

Scouts Own Class Notes

Opening: "Everything Stops"

EVERYTHING AS IT MOVES, NOW AND THEN, HERE AND THERE, MAKES stops. The bird as it flies stops in one place to make its nest, and in another to rest in its flight. A man when he goes forth stops when he wills. So God has stopped. The sun, which is so bright and beautiful, is one place where he has stopped. The moon, the stars, the winds, he has been with. The trees, the animals, are all where he has stopped, and the Indian thinks of these places and sends his prayers there to reach the place where God has stopped and win help and a blessing.

(a Dakota wise man 1890) "Touch the Earth" (p. 37)

HYMN: AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Katharine Lee Bates, Melody by Samuel Ward

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

From the Zen Buddhist Faith

Peace is every step
The shining red sun is my heart
Each flower smiles with me
How green, how fresh all that grows
How cool the winds blow
Peace is every step
It turns the endless path to joy

Scout LAW RESPONSIVE READING

(See back)

Benediction: As we part

Brother . . . as we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safely to your friends."

(Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket, Seneca Chief, and great orator of the Six Nations, both in Geneva, New York, in 1750.)

"Touch the Earth" (p. 61)

Story: The Cracked Pot

hymn: Amazing Grace

John Newton

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

"Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear,
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come.

"Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Golden Rule

(See back)

HYMN: ON MY HONOR

Harry Bartelt

On my honor I'll do my best
To do my duty to God.
On my honor I'll do my best
to serve my country as I may.
On my honor I'll do my best
To do my Good Turn each day
To keep my body strengthened
And keep my mind awakened.
To follow paths of righteousness.
On my honor I'll do my best.

Scout LAW RESPONSIVE READING

Scout: A Scout is Trustworthy.

The Group: A true and worthy person recognizes his obligations and does them without being watched or compelled.

Scout: A Scout is Loyal.

The Group: We owe much to many – to home, school, community, nation, and to God.

Scout: A Scout is Helpful.

The Group: The Good Samaritan showed the spirit of doing a Good Turn.

Scout: A Scout is Friendly.

The Group: A real friend is one who remains loyal in victory and in defeat.

Scout: A Scout is Courteous.

The Group: Courtesy is the mark of all faiths. It is shown in thoughtful acts and kindly respect for others.

Scout: A Scout is Kind.

The Group: Kindliness is the way people show respect for others.

Scout: A Scout is Obedient.

The Group: Life is filled with things that we must do whether we like them or not. One of the marks of growing up is our readiness to accept responsibilities willingly.

Scout: A Scout is Cheerful.

The Group: Our moods make our days. If we are grouchy, our day is gloomy. If we are cheerful, our day is always brighter.

Scout: A Scout is Thrifty.

The Group: The world offers many gifts. A wise person uses them with care.

Scout: A Scout is Brave.

The Group: To each of us come danger, difficult tasks, and temptations. In choice of courage or cowardice, we may be brave.

Scout: A Scout is Clean.

The Group: Cleanliness is next to Godliness. To have a clean body, a clean mind, and a clean record is a rewarding achievement.

Scout: A Scout is Reverent.

The Group: Character is determined by the things we worship. If we respect ourselves and our brothers and sisters, and see them as gifts of the goodness of God, we live on a high plane.

In Unison: Give us clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts, Oh God. Teach us to work hard and play fairly. Forgive us when we are unkind and help us to help others. Send us strength to do a Good Turn each day and so live after thy will. Amen

The Golden Rule

Most people are familiar with the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

What they may not realize, is that virtually every major religion in the world teaches that same basic philosophy of treating others, as you would want them to treat you.

Consider the following admonitions from other faiths:

Blessed are those who prefer others before themselves. —Baha'i Faith

Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful. —Buddhism

This is the sum of all duty: treat others as you yourself would be treated. —Hinduism

No one of you is a believer until you desire for another that which you desire for yourself. —Islam

In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, regard all creatures as you would regard your own self. —Jainism

What is hateful to you, do not do to your neighbor. —Judaism

Be not estranged from another for God dwells in every heart. —Sikhism

Human nature is good only when it does not do unto another whatever is not good for its own self. —Zoroastrianism

Do not judge a person until you have walked a long distance in his moccasins.— American Indian Saying

Stories

The Cracked Pot

A water bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full. For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water in his master's house.

Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfections, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you."

"Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?" "I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work and you don't get full value for your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot and in his compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path."

Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some. But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you not notice that there were flowers only on your side of the path but not on the other pot's side?"

I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house."

Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked pots. But if we will allow it, the Lord will use our flaws to grace His Father's table. In God's great economy, nothing goes to waste. So as we seek ways to minister together and as God calls you to the tasks He has appointed for you, don't be afraid of your flaws. Acknowledge them and allow Him to take advantage of them, and you, too, can be the cause of beauty in His pathway.

Go out boldly, knowing that in our weakness we find His strength and that "In Him every one of God's promises is a Yes."

PUSH

A man was sleeping at night in his cabin when suddenly his room filled with light and the Savior appeared. The Lord told the man he had work for him to do and showed him a large rock in front of his cabin. The Lord explained that the man was to push against the rock with all his might. This the man did, day after day.

For many years he toiled from sun up to sun down, his shoulders set squarely against the cold, massive surface of the unmoving rock, pushing with all his might. Each night the man returned to his cabin sore, and worn out, feeling that his whole day had been spent in vain.

Seeing that the man was showing signs of discouragement, the Adversary decided to enter the picture by placing thoughts into the man's wary mind:

"You have been pushing against that rock for a long time, and it hasn't budged. Why kill yourself over this? You are never going to move it."

This gave the man the impression that the task was impossible and that he was a failure. These thoughts discouraged and disheartened the man.

"Why kill myself over this?" he thought. "I'll just put in my time, giving just the minimum effort and that will be good enough." And that is what he planned to do until one day he decided to make it a matter of prayer and take his troubled thought to the Lord.

"Lord," he said, "I have labored long and hard in your service, putting all my strength to do that which you have asked. Yet, after all this time, I have not even budged that rock by half a millimeter. What is wrong? Why am I failing?"

The Lord responded compassionately, "My friend, when I asked you to serve me and you accepted, I told you that your task was to push against the rock with all your strength, which you have done. Never once did I mention to you that I expected you to move it. Your task was to push. And now you come to me, with your strength spent, thinking that you have failed. But, is that relays? Look at yourself. Your arms are strong and muscled, your back sinewy and brown, your hands are callused from constant pressure, and your legs have become massive and

hard. Through opposition you have grown much and your abilities now surpass that which you used to have. Yet you haven't moved the rock. But your calling was to be obedient and to push and to exercise your faith and trust in My wisdom. This you have done. I, my friend, will now move the rock."

At times, when we hear a word from God, we tend to use our own intellect to decipher what He wants, when actually what God wants is just simple obedience and faith in Him... By all means, exercise the faith that moves mountains, but know that it is still God who moves the mountains. Just P.U.S.H!

The Grain of Sand

There once was a grain of sand, lonely and afraid. He did not amount to much. He was not very big. He just wasn't!

He, himself, and the other grains of sand were a part of a mighty dune, carried here and there, before the wind.

There was a mighty city built by man before the dune and the wind carried the little grain of sand and all the other grains of sand and buried the city and it was lost to man. The grain of sand started to think, "The wind brought me here and we grains of sand are powerful."

He was carried to the sea and washed on many foreign shores. Eventually, he was washed ashore on a beach on a remote island. One dark night, a lumbering turtle cast him and the other grains of sand aside, then pushed him back over her eggs, newly laid. After it had become to be warm, a small turtle hatched, and the grain of sand thought, "The sea brought me here and we grains of sand are nurturing."

The grain of sand rode the back of the tiny turtle, which carried him back to the sea and the grain of sand was carried to another far shore. He was scooped up by a mighty machine, bound together with other grains of sand and rocks and cement, and became the foundation of a great building. Again, he thought to himself, "The tiny turtle and the sea brought me here and we grains of sand are constructive and useful."

Time wore the building down and the grain of sand was free.

The wind blew him and other little grains of sand together again, forming another mighty dune. There were grains of sand he had seen before and ones that were new to him, all in the mighty dune, like the one that had been buried the city.

He reflected on his journeys and the lessons that he had learned – from the city engulfed by him and the other grains of sand and the wind, and the turtles that he and the other grains of sand has nurtured and the sea that carried him there, and the building he had been part of with the other grains of sand, and the gravel, and the rocks, and the cement, and the little turtle upon whose back he rode, and of the other little grains of sand, familiar and new.

And he said to the other grains of sand, and to the gravel, and to the rocks, and to the cement, and to the wind, and to the sea, and to the little turtle, "Thank you for teaching me that We is stronger than just You or Me."

Readings from Many Faiths

From the Book of Mormon

And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom, that ye may learn that ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God

From the Ojibwa

Grandfather, look at our brokenness.

We know that in all creation, only the human family has strayed from the Sacred Way.

We know that we are the ones who are divided.

And we are the ones who must come back together to walk in the Sacred Way.

Grandfather, Sacred One.

Teach us love, compassion, and honor, that we may heal the earth, and heal each other.

From the Unitarian

From all that dwells below the skies,

Let faith and joy with hope arise;

Let beauty, truth, and good be sung

Through every land, by every tongue.

From the Christian

Shout Joyfully to God, all the earth.
Sing the glory of His name
Make his praise glorious
Say to God, "How awesome are Thy works!"

From the Jewish

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe,
who has made Thy world lacking in naught,
but hast produced therein goodly creatures and goodly trees
wherewith to give delight unto the children of men

From the Russian Orthodox

The soul that is not nourished by prayer is like a tree without soil.
Pray in the woods, pray in the fields, pray when you dig ditches.
Pray in silence so that no one can hear you.

From the Muslim

God it is who has created the heavens and the earth
And sent down from the sky water
And brought forth therewith fruits as a provision for you
And subjected to you the ships, to float upon the sea at his bidding
And subjected for you the rivers, and subjected for you the sun and the moon
And subjected for you the night and the day,
And brought you everything you asked of Him
But if you try to number God's favors, ye cannot count them.

From the Hindu

O Mother, you are light, and your light is everywhere.
Streaming from your body are rays in thousands, two thousand, a hundred thousand, tens of millions, a
hundred million – there is no counting their numbers.
It is by you and through you that all things moving and motionless shine.
It is by your light, O Mother, that all things come to be.

From the Zen Buddhist

Peace is every step
The shining red sun is my heart
Each flower smiles with me
How green, how fresh all that grows
How cool the winds blow
Peace is every step
It turns the endless path to joy

From the Sikh

Air is our Master, water our Father, and the great earth our Mother.
Day and night are the females and male nurses in whose lap the whole universe plays.

From the Taoist

O master of the earth, you live without growing old.
You cover everything like the sky.
Give me the joy of understanding you as the earth and sky understand you.

Additional Selections

Interactive Reading

Leader: You care for the land and water it;

Response: You enrich it abundantly.

Leader: The streams of God are filled with water to provide the people with grain,

Response: For so you have ordained it.

Leader: You drench its furrows and level its ridges;
Response: You soften it with showers and bless its crops.
Leader: You crown the year with your bounty,
Response: And your carts overflow with abundance.
Leader: The grasslands of the desert overflow;
Response: the hills are clothed with gladness.
Leader: The meadows are covered with flocks
Response: and the valleys are mantled with grain;
Together: They shout for joy and sing.
(Psalm 65:9-13. NIV)

Prayer in Camp

Thou GOD of the out-of-doors, give me eyes to see the beauty of the world around me. Keep me from being spiritually blind. Surrounded by the works of YOUR creation, may I bow before YOU as the CREATOR.

While I am in camp, may I do more than have a good time. Grant that I may enter into a deeper knowledge of YOU. May the fresh air and the open sky, the trees and the flowers, the water and the clouds, all speak to me of YOUR presence.

As I gaze at the hills and mountains that tower above me and are reflected in the still waters of the lake, may I be aware of YOUR glory. When I return home, may I take with me the thoughts of YOU that have come to me in camp. May they help me to be true to YOU and keep me clean and rugged like the outdoor world. Amen

Sermons We See

Edgar Guest

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.
And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do;
For I might misunderstand you and the high advise you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind.
When a weaker brother stumbles and a strong man stays behind
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.
And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold;
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day.

The tree of life

By Dr. E. Urner Goodman, Founder

“The tree that never had to fight for sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain and always got its share of rain
Never became a forest king, but lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil, who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.
Good timber does not grow in ease. The stronger wind, the tougher tree,
The farther sky, the greater length, the more the storm, the more the strength.
By sun and cold, by rain and snows, in tree or man, good timber grows.

The Power of One

by: Author Unknown, Source Unknown

One song can spark a moment
One flower can wake the dream
One tree can start a forest
One bird can herald spring
One smile begins a friendship
One handclasp lifts a soul
One star can guide a ship at sea
One word can frame the goal
One vote can change a nation
One sunbeam lights a room
One candle wipes out darkness
One laugh will conquer gloom
One step must start each journey
One word must start a prayer
One hope will raise our spirits
One touch can show you care
One voice can speak with wisdom
One heart can know what is true
One Life can make a difference

"THE PENNY"

You always hear the usual stories of pennies on the sidewalk being good luck, gifts from angels, etc. This is the first time I've ever heard this twist on the story. Gives you something to think about.

Several years ago, a friend of mine and her husband were invited to spend the weekend at the husband's employer's home. My friend, Arlene, was nervous about the weekend. The boss was very wealthy, with a fine home on the waterway, and cars costing more than her house.

The husband's employer was quite generous as a host, and took them to the finest restaurants. Arlene knew she would never have the opportunity to indulge in this kind of extravagance again, so was enjoying herself immensely.

One evening as the three of them were about to enter an exclusive restaurant, the boss walked slightly ahead of Arlene and her husband, stopped suddenly and looked down on the pavement for a long, silent moment. Arlene noticed there was nothing on the ground except a single darkened penny along with a few cigarette butts. Still silent, the man reached down and picked up the penny. He held it up and smiled, then put it in his pocket as if he had found a great treasure.

How absurd, Arlene thought. What need did this man have for a single penny? Why would he even take the time to stop and pick it up?

Throughout dinner, the entire scene nagged at her. Finally, she could stand it no longer. She casually mentioned that her daughter once had a coin collection, and asked if the penny he had found had been of some value.

A smile crept across the man's face as he reached into his pocket for the penny and held it out for her to see. She had seen many pennies before!

What was the point of this?

"Look at it," he said. "Read what it says."

She read the words "United States of America."

"No, not that; read further."

"One cent?" "No, keep reading."

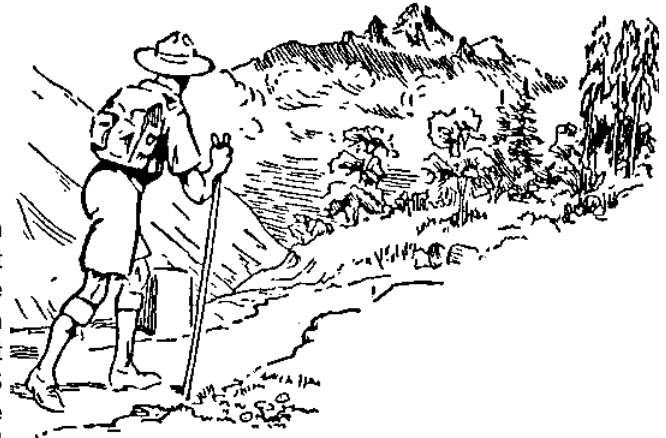
"In God we Trust?" "Yes!!!"

"And?" she said.

"And if I trust in God, the name of God is holy, even on a coin. Whenever I find a coin I see that inscription. It is written on every single United States coin, but we never seem to notice it! God drops a message right in front of me telling me to trust Him? Who am I to pass it by? When I see a coin, I pray, I stop to see if my trust IS in God at that moment. I pick the coin up as a response to God; that I do trust in Him. For a short time, at least, I cherish it as if it were gold. I think it is God's way of starting a conversation with me. Lucky for me, God is patient and pennies are plentiful!

When I was out shopping today, I found a penny on the sidewalk. I stopped and picked it up, and realized that I had been worrying and fretting in my mind about things I cannot change. I read the words, "In God We Trust," and had to laugh. Yes, God, I get the message. It seems that I have been finding an inordinate number of pennies in the last few months, but then, pennies are plentiful!

And, God is patient...



Scout's Own Resources:

- Native American Scout's Own. Compiled by Jim Fuller. "Touch the Earth"
- Aids to Scoutmastership (reprint), Robert Baden-Powell
- Boy Scout Songbook
- Order of the Arrow Songbook
- Scouting for Boys, (reprint), Robert Baden-Powell
- A Scout is Reverent. A Manual For Scouts of Catholic Faith, National Catholic Committee On Scouting, Irving Texas, Boy Scouts of America, 1982
- A Scout is Reverent. Compiled by George Denise. Pioneer District, SCCC.
- The MacScouter's Big "A Scout is Reverent" Resource Book, Kyna Hendra
<http://www.macscouter.com/ScoutsOwn>