



Happening Stuff in the



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Survival camp, do or starve! By Lee Yu Tjin

Survival camp: a camp where Rangers have the opportunity to 'enjoy' themselves. I had thought that I would suffer at the camp, but it turned out all right in the end... well mostly.

9 March 2007. We arrived at the campsite and had to start working immediately. The commanders gave us a list of things that we had to do. Sam and I were paired off, and the girls were paired in groups of three. We built our shelter first. It was a 'five star' hotel when it was finished, but it became a 'budget' hotel at the end of the camp.

In the afternoon Manesh joined us, but the lucky guy didn't need to do much since we had finished the shelter by then.

Then the commanders told us that it was time to kill our dinner. After Commander Darren told the boys how to kill the rabbit, we had to catch it. Thankfully for us, the rabbit just hopped around so we didn't have to do any chasing or hunting. I guess it didn't know that there

were hungry people waiting to cook it. I could hear the rabbit's heart beating like a super-fast-drumbeat while I was holding it. Pity started to envelope me. We gave Manesh the honour of making the kill. He missed. Only on the second try, he managed to break its neck bone. It died after the knife was stuck in the neck for a few seconds before going through the neck. Surprisingly the girls didn't cry when the rabbit died. I guessed they were quite hungry by that time.

The sun had started to set when we were cooking our fish. Our catfishes became firewood after both fell in the fire; though we still had another fish for dinner. When the boys started to eat the fish, we realised that it was partly cooked. But that didn't matter to Sam, as he ate half of the fish anyway, even though it was still raw. We had little sleep as we had to take care of the fire for the whole night. Nothing

eventful happened during the night except when Sam said, "Eh, got animal outside the shelter la." I had thought it was a wild boar or something. It turned out to be nothing at all. Next morning the commanders came and tested our shelter. Commander Darren started jumping on it, and asked us to go inside while he was still stomping. Then he asked us if it was waterproof. I was all wet when he poured water on the shelter. We were also asked to find five edible foods around us. Only three out of five we found turned out to be edible. Apparently, what we thought was "limau" and "mangosteen" was actually something else. We left the place at noon. I was happy to arrive in church because that meant home and sleep.



WELCOME ABOARD!!!

Let's take a trip Down Under and explore Australia!

DID YOU KNOW???



Australia was once called **New Holland**

Australia is believed to be the oldest corner on the planet earth

A ball point pen is referred to as a "**biro**" in Australia

Perth is Australia's windiest city with an average wind speed of 15.6 kph

The first picture of a kangaroo was seen in England in 1773



To prevent the rival cities of Sydney and Melbourne battling for the honour of being the nation's capital, the city of Canberra was founded halfway between the two in 1927

Light bulbs are called **globes** in Australia?



By Cmdr. Melissa

Dengue hospitalises! by Cmdr. Andrew Hong

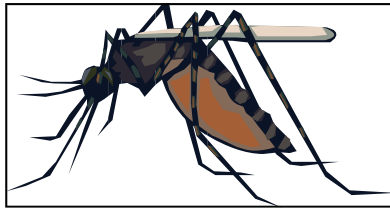
When I was asked to write a testimonial on my recent recovery from dengue, my mind went totally blank. Not that there isn't anything to talk about, just that it is something I'd rather not think about again. Ok relax, this is a rather common disease, (not like I'm walking through the 'valley of the shadow of death'... or am I?). It was estimated that there were 20 million cases of dengue reported annually and only 24,000 people died from that. So you see, it's nothing really.....

Many people asked me, "How did you get it?"

Simple. A tiny mosquito (named *Aedes*) helped itself to a feast of delicious warm blood in my body. The irony of this is, I've been bitten countless times in camps and on hiking trails, and the only side effects that I've ever encountered, was a body full of red bumps. When contracted with dengue, it usually takes about 2 to 7 days after being bitten (depending on your age and body size) to show signs of fever. During that period of time, I was totally crushed. The pain in my head was so severe that it felt like it was going to explode any minute. There were no words to describe the excruciating pain I had to go through. It was as though something was trying to break out of my skull, and my eyes felt like they were popping out very soon. My muscles and

joints began to ache and my head felt dizzy all the time. I felt helpless and weak, and all I could do was to pray to God for the fever to subside. I thought that it was the worst fever spell I'd ever encountered (I had no idea that it was dengue). I didn't see a doctor. I only took panadol and prayed a lot.

After 2 days of continuous torture and knowing that the panadols were not helping at all, I finally went to see a doctor. The doctor diagnosed it as a common fever, gave me some panadols and told me to



rest more. At that point of time, I had given up hope on all clinic doctors.

Another 3 days went by, and I stopped eating all together. I thought it was going to be a great diet plan, but unfortunately, it was just a loss of appetite. For the very first time in my life, I refused food willingly (what a miracle!). Sensing that something was wrong, my mum brought me to see another doctor. The doctor again prescribed some medicine for my fever and advised me to go to the hospital if the medication did not work after 2 days.

The next day, I felt much better, and thought the

fever was gradually subsiding, but my body continued to ache and I still couldn't eat. My mom then decided to bring me to the hospital in case of some other illnesses other than just a normal fever. I was brought to the Damansara Specialist Hospital and later found out that there were traces of viral infection in my blood. And because of that, I was hospitalised and had to have my blood count monitored. (And there went my New Year's Eve celebration)



I've never liked hospitals, I don't know why. It might be because of the smell, the sight of nurses carrying needles around with a sheepish grin, the overconfident look on the doctors or the deep groans coming from ill patients. "I don't belong here," I thought. The doctor said that there is no medication for dengue fever and it all depends on how strong our body is to fight off the virus. Depending on your body, the virus might cause convulsions, internal bleeding, and in some serious cases, the body goes into a critical state of shock and the person might die within 12 to 24 hours if blood transfusion is not given. Thus they have to take your blood twice daily to monitor the blood.

After the first night, the ritual seemed to start daily at the crack of dawn,

It was estimated that there were 20 million cases of dengue cases reported annually and only 24,000 died from that. So you see, it's nothing really...

where a nurse would come to my bedside, wake me up by turning on the lights and greet me with a needle! Now try to imagine waking up to a stranger, greeting you with, "We need your blood". And of course, I was fully awake after that! Even though I was down with dengue, it was a great time for me to ponder, pray and read the Bible. The situation in the hospital was how-

ever quite depressing, seeing other patients vomiting, coughing up blood, peeing on the bed, and the nurses complaining because they have to clean up... doesn't really make you very comfortable.

Every morning, the doctor would enter the room with the lab report, stating my current blood count and giving

hopes that the level might return to normal the following day. After 3 days, the count was finally up and I was discharged the following day. I have to thank God for being with me in this dire place and quick recovery. Also want to thank those that had prayed for me during this ordeal.

FAMILIAR SCENES???

FIND OUT IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!





APRIL 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7 RK Day Trip
8	9	10	11 Prayer Meeting	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22 AR COA	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 DR COA	30					

Schedule of Events

- } 7 April - Ranger Kids Day Trip
- } 11 April - Evening Prayer Meeting @ 8:30 pm
- } 22 April - Adventure Rangers COA @ 2:00 pm
- } 29 April - Discovery Rangers COA @ 2:00 pm



What happened when Rangers was off on the 25th of March??

Expedition Rangers went for a picnic at Lake Gardens and completed their larnyards...

Discovery Rangers Commanders went for a special lunch treat at this amazing (according to Cmdr. Sarah) pasta place in KL called Izzi's...

Adventure Girls were oh-so-hardworking and stayed in church to finish up merits...

and the Adventure Boys conquered Gunung Nuang!

Pavlova (Australia's original dessert)

Pavlova is a meringue dessert named after the ballet dancer, Anna Pavlova (Who is ironically, a Russian dancer). It is crispy on the outside but light and fluffy inside. Some sources claim the recipe originated in New Zealand, while others claim it was invented in Australia.

Ingredients:

- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp (1/6oz) vanilla essence
- 1 tsp (1/6oz) lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp (1/24oz) salt
- 1 cup (8oz) granulated sugar
- 1 cup (8oz) whipped cream
- 2 large kiwifruit
- 1 cup (8oz) fresh strawberries
- 1 medium-size passionfruit



Instructions:

1. Line a baking sheet with aluminum foil. Draw a circle with a diameter of 23cm (9in) on the foil-lined bottom of the sheet.
2. Beat the egg whites at low speed. Add the vanilla essence, the lemon juice, and two pinches of salt.
3. Beat at high speed until soft peaks form. Gradually beat in the granulated sugar until stiff, glossy peaks form.
4. Grease a baking sheet. Spoon the beat mixture into the center of the marked circle, piling it a bit higher around the edge.
5. Bake in preheated oven at 120C (250F) for 70-90 minutes until crisp on outside and firm to the touch.
6. Turn off the heat and allow to cool with door propped open.
7. Slice the fruit and place them in a small bowl. Cut the passion fruit in half and pour its juice onto the fruit slices.
8. Spread the whipped cream in centre of shell and top with the fruit slices. Chill until serving time.



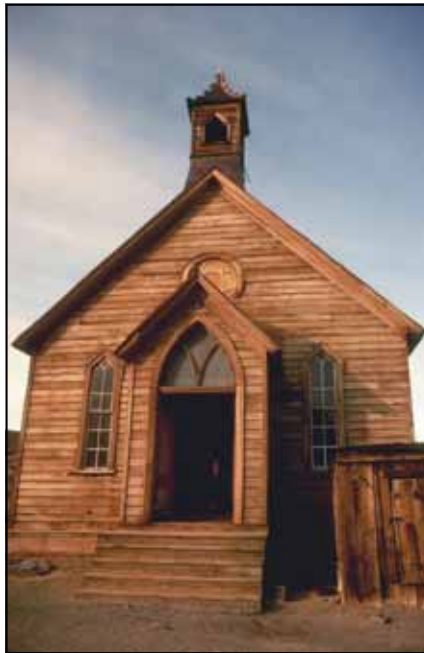
Putting the church in the CENTRE of the village by Cmdr. Peter Chin

In the past, most churches were located right in the centre of the village. As time passed, through development and progress, these churches maintained their central location although the villages around them transformed drastically to cities or cosmopolitans. But sadly these same churches were 'reduced' to mere historical tourist attractions and architectural wonder, rather than a house of prayer and worship.

The main reason for this central location then had very little to do with aesthetic outlook or accessibility. The church was a point of congregation for spiritual needs, a perpetual source of guidance and growth, a spiritual resource centre, a place of worship, a revered place! The people (church), were from all over the village, not just the central district. But most importantly, they were on fire for God. You could literally sense the fear of God, His presence and His joy in them. Both congregation and building were centrally in sync for God.

When the Israelites left Egypt; everywhere they camped, the sanctuary/tabernacle remained at the centre of the camp (Numbers 2:2). Jerusalem

was God's chosen and was geographically central in location. God knew what He was doing and purposely placed the most important things in the centre. He gave laws and instructions



not to make life difficult but that we may live richly by obeying them. Obedience is better than sacrifice, and should be central in our life. There are enough kingly examples in both 1

Kings and 2 Kings showing the rewards of obedience and the consequences of disobedience. It was a period of ups and downs, the wildest 'roller coaster ride' ever recorded. Almost everyone missed the Centre!

In the market place today, the phrase is commonly used to refer to a situation where management takes the necessary actions to correct or to realign operations. There is nothing spiritual or holy about this. Nevertheless, there is one centre that we should never forget. The cross! It was a place where the most horrible punishment was conducted on the worst slaves/criminals. My Lord suffered and died for me and you too! He was neither slave nor criminal!

Bearing this example of the church in mind, let us apply the same to our lives with God in mind. *"Lord I pray that you will help me place you in the centre of my heart, my mind, my eyes and my life that I may be filled with Your joy and peace though I may walk through the centre of turmoil and troubles."*

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Pictures, pictures, pictures!**

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DID YOU FIND THEM ALL?

Did you find all 5 of Platy the Platypus? He has been hiding in the pages. Go back and see if you can find him.



COMICS

