

Article # 14a

*Scouter's 5 Cutout Pages
The Leader, March 1989.*

If Only...

Won Lee was a stone cutter who lived in ancient China. He cut large stones and he cut small stones. He made them into ornaments for gardens. Some he cut to build houses. He was proud of his work, but sometimes he would think, "If only I had more money" or "If only I had less work."

One day, Won Lee was walking home from work. The sun was very hot and he was tired, so he sat down at the side of the road. He felt the heat of the sun and thought, "It's the sun that gives us the daylight, the warmth to grow our crops. Surely the sun must be the most powerful of all things."

Won Lee said quietly to himself, "God, if only I could be the sun I would love to feel what it is like to be the most powerful, the greatest of all things."

God answered Won Lee. "You may become the sun," He said. And Won Lee became the sun. He felt wonderful; so strong and powerful. He shone down on the world far below. After a few days, a puffy white cloud appeared in the sky. It drifted about and, when it came near Won Lee, it blotted out his rays and cast a shadow on the world. Won Lee was sad. Surely this cloud was more powerful than he? "If only I were the cloud. That would make me the greatest of all things," he said.

God heard and again He answered: "Won Lee, you may become the cloud." So Won Lee floated about the sky feeling very grand.

One day, Won Lee saw a great black cloud coming his way. Soon it surrounded him, and he saw the black cloud dripping droplets of water. The drops fell on the earth and made a mighty river.

Won Lee thought that this black cloud must be very powerful to swallow up a cloud and turn itself into a river, so he said, "If only I were the river.

How mighty I would be. Then I would be truly happy. Again God heard and answered: "Okay. You may be the river."

So Won Lee flowed along, feeling the mighty rush of water. Then he came to a bend in the river. There was a great boulder jutting out into the river. The great boulder held the river, swirling it back onto itself.

Won Lee thought, "The rock! The rock! At last I have found the mightiest of all things. If this rock can hold back the raging river, then it is the greatest. If only I were this great big rock, I would be happy."

So God made Won Lee into the boulder and he stood there, holding back the water and feeling very great and happy. Then, one day, along came a man who cut a large piece off the boulder. Won Lee was sad. No longer was he the greatest if this man could come along and cut him up.

"If only I could be the man who cut up the stone, I would surely be the greatest," Won Lee thought.

And God said to Won Lee: "But you are the Stone Cutter!" - *with thanks to Australian Scout magazine.*

Prayer

Thank you, God. It is a grey day, yet I am happy. Not because some special thing is going to happen, but because I am at peace within.

I do not wish I were someone else: I am glad to be me. I do not wish I were some place else: I am happy being where I am. I am learning to savour the present moment, and to be glad to be alive and living in it. Thank you, God.

- from Linda Kish, Lethbridge, Alta.

Article #14b.

Scouter's 5 Cut-outs

Pages 629 & 630, The Leader, April 1989

When You Walk Through Woods

When you walk through woods, I want you to see
 The floating gold of a bumblebee,
 Rivers of sunlight, pools of shade,
 Toadstools sleeping in mossy jade,
 A cobweb net with a catch of dew,
 Treetop cones against the blue,
 Dancing flowers, bright green flies,
 And birds that put rainbows in your eyes.

When you walk through woods, I want you to hear
 A million sounds in your eager ear;
 The scratch and rattle of wind-tossed trees,
 The rush as a timid chipmunk flees,
 The cry of a hawk from the distant sky,
 The purr of leaves when a breeze rolls by,
 Brooks that mumble, stones that ring,
 And birds that teach your heart to sing.

When you walk through woods, I want you to feel
 That no mere human could make this real,
 Could paint the throb of a butterfly's wing,
 Could teach a wood thrush how to sing,
 Could create these wonders of earth and sky;
 There's something greater than you or I.
 When you walk through woods and the birches nod,
 Please, meet a friend of mine named God.
 - Anon

God is always present in the formless form and speaks to us in the soundless sound. Blessed is the person who is able to see Him and listen to Him everywhere and in everything. (Swami Nirmalananda)

Evening Prayer

Lord, in the quiet of the evening, come into our hearts as we lie down to rest, and

help us to know that, in camping outdoors, we need not fear. You are with us. - *The Outlook, B.C./Yukon*

Camp Closing Prayer

God, we thank you for this beautiful weekend.

The smiling faces we see and the laughter we hear echoing through the trees fill our hearts with gladness and remind us that, in this fast-paced world of ours, there are times when we all need to pause and refresh ourselves in nature's calm and beauty.

You Know It Was a Great Camp

When...

- - the Scouts fall asleep on the way home;
- - everybody is too tired to complain, and you're too tired to care if they do;
- you have managed to bring back most of the troop gear, and none of the dishes are mouldy;
- you introduced the visiting assistant district commissioner to your assistant and you couldn't remember his name;
- you introduced yourself to the assistant district commissioner and you couldn't remember your name;
- you have half a dozen new jokes to tell at work;
- your head count finally comes out right just as you get back to the hall;
- the troop critic looks up at you and says, "How come we never did this last year?"
- your spouse (mother, friend) refuses to come close to you because of the way you smell;
- your dog thinks you smell wonderful.

- *Greybeard, Sunnybrook, Alta.*

The things that count most in life are usually the things that cannot be counted. (Bernard Meltzer)

Article #14c

Scouter's 5 Cut-outs

Pages 631 and 632, The Leader, May 1989

Our Spiritual Compass

For Scouts on a hike or canoe trip, a compass is an important tool. Because it gives you a stable reference point (magnetic north), you can set a course and follow it. As long as your compass is accurate and you don't damage it, it will serve you faithfully. If you trust it.

Our faith or spirituality is something like that. We have a point of reference that does not change, God. And we have a compass, so to speak, in our relationship with God. It's something we have learned and continue to learn about, just as we learn to use a compass properly.

We use our spirituality and faith to get us through this grand journey we call life. If we are prepared to trust the things we have learned about God and creative living, our spirituality can guide us through the joys and temptations of life. We can use it to show us what service we may give and what potential dangers to stay away from. We can use it to guide us in our friendships, in our work, in what we say to people and about people, and in how we treat our natural world.

- *Scouter Rob Brown, N. Saskatchewan Region*

From "Roots & Wings"

In this fragile age, it is more important than ever that youth be given the opportunity to interact and to experience. .. to look through the diversity and multiplicity of cultures, religious beliefs, ideologies and systems around them and discover workable principles and elements common and sacred to all.... In this lies the hope that, through youth's natural affinity to find in each other elements that transcend the traditional barriers of nationality, class, religion and cultural differences, this generation will discover the answers that have eluded those before

them. (*Jeanne Sauve, Governor General of Canada and Chief Scout, from an address at the University of Alberta, Sept. '87*)

Patience

An aged man, whom Abraham hospitably invited to his tent, refused to join him in prayer to the one spiritual God. Learning that the old man was a non-believer, Abraham drove him from his door.

Later that night, God appeared to Abraham in a vision. "I have borne with that ignorant man for 70 years, " he said. "Could you not have patiently suffered him one night?" (*The Talmud*)

A Beaver's Spring Prayer

Thank you, God, for the wind that dries and warms the earth so that seeds may grow, giving us food to eat and flowers to see and smell. And thank you for fun outdoors on windy days.

Campfire Opening

May this fire touch us with the magic of its mystery;
 May we see in its dance the ever-changing beauty of the world;
 May this fire be good medicine Where fellowship, adventure, and fun sit side by side
 May this fire tonight remain forever in our hearts, Even as the first fire kindled by our ancestors Has remained alight through the ages.

Campfire Closing

As darkness creeps into our circle of light,
 Embers that glow and sigh
 Draw our friendship circle closer,
 Whisper memories that will not die:
 God's magic danced in our fire's flames,
 And fills the gathering night
 With mystery and a wondrous peace
 That bids safe sleep 'til morning's light.