

2010 FCF Fall Trace in Daniel Boone Chapter

September 17-19

Royal Ranger Campground

Speaker: James G. "Parson" McHaffie

Greetings Fellow FCF Members,

Please join me in welcoming our newest accomplishments from last weekend's Fall Trace:

New Wilderness Members:

Kody Whinery	"Bear Claw"	Young Buck
Laurance Brown	"Little Buffalo"	Young Buck
Ted King	"Choctaw"	Old Timer
Ron Squires	"Burning Fox"	Old Timer
Jim Haines	"Keeper"	Old Timer

New Buckskin Members:

Jon Marsh	"Iron Will"	Young Buck
Tytus Breshears	"White Tail"	Young Buck
Ryan Marks	"Paul Longhorn"	Young Buck
Luke Cooper	"Lightfoot"	Young Buck
Craig Kelley	"Road Kill"	Old Timer

New Scout:

Luke Cooper	"Lightfoot"	Chapter
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Asst Scouts:

Derek Ruda	"Tender Heart"	SW
John Davis	(frontiersman)	NW
Jared Gamblin	"Sasparilla"	NE

Rick "Simon Tanner" Dostal

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Fall Trace 2010 Southern Missouri District Pow Wow Campground 09-17-2010.

Wooo hoo! We had ourselves a time. Funny how things work out. I had put in for the day off 9 months earlier to be off the Friday of the Fall Trace. Boss said it didn't look like I could have the day off. I posted to this list a request for prayer. Funny thing my Boss emailed me the verification later on that day that I was able to have the weekend off. Everyone else was working Saturday and Sunday. Praise Jesus.

The days come quickly and it seems like some of these events just spring out on us. Same thing for Fall Trace. With the Holidays and Church picnics it's hard to get the word out to our boys and commanders when we don't meet. Yet this year we had 94 registered at our Fall Trace. I looked at the head count from the past 4 years and that was slightly above normal.

We had 9 from Central attending. Some working on campground projects others involved in the Trace. When we arrived at the campground what a surprise to see a new cedar pole building going up. A BLACKSMITH SHOP! Whoo hoo. I saw many of the men that have stayed with this District for years and years and years pouring their hard work in to building this Eaglerock like blacksmith shop. I saw hand cut notches being made and cordless drills being used and a brotherhood of Christ like men working hard to bring a welcome addition to our FCF Village.

I saw the men that had been up all night finishing up their Wilderness Vigil and saw the new light in their eyes as God the Holy Spirit spoke to their souls through their all night vigil. They would sleep sound tonight but there was a lot of work to be done before that could happen.

We sat up camp and got all the goods out and put on our outfits and went about our various FCF jobs. Some talking, others working, some dreaming, others confiding, while others sharpened their accruements for the big event. FALL TRACE.

It wasn't long before you could hear Kenney Richardt firing up the blower and heating metal and the sound of a black smiths shop in action.

At dinner time those that optioned in for cooked food were served up a plate of fish, deer, chicken and all the fixings to make this a great meal. Our boys were bragging all the way back to camp on how good that food was. It was true. It was a great value and it tasted better than I could fix up and that was for sure.

About dark the camp was filled with campfires and candle lanterns and the welcome clamor of men and boys moving towards the council fire. So many things to remember yet I can't tell them all to you.

We enjoyed the service and the male spin on outdoors frontiersman camping.

Saturday morning awoke with the sound of charcoal being poured into a bucket. That is music to my ears. The sounds of camp picked up and soon a fire was roaring and breakfasts were being cooked and the days business was at hand.

The meals I could rave on for a week or two exceeded the need in all areas and we all ate plenty. With pudding, jello, cobbler for deserts it was a good fit. Just out and out YUM.

Morning assembly brought out the Chapter business meeting and scout elections and missions pledges. We almost doubled the amount of monies given from last year praise the Lord.

Buckskin and scout testing was in progress and the other 15 events were all staffed and skills tested and honed. I picked up 15 men and boys in my covered diesel powered wagon and we drove down to the shooting range where we did all kinds of neat things. I was reminded to keep my barrel pointing in a safe direction and Ralph Davis got to doing a dance when he saw this green horn black powder shooter coming towards him with the barrel leaning in his direction.. I hollered back to the membership that hadn't shot yet if they wanted to see a Range Officer get to moving fasterr um... don't do what I did. GRIN!

My gun has just been fired but how was the Range Officer to know... BIGGER GRIN! Then Choctaw while coaching me to load the black powder rifle saw I had two patches in place some how the ball slipped down the barrel and Choctaw said..well at least we got powder in

there...GRIN! One of the other guys had not put powder in before the patch and ball went in.. thank goodness for CO2. Then I realized that being a Range Officer had it's exciting times and I - we all need to keep our skills sharpened. My one and done black powder course 11 years earlier was long forgotten. I enjoyed the challenge and was motivated to bring my gun and accruements next year and polish these skills up to a fine shine.

Came back to camp to find the boys over pounding away in the black smith shop making knives and loving every minute of it. My 17 year old son told me this was the best thing all weekend. Him and Kenny working on that knife. It also gave me and my son some time to set down and work on a leather sheath together. Him doing the work and me giving him pointers. What a blessing g.

Saturday night with the Buckskin and service just about done we were asked to button down our camp and come to the Pavilion as 2 BIG storms were rolling through. We once again enjoyed the comforts of a strong sturdy building and Jerry passed out treats he had been saving for a time like this.

Sunday morning was lined up with packing up and attending morning church outside and Simon Tanner talked about the body of Christ and how each of us need each other and each of us have skills we can use to make the body better.

A 2 hour drive home and we unloaded, cleaned out the church van, even did a little washing off of the mud with the new water hydrant we had installed in the Ranger Building the Friday morning before we left for the Fall Trace.

Another grand Fall Trace! Lives challenged, Healings received, prayers offered up and Christian fellowship abound.
We are a blessed Chapter.

Please send your pictures.

Mark Jones, FCF Company Clerk

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