

# the valley

Royal Rangers National Commander

For those interested in demonstrating their frontier skills, there was black powder shooting, tomahawk throwing, knife throwing, flint and steel fire starting, and costume judging.

A popular activity was swapping and trading, held in a dozen small trading posts on Traders Row. Just about everything a frontiersman would need was displayed. Craftsmen were on hand with such skills as blacksmithing, gun making, scrimshawing, and knife making. Others were just content to lean back, relax, absorb, and enjoy the atmosphere. It was a heyday for camera fans.

The altar services were like old-time camp meetings. Men and boys were filled with the Spirit, healed, and blessed. Prayer and tarrying lasted into the night.

Looking across the valley at night was inspiring. The fires and lanterns inside the tepees appeared like cone-shaped jack-o'-lanterns. A mystique about it made it difficult to think we were still in the year 1984.

The cool night air, looking at stars through the smoke hole of the tepee, the night accented by the call of coyotes—plus the possibility of a bear coming into camp—made sleeping an adventure!

Early Saturday morning the valley emptied. A few brave deer began to peep out from the cover of the forest. The valley would soon be back to normal. But the men who had been there carry with them memories—and spiritual victories—they will never forget. ©



Above: Blacksmith Marvin Boyle demonstrates his skill to onlookers. Below: Jim Barger (left) and Robb Hawks conduct a medicine show during fun time at the rendezvous.



Left: Prayer for the sick—frontiersmen style.

