

Ideas for Scouts' Owns

A collection of
Suggestions, Sample Programs,
Songs, Yarns, Readings,
Prayers and Snippets

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CHAPEL AT GILWELL

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This collection was compiled in 2002 by
Helen Chick, 17th Essendon Scout Troop,
as part of the requirements for the Scout Wood Badge.

I have tried to acknowledge sources where I know them.

Please do the same should you choose to use this resource.

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I am interested in adding material to this collection. If you have items that you are willing to share, please send them to me at <h.chick@unimelb.edu.au>. Please tell me the origins of the items if you can.

The sketch of the chapel at Gilwell Park, Victoria, was done by Helen Chick in January 2002 while completing the Scout Advanced course (the 5 day marathon version ... which is great, by the way!). The sketch (one of far too many Spare Time Activities ☺) was later scanned into a computer and manipulated a bit, with the result that this file is now too huge to e-mail to anybody as anything other than a pdf file.

Table of Contents

Table of Contents.....	3
Guidelines for Scouts’ Owns.....	4
“A Scout is Friendly” — Scouts’ Own.....	7
Environment Scout Law — Scouts’ Own.....	11
“A Scout is Trustworthy” — Scouts’ Own.....	14
Nature Scouts’ Own.....	19
Founders’ Day Scout Service.....	21
Last Camp/Green Cord Presentation Scouts’ Own.....	26
Song Collection.....	29
Yarn Collection.....	37
Reading Collection.....	51
Prayer Collection.....	60
Snippet Collection.....	68
Index of Themes.....	73
Index.....	75

Guidelines for Scouts' Owns

General Principles

Leaders and Scouts sometimes feel awkward about the “Duty to my God” aspect of the Scout Program. Part of the difficulty is because different people have different beliefs and different levels of belief, and it can be hard to know how to deal with this. This is particularly true for Scouts' Owns, where some Scouts—and Leaders—seem to be uncomfortable or uncertain about them. Part of the secret of dealing with this is to be as matter of fact about Scouts' Owns as you are about the rest of your Scout program.

Here are a few things that I have found useful.

- ◆ Have as much participation as you can (see section below)
- ◆ If possible, the choice of what to include in the program and some (or all) of the actual content itself should come from the Scouts
- ◆ Have a theme (e.g., use one of the Scout Laws)
- ◆ Keep it simple
- ◆ Keep it short (but don't give the impression of “getting it over and done with”)
- ◆ Keep in mind the needs of your audience in planning and running the program
- ◆ Think carefully about how to involve and respect those with different religious beliefs
- ◆ Hold it somewhere special
- ◆ Treat it as something important and “dress up” by wearing your scarves, if not your full uniform
- ◆ Have plenty of variety (songs, yarns, some readings, prayers)
- ◆ Have a printed program, so that people can follow the words of songs and readings
- ◆ Don't be preachy, but do make sure there is a clear message
- ◆ Don't be apologetic about the depth of your own personal belief
- ◆ Don't be afraid to discuss beliefs, but be mindful of doing so respectfully, and without imposing your own on others (let your light so shine; don't ram the candle down their throats!)
- ◆ It is probably not a good idea to choose themes as a “punishment” (e.g., don't choose to have “respect” as a theme after a big disrespect incident), because it is likely to turn kids off

This collection contains six complete programs, four of them based on the Scout Laws and two for special occasions. It also contains a large collection of songs, yarns, readings, prayers, and other odds and ends, which can be combined and/or added to in order to make Scouts' Own programs. Most of the significant items in the complete programs (e.g., songs and yarns) are anthologised in the main collection as well.

Guidelines for Scouts' Owns

As a Christian, these resources reflect my belief in the existence of God as my Heavenly Father and in his Son Jesus Christ as my Saviour. They do not, however, reflect any particularly strong doctrinal/theological approach.

Getting Everyone Involved

The more people who are involved in the presentation of your Scouts' Own, the better it will go and the less trouble you will have with maintaining the interest and good behaviour of your audience. If it is a District event, make sure every Troop has a representative participating, and name them and their Troops when they come to participate. Having a mix of "short" and "long" readings means that you can make assignments according to the enthusiasm and reading ability of the participants (e.g., you may be able to get a reluctant Scout to participate by offering a "short" reading). Bear in mind, though, that no one should feel forced to contribute.

Making Adaptations

The programs presented here or which you find elsewhere may well be okay as they stand but don't be afraid to adapt them according to suit your needs and your audience. Particular kinds of adaptations are discussed in the following sections.

Songs

I reckon that Scouts' Owns should have at least one song in them. If your group doesn't do much singing then pick songs that are really easy and that someone can lead comfortably. "Kum ba yah" is a classic song that is easy to sing and whose words can be adapted to suit the theme of your Scouts' Own. For less familiar songs, it is worth teaching it to the group either beforehand (e.g., in a campfire) or in the Scouts' Own itself. You could sing it through once to them, then get them to have a "practice go", and then sing it "for real". Don't do this with more than one song per program, though (i.e., if you have a second song, make sure it is a well-known one).

If you feel comfortable making up words then why not pick the tune of a song that people know and write some new words to it (see, for example, "He's Got the Whole World", "Blessing", and "Hymn for Australia" in this collection). The only advice is that the mood of the tune should be in keeping with your Scouts' Own.

Prayers

Prayers are communications with God, and I feel there should be at least two in a Scouts' Own: one to open and one to close. While I have a personal preference for more formal language, in prayers for Scouts' Owns it's more important that everyone is comfortable with and understands the meaning of the language being used. The best solution is to get the Scouts to contribute their own prayers. This is especially appropriate for Pioneer level Scouts who can count it towards their citizenship badge ... but you don't have to restrict it to them. Let the Scouts know what the theme is, then give them some time to think about the sorts of

Guidelines for Scouts' Owns

things to include in their prayers before they start to write them. There are two basic things to include in prayers: giving thanks and making requests. Most prayers are begun with some form of addressing God, such as "Dear Lord" or "Our Father in Heaven". Prayers should end with "Amen", with everyone given the opportunity to say it (because it signifies agreement with what has been said in the prayer).

Yarns

Tell yarns in your own words if you can, because you can maintain eye contact with the audience. If telling a longer yarn, then you will need to work hard to tell it in a way that will maintain the interest of the audience. Your own experiences can be a good source of stories. Don't try to make a made-up story sound true by telling as if it happened to you or someone you know: I think it's important that truth is kept pretty clear in Scouts' Owns (campfire jokes are another story!).

Making Readings

The Scouts themselves can help you to make up your own readings, particularly ones that allow for a number of participants (as an example, see "Things I Like About Being in the Bush", which was composed by two of my Scouts). If you do a printed program, and individuals have contributed, give them acknowledgment in a by-line.

Acknowledgments

Where possible I have tried to give the origins for the items I have collected. In some cases I simply do not know where they came from; in other cases I have retold stories I have heard on occasions long forgotten. I would be glad to hear more details about the sources of items. Most of the prayers for the Scouts' Own programs I wrote myself.

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17th Essendon Scout Troop

25 August 2002

“A Scout is Friendly” — Scouts’ Own

Opening Prayer

Dear Lord,

We thank you that we are able to be here together as Scouts, and thank you for the fun and friendship we’ve enjoyed so far. We are grateful for the Scouting program and the opportunities we have to make new friends. Help us be better Scouts, that we might try harder to live the Scout law. Help us to do our best and be loyal to our troop and patrol and leaders. Help us to try to make the world a better place by the way we live, through service and kindness, so that we might be an influence for good. Amen.

Song — Kum ba yah

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone needs a friend, Kum ba yah
Someone needs a friend, Kum ba yah
Someone needs a friend, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Help us be that friend, Kum ba yah
Help us be that friend, Kum ba yah
Help us be that friend, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Grant us friendship, Lord, Kum ba yah
Grant us friendship, Lord, Kum ba yah
Grant us friendship, Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Friendship Bible Reading (Adapted from 1 Samuel)

And it came to pass that after David had killed Goliath he went to the king whose name was Saul. Now Saul had a son called Jonathan, and David and Jonathan became great friends. In fact, Jonathan cared as much for David as he did for himself and they were like brothers.

Yarn — David and Jonathan

Many of you have probably heard the story of David and Goliath, how David killed the giant warrior with a pebble hurled from a slingshot. I reckon not so many of you know some of the things that happened afterwards. Well, that’s what I want to tell you about today. You can probably imagine that David became pretty famous for what he’d done. I mean, here’s a kid who’s brave enough and go out and face up to this big, strong Philistine when all the other Israelites had run away. I’m sure David probably wanted to run away too, even though he trusted God to help him.

So David became a popular guy among the Israelites and naturally he couldn’t stay being a farm boy any more, so he went to serve in the king’s court where he became leader of the king’s armies. The king’s name was Saul, and he had a son called Jonathan who Saul wanted to be the next king. Saul got to feeling a bit jealous about how all the people thought David was a great fighter. Since being made leader of the army David had fought and won more battles against the Philistines. Saul wanted David to win, of course, but he was worried that maybe David would overthrow him or his son Jonathan in order to become the next king. Surprisingly, though, Jonathan wasn’t concerned about this. He could see that David was a good man, and he knew that David wouldn’t harm either him or Saul. In fact, he and David made a promise of friendship, and Jonathan honoured David with gifts.

Unfortunately Saul became still more frightened of David, even though David never said or did anything to threaten him. On two occasions Saul threw a javelin at David, and David was lucky to dodge it. Finally Saul’s jealousy got so bad that Jonathan warned David to go into hiding. Jonathan then spoke to his father Saul, and reassured him that David had always been good towards the king. This worked the first time, because Saul remembered that what Jonathan said was true, and so David was able to return safely. When David won his next battle, however, Saul got jealous again. David had to flee for his life once more and this time Jonathan couldn’t convince Saul that David meant him no harm. Jonathan managed to get a message to David to say it wasn’t safe and that he should stay in hiding.

Saul pursued David across the countryside, into the forests and across the mountains. Sometimes Jonathan was able to visit David and renew their friendship, but most of the time David had to be on the run and Jonathan stayed near his father, Saul. One night, David was hiding deep in a cave and Saul, who was hunting him, came into it to sleep. David stood over Saul, and some of David’s men urged him to kill Saul, but David refused. Instead he cut off part of Saul’s clothing, the part which symbolised that Saul was king. Immediately David realised that he had threatened the king by doing this, and he was sorry. When Saul woke up, he saw David there and he realised that if David had wanted to he could have killed Saul. David apologised to Saul for cutting off his robe, and promised that he would never harm Saul. Saul realised that David was more righteous, and for a moment it looked like they might become friends but Saul just couldn’t get rid of his jealousy. He continued to chase David, so that David again had to go back into hiding.

Finally, the Philistines came up to battle against the Israelites again. With David in hiding there was no great soldier to lead the Israelite army into battle. Saul and Jonathan had to go up and fight, and in the terrible battle both of them were killed and the Israelites lost. News eventually reached David, and he was devastated, especially over the loss of his dear friend Jonathan, but also because of Saul as well. He wrote a sad song about them, which is recorded in the Bible, telling how great a friend Jonathan was to him.

Isn’t it funny?

- Reader 1:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout takes a long time to do something, he’s slow ... but when I take a long time to do something, I’m thorough.
- Reader 2:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout doesn’t do it, he’s too lazy ... but when I don’t do it, I’m too busy.
- Reader 3:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout goes ahead and does something without being told, he’s overstepping his bounds ... but when I do something without being told, that’s initiative.
- Reader 4:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout is adamant, he’s pig-headed ... but when I strongly state my side of the question, I’m being firm.
- Reader 5:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout overlooks a few rules, he’s cheating ... but when I skip a few rules, I’m being original.
- Reader 6:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout does something to please the “higher-ups”, he’s sucking up ... but when I do something to please, then I’m cooperating.
- Reader 7:* Isn’t it funny, that when the other Scout gets ahead, he had all the lucky breaks ... but when I manage to get ahead it was hard work that did it.

Yarn — Simon

Many years ago I was an Assistant Cub Scout Leader, and Bagheera was my jungle name. Our pack was not huge but it was big enough for our tiny hall, with the usual mix of kids.

One day a new chum came along; his name was Simon. He seemed excited to be joining with us and so it was just a matter of helping him to fit in and learn what he needed to know to be invested. It didn’t take us long, however, to realise that not everything was entirely right with Simon. His parents didn’t ever tell us what, exactly, his disabilities were, but even the other kids could tell there were a few things different about him. He was totally uncoordinated, for example, he didn’t seem to listen to what was said to him and what he did hear he didn’t seem to understand, he’d say the wrong things at the wrong time, he could barely write anything, and he just didn’t seem to have the usual social skills that most kids manage to pick up. But he kept coming, and gradually the other kids got to know him.

Sometimes we despaired that he would ever fit in. He was always picked last for games, but all the kids soon realised that this wouldn’t matter because we could adapt the rules so that they were fair to everyone. He came to camp once and used his pillowcase for a tea towel, because he had no idea where his tea towel was or if he’d even packed it. He was quite old by the time he could tie a reef knot himself, and there was never any guarantee that he’d be able to do it again the following week. He went to Cuboree and some of the other kids from other packs—who didn’t know him—locked him in the toilets and we thought he’d gone missing because we couldn’t find him. He always seemed to be being disobedient, but the truth of the matter was that sometimes he just didn’t understand, or there were too many instructions for him to keep track of, or he just couldn’t concentrate for long enough. Some of the other leaders thought that we weren’t very good leaders because we had this Cub who didn’t always do what he was told, but we knew better.

“A Scout is Friendly” — Scouts’ Own

Oh yes, we knew better ... because although Simon had his problems, he could also spring some pretty amazing surprises. One night Akela was talking to all the Cubs about the jungle book. Most of them knew about Akela and Bagheera and Mowgli and all the easy characters, but then she asked “Who was Rikki-Tikki-Tavi?” Well, there were lots of blank looks and nobody said anything because none of them had the foggiest idea. Except for one person. Suddenly a voice said confidently “The mongoose”, and all the other kids looked around in amazement because it was Simon. It seems that some of the things we did at Cubs really sank in for him.

Another night he came along and told us excitedly that his dad was getting a yacht and that he’d been given the responsibility of choosing a name for it. You can only begin to imagine how I felt when he said that he was going to call it *Bagheera*.

Simon stayed with us for nearly a year after his eleventh birthday. He was not the most successful Cub in terms of badges earned, but he may well have been the most successful Cub in how much he gained from being there. He truly lived up to the ideal of “Doing your best” and the other kids in the pack benefited from getting to know him, almost as much as he benefited from having them as his friends. He may have been different, but he was just as much a true member of the Scout movement as any of the kids I have known before or since.

Song — Thank You, Lord (Tune: Edelweiss)

Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many good blessings.
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many close friendships.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Guide us on forever,
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our blessings and friendships.

Lord, we pray, as we go, Into all of life’s promise,
That each day we will know You are calling us onwards.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Lead us on forever;
So each day we will know You are calling us onwards.

Closing Prayer

Dear Lord,

We thank you for this day and for our friends. We ask you to help us to be better friends to those around us, that we might not mock those who are different or tease those who may not dress or speak or look like we do. Instead, help us to reach out and make them feel welcome, so that we can show them what Scouting is all about. Help us, as Scouts, to bring peace to the world, by working towards peace and friendship in our patrols and troops. Help us to be the kind of friends that David and Jonathan were, and we pray that we might have friends like them, too. We ask you to keep us safe now, that we might continue to enjoy this camp. Amen.

Environment Scout Law — Scouts' Own

[This program was first used at the Mooney Valley District Fitzgerald Cup Competition, March 2001.]

Song: Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's re-creation of the new day.

Prayer

Dear Lord, Thank you for this beautiful earth which you have created for us to live on. We are grateful for the abundant food we have to eat, and for the many wonderful places we can visit. We are grateful for this campsite where we can enjoy the bush. We ask you to help us look after it, that it will continue to be a special place for Scouts in years to come. We pray that we might keep the tenth Scout law, and care for the environment, to make this world a better and more beautiful place. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Reading: Genesis Chapter 1 (excerpts)

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, and herbs, and fruit, and trees,

"And let there be stars in the sky, and the sun to give light by day and the moon to give light by night.

"Let the water be filled with fish and the air with birds, and let the land be filled with living creatures."

And then God created man and woman and gave them dominion over the earth.

Discussion

What do you think “dominion” means? [Bring out idea of responsibility rather than domination.]

Reading: Voices from the Island (Adapted from an unknown source)

[Person 1 and *Person 2* should talk to each other; **Person 3** and *Person 4* should form a separate group.]

Person 1: I have just booked a holiday in a wonderful resort on an untouched island. It sounds wonderful.

Person 3: **Developers have just bought our island from the government to build a resort. It sounds terrible.**

Person 2: *The plane lands right on the island, which means no uncomfortable boat trips.*

Person 4: *They have taken some of the land from our village and cut down the forest to build an airstrip. We worked hard for the developers, but the pay was very low.*

Person 1: I'll stay in a beautiful 5-star hotel. It's so cheap!

Person 3: **They built a huge hotel on top of our market garden. They gave us nothing for the land, and now we have to import food. The profits from the hotel go back to some big corporation overseas.**

Person 2: *I can lie on the beach and be waited on hand and foot. The local people are so friendly.*

Person 4: *Our young people work in the resort doing menial jobs, working long hours for little pay. Managing the hotel is done by outsiders. Our economy depends on the resort and there is nowhere else to work. Our old people are no longer the most important people in the community.*

Person 1: There is great local food and dancing. It's so colourful.

Person 3: **Our culture has become just a spectacle for the amusement of the tourists. It has lost its meaning and integrity.**

Person 2: *The beach is so beautiful. I'd better go there now before it's not fashionable any more.*

Person 4: *The pressure of the tourists is destroying the environment of our island. There is not enough fresh water. The reef is dying. Soon the tourists will leave us with nothing.*

Patrol contribution

I can ... [Get members of a patrol (assigned beforehand) to list ways each of them can care for the environment.]

Listen and Look

[Take a minute or so to just listen and look at the environment.]

Song: For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

For the beauty of each hour, of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

Closing Prayer

Dear Lord, We thank you for this opportunity to meet together and think about the environment. We are grateful for the beauty around us, and for the Scouting program that allows us so many chances to get outside and see all your creations. We are grateful for all our friends in Scouts and for our leaders who give up their time to help us in life. We ask that you will keep us safe throughout the rest of this camp, and this we pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

“A Scout is Trustworthy” — Scouts’ Own

Opening Prayer

Dear Lord, We are glad that we can meet together for this Scouts’ Own. We are grateful for the Scout program and for the fun we have and the things we learn. We are especially grateful for the opportunities that it gives us to develop and take on more responsibility. We pray that you will help us to take these responsibilities seriously, that we will always do our best. Help us to listen and understand the messages of this Scouts’ Own, and help us to live by the Scout Law. This we ask in Jesus’ name, Amen.

Kum ba yah (Worship version)

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

We are gathered, Lord, Stay with us
In your presence, Lord, Stay with us
As we worship, Lord, Stay with us
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Chorus: Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah ...

Make us trusted, Lord, Stay with us
Make us loyal, Lord, Stay with us
Make us friendly, Lord, Stay with us
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Chorus: Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah ...

Reading: Boy Scout Hymn

Now as I start upon my chosen way,
In all I do, my thoughts, my work, my play,
Grant as I promise, courage new for me,
To be the best, the best that I can be.

Help me to keep my honour shining bright,
May I be loyal in the hardest fight,
Let me be able for my task, and then
To earn a place among my fellow men.

Open my eyes to see the things I should,
That I may do my daily turn of good,

“A Scout is Trustworthy” — Scouts’ Own

Let me be ready, waiting for each need
To keep me clean in thought and word and deed.

So as I journey on my chosen way,
In all I do, my thoughts, my work, my play,
Grant as I promise, courage new for me,
To be the best, the best that I can be.

Yarn: “I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows”

[NB If printing this Scouts’ Own as a program, you may want to delete the text of this yarn and just retell it.]

A farmer once had a large farm and, since he was getting older and was finding it more difficult to run the farm on his own, he decided to hire a young man to work for him. So, one Saturday morning in spring, he headed off to the local market, hoping that he would be able to find someone hardworking and responsible. When he arrived he went to the corner of the market where young men searching for work were available for prospective employers to interview. He stood on one side of the street and looked over the group, trying to figure out which of the youths looked the most reliable and trustworthy. He spotted two likely looking candidates, but he knew he would have to go and talk to each one to help him make up his mind. Being a shy fellow he wasn’t looking forward to this, and he struggled to think of good questions that he could ask that would help him decide which of the two would be better.

He went up to the first, who stood somewhat apart from the rest and whose steady gaze made the farmer a little uncomfortable since it seemed to regard him as an equal.

“Well, lad,” the farmer said, “do you know how to look after sheep?”

“Yes, sir,” the youth replied.

“And do you know how to do the other jobs required on a farm?”

“Yes, sir.”

These simple answers weren’t really helping with his decision-making, so the farmer decided to try a trickier question, one that might give him some idea of the character of this young man. The farmer took a deep breath and asked, “What can you offer that would make me employ you over anyone else?”

Quietly the lad replied “I can sleep when the wind blows.”

The farmer waited for more, but the boy said nothing else, leaving the farmer perplexed by this strange answer. In the end he shrugged his shoulders and moved to the second of his likely candidates. This young man was taller than the first, and, as soon as he saw the farmer heading in his direction, stepped forward and said confidently, “I bet you’re looking to hire someone.”

“Well, yes I am” the farmer said slowly. “Do you know how to look after sheep?”

“I certainly do,” the youth replied. “There’s none around that can match me.”

“And do you know how to do the other jobs required on a farm?”

“Of course. There’s nothing you would need to teach me.”

There was no doubting the self-confidence of this lad, and the farmer knew how useful it would be not to have to spend time training his new farm-hand. But then he remembered that the simple “Yes, sirs” of the first boy meant that he would not need to be trained either. For fairness’ sake the farmer decided to ask his tricky question: “What can you offer that would make me employ you over anyone else?”

The second young man launched into a great list, about how he could do this job faster than Farmer Brown’s labourer down the road, and that job better than Farmer Smith’s farm-boy, and how he knew the latest treatments for all different kinds of diseases. At first the farmer was impressed, but then he remembered that Farmer Brown’s labourer had a reputation for laziness and that Farmer Smith’s boy was only young yet, and, finally, he had his own perfectly good collection of cures for ailments.

The farmer looked around in the hope of seeing a third possibility, but there was no one. He moved across the street and looked back at the two young men. Which of the two would be better? The first seemed quiet enough, but there was something about his steady gaze and attitude that was disconcerting ... and what sort of answer was “I can sleep when the wind blows”, anyway? On the other hand, could the farmer stand the brash confidence and non-stop talking of the second young man, and were his claims more than just boasts?

At last the farmer came to a decision, but he did not feel very confident about it. He went across to the first youth, and said “You’re hired. Come with me.”

“Yes, sir,” said the boy.

Thus it was that the farmer came to have a new farm-hand. There was no doubt that the lad had answered the interview questions truthfully, for he did his work well enough and without having to be instructed. Some of his ways were different from those of the old farmer, but they seemed to work just as well, so the farmer didn’t complain. Indeed, as the weeks passed and the farmer’s age caught up with him more and more, he left the lad to do most of the tasks around the farm without even checking on the work. He hadn’t yet been let down, and so the farmer was happy enough with his hiring, although from time to time he wondered about the young man’s strange answer to the third question.

The seasons moved on, spring turned to summer, summer turned to autumn, and autumn turned to winter, a winter that was one of the most severe on record. Farmers dread the winter, because it takes a toll on their flocks. One night a great storm came, the worst in decades. The wind howled around the farm buildings, rain pelted into the yard and turned the dirt to mud, and then, as the temperature plummeted, snow started to swirl and settle in great drifts of freezing white.

It was the wind that woke the farmer, as it whistled past his slightly open window. He leapt from his bed, concerned about his sheep, and peered out of the window into the darkness. It was so dark he could hardly see anything, but the wind was roaring and he could feel his own warmth draining out into the freezing night. Grabbing a coat and pulling on his boots he raced downstairs to the room where the farm-hand slept. He knocked frantically on the door, but there was no response. Realising that his sheep depended on his haste, and that in times of emergency politeness is expendable, he barged into the room shouting “Wake up, lad, we need to see to the sheep.” Still there was no response, although he could see the shadowy bulge of the boy on the bed.

Frustrated, the farmer rushed across and shook the youth. “Wake up! Come on! The sheep need us.” Again there was no reply. For one moment the farmer wondered if the young man had died, but no, the farmer could feel the rise and fall of boy’s chest as he breathed. Angry now, he gave the youth a last urgent shove, and then raced out, muttering “Now I see what you meant when you said you could sleep when the wind blows, you lazy useless good-for-nothing” and he regretted that he hadn’t chosen the second youth that fateful day in the market.

Out in the yard the force of the wind stunned the farmer, and the cold reached through his coat and into his bones. He slushed his way across to the barn, and was surprised to find that although the roar of the wind had not abated he couldn’t hear the rattling of the loose shingles he knew he hadn’t got around to fixing since last winter. His only explanation was that the wind had already blown them off.

He battled to open the door to the barn as the wind fought against him. It took him all his effort, and all the time he was cursing the boy for not being there to help. At last he managed it, and, as the door slammed behind him, he leaned against the wall exhausted but glad to be out of the gale. His cold fingers struggled to light the lantern, which he knew he’d need before venturing out across the paddocks. As the flame flared he was surprised for the second time: the rear of the barn was full of the year’s new lambs, with their coats not yet thick enough to protect them from such a storm, and there was plenty of hay to keep them fed. He didn’t yet have time to marvel at how they came to be there, for it was clear that the rest of the flock must still be out in the fields.

He again fought and won his battle with the door, and headed out into the dark, freezing night. The lantern barely penetrated the darkness, and the snow here and there came halfway up to his knees. With the wind roaring down off the hill-side it was almost all he could do to stay upright, let alone move up towards the top paddock, and he hunched up to try to protect himself. When he at last staggered to the gate his fingers were so numb that he couldn’t manage the latch and so he had to haul his weary frozen body up over the railings. He wasn’t entirely sure how he was going to find his sheep in the darkness but decided to wander around the fence-line. He realised that, what with his age affecting him, he hadn’t been up to this particular paddock for a couple of months.

As he set off, he was surprised for the third time that night. A huge drift of snow confronted him, when there should be no reason for such a drift. As he checked the lee side he realised that someone had built a couple of big stone corrals, and that snow had accumulated on the top side while his sheep huddled safely in the shelter formed below. He held the lantern high, and did a quick head count. Yes, it seemed that all the remaining sheep were there, safe and warm. He wondered if he needed to bring them down to the barn, but he knew the barn was full and it seemed that the stone corrals were going to be more than adequate for protection.

He started to make his way back down the hill, re-evaluating his hasty thoughts about the young man’s reliability. When finally he reached the farm-house and stood shivering in the shelter of the kitchen, this time he was *not* surprised to find that there were still embers in the stove and more than enough wood in the wood-box ready for use. There was even water ready to boil in the kettle, and so he quickly had a roaring blaze and a hot drink. As he warmed himself and listened to the sounds of the storm dying away as morning approached, he was grateful that he had a farm-hand who could sleep when the wind blows.

Discussion

Invite Scouts to discuss the story and what it means to trust and be trusted. Do you think the farmer trusts the young man even more now? Why? What do you think characterizes a trustworthy person?

Obviously “doing what you are asked to do” is one of the things that will help you earn the trust of others, but notice how the boy in the story did even more than that. He had taken care of things that he hadn’t been specifically asked about, and when he noticed a problem he took care of it instead of ignoring it (think about the shingles on the barn roof). He also hadn’t lied or exaggerated about what he could do.

Get each Scout to think of one specific thing that they can do to be trustworthy.

I Would Be True (Tune: Danny Boy)

I would be true —
 for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure —
 for there are those who care.
I would be strong —
 for there is much to suffer.
I would be brave —
 for there is much to bear.
I would be friend to all —
 the foe, the friendless
I would be giving —
 And forget the gift.
I would be humble —
 For I know my weakness.
I would look up —
 And love and laugh and live.

Closing Prayer

Dear Lord, We are grateful for the trust you have shown in us, to be the best we can. Help us not to let you down or let each other down or let ourselves down. Give us the courage to be honest with others and ourselves. Keep us alert to ways we can show our trustworthiness, whether by doing as we’re asked or noticing things that need to be done. It is a nice feeling to be trusted by others, and we know how hard it is to regain someone’s trust if we lose it. Bless our leaders too, that they may be worthy of our trust. We pray that we might all strive to live the Scout Laws to the best of our ability. We ask you to watch over us and keep us safe, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Nature Scouts' Own

Four Seasons Prayer

- Reader 1: Dear Lord, We thank you for the summer, for clear blue skies and sunny sandy beaches. We admire the lizards basking in the sun, and the coolness of an afternoon sea breeze. We are grateful for holidays with family and friends, for swimming and relaxing in the shade of leafy trees. We love warm star-lit nights and we are in awe of the mighty power of thunder and lightning.
- Reader 2: Dear Lord, We thank you for the autumn, where cloudy windy days warn us of the coming cold. We marvel that some of the trees seem to die, that some animals hide away, and birds start long journeys north. We are grateful for the rain that autumn brings, which renews the earth and fills the dams and gives life.
- Reader 3: Dear Lord, We thank you for the winter, for the glory of snow-capped mountains and the friendly warmth of an open fire. We are grateful for the sound of downpours on the roof and the sound of roaring waterfalls. We admire the beauty of crystal icicles and frozen ponds, and the new shoots of green on barren trees.
- Reader 4: Dear Lord, We thank you for the spring, for the new growth and life it brings. We love the diversity of wildflowers, the new-born lambs and joeys, and the smell of freshly mown lawns. We are grateful for the sunlight through the mist on chilly mornings that herald magical crystal-clear days. We marvel at all the changes that take place on this remarkable planet, in Jesus' name, Amen.

Kum ba yah (Nature version)

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Trees are growing, Lord, ...

River's flowing, Lord, ...

Leaves are falling, Lord, ...

Scouts are camping, Lord, ...

Adapted by Damien Weaver, Matt Cengia and Helen Chick:
For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

Reading: Damien's Favourite Bush Experiences

I have lots of fun memories of being out in the bush. I've enjoyed being at Fitzie Cup and doing a good job at learning how to lead. I had a good laugh when Sam Harvey crashed his bush billy cart into a tree ... but I'm glad he wasn't hurt. On one hike, I didn't really enjoy almost getting hypothermia ... but the snow was beautiful. I'm glad I was brave enough (or crazy enough) to go swimming at Refuge Cove at Wilson's Prom in the cold. Then there was the hike where my pack mysteriously jumped off my back and rolled down the hill. I really love the wonderful bushwalking fashion gear, like the baggy overpants that kept falling down! But best of all I just find the bush a special place and I'm glad of the Scout activities I've had there.

Damien Weaver's thoughts about why he enjoys the bush:
For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

Things I like about being in the bush

- Reader 1: A good thing about the bush is that it is peaceful.
- Reader 2: I feel really happy when I am in the bush.
- Reader 3: The nice thing about camping and hiking is being with my friends in a group.
- Reader 4: The bush is like my second home.
- Reader 5: I enjoy the songs, jokes, and campfires.
- Reader 6: The bush brings opportunities to challenge me —navigating, walking, and dealing with the rain and cold.
- Reader 7: I really enjoy the beauty of the landscape.

Thoughts by Damien Weaver and Matt Cengia:
For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

Closing Prayer

Dear Lord, Thank you for the bush that we can enjoy, especially here at Rowallan. We're grateful for the beauty — the trees, the animals, the sky at night, the mountains and oceans. Help us care for the environment, so that we can continue to enjoy it. Help us to have safety through the rest of the camp and on our way home. Amen.

[This program was prepared by Damien Weaver, Matt Cengia and Helen Chick for the Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike, May 2002.]

Founders' Day Scout Service

Opening Prayer

Dear Lord, We are gathered here together on this World Scout Day to give thanks for the many blessings that you have given us. We are thankful for the inspiration given to Lord Baden-Powell to start this wonderful Scout movement, that from small beginnings it has spread around the world, providing opportunities for us all to learn, give service, have fun, and make great friends. We are grateful that Scouting has grown to include Joeys, Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, Rovers and Leaders, that we can progress physically, intellectually, socially and spiritually. Help us in this coming year to be better members of the Scout movement, to do our best to live up to the promises we have made. Amen.

Lord Baden-Powell's Last Message

B.P. died in Kenya in 1941. Here is part of the message he left for us all:

Dear Scouts,

I believe God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature Study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look at the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it and when it comes to your turn to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but that you have done your best.

“Be Prepared” in this way, to live happy and to die happy — stick to your Scout Promise always — even after you have ceased to be a boy — and God help you do it.

Cub Promise District Cub Scout Leader

Prayer for Cub Scouts

Lord, in this evening hour I pray
For strength to do my best each day.
Draw near to me that I may see
The kind of Cub Scout I should be.
Bless me, Lord, in Thy great love,
That I may be a better Cub.

Founders' Day Scout Service

Bible Reading

Luke 10: 25-37

Talk from Minister Rev. Wes Campbell

Hymn For Australia (Tune: Advance Australia Fair)

(An attempt to give a religious dimension to Australia's National Anthem)

Australia! Land of radiant skies —
vast isle of liberty —
built by the noble sacrifice
of those who would be free:
Thank God for spacious, rolling plains
and gleaming sea-swept sand;
for cloudless days, and soaking rains
on fertile farming land.
Praise God, the source of every good,
for life and health and food.

Australia! Land of green and gold
and heaven's brilliant blue:
Thank God for settlers brave and bold
with spirits tried and true;
for farmers, miners, workers' skills
to build and shape great wealth:
Pray God for peace within these hills,
for social strength and health.
Praise God, the source of every good,
with whom our parents stood.

Australia! Land of boundless stores
and prospects rich and fair
Pray God for all within these shores
a just and worthwhile share;
And for our neighbours overseas
please grant a generous aid
to conquer hunger and disease:
Let justice be displayed!
Praise God, the source of every good,
with loving gratitude.

District Commissioner's Address and Presentations

Collection

Rover Prayer

By the spirits of the just,
Made perfect in our suffering,
Teach us in our turn, O Lord,
To serve thee as we ought,
To give and not to count the costs,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not seek any reward,
Save that of knowing that we do thy will.

Scout Promise

District Scout Leader

The Scout Laws Response Prayer

Speaker 1 The Scout Law is a code for living. It deals with the way we behave or relate towards the world around us, towards other people, and towards God. Let's now join together in prayer about this code for living.

Speaker 2 **A Scout is Trustworthy.** Lord, these days so many people seem to only use the word "trust" in sentences like "I just trust my luck". Help us to learn, as Scouts, the deeper sense of trust in our relationships with others.

All Lord, help us to trust our lives to you and to other people.

Speaker 3 **A Scout is Loyal.** "Loyalty" is a team word. To always be loyal to you God, to others, and even to ourselves is not always easy. Loyalty is really giving constant consideration to others and constantly working for the good of others. Loyalty requires our commitment and is measured by our endurance.

All Lord, give us the commitment and the endurance to work constantly for the good of others.

Speaker 4 **A Scout is Helpful.** Lord, it is often too easy to become self-centred and to overlook the needs of others.

All Lord, give us the ability to identify when someone needs our assistance.

Speaker 5 **A Scout is Friendly.** Father, teach us that friendship comes only when we offer our friendship to others. A handshake requires two people to both put out their hands in a gesture of trust.

All Lord, help us to reach out in friendship to others.

Speaker 6 **A Scout is Cheerful.** Lord, in the rush of day to day life we often miss the opportunities that You provide us to give that little grin, to smile with a friend, and to even have a joke with ourselves.

Founders' Day Scout Service

All Father, help us to see those golden opportunities to be cheerful with our fellow man.

Speaker 7 **A Scout is Considerate.** Father, feelings are very important. We often become insensitive to the feelings of others. Father, needs are very important. We also become insensitive to the needs of others.

All Lord, give us the strength to be considerate to the feelings and needs of others.

Speaker 8 **A Scout is Thrifty.** Father, it is often too easy to give away the valuable resources that You continually provide us.

All Lord, make us each responsible for Your resources and give us the wisdom to use them wisely.

Speaker 9 **A Scout is Courageous.** Lord, we pray for the courage to do what is right, and to stand up for what is true.

All Lord, give us the strength and make us courageous enough to cross those bridges that confront us throughout our lives.

Speaker 10 **A Scout is Respectful.** Of all your gifts, father, we should prize the gift of our humanity above all others. Give us the self-respect that comes from knowing that we are Your children and therefore brothers and sisters under you.

All Lord, help us to love our neighbours as ourselves.

Speaker 11 **A Scout Cares for the Environment.** Father of all creation, You have given us so much, and yet so often we respond by wasting Your precious gifts.

All Lord, help us to value Your gifts to us and the beauty of your creation, and to respond to You in thanks and praise.

Grant that these Laws may be more to us than just words. May they be a real code for living, which we can practise in our daily lives.

Scout Skit

Prayer: A Rolling Brown Land

Lord God,
your Spirit has moved over the face of Australia
and formed from its dust a rolling brown land.
Your Spirit has moved over its warm tropical waters
and created a rich variety of life.
Your Spirit has moved in the lives
of men, women, and children
and given them, from the dreamtime,
an affinity with their lands and waters.
Your Spirit has moved in pilgrim people
and brought them to a place of freedom and plenty.

Founders' Day Scout Service

Your Spirit moves still today
in sprawling, high-rise cities,
in the vast distances of the outback,
and in the ethnic diversity of the Australian people.

Lord God,
in the midst of this varied huddle of humanity
you have set your church.
Give us, the people you have so richly blessed,
a commitment to justice and peace for all nations;
and a vision of righteousness
and equality for all people in our own country.
Help us look beyond our far horizons
to see our neighbours in their many guises,
so that we may be mutually enriched by our differences.
And may our love and compassion for all people on earth
be as wide and varied as our land
and as constant as the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Rev'd Douglas McKenzie (*Uniting in Worship*, p.240)

Thank You, Lord (Tune: Edelweiss)

Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many good blessings.
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many close friendships.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Guide us on forever,
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our blessings and friendships.

Lord, we pray, as we go, Into all of life's promise,
That each day we will know You are calling us onwards.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Lead us on forever;
So each day we will know You are calling us onwards.

Benediction Rev. Wes Campbell

[For the Moonee Valley District Founders' Day Service in 2002. Adapted by Liz Benton, Damian McVeigh and Helen Chick, from a 1996 similar service organised by Liz and Damian.]

Last Camp/Green Cord Presentation Scouts' Own

Opening Prayer

Dear Lord, We are grateful to be gathered together on this special occasion. We thank you for the friendships we share, and for the good times we have had together. We ask that you will help us to think carefully about the things that are said to us here, and that you will bless us all as we progress through the Scout movement. This we ask in Jesus' name, Amen.

He's Got The Whole World (Scouting Version)

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got Joeys and Cubs in His hands
He's got Scouts and Venturers in His hands
He's got Rovers and Leaders in His hands
He's got all Scouts in His hands.

He's got Scouts in Australia in His hands
He's got Scouts in New Zealand in His hands
He's got Scouts in Europe in His hands
He's got all Scouts in His hands.

We've got Baden-Powell's message here today
To encourage and inspire us along the way,
To be our goal and guide us day by day,
God's got the whole world in His hands.

Yarn

Reminisce about some of the achievements and experiences of the Scout/s in question

Scout Laws Responsive Prayer

[One person should read the line in plain text, and everyone should respond with the lines in italics.]

Help us, Lord, to be trustworthy
So that we can be trusted to be honest and reliable in all things.

Help us, Lord, to be loyal
So that we don't let down or betray our friends and leaders.

Last Camp/Green Cord Presentation Scouts' Own

Help us, Lord, to be helpful
So that our service may make this world a better place.

Help us, Lord, to be friendly
So that we make all feel welcome and wanted in our midst.

Help us, Lord, to be cheerful
So that we might bring happiness to ourselves and others.

Help us, Lord, to be considerate
So that we are unselfish and mindful of the needs of those around us.

Help us, Lord, to be thrifty
So that we value and take care of our time and resources.

Help us, Lord, to be courageous
So that we stand up for our beliefs and be brave in the face of adversity.

Help us, Lord, to be respectful
So that we heed and honour those who strive to guide us correctly.

Help us, Lord, to care for the environment
So that we can enjoy this beautiful earth and all your creations.

Yarn

Give the Scout/s a chance to recount some of the things they enjoyed and learned during their time in Scouts

Scout Promise

Reaffirm Scout Promise, led by the Scout/s being honoured

Thank You, Lord (Tune: Edelweiss)

Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many good blessings.
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many close friendships.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Guide us on forever,
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our blessings and friendships.

Lord, we pray, as we go, Into all of life's promise,
That each day we will know You are calling us onwards.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Lead us on forever;
So each day we will know You are calling us onwards.

Closing Prayer

Our Father in Heaven, Thank you for the Scouting program and for all the joy we gain from it. We are grateful for the many friends we have through Scouts, and for the variety of things we are able to do. We give special thanks for the wonderful times we have had together, for the experiences we have shared, and for the opportunities we've had to progress and develop as individuals and as a group. We ask that you will watch over us now, in all we do and wherever we may go. Help us to remember these times with fondness, help us to keep striving to do our best, help us to achieve the good things that we set out to do in life. Bless our leaders for all they have done to guide us, and our families for the support they give us. Help us that we will keep our Scouting friendships through the coming years. This is our prayer, which we offer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Song Collection

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dew-fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Spring in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, Praise every morning
God's re-creation of the new day.

From Scouts' Own supplied at my Cub Scout Stage 4 (possibly Cat Stevens)

Blessing (Tune: Edelweiss)

May the Lord mighty God
Guard and guide you forever
Grant you peace, perfect peace;
Courage in every endeavour.
Lift your eyes and see His face
And His grace forever.
May the Lord mighty God
Bless and keep you forever.

From Scouts' Own supplied at my Cub Scout Stage 4

Thank You, Lord (Tune: Edelweiss)

Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many good blessings.
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our many close friendships.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Guide us on forever,
Thank you, Lord, on this day, For our blessings and friendships.

Lord, we pray, as we go, Into all of life's promise,
That each day we will know You are calling us onwards.
Glory to God, may you hear our prayer, Lead us on forever;
So each day we will know You are calling us onwards.

From North-West Avalon Region (Newfoundland, Canada) PL/APL Camp, October 1998

He's Got The Whole World (Scouting Version)

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got Joeys and Cubs in His hands
He's got Scouts and Venturers in His hands
He's got Rovers and Leaders in His hands
He's got all Scouts in His hands.

He's got Scouts in Australia in His hands
He's got Scouts in New Zealand in His hands
He's got Scouts in Europe in His hands
He's got all Scouts in His hands.

We've got Baden-Powell's message here today
To encourage and inspire us along the way,
To be our goal and guide us day by day,
God's got the whole world in His hands.

From Scouts' Own supplied by Andrew Nowak at my Scout AST

He's Got The Whole World (Alternative Traditional Version)

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the earth and the sky in His hands
He's got the sun and the moon in His hands
He's got the night and the day in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the young and the old in His hands
He's got the rich and the poor in His hands
He's got everybody here in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's Got The Whole World (Traditional Version)

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got you and me, brother, in His hands
He's got you and me, sister, in His hands
He's got you and me, brother, in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands
He's got everybody here in His hands
He's got everybody here in His hands
He's got the whole world in His hands.

How Many Years? (Tune: Blowing in the Wind)

How many times can we walk God's earth
And travel the streets alone?
How many times can we be told the way
And still refuse to be shown?
How many times can we promise our duty
And pretend that God isn't known?
The answer my friend is God for all me,
The answer is God for all men.

How many years must our people exist
Before we know we are one?
How many times must His blood be shed
Before we know of the Son?
How many times must we break the bread
Before we believe what He's done?
The answer my friend is God for all me,
The answer is God for all men.

How many times must our brothers be struck
Before this hatred will end?
How many times must he stumble and fall
Before I offer my hand?
How many times must he wander alone
Before we call him our friend?
The answer my friend is God for all me,
The answer is God for all men.

From Scouts' Own collection of 1st Queenstown, Tasmania

Hymn For Australia (Tune: Advance Australia Fair)

(An attempt to give a religious dimension to Australia's National Anthem)

Australia! Land of radiant skies —
vast isle of liberty —
built by the noble sacrifice
of those who would be free:
Thank God for spacious, rolling plains
and gleaming sea-swept sand;
for cloudless days, and soaking rains
on fertile farming land.
Praise God, the source of every good,
for life and health and food.

Australia! Land of green and gold
and heaven's brilliant blue:
Thank God for settlers brave and bold
with spirits tried and true;
for farmers, miners, workers' skills
to build and shape great wealth:
Pray God for peace within these hills,
for social strength and health.
Praise God, the source of every good,
with whom our parents stood.

Australia! Land of boundless stores
and prospects rich and fair
Pray God for all within these shores
a just and worthwhile share;
And for our neighbours overseas
please grant a generous aid
to conquer hunger and disease:
Let justice be displayed!
Praise God, the source of every good,
with loving gratitude.

From *Songs from Windy Hill*, words written by Ian E. Collings

Song Collection

I Would Be True (Tune: Danny Boy)

I would be true —
 for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure —
 for there are those who care.
I would be strong —
 for there is much to suffer.
I would be brave —
 for there is much to bear.
I would be friend to all —
 the foe, the friendless
I would be giving —
 And forget the gift.
I would be humble —
 For I know my weakness.
I would look up —
 And love and laugh and live.

From Scouts' Own supplied at my Cub Scout Stage 4

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

For the beauty of each hour, of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our hymn of sacred praise.

Words: Follitt S. Pierpoint, Music: Conrad Kocher

Taps

Day is done, Gone the sun
From the sea, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well, Safely rest,
God is nigh.

Traditional

Kum ba yah (Friendship version)

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone needs a friend, Kum ba yah ...

Help us be that friend, Kum ba yah ...

Grant us friendship, Lord, Kum ba yah ...

Adapted by Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Kum ba yah (Nature version)

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Trees are growing, Lord, ...

River's flowing, Lord, ...

Leaves are falling, Lord, ...

Scouts are camping, Lord, ...

Adapted by Damien Weaver, Matt Cengia and Helen Chick:
For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

Kum ba yah (Worship version)

Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

We are gathered, Lord, Stay with us
In your presence, Lord, Stay with us
As we worship, Lord, Stay with us
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Chorus: Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah ...

Make us trusted, Lord, Stay with us
Make us loyal, Lord, Stay with us
Make us friendly, Lord, Stay with us
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Chorus: Kum ba yah my Lord, Kum ba yah ...

It's a Small World

It's a world of laughter, a world of tears,
It's a world of hope, and a world of fears,
There's so much that we share
That it's time we're aware
It's a small world after all.

Chorus:

It's a small world after all, It's a small world after all,
It's a small world after all, It's a small, small world.

There is just one moon and one golden sun,
And a smile means friendship for everyone.
Though the mountains divide
And the oceans are wide
It's a small world after all.

Song Collection

Give Me Oil in My Lamp

Give me oil in my lamp, keep it burning (burning, burning)
Give me oil in my lamp I pray.
Give me oil in my lamp, keep it burning (burning, burning)
Keep it burning 'til the break of day.

Chorus:

Sing Hosanna, Sing Hosanna,
Sing Hosanna to the King of Kings.
Sing Hosanna, Sing Hosanna,
Sing Hosanna to the King.

Give me joy in my heart, keep me singing (singing, singing) ...

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving (serving, serving) ...

Yarn Collection

“I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows”

A farmer once had a large farm and, since he was getting older and was finding it more difficult to run the farm on his own, he decided to hire a young man to work for him. So, one Saturday morning in spring, he headed off to the local market, hoping that he would be able to find someone hardworking and responsible. When he arrived he went to the corner of the market where young men searching for work were available for prospective employers to interview. He stood on one side of the street and looked over the group, trying to figure out which of the youths looked the most reliable and trustworthy. He spotted two likely looking candidates, but he knew he would have to go and talk to each one to help him make up his mind. Being a shy fellow he wasn't looking forward to this, and he struggled to think of good questions that he could ask that would help him decide which of the two would be better.

He went up to the first, who stood somewhat apart from the rest and whose steady gaze made the farmer a little uncomfortable since it seemed to regard him as an equal.

“Well, lad,” the farmer said, “do you know how to look after sheep?”

“Yes, sir,” the youth replied.

“And do you know how to do the other jobs required on a farm?”

“Yes, sir.”

These simple answers weren't really helping with his decision-making, so the farmer decided to try a trickier question, one that might give him some idea of the character of this young man. The farmer took a deep breath and asked, “What can you offer that would make me employ you over anyone else?”

Quietly the lad replied “I can sleep when the wind blows.”

The farmer waited for more, but the boy said nothing else, leaving the farmer perplexed by this strange answer. In the end he shrugged his shoulders and moved to the second of his likely candidates. This young man was taller than the first, and, as soon as he saw the farmer heading in his direction, stepped forward and said confidently, “I bet you're looking to hire someone.”

“Well, yes I am” the farmer said slowly. “Do you know how to look after sheep?”

“I certainly do,” the youth replied. “There's none around that can match me.”

“And do you know how to do the other jobs required on a farm?”

“Of course. There's nothing you would need to teach me.”

There was no doubting the self-confidence of this lad, and the farmer knew how useful it would be not to have to spend time training his new farm-hand. But then he remembered that the simple “Yes, sirs” of the first boy meant that he would not need to be trained either. For fairness' sake the farmer decided to ask his tricky question: “What can you offer that would make me employ you over anyone else?”

The second young man launched into a great list, about how he could do this job faster than Farmer Brown's labourer down the road, and that job better than Farmer Smith's farm-boy, and how he knew the latest treatments for all different kinds of diseases. At first the farmer was impressed, but then he remembered that Farmer Brown's labourer had a reputation for laziness and that Farmer Smith's boy was only young yet, and, finally, he had his own perfectly good collection of cures for ailments.

The farmer looked around in the hope of seeing a third possibility, but there was no one. He moved across the street and looked back at the two young men. Which of the two would be better? The first seemed quiet enough, but there was something about his steady gaze and attitude that was disconcerting ... and what sort of answer was "I can sleep when the wind blows", anyway? On the other hand, could the farmer stand the brash confidence and non-stop talking of the second young man, and were his claims more than just boasts?

At last the farmer came to a decision, but he did not feel very confident about it. He went across to the first youth, and said "You're hired. Come with me."

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

Thus it was that the farmer came to have a new farm-hand. There was no doubt that the lad had answered the interview questions truthfully, for he did his work well enough and without having to be instructed. Some of his ways were different from those of the old farmer, but they seemed to work just as well, so the farmer didn't complain. Indeed, as the weeks passed and the farmer's age caught up with him more and more, he left the lad to do most of the tasks around the farm without even checking on the work. He hadn't yet been let down, and so the farmer was happy enough with his hiring, although from time to time he wondered about the young man's strange answer to the third question.

The seasons moved on, spring turned to summer, summer turned to autumn, and autumn turned to winter, a winter that was one of the most severe on record. Farmers dread the winter, because it takes a toll on their flocks. One night a great storm came, the worst in decades. The wind howled around the farm buildings, rain pelted into the yard and turned the dirt to mud, and then, as the temperature plummeted, snow started to swirl and settle in great drifts of freezing white.

It was the wind that woke the farmer, as it whistled past his slightly open window. He leapt from his bed, concerned about his sheep, and peered out of the window into the darkness. It was so dark he could hardly see anything, but the wind was roaring and he could feel his own warmth draining out into the freezing night. Grabbing a coat and pulling on his boots he raced downstairs to the room where the farm-hand slept. He knocked frantically on the door, but there was no response. Realising that his sheep depended on his haste, and that in times of emergency politeness is expendable, he barged into the room shouting "Wake up, lad, we need to see to the sheep." Still there was no response, although he could see the shadowy bulge of the boy on the bed.

Frustrated, the farmer rushed across and shook the youth. "Wake up! Come on! The sheep need us." Again there was no reply. For one moment the farmer wondered if the young man had died, but no, the farmer could feel the rise and fall of boy's chest as he breathed. Angry now, he gave the youth a last urgent shove, and then raced out, muttering "Now I see what you meant when you said you could sleep when the wind blows, you lazy useless good-for-nothing" and he regretted that he hadn't chosen the second youth that fateful day in the market.

Out in the yard the force of the wind stunned the farmer, and the cold reached through his coat and into his bones. He slushed his way across to the barn, and was surprised to find that although the roar of the wind had not abated he couldn't hear the rattling of the loose shingles he knew he hadn't got around to fixing since last winter. His only explanation was that the wind had already blown them off.

He battled to open the door to the barn as the wind fought against him. It took him all his effort, and all the time he was cursing the boy for not being there to help. At last he managed it, and, as the door slammed behind him, he leaned against the wall exhausted but glad to be out of the gale. His cold fingers struggled to light the lantern, which he knew he'd need before venturing out across the paddocks. As the flame flared he was surprised for the second time: the rear of the barn was full of the year's new lambs, with their coats not yet thick enough to protect them from such a storm, and there was plenty of hay to keep them fed. He didn't yet have time to marvel at how they came to be there, for it was clear that the rest of the flock must still be out in the fields.

He again fought and won his battle with the door, and headed out into the dark, freezing night. The lantern barely penetrated the darkness, and the snow here and there came halfway up to his knees. With the wind roaring down off the hill-side it was almost all he could do to stay upright, let alone move up towards the top paddock, and he hunched up to try to protect himself. When he at last staggered to the gate his fingers were so numb that he couldn't manage the latch and so he had to haul his weary frozen body up over the railings. He wasn't entirely sure how he was going to find his sheep in the darkness but decided to wander around the fence-line. He realised that, what with his age affecting him, he hadn't been up to this particular paddock for a couple of months.

As he set off, he was surprised for the third time that night. A huge drift of snow confronted him, when there should be no reason for such a drift. As he checked the lee side he realised that someone had built a couple of big stone corrals, and that snow had accumulated on the top side while his sheep huddled safely in the shelter formed below. He held the lantern high, and did a quick head count. Yes, it seemed that all the remaining sheep were there, safe and warm. He wondered if he needed to bring them down to the barn, but he knew the barn was full and it seemed that the stone corrals were going to be more than adequate for protection.

He started to make his way back down the hill, re-evaluating his hasty thoughts about the young man's reliability. When finally he reached the farm-house and stood shivering in the shelter of the kitchen, this time he was *not* surprised to find that there were still embers in the stove and more than enough wood in the wood-box ready for use. There was even water ready to boil in the kettle, and so he quickly had a roaring blaze and a hot drink. As he warmed himself and listened to the sounds of the storm dying away as morning approached, he was grateful that he had a farm-hand who could sleep when the wind blows.

Origin unknown. Retold by Helen Chick.

David and Jonathan

Many of you have probably heard the story of David and Goliath, how David killed the giant warrior with a pebble hurled from a slingshot. I reckon not so many of you know some of the things that happened afterwards. Well, that's what I want to tell you about today. You can probably imagine that David became pretty famous for what he'd done. I mean, here's a kid who's brave enough and go out and face up to this big, strong Philistine when all the other Israelites had run away. I'm sure he probably wanted to run away too, even though he trusted God to help him.

So David became a popular guy among the Israelites and naturally he couldn't stay being a farm boy any more, so he went to serve in the king's court where he became leader of the king's armies. The king's name was Saul, and he had a son called Jonathan who Saul wanted to be the next king. Saul got to feeling a bit jealous about how all the people thought David was a great fighter. Since being made leader of the army David had fought and won more battles against the Philistines. Saul wanted David to win, of course, but he was worried that maybe David would overthrow him or his son Jonathan in order to become the next king. Surprisingly, though, Jonathan wasn't concerned about this. He could see that David was good, and he knew that David wouldn't harm either him or Saul. In fact, he and David made a promise of friendship, and Jonathan honoured David with gifts.

Unfortunately Saul became even more frightened of David, even though David never said or did anything to threaten him. On two occasions Saul threw a javelin at David, and David was lucky to dodge it. Finally Saul's jealousy got so bad that Jonathan warned David to go into hiding. Jonathan then spoke to his father Saul, and reassured him that David had always been good towards the king. This worked the first time, because Saul remembered that what Jonathan said was true, and so David was able to return safely. When David won his next battle, however, Saul got jealous again. David had to flee for his life once more and this time Jonathan couldn't convince Saul that David meant him no harm. Jonathan managed to get a message to David to say it wasn't safe and that he should stay in hiding.

Saul pursued David across the countryside, into the forests and across the mountains. Sometimes Jonathan was able to visit David and renew their friendship, but most of the time David had to be on the run and Jonathan stayed near his father, Saul. One night, David was hiding deep in a cave and Saul, who was hunting him, came into it to sleep. David stood over Saul, and some of David's men urged him to kill Saul, but David refused. Instead he cut off part of Saul's clothing, the part which symbolised that Saul was king. Immediately David realised that he had threatened the king by doing this, and he was sorry. When Saul woke up, he saw David there and he realised that if David had wanted to he could have killed Saul. David apologised to Saul for cutting off his robe, and promised that he would never harm Saul. Saul realised that David was more righteous, and for a moment it looked like they might become friends but Saul just couldn't get rid of his jealousy. He continued to chase David, so that David again had to go back into hiding.

Finally, the Philistines came up to battle against the Israelites again. With David in hiding there was no great soldier to lead the Israelite army into battle. Saul and Jonathan had to go up and fight, and in the terrible battle both of them were killed and the Israelites lost. News eventually reached David, and he was devastated, especially over the loss of his dear friend Jonathan, but also because of Saul as well. He wrote a sad song about them, which is recorded in the Bible, telling how great a friend Jonathan was to him.

Based on 1 and 2 Samuel. Retold by Helen Chick.

Three Trees

A long time ago, three trees started their lives as tiny seedlings, struggling to grow upwards towards the light. As they grew they dreamed about the magnificent trees that they would become, and then wondered about the uses to which they might be put.

One day the first of the trees confided its hopes and dreams to the other two. “When I am fully grown,” it said, “I would like to be turned into a beautiful bed. I can see my trunk being turned into the planks and posts for a big four-poster bed, with a hand-carved headboard, and wood-turned legs, and fitted out with the finest linen in a castle for a king.” The other trees agreed that this was an impressive ambition.

The second tree summoned the courage to confess its own fantasy. “When I am fully grown,” it said, “the strong centre of my trunk will be laid down as a keel for a mighty sailing ship. I will grow so tall that the top of my trunk will form a towering mast that will carry a great expanse of sails and be strong enough to withstand any wind. And I will sail across the oceans and carry rich treasures in my cargo.” The other trees sighed in admiration at the thought.

The third tree hesitated a moment before admitting its ambitions. “When I am fully grown,” it said, “I want to be made into a beautiful monument, something that people will look to and admire. A marvellous thing, a surprising thing that lifts people’s souls and makes them feel joy and hope.” The other trees thought this was the most inspiring desire of all.

Years passed and the three trees reached maturity.

One day the first tree trembled in anticipation as it was chopped down and taken away. To its dismay no one took its timber and turned it into a beautiful bed. Instead its wood was hewn roughly into slats and it was made into a feed box in a stable. It felt disgusted that it was filled with hay and had to endure the snuffling of donkeys and goats.

The second tree held onto its dream as it was felled and cut up. Instead of being turned into an impressive ship, however, its timber was turned into short planks and a stumpy mast, and gradually it took the shape of a fishing boat. Instead of plying the vast oceans, it made its way around a tiny inland lake, seeming to shudder whenever its hold was filled with smelly fish.

The third tree, knowing nothing of the fate of the other two trees, imagined all sorts of possible designs for a suitable monument when the time came for it to be cut down. In vain it waited for an artist or craftsman to commence work on its beautiful timber; instead it was chopped in two, and the shorter piece was attached across the longer. As it was dragged to the top of a hill it felt horrified as it realised it was to be used for an execution.

But God knows the purpose of all things. One night a miracle happened and a special baby was wrapped in swaddling clothes and placed in a rough-hewn manger bed in a stable in Bethlehem. Thirty years later, a master teacher preached a sermon, spoke wonderful parables, and calmed a raging storm from the deck of a fishing boat in the Sea of Galilee. Three years later still, that same Jesus was crucified on a wooden cross on Calvary, offering himself as a sacrifice for all people who sin, and giving them hope of overcoming their faults and obtaining forgiveness and resurrection.

Without realising it, the ambition of each tree was fulfilled beyond measure.

Origin unknown. Retold by Helen Chick.

Simon

Many years ago I was an Assistant Cub Scout Leader, and Bagheera was my jungle name. Our pack was not huge but it was big enough for our tiny hall, and we had the usual mix of kids.

One day a new chum came along; his name was Simon. He seemed excited to be joining with us and so it was just a matter of helping him to fit in and learn what he needed to know to be invested. It didn't take us long, however, to realise that not everything was entirely right with Simon. His parents didn't ever tell us what, exactly, his disabilities were, but even the other kids could tell there were a few things different about him. He was totally uncoordinated, for example; he didn't seem to listen to what was said to him and what he did hear he didn't seem to understand; he'd say the wrong things at the wrong time; he could barely write anything; and he just didn't seem to have the usual social skills that most kids manage to pick up. But he kept coming, and gradually the other kids got to know him.

Sometimes we despaired that he would ever fit in. He was always picked last for games, but all the kids soon realised that this wouldn't matter because we could adapt the rules so that they were fair to everyone. He came to camp once and used his pillowcase for a tea towel, because he had no idea where his tea towel was or if he'd even packed it. He was quite old by the time he could tie a reef knot himself, and there was never any guarantee that he'd be able to do it again the following week. He went to Cuboree and some of the other kids from other packs—who didn't know him—locked him in the toilets and we thought he'd gone missing because we couldn't find him. He always seemed to be being disobedient, but the truth of the matter was that sometimes he just didn't understand, or there were too many instructions for him to keep track of, or he just couldn't concentrate for long enough. Some of the other leaders thought that we weren't very good leaders because we had this Cub who didn't always do what he was told, but we knew better.

Oh yes, we knew better ... because although Simon had his problems, he could also spring some pretty amazing surprises. One night Akela was talking to all the Cubs about the jungle book. Most of them knew about Akela and Bagheera and Mowgli and all the easy characters, but then she asked "Who was Rikki-Tikki-Tavi?" Well, there were lots of blank looks and nobody said anything because none of them had the foggiest idea. Except for one person. Suddenly a voice said confidently "The mongoose", and all the other kids looked around in amazement because it was Simon. It seems that some of the things we did at Cubs really sank in for him.

Another night he came along and told us excitedly that his dad was getting a yacht and that he'd been given the responsibility of choosing a name for it. You can only begin to imagine how I felt when he said that he was going to call it *Bagheera*.

Simon stayed with us for nearly a year after his eleventh birthday. He was not the most successful Cub in terms of badges earned, but he may well have been the most successful Cub in how much he gained from being there. He truly lived up to the ideal of "Doing your best" and the other kids in the pack benefited from getting to know him, almost as much as he benefited from having them as his friends. He may have been different, but he was just as much a true member of the Scout movement as any of the kids I have known before or since.

Helen Chick

FJ Holden

Greg and Paul, in their summer vacation break from their university courses, went to a country region to stay on a farm owned by Greg's uncle. They hoped to do casual farm work on the uncle's farm and others round about, to provide them with funds for the new year.

One of the first jobs they found was to clean out the garage for a widow, Mrs. Tender, who lived on the outskirts of the town. The shed was large and had not been touched since Mr. Tender had died (he had been a railway worker). Mrs. Tender said, "The shed is full of junk. I can give you \$2.00 an hour to clean it out, and take everything to the rubbish dump." It was not much for payment but the young men realised that Mrs. Tender had very little money to spare.

The shed was a mess. But they started work. Paul found a fishing rod and reel in good condition. He asked Mrs. Tender about it. "You take it, take anything you find if it's of use to you. I just want everything cleared away—including the old car. Hope you can manage it."

Greg and Paul had not realised the Mrs. Tender wanted the old car to be taken to the dump as well. They looked at the car with more attention. Uncovering it, and sweeping off the dust, dirt and feathers (fowls had roosted on it) they discovered it was an F.J. Holden. Immediately they thought how valuable the car would be—either to them, or for sale. "Original Holdens bring good money these days," they agreed.

"Mrs. Tender, you don't really mean to throw out the old Holden, do you?" Paul checked again.

"It's no good to me. It hasn't been used for fifteen years. I wouldn't think it's any good, anymore."

"Can we try to get it going?" Greg asked.

"Play around with it if you like, while you dump it, but don't charge me \$2.00 an hour for the time you spend on it!"

When they resumed their investigations they concluded that the Holden was not "dead beat". It needed a battery, new tyres, and a thorough engine service. If they could take it home, and fix it, they could sell it perhaps, for \$1,500 to \$2,000. Of course, they decided to try.

They were in two minds though. They felt bad about Mrs. Tender. Clearly she did not know the value of what she had given them. They wondered if it would be fair just to take the car without telling her its real value?

What should Greg and Paul do?

From Rover Stage 3 Session Aid (circa 1990);
with acknowledgment to "To Find Our Way", Vern Cracknell

God's Ropes

One night, after Cubs, when all the Cub Scouts had gone home, Akela decided to climb up into the attic of the Scout hall. He knew that many things from years gone by were stored in the attic, but he had never been up there himself.

He found himself a ladder in the Quartermaster's store and propped it up against the wall. The door to the attic was very heavy and it creaked loudly as it opened. Akela had to crawl in through the door on his hands and knees as there wasn't enough room to stand.

Akela was rather disappointed: there didn't seem to be anything of interest at all up there, just a few boxes of broken bits and pieces, some rusty old billies and a bag of old ropes.

"Well" said Akela to himself. "I'll pull all this rubbish out while I'm up here and throw it on the tip, it's no good for anything."

It wasn't until he had all the rubbish down on the hall floor that Akela noticed some very faint writing on the bag of old ropes. He looked closely, the writing said,

"GOD'S ROPES"

"Wow" thought Akela. "These must have been very special ropes." He felt around in the bag and pulled out an old rope, its ends were frayed and it was very worn and dirty. "Well," thought Akela. "There is nothing special about this piece of rope, this one is ready for the rubbish."

He was about to throw it away—but then he stopped and thought to himself, "I wonder what God would say about this rope." It was then that he heard God's voice in his head.

"This piece of rope is so very strong and I have used it many times. It ties strong firm knots and never comes undone. It may look funny and worn, but it has and it still can work very hard for me."

The next rope that Akela pulled out was long and strong. "Well God," said Akela, "What did you use this rope for?"

"Because this rope is so long, I have been able to use it for many important jobs, It has kept many boats safe in rough waters and once I made a lasso with a bowline and used it to save someone who was drowning."

Six short ropes were pulled out next. "What good are these?" Akela asked. Once again he heard God's voice in his head saying

"These little ropes are very important to me. They are not as strong or as long as the first two ropes but they have been used many times to teach Cub Scouts their reef knots and they have had lots of other important jobs too."

Akela looked deep into the bag and found a bright orange rope that looked like a new one. "Wow," said Akela. "I bet you like this piece God, it's in great condition."

"I haven't been able to use this piece of rope yet," God said. "It slips around a lot and it's hard to manage, but I have some special plans for it, if it will let me use it properly."

The last piece of rope that Akela pulled out was all tied in knots and tangled. "Well God, it is plain to see that this rope is not any good, I'll put this one with the rubbish."

“Stop,” God said. “It makes me sad to see this piece of rope in this condition, because it really is a good rope. But it kept tying funny knots and getting tangled. It would not do as I asked, it didn’t want to listen to me and it didn’t want to know the right way to tie knots. However, if it will let you untangle it, I will plan a very special future for it.”

Akela sat for a very long time untangling that piece of rope and thinking about what God had said to him. He knew that these ropes would always be very special to him and he knew that God wanted him to use them in his Cub pack. He thought too about the Akela that had put them in the special bag and called them “GOD’S ROPES” and he knew that they had been very special ropes for him too.

Unidentified Cub Scout source, late 1980s.

The Rose

Who needs to grow up anyway?

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn’t already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned around to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, “Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I’m eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?” I laughed and enthusiastically responded, “Of course you may!” and she gave me a giant squeeze.

“Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?” I joked. She replied, “I’m here to meet a rich husband, get married, have a couple of children, and then retire and travel.”

“No seriously,” I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age. “I always dreamed of having a college education and now I’m getting one!” she told me. After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends.

Every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk non-stop. I was always mesmerized listening to this “time machine” as she shared her wisdom and experience with me. Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she revelled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I’ll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped all of her 3 x 5 note cards.

Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, “I’m sorry I’m so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I’ll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know.”

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, “We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humour every day. You’ve got to

have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it!

“There is a huge difference growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding the opportunity in change.

“Have no regrets. The elderly rarely have regrets for the things we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets.”

She concluded her speech by courageously singing “The Rose”. She challenged each of us to study the lyrics. At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago.

Once week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep. Over two thousand college students attended her funeral, paying tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

These words have been passed along in loving memory of Rose.

Remember: growing older is mandatory, growing up is optional.

From trainingideas.com. Reprinted in Oana, Hoadley Region newsletter February 2002.

Starfish

There was a man who lived along the ocean. Early one morning he decided to take a walk along the beach. It was a foggy morning, and the first rays of the sun were slipping above the horizon. The man enjoyed the walk; it was as if the beach belonged to him. He glanced down on the beach and saw a figure that seemed to be dancing. He wondered why anyone would be on the beach so early; his curiosity caused him to quicken his pace. As he drew nearer, her realised that the figure was that of a young man, and he wasn't dancing — he was throwing something into the water. As he drew very close he realised that the young man was picking starfish off the beach and was tossing them back into the water.

He was puzzled. “Why are you throwing starfish into the water?” he asked.

“The tide is going out, the sun is rising, and the starfish that are left on the beach will surely die,” said the young man, continuing on his task.

“But that's such a waste of time and energy!” exclaimed the onlooker. “There are so many starfish, and there are miles and miles of beach. What difference does it make?”

The young man thought for a moment. He reached down to pick up a starfish and said, “It makes a difference ... to this one.”

Traditional. Reprinted in Oana (Hoadley Region newsletter, April 2000)

A Thousand Marbles

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are the most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the basement shack with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning, turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time.

Let me tell you about it.

I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whoever he was talking with something about "a thousand marbles".

I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say. "Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital."

He continued, "Let me tell you something Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities." And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "thousand marbles."

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years.

"Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part.

"It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail," he went on, "and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy.

"So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large dear plastic container right here in the shack next to my gear.

"Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away.

"I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight.

"Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time.

“It was nice to meet you Tom. I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. 73 Old Man, this is K9NZQ, clear and going QRT, good morning!”

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. I guess he gave us all a bit to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to meet up with a few hams to work on the next club newsletter.

Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. “C’mon honey, I’m taking you and the kids to breakfast.”

“What brought this on?” she asked with a smile. “Oh, nothing special, it’s just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we’re out? I need to buy some marbles.”

Have a great weekend and may all Saturdays be special!

Carol A. Breuer

Reprinted in *Oana* (Hoadley Region Newsletter), April 2002

Man in the Snow

In the days when walking was the main mode of transport, and in a country where winter means snow, two travellers were hurrying along a road to get to the next town. A storm was turning into a real blizzard and darkness had come upon them early. The travellers heard a strange noise and they commented to each other that it must just be sounds on the wind. The next time they heard the sound, they thought it may be an animal, but on hearing the sound once more, one of the men decided to see if he could see where the sound was coming from. The other man told him not to dally because they needed to hurry. Nevertheless the first man searched along the side of the road and came upon another man who had hurt his leg when the wind had blown him down the embankment.

The first man called to his companion to help support the injured man and get him to the town. His companion was most upset at the thought of being slowed down and said that they would all die out in the snow if they didn’t get a move on. The first man said that he was most definitely helping the injured person, so his companion said goodbye and headed off down the road.

The two remaining men struggled along the road together until the blizzard got so bad that they had to stop for a while. They sheltered at the base of a tree and kept each other warm. When the worst of the storm had passed, they set off once more. Getting to the top of a hill they could see the lights of the town flickering in the distance. As they pushed along through the snow once more they both tripped over something in the middle of the road. It was the travelling companion of the man who had stopped to help.

Alone, in the peak of the storm, he had frozen to death.

From Scouts’ Own supplied by Andrew Nowak at my Scout AST

The Window (Negative Version)

There were once two old men, both seriously ill, who shared a small room in a great hospital. The little room was just big enough for their two beds, a door, which opened onto the corridor and a small window that looked onto the world outside. The man in the bed near the window had to be propped up on pillows for an hour each morning and afternoon, to clear the fluid in his lungs, which was part of his medical condition. The other man had to lie flat on his back the whole time. Both of them had to be kept quite still and quiet. They had no radio or TV and no books to help them pass the time of day, so they talked for hours and hours. They talked about the families they used to have, where they used to live, the holidays they had been on and what they did in the war. Every morning and evening, when the man by the window was propped up, he would describe what he could see outside. The other man would live just for these hours.

The window apparently overlooked a park, with a lake, where ducks and swans were swimming, and where children tossed bread to them and where model yachts sailed. Young lovers walked hand-in-hand amongst the trees. There were flowers, mostly roses, with a bright border of dahlias and marigolds, blazing colours of crimson, gold, purples and pinks. In the far corner of the park was a tennis court and sometimes the games were really good. There was a cricket field where the sun beat down on their white clothes and the man by the window would give a running commentary on the match. The members of the older generation were playing outdoor bowls on the greens and behind the bowling greens was a row of shops and a view of the city along the horizon.

The man in the bed by the wall would listen to the descriptions, enjoying every minute. He listen to how the child nearly fell into the lake, how beautiful the young girls looked in their summer dresses, descriptions of the games and in the winter, the couples skating on the frozen lake and the snow covered gardens. He could see it all in his imagination.

One day, when a batsman has just knocked a ball for six, the man by the wall felt the jealousy and anger well up inside him! Why should the man by the window have all the pleasure of seeing what was going on? Why couldn't he have a chance of seeing it for himself? He felt ashamed, and tried to forget his anger, but the more he tried, the worse he felt, until, in a few days his life turned sour. More than anything, he wanted to be in that bed by the window.

He brooded by day and stayed awake by night and grew steadily more ill and none of the doctors could understand why. One night, while he was lying awake, staring at the ceiling, the other man awoke, coughing and spluttering and gasping for air. The fluid was congesting his lungs and he was groping for the button that would bring the night nurse running. The man in the bed by the wall continued to stare at the ceiling. In the morning the nurses came in with the water for their wash, pulled the curtain around the window bed and found the man dead. They took his body away quietly, without any fuss.

As soon as he felt it was decent, the man asked if he could be moved to the bed near the window. The nurses moved him and tucked him in and made him quite comfortable and then left him alone to be quiet and still. The moment they had left the room, he painfully levered himself onto one elbow and looked out the window.

The window faced a blank wall.

The Window (Positive Version)

There were two seriously ill men confined to their beds in a shared hospital room. One of the beds was beside the window, and the other bed was beside the door and at just the wrong angle to look out through the glass. During their days together, the two men became friends. They talked extensively about their families, their careers, and their past experiences. For an hour each day the first man, who was in the bed by the window, was allowed to sit up to help drain fluid from his lungs. During that hour, the second man, who couldn't see out the window, was always asking, "What do you see?" The other man would reply things like "I see a woman teaching her toddler how to swing." Or, "There is a man passing a football back and forth with his son." One day, he described the unfolding beauty of Spring as the flowers outside the window blossomed into radiant colours. Another day, he talked about the parade that was passing by on the street below. He described the parade in such exquisite detail that his friend could almost hear the trumpets playing and the drums keeping the beat. These thoughts filled the man's mind with descriptions of happiness, love, and optimism.

A few weeks later, the second man woke to find out that his friend had died in the middle of the night. He was broken-hearted. How he would miss his friend, and how he would miss the description of the world beyond the window. Before his new room-mate moved in, he requested that his bed be moved by the window. The nurse moved his bed, and he got excited at the thought that at last he could finally actually see what his friend had been telling him about.

Slowly, painfully, the patient raised himself up on one elbow to gaze outside. At last, he would get to see the world's beauty for himself—with his own eyes. Higher and higher he lifted himself until his head raised over the window-sill, and his eyes caught sight ... of nothing. There was nothing there! The window faced the brick wall of another building! No park, no swings, no flowers, no parade. How could his friend have lied to him that whole time?

A day later, another man was moved into the room. He asked the man by the window, "What do you see out the window?" The man thought for a moment, looked out at the brick wall, smiled, and then replied: "I see a man walking his dog and there is a woman swinging her toddler."

Adapted by Helen Chick by combining versions by
K.L.Sipes (<http://www.acsc.net/klsipes/aeoptimisminmylife.htm>)
and <http://user.icx.net/~msingley/990314.html>

Reading Collection

Boy Scout Hymn

Now as I start upon my chosen way,
In all I do, my thoughts, my work, my play,
Grant as I promise, courage new for me,
To be the best, the best that I can be.

Help me to keep my honour shining bright,
May I be loyal in the hardest fight,
Let me be able for my task, and then
To earn a place among my fellow men.

Open my eyes to see the things I should,
That I may do my daily turn of good,
Let me be ready, waiting for each need
To keep me clean in thought and word and deed.

So as I journey on my chosen way,
In all I do, my thoughts, my work, my play,
Grant as I promise, courage new for me,
To be the best, the best that I can be.

Ralph Reader [This has a tune and so can be sung:
E.CCF..EECCDD.../A.AAG..CFFEED.../E.EEG.G.C'C'BAG../FE.D.G..FECCBC...]

One

One smile begins a friendship,
One handclasp lifts a soul.
One star can guide a ship at sea,
One word can frame a goal.

One step must start the journey,
One word must start each prayer.
One hope will raise our spirits,
One touch can show you care.

One voice can speak with wisdom,
One heart can know what's true.
One life can make the difference,
You see, it's up to you.

From Scouts' Own supplied by Andrew Nowak at my Scout AST

Friendship Bible Reading (Adapted from 1 Samuel)

And it came to pass that after David had killed Goliath he went to the king whose name was Saul. Now Saul had a son called Jonathan, and David and Jonathan became great friends. In fact, Jonathan cared as much for David as he did for himself and they were like brothers.

Adapted by Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Isn't It Funny?

- Reader 1:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout takes a long time to do something, he's slow ... but when I take a long time to do something, I'm thorough.
- Reader 2:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout doesn't do it, he's too lazy ... but when I don't do it, I'm too busy.
- Reader 3:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout goes ahead and does something without being told, he's overstepping his bounds ... but when I do something without being told, that's initiative.
- Reader 4:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout is adamant, he's pig-headed ... but when I strongly state my side of the question, I'm being firm.
- Reader 5:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout overlooks a few rules, he's cheating ... but when I skip a few rules, I'm being original.
- Reader 6:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout does something to please the "higher-ups", he's sucking up ... but when I do something to please them, I'm cooperating.
- Reader 7:* Isn't it funny, that when the other Scout gets ahead, he had all the lucky breaks ... but when I manage to get ahead it was hard work that did it.

From North-West Avalon Region (Newfoundland, Canada) PL/APL Camp, October 1998
Used in Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Creation Bible Reading: Adapted from Genesis Chapter 1

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, and herbs, and fruit, and trees. Let there be stars in the sky, and the sun to give light by day and the moon to give light by night. Let the water be filled with fish and the air with birds, and let the land be filled with living creatures." And then God created man and woman and gave them dominion over the earth.

Adapted by Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Fitzgerald Cup 2001

Creation Bible Reading: Adapted from Genesis Chapter 1

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;
He created the light and made Day and Night;
He made the sky and the land and the water;
He made the sun and the moon and the stars;
He made the earth bring forth plants and flowers;
And created the fish and birds and animals that live on this planet.
Last of all, He created man and woman in His image
And gave them responsibility for all things He had created.

Adapted by Helen Chick: For 17th Essendon Troop Camp 1999

Scout Spirit for Leaders (based on the US version of the Scout Laws)

Am I *trustworthy* if I don't follow the rules, guidelines, or policies? Or if I do things behind the backs of other Scouters or parents that I know they'd disapprove of?

Am I *loyal* if I say bad things about my fellow Scouters, parents, colleagues, etc.?

Am I *helpful* if I don't do my fair share at Scouting activities—cooking, cleaning, volunteering, doing my part?

Am I *friendly* if I get mad at people or become rude at meetings?

Am I *courteous* when I don't turn off my cell phones or pagers during campouts and meetings, yell at Scouts or Scouters to "Shut up", or keep talking even after the Scout sign goes up?

Am I *kind* when I make fun of others behind their backs, or ignore new Scouters and/or Units who need my help to learn?

Am I *obedient* when I ignore tasks given to me by my committee (Pack, Troop, District, whatever), Unit Leader or others?

Am I *cheerful* when I gripe about bad food, the weather, or getting the "bad" jobs?

Am I *thrifty* when I don't take care of unit equipment or funds, or my own?

Am I *brave* if I fail to stick up for the right thing or to initiate change because I don't want to make waves?

Am I *clean* if I litter my meeting/activity place, fail to wash up before attending Scouting functions, or fail to clean up after myself?

Am I *reverent* when I use foul language, or otherwise disobey the commandments of my faith?

Travis Wechsler, Pack 91, Columbia, South Carolina
Reprinted in *Oana* (Hoadley Region Newsletter), March 2002

Voices From the Island

[Person 1 and *Person 2* should talk to each other; **Person 3** and *Person 4* should form a separate group.]

Person 1: I have just booked a holiday in a wonderful resort on an untouched island. It sounds wonderful.

Person 3: Developers have just bought our island from the government to build a resort. It sounds terrible.

Person 2: The plane lands right on the island, which means no uncomfortable boat trips.

Person 4: They have taken some of the land from our village and cut down the forest to build an airstrip. We worked hard for the developers, but the pay was very low.

Person 1: I'll stay in a beautiful 5-star hotel. It's so cheap!

Person 3: They built a huge hotel on top of our market garden. They gave us nothing for the land, and now we have to import food. The profits from the hotel go back to some big corporation overseas.

Person 2: I can lie on the beach and be waited on hand and foot. The local people are so friendly.

Person 4: Our young people work in the resort doing menial jobs, working long hours for little pay. Managing the hotel is done by outsiders. Our economy depends on the resort and there is nowhere else to work. Our old people are no longer the most important people in the community.

Person 1: There is great local food and dancing. It's so colourful.

Person 3: Our culture has become just a spectacle for the amusement of the tourists. It has lost its meaning and integrity.

Person 2: The beach is so beautiful. I'd better go there now before it's not fashionable any more.

Person 4: The pressure of the tourists is destroying the environment of our island. There is not enough fresh water. The reef is dying. Soon the tourists will leave us with nothing.

Adapted by Helen Chick from an unknown source:
For Moonee Valley District Fitzgerald Cup 2001

Survival Kit for Everyday Living

[Items needed: Toothpick, rubber band, band-aid, pencil, eraser, chewing gum, mint, candy heart, tea bag.]

Toothpick — to remind you to pick out the good qualities in others.

Rubber band — to remind you to be flexible. Things might not always go the way you want, but it will work out. Also, it will remind you to stretch your capabilities.

Band-aid — to remind you to heal hurt feelings, both your own and someone else's.

Pencil — to remind you to list your blessings everyday.

Eraser — to remind you that everyone makes mistakes, and that's okay.

Chewing gum — to remind you to that if you stick with it you can accomplish anything.

Mint — to remind you that you are worth a mint.

Candy heart — to remind you that everyone needs a kiss or a hug everyday.

Tea bag — to remind you to relax daily and reflect on all the positive things in life.

Tim Knotts. Reprinted in Oana (Hoadley Region newsletter, August 2000)

Things I like about being in the bush

Reader 1: A good thing about the bush is that it is peaceful.

Reader 2: I feel really happy when I am in the bush.

Reader 3: The nice thing about camping and hiking is being with my friends in a group.

Reader 4: The bush is like my second home.

Reader 5: I enjoy the songs, jokes, and campfires.

Reader 6: The bush brings opportunities to challenge me —navigating, walking, and dealing with the rain and cold.

Reader 7: I really enjoy the beauty of the landscape.

Thoughts by Damien Weaver and Matt Cengia:
For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

The Race

“Quit! Give up! You’re beaten!”
They shout at me, and plead. “
There’s just too much against you now
This time you can’t succeed.”

And as I start to hang my head
In front of failure’s face
My downward fall is broken by
The memory of a race.

And hope refills my weakened will
As I recall that scene.
For, just the thought of that short race
Rejuvenates my being.

A children’s race, young boys, young men
Now, I remember well,
Excitement, sure! But also fear,
It wasn’t hard to tell.

They all lined up so full of hope
Each thought to win that race,
Or, tie for first, or if not that,
At least take second place.

And fathers watched from off the side
Each cheering for his son.
And each boy hoped to show his dad,
That he would be the one.

The whistle blew, and off they went
Young hearts and hopes afire
To win, to be the hero there
Was each young boy’s desire.

And one boy in particular,
Whose dad was in the crowd,
Was running near the head, and thought,
“My Dad will be so proud!”

But as they speeded down the field
Across a shallow dip,
The little boy who thought to win,
Lost his step and slipped.

Reading Collection

Trying hard to catch himself,
His hands flew out to brace.
And mid the laughter of the crowd,
He fell flat on his face.

So, down he fell, and with him hope
He couldn't win it now.
Embarrassed, sad, he only wished
To disappear somehow.

But as he fell, his dad stood up,
And showed his anxious face,
Which to the boy so clearly said,
"Get up and will the race!"

He quickly rose, no damage done
Behind a bit, that's all
And ran with all his mind and might
To make up for his fall.

So, anxious to restore himself
To catch up and win,
His mind went faster than his legs;
He slipped and fell again.

He wished, then, he had quit before
With only one disgrace.
"I'm hopeless as a runner now,
I shouldn't try to race."

And in the laughing crowd he searched,
And found his father's face.
That steady look that said again,
"Get up and win the race."

So up he jumped, to try again,
Ten yards behind the last.
"If I'm to gain those yards", he thought,
"I've got to move real fast."

Exceeding everything he had
He gained back eight or ten,
But trying so, to catch the lead,
He slipped and fell again!

Defeat! He lay there silently,
A tear dropped from his eye.
"There is no sense in running more;
Three strikes, I'm out, why try?"

Reading Collection

The will to rise had disappeared,
All hope had fled away,
So far behind, so error prone;
A loser all the way.

“I’ve lost, so what’s the use,” he thought
“I’ll live with my disgrace.”
But, then he thought about his dad,
Who, soon, he’d have to face.

“Get up!” an echo sounded low,
“Get up, and take your place.
You were not meant for failure here,
Get up and win the race.”

“With borrowed will, get up,
You haven’t lost at all.
For winning is not more than this;
To rise each time you fall.”

So up he rose to run once more,
And with a new commit,
He resolved to win, or lose,
At least he wouldn’t quit.

So far behind the others now
The most he’d ever been
Still, he gave it all he had,
And ran as though to win.

Three times he’d fallen stumbling,
Three times he’d rose again.
Too far behind to hope to win
He still ran to the end.

They cheered the winning runner,
As he crossed the line first place,
Head high, and proud, and happy.
No falling, no disgrace.

But, when the fallen youngster
Crossed the line last place,
The crowd gave him the greater cheer
For finishing the race.

And even though he came in last,
With head bowed low, unproud,
You would have thought he won the race
To listen to the crowd!

Reading Collection

And to his dad, he sadly said,
“I didn’t do so well.”
“To me, you won!” his father said,
“You rose each time you fell.”

And now when things seem dark and hard,
And difficult to face,
The memory of that little boy,
Helps me to win my race.

For all of life is like that race.
With ups and downs and all,
And all you have to do to win,
Is rise each time you fall.

“Quit! Give up! You’re beaten!”
They still shout in my face.
But another voice inside me says,
“GET UP AND WIN THAT RACE!”

Dee Groberg
Supplied at my Scout AST course

Prayer Collection

Special Purpose Prayers

World Scout Day Prayer

Dear Lord,

We are gathered here together on this World Scout Day to give thanks for the many blessings that you have given us. We are thankful for the inspiration given to Lord Baden-Powell to start this wonderful Scout movement, that from small beginnings it has spread around the world, providing opportunities for us all to learn, give service, have fun, and make great friends. We are grateful that Scouting has grown to include Joeys, Cubs, Scouts, Venturers, Rovers and Leaders, that we can progress physically, intellectually, socially and spiritually. Help us in this coming year to be better members of the Scout movement, to do our best to live up to the promises we have made. Amen.

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District World Scout Day 2002

Four Seasons Prayer

Reader 1: Dear Lord, We thank you for the summer, for clear blue skies and sunny sandy beaches. We admire the lizards basking in the sun, and the coolness of an afternoon sea breeze. We are grateful for holidays with family and friends, for swimming and relaxing in the shade of leafy trees. We love warm star-lit nights and we are in awe of the mighty power of thunder and lightning.

Reader 2: Dear Lord, We thank you for the autumn, where cloudy windy days warn us of the coming cold. We marvel that some of the trees seem to die, that some animals hide away, and birds start long journeys north. We are grateful for the rain that autumn brings, which renews the earth and fills the dams and gives life.

Reader 3: Dear Lord, We thank you for the winter, for the glory of snow-capped mountains and the friendly warmth of an open fire. We are grateful for the sound of downpours on the roof and the sound of roaring waterfalls. We admire the beauty of crystal icicles and frozen ponds, and the new shoots of green on barren trees.

Reader 4: Dear Lord, We thank you for the spring, for the new growth and life it brings. We love the diversity of wildflowers, the new-born lambs and joeys, and the smell of freshly mown lawns. We are grateful for the sunlight through the mist on chilly mornings that herald magical crystal-clear days. We marvel at all the changes that take place on this remarkable planet, in Jesus' name, Amen.

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 2002

Is It Worth It? (A Scouter's Prayer)

Lord, is it worth it?
Am I really doing something useful?
Or am I wasting my time And breaking my heart in the process?
Week after week I rack my brain for ideas;
I spend hours preparing programs;
My family regard me as a lodger Because I'm hardly ever in;
And when I get down to troop meetings
I find that many of the kids are away
 Because it's a bad evening
 Or because there's a school play on,
 Or because there's some sort of bug going around,
And so the Patrols are unbalanced And all my plans go right up the chute.
Lord, is it worth it?
I spend years with these kids, Trying to train them
 And interest them
 And keep them keen
And when they reach 14 or 15
They leave,
And all my hopes that they would go up to Venturers
And then become Queen's Scouts
Are dashed,
And I feel a hopeless sense of failure.
Lord, is it worth it?
Then there's the difficult boy
On whom I spend more hours than all the rest put together:
 I struggle with him,
 I try to understand him,
 I try to love him,
And then after a year he leaves the troop
Having made no response,
And I feel heart-broken
Because I have failed a child whom You love.
Lord, is it worth it?

* * * * *

Son, I know how you feel;
I know the sense of failure and sorrow that you feel.:
I felt like that once
When one of my friends betrayed me in a garden
And the other 11 ran away.
But as I look back now
I know that it was all worth while
In spite of what I might have thought at the time.
And so also will you, if you keep at it.
The fact that you feel as you do
Means that you're giving it your heart,
And it shows that you really care,
And that you want nothing but the best for your Scouts.
Every now and then your plans will backfire completely —

Prayer Collection

But don't you think that that might be a good thing really?
It tests your own versatility as a Scout,
And makes more of a man of you, doesn't it?
And just because most of your Scouts leave at 14 or 15,
It doesn't mean to say that you have failed;
You've had four years
During which you've made
An impression on these kids,
And Scouting has left its mark on them,
Or they wouldn't have stayed so long.
You mustn't think, son,
That they're entirely dependent on you
For the preparation for their life ahead:
I've used you for part of their training,
But I also have others
Who have their parts to play
In the training of these youths.
As for the special Scout with whom you try so hard
Well, you do influence him,
Even though you may not realise it—
I wouldn't trust you with him
If I thought you were going to fail!
Keep at it, son,
Keep at it.
These Scouts need you,
And I need you, because these kids need you.
It's hard,
It's frustrating,
And sometimes it's bitterly disappointing,
But I want you to keep at it.
It may break your heart,
But that's what I want you for.
I broke my heart because I loved you
And because I love these young people:
Surely you can allow your heart to be broken with mine
For some of my children whom we both love.

* * * * *

Yes, Lord,
I'll try.

This poem was written by Krister Ottoson (UK Scouter Magazine) and reprinted in *Scout* in 1984.
[I have taken the liberty of adapting it slightly to make it more appropriate for mixed gender troops.]

Leadership Responsive Prayer

Dear Father, as we assume leadership within this group, make us sensitive to the needs and capabilities of others.

Help us to draw out the shy, finding in each a special ability.

Help us to find useful channels for those who hunger for recognition.

Help us to guide with delicate suggestion those who are experienced in taking responsibility.

Help us to accept criticism, thoughtfully searching it for truth.

Help us to welcome suggestions and to give credit to others with sincerity and warmth.

May our objectives be clear and recognised as more important than personalities.

May we work together in harmony and with an enthusiasm that will attract others to our quest.

We thank Thee for this opportunity and pray that the results will find favour in Thine eyes.

Amen.

From North-West Avalon Region (Newfoundland, Canada) PL/APL Camp, October 1998

Scout Laws Responsive Prayer

[One person should read the line in plain text, and everyone should respond with the lines in italics.]

Help us, Lord, to be trustworthy

So that we can be trusted to be honest and reliable in all things.

Help us, Lord, to be loyal

So that we don't let down or betray our friends and leaders.

Help us, Lord, to be helpful

So that our service may make this world a better place.

Help us, Lord, to be friendly

So that we make all feel welcome and wanted in our midst.

Help us, Lord, to be cheerful

So that we might bring happiness to ourselves and others.

Help us, Lord, to be considerate

So that we are unselfish and mindful of the needs of those around us.

Help us, Lord, to be thrifty

So that we value and take care of our time and resources.

Prayer Collection

Help us, Lord, to be courageous
So that we stand up for our beliefs and be brave in the face of adversity.

Help us, Lord, to be respectful
So that we heed and honour those who strive to guide us correctly.

Help us, Lord, to care for the environment
So that we can enjoy this beautiful earth and all your creations.

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Rover Prayer

By the spirits of the just,
Made perfect in our suffering,
Teach us in our turn, O Lord,
To serve thee as we ought,
To give and not to count the costs,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not seek any reward,
Save that of knowing that we do thy will.

Scouts' Own supplied by Andrew Nowak at my Scout AST

Prayer for Cub Scouts

Lord, in this evening hour I pray
For strength to do my best each day.
Draw near to me that I may see
The kind of Cub Scout I should be.
In serving others let me see
That I am only serving Thee.
Bless me, Lord, in Thy great love,
That I may be a better Cub.

Helen Allen, in Cub Scout Songbook (Boy Scouts of America), p.93

Cub Scout Prayer

Help us, Lord, to serve thee day by day
To do our duty and to enjoy our play;
To keep the Cub Scout promise and to rest
Happy that we have tried to do our best.

The Scout Law

- Speaker 1* The Scout Law is a code for living. It deals with the way we behave or relate towards the world around us, towards other people, and towards God. Let's now join together in prayer about this code for living.
- Speaker 2* **A Scout is Trustworthy.** Lord, these days so many people seem to only use the word "trust" in sentences like "I just trust my luck". Help us to learn, as Scouts, the deeper sense of trust in our relationships with others.
- All* Lord, help us to trust our lives to you and to other people.
- Speaker 3* **A Scout is Loyal.** "Loyalty" is a team word. To always be loyal to you God, to others, and even to ourselves is not always easy. Loyalty is really giving constant consideration to others and constantly working for the good of others. Loyalty requires our commitment and is measured by our endurance.
- All* Lord, give us the commitment and the endurance to work constantly for the good of others.
- Speaker 4* **A Scout is Helpful.** Lord, it is often too easy to become self-centred and to overlook the needs of others.
- All* Lord, give us the ability to identify when someone needs our assistance.
- Speaker 5* **A Scout is Friendly.** Father, teach us that friendship comes only when we offer our friendship to others. A handshake requires two people to both put out their hands in a gesture of trust.
- All* Lord, help us to reach out in friendship to others.
- Speaker 6* **A Scout is Cheerful.** Lord, in the rush of day to day life we often miss the opportunities that You provide us to give that little grin, to smile with a friend, and to even have a joke with ourselves.
- All* Father, help us to see those golden opportunities to be cheerful with our fellow man.
- Speaker 7* **A Scout is Considerate.** Father, feelings are very important. We often become insensitive to the feelings of others. Father, needs are very important. We also become insensitive to the needs of others.
- All* Lord, give us the strength to be considerate to the feelings and needs of others.
- Speaker 8* **A Scout is Thrifty.** Father, it is often too easy to give away the valuable resources that You continually provide us.
- All* Lord, make us each responsible for Your resources and give us the wisdom to use them wisely.
- Speaker 9* **A Scout is Courageous.** Lord, we pray for the courage to do what is right, and to stand up for what is true.
- All* Lord, give us the strength and make us courageous enough to cross those bridges that confront us throughout our lives.

Prayer Collection

Speaker 10 **A Scout is Respectful.** Of all your gifts, father, we should prize the gift of our humanity above all others. Give us the self-respect that comes from knowing that we are Your children and therefore brothers and sisters under you.

All Lord, help us to love our neighbours as ourselves.

Speaker 11 **A Scout Cares for the Environment.** Father of all creation, You have given us so much, and yet so often we respond by wasting Your precious gifts.

All Lord, help us to value Your gifts to us and the beauty of your creation, and to respond to You in thanks and praise.

Grant that these Laws may be more to us than just words. May they be a real code for living, which we can practise in our daily lives.

From 1996 Moonee Valley District World Scout Day Service (Origin unknown)

Opening Prayers

Dear Lord, We thank you that we are able to be here together as Scouts from this District, and thank you for the fun and friendship we've enjoyed so far. We are grateful for the Scouting program and the opportunities we have to make new friends. Help us be better Scouts, that we might try harder to live the Scout law. Help us to do our best and be loyal to our troop and patrol and leaders. Help us to try to make the world a better place by the way we live, through service and kindness, so that we might be an influence for good. Amen.

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Dear Lord, Thank you for this beautiful earth which you have created for us to live on. We are grateful for the abundant food we have to eat, and for the many wonderful places we can visit. We are grateful for this campsite where we can enjoy the bush. We ask you to help us look after it, that it will continue to be a special place for Scouts in years to come. We pray that we might keep the tenth Scout law, and care for the environment, to make this world a better and more beautiful place. In Jesus' name, Amen.

[Environment theme]

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Fitzgerald Cup 2001

Closing Prayers

So may the blessing of Almighty God rest upon us and all our work; May He give light to guide us, courage to support us and love to unite us, now and evermore. Amen

From Scouts' Own supplied at my Cub Scout Stage 4

Prayer Collection

Dear Lord, We thank you for this day and for our friends. We ask you to help us to be better friends to those around us, that we might not mock those who are different or tease those who may not dress or speak or look like we do. Instead, help us to reach out and make them feel welcome, so that we can show them what Scouting is all about. Help us, as Scouts, to bring peace to the world, by working towards peace and friendship in our patrols and troops. Help us to be the kind of friends that David and Jonathan were, and we pray that we might have friends like them, too. We ask you to keep us safe now, that we might continue to enjoy this camp. Amen.

[Friendship theme]

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Walter Murphy Hike 1999

Dear Lord, We thank you for this opportunity to meet together and think about the environment. We are grateful for the beauty around us, and for the Scouting program that allows us so many chances to get outside and see all your creations. We are grateful for all our friends in Scouts and for our leaders who give up their time to help us in life. We ask that you will keep us safe throughout the rest of this camp, and this we pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

[Environment Theme]

Helen Chick: For Moonee Valley District Fitzgerald Cup 2001

May the silence of the hills,
The joy of the wind,
The music of the birds.
The fire of the sun,
The strength of the trees,
And the faith in youth
In all of which is God,
Be in our hearts now and evermore, Amen.

From North-West Avalon Region (Newfoundland, Canada) PL/APL Camp, October 1998

General Prayers

Lord our God, open our eyes to see what is beautiful, our minds to know what is true, our hearts to love what is good, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

From my Cub Scout Stage 4

Snippet Collection

Lord Baden-Powell's Last Message

Dear Scouts,

I believe God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature Study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look at the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it and when it comes to your turn to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but that you have done your best.

“Be Prepared” in this way, to live happy and to die happy — stick to your Scout Promise always — even after you have ceased to be a boy — and God help you do it.

B.-P. died in Kenya in 1941.

Olave, Lady Baden-Powell's Last Message

Dear Guides, Scouts, Cubs and Brownies and all their leaders and friends.

I shall have left this world when you receive this message, which I leave to express my thanks for all the kindnesses and the affection shown to me ... I have rejoiced over the way in which you have all carried out your share in the work of the Movement that my beloved husband invented, for the advancement of boys and girls of all countries, years ago.

I have firm belief in Almighty God and in the life in the world to come, when he and I will be reunited and together we shall watch over you who have been enrolled as members of this world family, and go on caring for your progress and your well being.

I trust that you will continue fully to use the system of work and play that our Movement provides, keeping up the fun and friendships made at your meetings and in camps, abiding by the Promise and upholding the Laws that you undertook to live by when you joined up.

In that way you will not only advance yourself in body, mind and spirit, but you will affect those around you, in doing what is honourable and right and wise, and in giving out kindness of thought and action, thus striving against all ills and helping to make the world a happier and a better place in which to live.

I trust you will be successful in all your tasks, and may God be with you all in the coming years.

Recorded 12th November, 1973.

Snippet Collection

Don't wait for a light to appear at the end of the tunnel, stride down there ... and light the bloody thing yourself.

From Scouts' Own supplied by Andrew Nowak at my Scout AST

To look is one thing;
To see what you look at is another;
To understand what you see is a third;
To learn from what you understand is something else;
But to act on what you learn is all that really matters.

Anon. (From a Scout "Train the Trainer" course, 1990)

For the Gardeners

First plant five rows of Peas—Patience, Promptness, Prudence, Preparation and Perseverance.

Next plant three rows of Squash—squash gossip, squash criticism, squash indifference.

Then plant four rows of Lettuce—Let us be faithful to our obligations, let us be loyal and unselfish, let us give service to those in need, let us respect each other.

No garden is complete without Turnips—turn up to meetings, turn up with a smile, and turn up with determination to make everything count for something good and worthwhile.

From "On Parade". Reprinted in Oana, April 2001.

Take only photographs,
Leave only footprints,
Kill only time.

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honourable to reach the second or even the third rank.

Cicero

If at first you *do* succeed, try something harder.

Ann Landers

In order to develop normally,
a child needs the enduring irrational involvement
of one or more adults,
or somebody has to be crazy about the kid.

Hellyer College handout, 1987 or 1988

Our Deepest Fear ...

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.
It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.
We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?
Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God.
Your playing small doesn't serve the world.
There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that
other people won't feel insecure around you.
We are all meant to shine, as children do.
We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us.
It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone.
And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give
other people permission to do the same.
As we're liberated from our own fear,
our presence automatically liberates others.

Marianne Williamson in
A Return to Love: Reflections On The Principles of A Course In Miracles,
Quoted by Nelson Mandela in his 1994 Inaugural Address

Success

To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;
To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false
friends;
To appreciate beauty;
To find the best in others;
To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a
redeemed social condition;
To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived.
This is to have success.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

If you want happiness for an hour, take a nap.
If you want happiness for a day, go fishing.
If you want happiness for a year, inherit a fortune.
If you want happiness for a lifetime, help someone else.

Sign posted in a volunteer centre for the elderly.
Reprinted in Oana, Hoadley Region newsletter, February 2002

The Paradox of Our Time

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings,
but shorter tempers;
wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints;
we spend more, but have less;
we buy more, but enjoy it less.
We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values.
We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.
We've learned how to make a living, but not a life;
we've added years to life, not life to years.
We've been all the way to the moon and back,
but have trouble crossing the street to meet the neighbour.
We've conquered outer space, but not inner space;
we've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul;
we've split the atom, but not our prejudice.
We have higher incomes, but lower morals,
we've become long on quantity, but short on quality.
These are the times of tall men, and short character;
steep profits, and shallow relationships.
These are the times of world peace, but domestic warfare;
more leisure, but less fun;
more kinds of food, but less nutrition.
These are the days of two incomes, and more divorce;
of fancier houses, but broken homes.
It is a time when there is too much in the show window
and nothing in the stockroom;
a time when technology can bring this letter to you,
and a time when you can choose either to make a difference,
or just hit delete.

Origin unknown (printed on the back of "Chick Chatter")

I shall pass through this world but once.
Any good thing I can do
Or any kindness that I can show to my fellow creatures
Let me do it now
Let me not defer it
Let me not neglect it
For I shall not pass this way again.

Secrets of Success

“Sir, what is the secret of your success?” a reporter asked a bank president.

“Two words.”

“And, sir, what are they?”

“Right decisions.”

“And how do you make right decisions?”

“One word.”

“And, sir, what is that?”

“Experience.”

“And how do you get experience?”

“Two words.”

“And, sir, what are they?”

“Wrong decisions.”

From Jayadeva de Silva

Reprinted in Oana (Hoadley Region newsletter), May 2002

Bones

It has been said that any organisation structure is made up of bones:

Wishbones: Spend all their time wishing someone else would do all the work.

Jawbones: Do all the talking but little else.

Knucklebones: Knock everything that anybody else tries to do.

Backbones: Get under the load and do all the work.

Which are you?

Reprinted in Oana (Hoadley Region newsletter), May 2002

Index of Themes

Some of the yarns, readings, songs, prayers, and snippets have been indexed here by theme. Use the main Index to find the page number for the item you want.

Australia

Hymn for Australia (Advance Australia Fair) [Song]

Choices

A Thousand Marbles [Yarn]
FJ Holden [Yarn]
Man in the Snow [Yarn]
The Paradox of Our Time [Snippet]

Courage

I Would be True (Danny Boy) [Song]
The Rose [Yarn]

Doing Your Best

A Thousand Marbles [Yarn]
Bones [Snippet]
Boy Scout Hymn [Reading/Song]
God's Ropes [Yarn]
I Would be True (Danny Boy) [Song]
Our Deepest Fear ... [Snippet]
Simon [Yarn]
Starfish [Yarn]
Success [Snippet]
Survival Kit for Everyday Living [Reading]
The Rose [Yarn]
Three Trees [Yarn]

Environment

Voices from the Island [Reading]

Friendship

David and Jonathan [Yarn]
Friendship Bible Reading (1 Samuel) [Reading]
He's Got the Whole World (Alternative Traditional Version) [Song]
He's Got the Whole World (Traditional Version) [Song]
It's a Small World [Song]
I Would be True (Danny Boy) [Song]

Kum ba yah (Friendship Version) [Song]
Simon [Yarn]
The Rose [Yarn]
The Window (Positive Version) [Yarn]

God

Give Me Oil in My Lamp [Song]
How Many Years (Blowing in the Wind) [Song]
Kum ba yah (Worship Version) [Song]
Taps [Song]

Good Example

FJ Holden [Yarn]
Give Me Oil in My Lamp [Song]
I Would be True (Danny Boy) [Song]
Our Deepest Fear ... [Snippet]

Gratitude

A Thousand Marbles [Yarn]
Thank You, Lord (Edelweiss) [Song]
The Paradox of Our Time [Snippet]

Jesus

Three Trees [Yarn]

Leadership

Is It Worth It? (A Scouter's Prayer) [Prayer]
Isn't It Funny [Reading]
Leadership Responsive Prayer [Prayer]
Scout Spirit for Leaders [Reading]

Making a Difference

A Thousand Marbles [Yarn]
Is It Worth It? (A Scouter's Prayer) [Prayer]
Man in the Snow [Yarn]
One [Reading]
Starfish [Yarn]
Three Trees [Yarn]

Index of Themes

Nature

Creation Bible Reading [Reading]
For the Beauty of the Earth [Song]
Four Seasons Prayer [Prayer]
Kum ba yah (Nature Version) [Song]
Morning Has Broken [Song]
Things I Like About Being in the Bush
[Reading]
Voices from the Island [Reading]

Peace

Blessing (Edelweiss) [Song]
He's Got the Whole World (Alternative
Traditional Version) [Song]
He's Got the Whole World (Traditional
Version) [Song]
It's a Small World [Song]

Respecting Others

God's Ropes [Yarn]
Isn't It Funny [Reading]
Leadership Responsive Prayer [Prayer]
Simon [Yarn]
Starfish [Yarn]

Responsibility

Bones [Snippet]
Isn't It Funny [Reading]
I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows
[Yarn]
Man in the Snow [Yarn]

Scouting Family

Boy Scout Hymn [Reading/Song]
Cub Scout Prayer [Prayer]
He's Got the Whole World (Scouting
Version) [Song]
Is It Worth It? (A Scouter's Prayer)
[Prayer]
Lord Baden-Powell's Last Message
[Snippet]
Olave, Lady Baden-Powell's Last
Message [Snippet]
Prayer for Cub Scouts [Prayer]
Rover Prayer [Prayer]
Simon [Yarn]
World Scout Day Prayer [Prayer]

Scout Laws

Boy Scout Hymn [Reading/Song]
Scout Laws Responsive Prayer [Prayer]
Scout Spirit for Leaders [Reading]
The Scout Law [Prayer]

Trustworthy

Bones [Snippet]
FJ Holden [Yarn]
I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows
[Yarn]
I Would be True (Danny Boy) [Song]

Index

A

A Thousand Marbles [Yarn].....47

B

Blessing (Edelweiss) [Song].....29

Bones [Snippet].....72

Boy Scout Hymn [Reading/Song].....51

C

Creation (Version 1) (Genesis Ch. 1) [Reading]....52

Creation (Version 2) (Genesis Ch. 1) [Reading]....53

Cub Scout Prayer.....64

D

David and Jonathan [Yarn].....40

F

FJ Holden [Yarn].....43

For the Beauty of the Earth [Song].....33

For the Gardeners [Snippet].....69

Four Seasons Prayer.....60

Friendship (Adapted from 1 Samuel) [Reading]....52

G

Give Me Oil in My Lamp [Song].....36

God's Ropes [Yarn].....44

H

He's Got The Whole World (Alternative Version)
[Song].....30

He's Got The Whole World (Scouting Version)
[Song].....30

He's Got The Whole World (Traditional) [Song]..31

How Many Years? (Blowing in the Wind) [Song]
.....31

Hymn For Australia (Advance Australia Fair)
[Song].....32

I

I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows [Yarn].....37

I Would Be True (Danny Boy) [Song].....33

Is It Worth It? (A Scouter's Prayer).....61

Isn't It Funny? [Reading].....52

It's a Small World [Song].....35

K

Kum ba yah (Friendship version) [Song].....34

Kum ba yah (Nature version) [Song].....34

Kum ba yah (Worship version) [Song]..... 35

L

Leadership Responsive Prayer..... 63

Lord Baden-Powell's Last Message..... 68

M

Man in the Snow [Yarn].....48

Morning Has Broken [Song]..... 29

O

Olave, Lady Baden-Powell's Last Message..... 68

One [Reading]..... 51

Our Deepest Fear ... [Snippet]..... 70

P

Prayer for Cub Scouts..... 64

R

Rover Prayer..... 64

S

Scout Laws Responsive Prayer..... 63

Scout Spirit for Leaders [Reading]..... 53

Secrets of Success [Snippet]..... 72

Simon [Yarn].....42

Starfish [Yarn].....46

Success [Snippet]..... 70

Survival Kit for Everyday Living [Reading]..... 55

T

Taps [Song]..... 34

Thank You Lord (Edelweiss) [Song]..... 29

The Paradox of Our Time [Snippet]..... 71

The Race..... 56

The Rose [Yarn].....45

The Scout Law [Responsive Prayer]..... 65

The Window (Negative Version) [Yarn]..... 49

The Window (Positive Version) [Yarn]..... 50

Things I Like About Being in the Bush [Reading]
..... 55

Three Trees [Yarn]..... 41

V

Voices From the Island [Reading]..... 54

W

World Scout Day Prayer..... 60