.

He has had the opportunity to meet Christian men and see the love of Jesus in these men. Since I have been in the program, I have gotten closer to a lot of people. This includes my parents, the many boys I have been with, and the many commanders I have had since I have been in the program.

To me Royal Rangers also means an alternative for boys who spend most of their time out on the streets. Instead of doing that they could spend their time reading the Bible and learning about God.

I feel that the program in itself is something to look forward to, but I think there are a

lot of other little things to look forward to. These are things like earning the right to wear the Royal Rangers uniform by memorizing the Royal Ranger Code, Motto, and Pledge, getting the merits, badges, and medals, maybe being a junior leader, or becoming a full commander so I can lead other boys to Jesus.

"I feel that boys who want to be in Royal Rangers will go very far to reach their goals."

Earning the merits and badges is the part I like best because it gives me a good feeling to know I have accomplished something with each one I earn. You can also look forward to making new friends and helping other boys with their merits, badges, and medals if they are not as far along as you are.

If you start early you can someday earn the Gold Medal of Achievement. I also like going to the camp-outs, making a car and going to the pinewood

derbies, and being a part of a group who helps people in your community. It is a good feeling to know that you are doing something for people in your community that need help. You can also look forward to turning your life around if you are having problems.

To me Royal Rangers means helping others. There are a lot of things that a big or small group can do, such as sweeping a street curb, picking up trash, and raking up the leaves in a park or yard. You can also do these things by yourself. Another thing that you can do is be with someone when they need a friend. You can do this by talking with them about their problems if they want to, or if they want to learn about God.

Rangers even helps me set goals. Boys who want to be in Royal Rangers will go very far to reach their goals. If a boy who does not really want to be in the program but stays in it and has a positive attitude, he will find that his life will almost change before his own eyes.

These are just a few ways Royal Rangers has changed my life.

As I noted in the beginning, I am disabled. I have cerebral palsy, and it has been hard for me to earn some of the merits. But the Royal Rangers program has shown me that God loves me for who I am and that through Him I can do anything!



has teeth pads which you can bite down on in order to secure the snorkel in place. There is also a rubber "dam" that fits inside the lips and in front of your teeth, providing a positive seal and preventing water from entering your mouth while breathing through the snorkel.

Normally the tube is cleared with a strong "blast" of air from the mouth after every dive.

Snorkeling tubes are continually being improved in style, contour, and material. Make sure you have one that is comfortable, allows for a well-fitting bite, offers an abundant airflow, and makes it easy to purge water when necessary.

SWIM FINS (FLIPPERS)

Fins are used by swimmers, snorkelers, and scuba divers to increase their propulsion power in the water. There is a wide variety of fins, but the best ones are those which, basically, are the most comfortable.

With fins bigger is not always better. It's easy to overestimate your ability to handle the extra demands placed on your leg muscles by large-surface-area fins. They can also be a liability in surf or wave action.

All fins aid in propulsion and improve hydrodynamics. While rubber fins are more flexible, those made of silicon stiffen the blade and give you more power. You can also tire more quickly.

There are essentially two types of fins: those having heel straps and those having a closed heel into which you slip your foot. Some snorkelers prefer to wear booties or socks with their fins, but that is generally a matter of personal preference.

Whether you're renting or buying, try on different sizes until you find a pair that fits snugly but comfortably.

Wearing fins out of the water is not recommended—unless you want to look like the "Creature from the Black Lagoon." They are not only clumsy, but pose a possible danger. For safety you should put them on at, or close to, the water's edge, then walk backwards into the surf.

IN THE WATER

The position of your body in the water should be face down (looking at the bottom), arms at your sides, and legs extended close together behind you. This will naturally point your snorkel directly upwards. If you move your head upward toward the

sky in this position, your snorkel will point toward your feet. If you tilt your head up just a bit too far, the end of the tube will dip under the water.

Sooner or later almost every snorkeler experiences inhaling and choking on a mouthful of water. It can be a little unnerving but is easily avoidable with practice.

Regardless of body size, weight seems to vanish when snorkeling. With air in your lungs you must float because of the similarity between the density of your body and that of the water. The stronger the intake of air, the higher you'll float. Spread-eagled on the surface, snorkeling becomes natural, very relaxing, and uncomplicated.

To move along the water surface, just flutter your legs, keeping them close together and using your knees as flexible axes. If you're just looking, keep your arms at your sides. If you want to increase your propulsion, use a wide-sweeping breaststroke.

Breathing through the snorkel tube will soon become second nature. However, you should always exhale strongly (blast) into the mouthpiece to clear any water that might have gotten into the tube. Then just breathe normally.

CLEARING YOUR EARS

When you dive into deeper water, the pressure increases, and frequently your ears will hurt if you don't "clear" them. You can equalize the pressure by holding your nostrils shut between your thumb and index finger, then trying to exhale through your nose. The pressure you create by holding your nostrils closed will make your ears "pop."

Many face masks have indentations molded into each side of the nose seal, thus allowing easy access for your thumb and index finger to reach your nose.

AN ENJOYABLE SPORT

Snorkeling is a safe, simple, and enjoyable adventure. Clear water is essential, as low visibility is neither fun nor safe. Also make sure the conditions are good for snorkeling before plunging into the unknown. Casual snorkelers are better off having dry land nearby and a shallow bottom under foot.

It's never a good idea to go snorkeling alone. Also, a group is always more fun. Only the experienced and competent should snorkel in deep

water from a boat, or free dive to greater depths.

Once you get hooked on the sport, there are endless activities to captivate one's interest—shelling, "treasure" hunting, fish identification, fish feeding, underwater photography, and much more.

Snorkeling can be an eco-friendly adventure for the entire outpost. If you are able to enjoy the sport in the azure waters of the Caribbean, you'll have the added excitement of the sea exploding in a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors.

While there are many wonders under the surface, be knowledgeable and wary of sea urchins, jellyfish, fire coral, and other potential problems—depending on what waters you're in.

Weaning a T-shirt is always a good idea, as it will protect you from a bad sunburn. If you plan to examine items on the bottom, you also might want to wear gloves. All snorkel shops offer an assortment of equipment.

If you're enjoying the sport in unfamiliar water, or away from shore, wear a personal floatation device. Be careful not to overinflate it, or it will pop you so far above the surface your mask will be out of the water.

CLEANING AND STORING GEAR

After a snorkeling trip, clean your equipment by washing it in fresh water to remove sand and other debris, or, if you have been in the ocean any salt that remains. After washing, shake it dry and use a towel to wipe away any residual moisture. Then store it all out of the sunlight.

HAVE FUN AND BE SAFE

One nice thing about snorkeling is it doesn't take years of experience, and you don't have to be as skillful, nor as practiced as a scuba diver. It is a wonderful outdoor activity which people of every age can enjoy, and it opens up a whole new way to have fun.

Editor's Note: Adult supervision is recommended for this water activity. This sport is not recommended as an outpost activity for boys in the Straight Arrows and Buckaroos groups.

Great Gear for Rangers!



Low-profile, brushed cotton caps have six panels with vent holes and embroidered logos. Adjustable strap.

Get comfortable in these Rangers T-shirts with all-new screen-printed logos. 100% preshrunk heavy cotton.

Challengers T-Shirt

Maroon, red, and beige logo says "Challengers". White.

Adult M	08JP1442	\$8.99
Adult L	08JP1443	\$8.99
Adult XL	08JP1444	\$8.99
Adult XXL	08JP1445	\$9.99
Adult XXXL	08JP1446	\$12.50
Adult XXXXL	08JP1447	\$16.50

Pioneers Casual T-shirt

Red, black, and gray logo says "Royal Rangers" and "Pioneers". White.

Boys M (10-12)	08JP1422	\$7.99
Boys L (14-16)	08JP1423	\$7.99
Adult S	08JP1424	\$8.99
Adult M	08JP1425	\$8.99
Adult L	08JP1426	\$8.99
Adult XL	08JP1427	\$8.99
Adult XXL	08JP1428	\$9.99
Adult XXXL	08JP1429	\$12.50
Adult XXXXL	08JP1430	\$16.50

Trailblazers Casual T-shirts

Gold, green, and black compass design says "Trailblazers" in red. In white or natural.

White, Boys M (10-12)	08JP1432	\$7.99
White, Boys L (14-16)	08JP1433	\$7.99
White, Adult S	08JP1434	\$8.99
White, Adult M	08JP1435	\$8.99
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Natural, Adult XXXL	08JP1458	\$12.50
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Challengers Low-profile Cap

Gold, maroon, and red Challengers logo embroidered on black cap.

08JP1441 \$12.99

Pioneers Low-profile Cap

Red cap features embroidered Pioneers logo in red, white, black.

08JP1421 \$12.99

Trailblazers Low-profile Cap

Natural with forest green bill, button, and eyelets. Features Trailblazers logo embroidered in red and green.

08JP1431 \$12.99

"Ready for Anything" Low-profile Cap

Forest green cap says "Ready." on front and "Royal Rangers" on back.

08JP1410 \$12.99

"Ready for Anything" T-Shirts

Get ready for anything in this new Rangers T-shirt. Black with white "Ready." on front, "Ready for Anything. Period!" and "Royal Rangers" on back. 100% preshrunk heavyweight cotton.

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