

I am here today to talk about my good friend Wendell Barber. It is hard for me to grasp that the depressive illness that 20.9 million Americans suffer from an illness that takes the lives of 30,000 people a year. That same illness took my friend from me and you. In need of consolation I picked up my bible, well actually I opened it on my computer and I found one bible passage of many that gave me comfort when I thought of Wendell and his life.

It is from Matthew 11:28-30

28"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. 29 Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. 30 For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

It seems like only a few month ago that he and I met to work on the Buffalo Trail Scout Ranch Staff in 1991. Our interests were very much similar. We were both Eagle Scouts we both liked to use our hand to build things and we both had been around farming. Soon after we met Wendell, Kim and Taylor and a little bitty Amanda Mae, she was only months old, moved to a house next door to our office. We became very close friend. Wendell went to work for me in an environmental business, worked for my father in the surveying business and helped out on the Boy Scout Summer Camp Staff that I took the summers to run.

He was a Chemist, metallurgist, blacksmith, wagon builder, City Councilman Scouter, Chuck Wagon Cook, Father and a Friend. Oh and in his spare time he worked for the Colorado River Municipal Water District sampling Water. I accused him often of just enjoying playing in the mud since we have had a shortage of rain. He could tell you more about the Potentilla fruticosa (Little Aguja Pond Weed) or Golden Algae than you could digest in one setting. He took his job as water quality

specialist very serious and worked hard to insure that the district provided the best quality water possible.

We had many good times working on summer camp staff together. We covered as much of the 6000 acres as we could via horse back often time to the point that our back side was so sore that we chose to stand for a day. Wendell helped get the camp fixed up with coal forges so they could do branding and he could do metal work.

We soon formed the Cacklebur Camp Cookin Crew and started on the trail of Chuckwagon competitions. Seeing the picture of Wendell on the Forsan FBC site (<http://www.forsanbaptistchurch.org/images/2006/Barbers.jpg>) I could not help but laugh. You will see in Wendell's pocket a measuring scale. We always kidded Wendell of why he needed a scale that could measure to the millionth, actually more like 10000th. His answer was so he would be sure and peel the potatoes exactly right. Wendell always seemed to get to be in charge of lighting the fire in the early morning. He said there was no rush because he was not going to cook our eggs before sun up which caused a large amount of bantering to say the least. When ever we would be getting ready for a Chuckwagon competition Wendell would say he had better cook up a cobbler and take it to Mr. Grant to see if he could take off. If he had truly made as many of those cobblers for Mr. Grant as he indicated then John would weigh about 900 lbs. Wendell did like to show off his cooking talent at the annual water district picnic as well as here at the Church.

Wendell was a man that liked to use his hands he could take an old piece of metal and hammer it in to a beautiful rose. He enjoyed make things on the forge and the challenges of doing things the old fashion way. He took great pride in many of the things he fashioned with his hammer and forge. He took the same pride in

rebuilding the Chuck wagon that the family used. Many of the parts on the Cocklebur chuckwagon were made by Wendell.

He was a great teacher he worked countless hours with Scouts at different functions helping them on their advancement. He helped his own children with countless tasks, though like most parents his patience was probably shorter. He was very proud of his Children. Setting around the camp fire cooking he would talk about each one and how great they were and how very proud he was of them for what ever accomplishment had occurred. He was so very proud of Taylor when he reached the rank of Eagle, and Amanda he always talked about sending you off to be a Nun, I think he felt like you would not have too many boy friends there. Typical of Dad's no one is good enough for their daughter. And when Zachery started pounding steel and cooking he would talk for hours about it. His pride in his children showed as he talked about each one.

Wendell loved his wife Kimberli, I have kidded her about finding a boy fresh off the farm. Well that was a fact. Wendell went to school in Grady New Mexico. He bragged about being in the top ten of his class. Well Paul and I were impressed because the school Paul went to had only 5 seniors so he figured that Grady High must be pretty big, I graduated from Permian High with 650 of my close friends so I was very impressed. Well that all changed when we went to a cooking competition in Logan New Mexico and the best route from Odessa was thru Grady New Mexico. Folks Grady makes Forsan look like a metropolitan city. Now maybe it was bigger then but it isn't now. So it forced us to ask Wendell JUST how many students graduated from Grady High School when you graduated. The Answer was "well I believe there were 10 of us' with his sheepish grin.

It really matter not whether it was 10 or 100 graduates, Wendell was fresh of the farm and driving a combine, tractor and wheat truck and to here him tell the story

he did all the welding and maintenance to keep them running, I am sure that may have been under his dad's watchful eye. He went to school at Eastern New Mexico University in Portales and sometime during that time he found a cute little red headed gal that caught his eye. Now I am told that in those days Wendell was the outgoing individual and Kim was the shy individual. I still have trouble believing that Kim. For some reason I just can't see you as shy and bashful but either way a romance was struck and their lives together began.

Wendell was a funny man. He had a very dry sense of humor and a real quick wit. The only person that I know that could beat him at his on humor game was my dad. He could counter Wendell's banter faster than he could whip them out.

I have shared with you some of the moments and times of Wendell Barber. I have numerous and will treasure them. I am sure that each one of you has a story and memory. I hope you will treasure them as much as I will for from my friend Wendell I have learned many things. He has taught me simple water chemistry to metal work, but most of all he has given me friendship.

I will remember Eagle Scout Wendell Barber was

TRUSTWORTHY

A Scout tells the truth. He keeps his promises.

LOYAL

A Scout is true to his family, friends, and nation.

HELPFUL

He does things willingly for others without pay or reward.

FRIENDLY

A Scout is a friend to all.

COURTEOUS

A Scout is polite to everyone regardless of age or position.

KIND

A Scout understands there is strength in being gentle.

OBEDIENT

He obeys the laws of his community and country.

CHEERFUL

He cheerfully does tasks that come his way. He tries to make others happy.

THRIFTY

He protects and conserves natural resources.

BRAVE

He has the courage to stand for what he thinks is right even if others laugh at or threaten him.

CLEAN

He goes around with those who believe in living by these same ideals.

REVERENT

A Scout is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties.

So now to you Wendell we in the brotherhood of Scouting say to you.

May the great Scoutmaster of all Scouts be with you until we meet again!