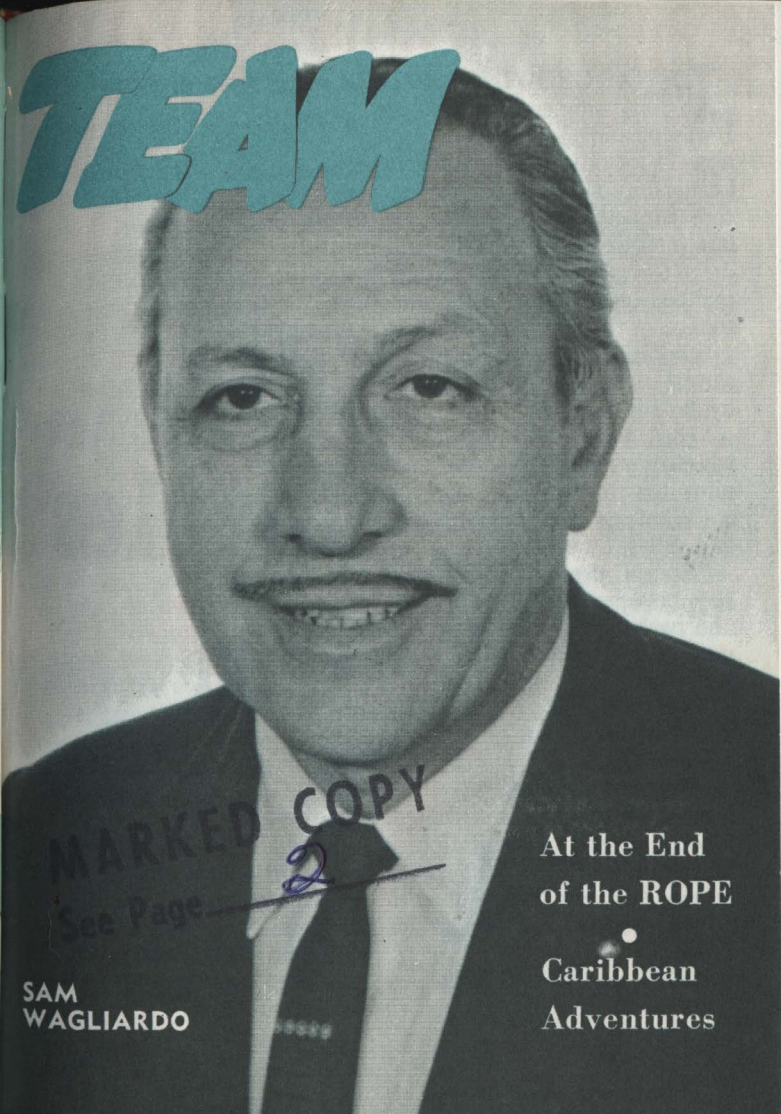


# TEAM



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See Page

SAM  
WAGLIARDO

At the End  
of the ROPE  
•  
Caribbean  
Adventures

**I**T WAS GROWING LATE that summer afternoon as I was pushing to complete Section II of my Royal Rangers Leadership Training Course before suppertime. I needed one last interview and then I could drop the papers in the corner mailbox on my way to the parsonage.

Stepping outside my office, I caught sight of a Ranger riding by on his bicycle.

"Hey, Ronnie!" I called. He wheeled around and came pedaling toward me.

"What do you want, Chaplain Eller?" he asked.

"Ron, I need some unsaved boy between the ages of nine and twelve to counsel with as a part of my training. Could you help me?"

"Yes, sir!" he replied, "I'll have someone here in fifteen minutes."

Returning to my study, I addressed an envelope and waited. Losing myself in meditation, I almost missed the faint knock at the rear entrance. But with a ready smile and handshake, I opened the door.

Before me stood a little guy

**In every neighborhood there is a boy who can be won to Christ. In Valley Park, Missouri he was**

# The Littlest Bum

By JOHN ELLER

with dirty face, ragged clothes, and a downcast look. He was shoeless. And from his appearance, it was evident he was wearing hand-me-downs. His

thick glasses, scratched and chipped by long wear, made his look more pleading.

Leading him inside the sanctuary, we sat down near the altar. It was only then that I learned his name.

"Charles," I asked, "have you ever heard about Jesus?"

"No, sir," came his honest reply.

"Would you like to hear about Him?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded with a gleam in his eye.

Starting from the beginning, I told him the story of how we are all born in sin and need a Saviour. I carefully explained the plan of salvation, using the marked Scriptures in my Royal Rangers New Testament. Tears welled in his eyes as I asked if he wanted to pray.

His interest had been intent and his response was immediate. With an eagerness that only a ten-year-old could have, little Charles Boley accepted Christ into his heart.

Looking at his tear-stained face, the love of God overwhelmed me and I embraced him.

Before he left, I asked if there was a copy of God's Word in his home.

"No, sir," he replied. "You see, our home burned just before we moved here."

A quick search of my library turned up an extra copy of the Scriptures which I placed in his hands.

I stood at the doorway as he ran down the steps, a smile on his face, clutching his Bible under an arm. Tears came to my eyes as the joy of the Lord flooded my heart. It was long past supper hour, but that did not matter. What I had thought would only be the completion of a training course resulted in the salvation of a soul.

A few days later, my little friend moved away. I may never see him again, but he left me with warm memories of a sunny afternoon when I led the littlest bum to the Lord.

**TEAM, July, 1968, Vol. XV, No. 7**  
Assemblies of God Men's Fellowship  
official monthly organ. Subscription  
price (U.S.A.) \$1.50 a year. Second-  
class postage paid at Springfield, Mo.  
Printed by the Gospel Publishing  
House, 1448 E. 11th St., Springfield, Mo.  
U.S.A. 65802

Royal Rangers leader observes international growth

# Caribbean Adventure

By **JOHNNIE BARNES**  
National Royal Ranger Commander

**H**OW WOULD YOU LIKE to fly in my plane to several Caribbean countries and present the challenge of Royal Rangers?" George Davis, our Latin American Coordinator for Royal Rangers, asked me. I reacted like any good Royal Rangers leader would. I asked "When? Where? How long?" So began my Caribbean trip filled with excitement, adventure, and experiences with George Davis and William Kirsche, national secretary of the Sunday school

**At Port Antonia, Jamaica, Johnnie Barnes (left) found the local pastor eager to receive his presentation of the Royal Rangers program.**

department, which I will never forget.

On the first leg of our trip, George Davis radioed "This is Bonanza 5555 Kilo calling Ft.



**National Royal Rangers Commander Johnnie Barnes poses with plane which took him on whirlwind tour of the Caribbean countries promoting Royal Rangers.**

Lauderdale Tower. Our panel light indicates our landing gear will not come down." After circling the field several times, technicians on the ground gave us instructions to correct the problem so we could land safely. What a start for a trip that would take us over hundreds of miles of ocean!

En route to Nassau, Bahamas, I was struck by the beauty of the Caribbean Islands. In the distance you first see the dim outline of land. Next, the dark-blue ocean turns green as the water becomes shallow near the

shore. Then the white beach appears and the green palm trees take shape. The islands then become a dark emerald against a turquoise sea.

Nassau has an active Royal Rangers program with plans being made for expansion. While we were there hundreds of college kids were on the island and many slept on the beach. The pastor of Calvary Temple in Nassau is directing his young people to witness about Jesus Christ to these collegians. Many young people who come to the Bahamas for "kicks," it is

hoped, will leave with a new knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Flying from Nassau to Jamaica, we skirted the Cuban coastline. It was comforting to hear a voice from the Guantanamo Air Force Base radio saying they had us on their radar screen and would keep a watch on us until we were out of the danger area.

About fifty miles out of Montego Bay, Jamaica, we had more excitement. Suddenly our motor stopped! Quickly our efficient pilot went into action and in a few moments (it seemed like hours) the motor was going again. Such an incident sure helps to break the monotony of a long trip.

Jamaica is a beautiful island. I was particularly impressed by the colorful flowers, the blooming shrubs, and the wonderful beaches. Here we found an unusual opportunity for the development of Royal Rangers. More than 50 percent of the population is under 14 year of age. What a harvest field! During a conference with the Royal Rangers leaders of Faith Temple in Montego Bay, they

declared, "We are mobilizing our forces to meet this challenge." At the service that night, seven young people received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. What a joy to personally pray with two Jamaican teen-age boys as they were filled with the Holy Spirit.

For our next service we had to go from Kingston to Port Antonio. So renting a small English automobile we drove over the Blue Mountain to the rally. It was a drive I'll never forget. The narrow winding mountain road was dangerous enough, but add trucks which drive at unbelievable speeds, mix in several donkey carts, and you have a ride long to remember. However, the reception of the people that evening made the ride well worthwhile.

On our first afternoon in Haiti, we visited the marketplace in Port-au-Prince. The milling mass of people made a deep impression upon me. One night we returned here and saw hundreds of people sleeping on the sidewalks. Some of them live here. My heart went out to them.



**In Haiti, Johnnie Barnes gives Royal Rangers presentation with Missionary Robert Turnbull serving as the interpreter.**

My first experience at shopping in Haiti was enlightening. The moment we indicated an interest in some wood carvings, about a dozen persons fought to get near us. They pulled at us, shoved items under our noses, and talked in French as loud as they could trying to get us to buy their merchandise.

Our convention services were conducted at the Bible school in Petonville. I was deeply moved by the personal sacrifice of our national ministers. Some came many miles just to be in the services. One leader, with tears in his eyes, told of his

great burden for the thousands of boys in Port-au-Prince, and said he believes the Royal Rangers program is God's method to reach these boys for Christ.

One evening a boy from off the street came into the service, heard the message, and then came forward to accept Christ. As I knelt beside him, placed my arm around him, and prayed with him, my heart was filled with a burden for all the boys like him around the world. (We hope to have Royal Rangers materials translated into French for use in Haiti sometime in the near future.)

One afternoon, Missionary Ray Fairbanks took me on a trip back into the mountain country. As far as we could, we drove his jeep on a rough mountain road, then hiked down a narrow mountain trail to a small compound where the buildings were mud huts with thatched roofs. Several boys gathered around us so we took their photo with a Polaroid camera. How elated they were to see themselves in the photo. Brother Fairbanks pointed at the group and said, "This is