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When highway patrol trooper Scott Frasier was a young schoolboy, he once told a larger and more aggressive boy, “Don’t pick on me. My dad’s a Texas Ranger.” However, in later “growing-up” years, he mainly accepted it as a normal family thing. After all, his father had always been a law officer.

Today, Scott Frasier is a DPS state trooper, a ten-year veteran. Prior to that he was a patrolman for the San Angelo police department where he served seven years. Before that, he was in college playing football. His DPS duty station today is at Bronte, a small town 30 miles east of San Angelo.

George Frasier, Scott’s father, is a retired Texas Ranger with 19 years service as a Ranger. Before that he did seven years as a DPS highway patrolman. And before that he was a city of Odessa police officer. Today, he is a minister in San Angelo.

How and why did George Frasier become a Ranger, then a minister? How and why did his son Scott become a DPS state trooper? To get answers to these questions, one must look at the early days of both men.

George was born in Gorman, Texas, but grew up in Odessa, where his father was an oil field “roughneck.” He graduated from high school in Odessa and worked at a service station after school. Then he attended Odessa Junior College. Quite early in his college days he decided he needed a wife more than he needed a college education. In March, 1958 he married Faye Pruitt. She was 16, he was 19. He went to work for the Rainbow Bread Company. Sometime later, he met some Odessa police officers and became intrigued with their work. He soon changed jobs and joined the police force. During his seven years as a city policeman he became acquainted with some DPS highway patrolmen.

He respected and admired the DPS troopers. The feeling was so strong that he applied with DPS. The year was 1967. He was accepted, trained at the Homer Garrison Training Academy in Austin and graduated in June 1967. He
was assigned to the highway patrol. His early HP years were in West Texas, starting with the town of Andrews. “I didn’t write many tickets in those early years,” he recalls. “I was sort of a friendly ‘trouble shooter’ - mingling with people, making talks at civic clubs.”

During his highway patrol years three sons were born to the Frasiers. George was transferred a lot. This, of course, affected his family life. His children were in school and growing. I give lots of credit to my wife for our good family life during these years,” he says, “she was and is a great trooper. Her attitude was, ‘where you go, I go.’”

In 1972, Trooper George Frasier felt a preference to do investigative work rather than work traffic. He took a test for the Texas Rangers, but was not accepted. Two years later, tried again, and was accepted. It was a major lifestyle change. His first duty assignment was at Big Spring.

Young Ranger Frasier and his family were faithful in the Nazarene Church wherever they were. George found time to teach a Sunday school class.

Scott Frasier, who was born in Odessa and started grade school there, while his dad was a city policeman. He and his brothers Russ and Johnny and younger sister Debbie were to attend many schools in the years ahead. These included Eden and San Angelo. Did Scott get into any trouble or mischief as a young schoolboy? “Not much,” grins Scott. “Mom and dad kept a pretty tight reign on us, in a good way. We were in church every Sunday. And changing schools? We just took ’em in stride.”

Scott attended Lakeview High in San Angelo, and was a multiple sports athlete: football (quarterback), basketball and track. Like his father had done, he worked after-school jobs, which included construction and restaurant bus boy. He went to college at Howard Payne University on a football scholarship, but lost the scholarship after two years due to a coaching change. His father had earlier suggested he apply with DPS and tempted his son by offering to give him his Texas Ranger commemorative handgun as a graduation gift. Scott opted for a 10-speed bicycle. He aspired to be a coach. However, he signed on with the San Angelo Police Department where he worked seven years (as his father had done) mostly doing patrol work and answering calls. While there he met a SAPD communications officer named Joni! Romance followed and they soon got married. He discovered that he liked law enforcement. One day, he surprised his father by bringing up the subject of a DPS career. They talked. Scott’s viewpoint was changing.

In 1995, he applied with DPS and was accepted. Again following in his father’s footsteps, he left West Texas, reported to the DPS Recruit Training Academy in Austin and became a part of Recruit Class A-96. He graduated in August, 1996 and was assigned to the highway patrol in Ozona. He served there 18 months, then was transferred back to his old familiar “turf,” San Angelo.

While Scott was becoming a young adult, his father was living the unique life
of a Ranger. He investigated murders and made arrests. He investigated lots of oil field thefts in the Odessa/Midland area. He served on one of the first Texas Ranger SWAT Teams (forerunner of today's DPS trooper SWAT teams). He survived dangerous criminal situations. One happened while he was stationed at Eastland. There was a murder.

In Cisco, only ten miles from Eastland, a drunken man had shot and killed a friend. When Cisco police officers approached him, he took them hostage. They were the police chief and two young officers. Ranger George Frasier was sent to rescue the officer hostages.

“As I got near him, he got the drop on me; suddenly I was a hostage and he released his other hostages. It was pretty tense. He was big, drunk and pointing a full-size revolver at me, with the hammer cocked.”

But Frasier, after talking calmly to him, was able to grab the man’s gun hand, a major scuffle ensued and the Ranger won. He had saved the other officers and himself, and got the killer.

Throughout the Ranger’s latter years, something unique was happening in George Frasier’s life. At first, it didn’t seem so unique to George. He had been active in his Nazarene Church since he was ten. He had taught Sunday school classes for years. Situation: a church district superintendent asked him to go to a pastorless church in the San Angelo area and preach. Feeling unqualified, George nevertheless went, and spoke. He did it for four Sundays. And all the while, Ranger duties called.

Months later, in 1992, a large San Angelo church, also without a pastor, asked for him to come and fill the pulpit. Fully involved in the Waco Branch Davidian crisis, but wanting to serve God, George said “yes.” For weeks, he commuted on weekends from Waco to San Angelo. He still did not feel God’s call to be a minister of the gospel. He was a Texas Ranger. But the church pastorate scenario continued for five months. The church persisted in asking for him. And the continuing requests, the speaking from the pulpits, his searching of the scriptures, his own prayer life – all began to feel like God’s call to him to be a minister. Plus, as a Ranger and trooper, he had seen so much of the dark and Godless side of people’s lives.

The call was strong. George Frasier decided. He would leave the Rangers and place himself at the disposal of his God and his church. He made it official in 1992. In the years ahead he pastored churches in San Angelo, Austin and Coleman. In the years ahead he pastored churches in San Angelo, Austin and Coleman. In leading these churches, he provided strong spiritual help to both “civilians” and law officers. He retired from the ministry in (year) and moved with his wife Faye to the San Angelo area (where all of his grown children and his 11 grandchildren!) live.

But his eventful and unique career of service is still not over. Today, he is Chaplain of the Texas Rangers.

Ranger George Frasier, Ret., delivering an eulogy at the Texas Ranger Association Foundation annual memorial service.

The reason for Scott Frasier being a DPS trooper today comes in Scott’s own
words: “Dad influenced me. His words, his life, his help, his values.”

After being stationed in San Angelo for two years, Scott was transferred to the little small town of Bronte, (population 700) 30 miles east of San Angelo, where he shared office space with the Justice-of-the-peace for a while. Today, he has his own office. He and his wife Joni and their growing children live in downtown Bronte and Scott is the only law officer in town.

He is strongly involved in his community and surrounding areas. He’s on the school board, and officiates high school football and basketball games. For years, he has been active in the D.A.R.E. program, which teaches 5th-grade kids about the dangers of doing drugs, and the “good alternative” choices they have. This takes him beyond Bronte to Sterling City and other school districts. Teachers ask for him to come and teach D.A.R.E.

“It takes a special kind of officer to have small town duty like mine,” he says, “but I like it. Everybody knows my name. We have lots of good people in Bronte.”

He sometimes makes speeches at PTA meetings and other events. On the highways, most of his “stops” are “speeders” and minor traffic violations. Scott loves highway patrol work. “I have no desire to be a sergeant,” he says, “which could take me off the road and put me in an office.”

The two Frasiers laugh at lot together, and both agree that a sense of humor is a strong asset for any law officer. Both feel law enforcement is a “calling.” And George believes that his 34 years as a law officer was God’s way of uniquely preparing him to be a minister. It comes as no surprise to learn that Trooper Scott Frasier also has a strong faith in God. “He rides with me everyday. And if you’re in this work long enough, you’ll have a crisis, and you’ll need special help.”

Ranger/minister George Frasier is not a worrier, but says, “Every time I part with Scott, I tell him I love him. I want him to have those words in his heart and mind every time he’s on patrol.”

Both father and son feel there is a vast “gulf” between law officers and civilians. Perhaps, they say, that’s why the law enforcement family is such a tight-knit family. The job of protecting civilians is a strong bond. “Tight-knit”? That’s a good word to describe the Frasier family, too. They share a lot more than just danger.

By Jack Lawler
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