

JUNIOR LEADER TRAINING

Here you are at the end of the trail,
With none of you looking weak or frail.
You have really played the Scouting Game,
Learning how it achieved its fame.

From Zastro to Sioux many things took place,
Sometimes it seemed hard to keep up the pace.
But when you felt you couldn't take another step,
You thought of your job, and got some more pep.

Sure, you had plenty of tang and cheese,
And knew you couldn't always do as you Please.
Some nights were cold and oft times damp,
Perhaps you even thought you looked like a tramp.

Survival taught you many a lesson,
and sometimes kept you a guss'in.
Mother Nature took care of your needs,
Even tho you ate many of her weeds.

You learned to respect God and his creations,
Saw first hand, the heat of our nation.
The trees, animals, birds and flowers,
All, were apart of your Scouting tower.

You learned and taught many a Scouting skill,
And above all learned to respect God's will.
The fellows from the north, South, East and West,
You found them all to be the very best.

Your 36 days had passed so fast,
You wish this experience could continue to last.
Sure, the course is at its end,
Now, you start and make your own blend.

The team you played on was the best,
You will remember it always over the rest.
The four patrols were on your side,
And soon will be spread far and wide.

To work together and do your share,
Both were burdens you were glad to bear.
The flame of Scouting within burns bright,
But now you are about to start the fight.

Home you will go to do your stuff,
and never will you say 'this is enough'.
For you know now what Scouting really needs,
and will do your best to sow the seeds.