

softly the songs boys love so well: "Home on the Range," "Don't Fence Me In," "Sweet Betsy from Pike." And then he led them into a more serious mood as "I Love Him" and "If You Want Joy, Real Joy, Wonderful Joy" wafted on the breezes.

Loneliness and longing filled Randy's face, and Commander Carter noticed a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

The brilliant colors of sunset faded away. Whippoorwills called and frogs sang in the spring branch as the boys marched in reverent formation to the campfire service.

Randy's heart was in a tumult as he listened to the energetic singing. He watched the flickering light of the flames playing on earnest faces as they told what Jesus meant to them.

The speaker told a pioneer story of a wagon train moving westward. In this story one man gave his life in order to save the other members of the train.

This was hard for Randy to believe—that a man would actually die for someone else. But when he heard the old, old story of Jesus dying for someone like himself, his heart was moved.

"If Jesus was willing to die for you, won't you be willing to live for him?" the speaker concluded.

With tears coursing down his cheeks, Randy stood with several other boys and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus.

WHIR-R-R! The motor died again.

But this time a happy-faced boy persistently pulled the rope until the motor responded. Not only was his face happy, but his heart was happy too!

Hadn't Dad gone back to work Monday? Hadn't Commander Carter told him he'd soon meet recruit requirements and could purchase his uniform? What was a baseball glove compared to a Royal Rangers uniform!

Dad had promised to attend church with him next Sunday. *And who knows*, thought Randy, *perhaps Dad would soon know the joy of serving Jesus.*

"If you want joy, real joy, wonderful joy..." Randy whistled the tune loudly as he kept pace with the roar of the mower.



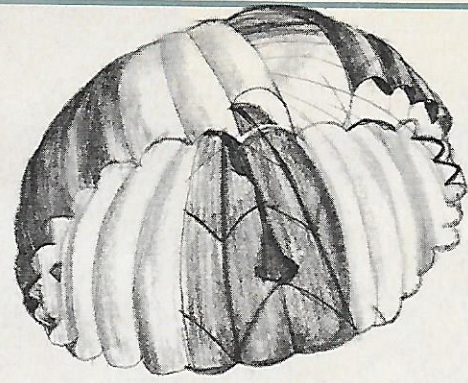
Our garden

God and I have a garden
All planted, row on row;
'Tis mine to keep the weeds out,
And His to make it grow.

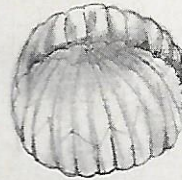
Now were the order changed about,
The outcome soon would show;
Yes, He could keep the weeds out,
But I couldn't make it grow.

I can't control the sun or rain;
That's His to do, you know;
So I'll gladly keep the weeds out
And watch Him make it grow.

—LORENA B. GALLOWAY



Remember
that
old song
we
used
to
sing
?



It really meant a lot to me. I find myself singing it when I'm on patrol or alone in my barracks. Maybe I'm just whistling in the dark, but it really brings me comfort. Somehow it pops into my mind when I think about home and church, and sense their prayer and concern for me.

I find myself whistling it when I receive a letter from the Servicemen's Division of the Assemblies of God... or when I get At Ease or the Youth Alive or free books and tracts... or when I need advice and know I can write to Don Schorsch and hear quickly from him.

The song means more and more to me because I really believe I matter to my friends and family back home. I really believe they are concerned about my welfare and my soul.

*In fact, I think I'll sing it right now:
"Blest be the tie that binds."*

I want to keep the song going. Here is my offering to keep the Servicemen's Division ministering to our boys. \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: **Servicemen's Division**
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Springfield, MO 65802