

The MANATEE Messenger

The official newsletter of the manatee district
DeCEMBER 2005

Key Three:

District Executive:

Tim O'Connor

Committee Chair

Peggy Hall

District Commissioner

Steve Seppa

Vice Chairs:

Vice Chair: Programs

Ed Newell

Vice Chair: Advancement

Ted Burghardt

Vice Chair: Membership

Doug Rautenkranz

Vice Chair: Finance

Steve Lindsey

Near term events:

FME

Ann Salomon-Collins

Family Fest

Lori Bell

Order of the Arrow

Kirk Hall

Roundtable Commissioner:

Paul Schneider

431-2771

Paul.Schneider@livetv-ifs.com

This Months Roundtable:

This month our Cub Scout roundtable staff is ready to entertain and dazzle you with some "Music Magic".

A Scout is Helpful! Learn and share ideas for public service at Boy Scout roundtable.

Venture roundtable will be open discussion.

Please take the time to make sure that someone in your unit is taking care of the following items:

- o **Turn in your units Re-Charter paperwork - It is late!**
- o **Sign up for your FME presentation for 2006**

Please remember our Roundtable "Scout-n-Sibling" sitting for only \$5.00 per child with all proceeds going to the members of a Manatee District Venture Crew.

From the District Chair:

Wishing you all a blessed and happy holiday season. May you use this time of year to refresh your spirit, renew relationships and reflect upon this past year.

Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, and Happy New Year.

Yours in Scouting and Service,
Peggy

Congratulations to all Scouts and Scouters that were selected at the Astatula OA Call-Out Ceremony.

IMPORTANT DATES:

December 16-18, 2005: Cub Scout Holiday Adventures at Camp La No Che

December 23-26, 2005: Scout Shop and Council Office closed

January 2, 2006: Scout Shop and Council Office closed

January 6-8, 2006: Venturing Training at Camp La No Che

January 12, 2006: District Commissioner and Committee Meeting

January 19, 2006: Roundtable

January 27-29, 2006: Astatula Chapter OA Ordeal at Camp Oklawaha

January 28, 2006: Boy Scout Trainers' Conference (Council Office, Apopka)

January 29, 2006: Den Chief Training

February 3-5, 2006: Webelos Woods (Hosted by Troop 365, Chuck Pierson)

February 9, 2006: District Commissioner and Committee Meeting

February 16, 2006: Roundtable (family fest commitment forms are due)

February 25, 2006: Trainer Development Conference (Council Office, Apopka)

District Commissioner's Minute:

Up a Level...From His Eyes

During a holiday shopping excursion with my family, we stopped at a fast food outlet for a quick lunch. When we were finished eating, we got up to leave, and as we were going out the door, a local teenage boy was coming in. This young teenager had very long hair and a small beard that was dyed bright blue. His tongue, nose, and eyebrows were pierced, he had multiple tattoos, and he had a big chain for a belt holding up his holy jeans. He held a big package under one arm and a soccer ball under the other.

There were two young boys nearby dressed in their Scouting uniforms (probably on their way to a Scout meeting with their parents), who were walking ahead of us, but then stopped in their tracks when they saw the teenage boy. I thought the teen may have threatened the Scouts, because they were frozen in place. Whew, was I ever wrong! One of the Scouts backed up against the door and opened it as wide as it would go. Now the whole group of us was in the young teen's path. We stepped aside and let him pass. His response to the young Scout holding the door was a very gracious, "Thank you very much."

On our way to the car, I commended the Scout for his manners in holding open the door for the young man. He didn't seem to be troubled by the teen's appearance at all. He let me know that the only thing he had noticed about the teen was the fact that his arms were full. "His arms were full and he couldn't open the door!" he said. I saw the long hair, the colored beard, the piercing, and the tattoos. He simply saw a person carrying something under each arm and heading toward a closed door. In the future, I hope to come up to his level and raise my consciousness.

And I hope everyone in the District has a happy and blessed holiday. May you all be able to give of yourself and also experience the kindness of a stranger.

Steve Seppa

Help Wanted:

Boy Scout Roundtable Staff needed. Join the fun! Help plan and present the monthly roundtable program. Do you have a special interest or hobby that enhances the monthly theme? Would you like to share your knowledge with others? If interested please contact Paul Schneider at 431-2771.

One man can be crucial ingredient on a team, but one man cannot make a team.

Kareem Abdul-Jabar

Steps to Building a Campfire

1. Split dead wood into fragments and shave one fragment into slivers.
2. Bandage left thumb.
3. Chop other fragments into smaller fragments.
4. Bandage left foot.
5. Make a structure of slivers (including those embedded in the hand)
6. Light match
7. Light match
8. Repeat "A scout is cheerful" and light match.
9. Apply match to slivers, add wood fragments, and blow gently into base of flames.
10. Apply burn ointment to nose.
11. When fire is burning, collect more wood.
12. When fire is burning well, add all remaining firewood.
13. After thunderstorm has passed, repeat the above steps.

Song of the Month

Modern Gambler

On a warm summer's evening, at Camp Wildcat Hollow
I walked down to a campsite, to a patrol where I could eat.
I introduced myself to them, and helped them build a campfire
Up walked the Scoutmaster and he began to speak.
He said Son I worked on staff here back in '23
I know when someone's hungry, I can see it in their eyes.
So if don't mind me saying, I can see you're tired of cooking.
For a taste of your lemonade, I'll give you some advice.
So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow
Then he got out his lantern, and he asked me for a light.
And when the boys yelled "Chow Time", his face lost all expression
He said if you're going to eat at camp, Son you've got to learn to do it right.
You've got know when to show up, know when to throw up, know when to walk away, know when to run.
You never comment on their cooking while you're sitting at their table
There'll be time enough for regretting when the meal time's done.
Every staffer knows that the secret to surviving is to know which patrols to eat with, which ones to let go on past.
'Cause sometimes you get a winner, sometimes you get a loser
And the best you can hope for is your stomach to last.
When he finished speaking, he sat down at the table
Gulped down his bug juice and his chow piled high and peaked.
And sometime during that summer my stomach it broke even
'Cause in his final words I found Roloids I can keep.

Next Months Roundtable

Be prepared! Next months Cub Scout roundtable theme is "Cubs in the Future". Those on the Boy Scout side will be discussing backpacking.

Announcements at Roundtable?

If you have an announcement, please get with the respective RT chairperson and they will give you a timeslot and an allotted amount of time. If you have information to share in the newsletter please send it one week prior to roundtable. E-mail your correspondence to: pataylor02@netzero.net

Did your Advancement Chair turn in your unit's advancement report this month?

The Christmas Scout

By: Sam Bogan

In spite of the fun and laughter, 13-year-old Frank Wilson was not happy. It was true he had received all the presents he wanted. And he enjoyed the traditional Christmas Eve reunions with relatives for the purpose of exchanging gifts and good wishes. But, Frank was not happy because this was his first Christmas without his brother, Steve, who during the year, had been killed by a reckless driver. Frank missed his brother and the close companionship they had together. Frank said good-bye to his relatives and explained to his parents that he was leaving a little early to see a friend; and from there he could walk home. Since it was cold outside, Frank put on his new plaid jacket. It was his FAVORITE gift. He placed the other presents on his new sled. Then Frank headed out, hoping to find the patrol leader of his Boy Scout troop. Frank always felt understood by him. Though rich in wisdom, he lived in the Flats, the section of town where most of the poor lived, and his patrol leader did odd jobs to help support his family. To Frank's disappointment, his friend was not at home. As Frank hiked down the street toward home, he caught glimpses of trees and decorations in many of the small houses. Then, through one front window, he glimpsed a shabby room with limp stockings hanging over an empty fireplace. A woman was seated nearby . . . weeping. The stockings reminded him of the way he and his brother had always hung theirs side by side. The next morning, they would be bursting with presents. A sudden thought struck Frank -- he had not done his "good deed" for the day. Before the impulse passed, he knocked on the door. "Yes?" the sad voice of the woman asked. "May I come in?" asked Frank. "You are very welcome," she said, seeing his sled full of gifts, and assuming he was making a collection, "but I have no food or gifts for you. I have nothing for my own children." "That's not why I am here," Frank replied. "Please choose whatever presents you would like for your children from the sled." "Why, God bless you!" the amazed woman answered gratefully. She selected some candies, a game, the toy airplane and a puzzle. When she took the Scout flashlight, Frank almost cried out. Finally, the stockings were full. "Won't you tell me your name?" she asked, as Frank was leaving. "Just call me the Christmas Scout," he replied. The visit left Frank touched, and with an unexpected flicker of joy in his heart. He understood that his sorrow was not the only sorrow in the world. Before he left the Flats, he had given away the remainder of his gifts. The plaid jacket had gone to a shivering boy. Now Frank trudged homeward, cold and uneasy. How could he explain to his parents that he had given his presents away? "Where are your presents, son?" asked his father as Frank entered the house. Frank answered, "I gave them away." "The airplane from Aunt Susan? Your coat from Grandma? Your flashlight? We thought you were happy with your gifts." "I was -- very happy," the boy answered quietly. "But Frank, how could you be so impulsive?" his mother asked. "How will we explain to the relatives who spent so much time and gave so much love shopping for you?" His father was firm. "You made your choice, Frank. We cannot afford any more presents." With his brother gone, and his family disappointed in him, Frank suddenly felt dreadfully alone. He had not expected a reward for his generosity; for he knew that a good deed always should be its own reward. It would be tarnished otherwise. So he did not want his gifts back; however he wondered if he would ever again truly recapture joy in his life. He thought he had this evening, but it had been fleeting. Frank thought of his brother, and sobbed himself to sleep. The next morning, he came downstairs to find his parents listening to Christmas music on the radio. Then the announcer spoke: "Merry Christmas, everybody! The nicest Christmas story we have this morning comes from the Flats. A crippled boy down there has a new sled this morning, another youngster has a fine plaid jacket, and several families report that their children were made happy last night by gifts from a teenage boy who simply called himself the Christmas Scout. No one could identify him, but the children of the Flats claim that the Christmas Scout was a personal representative of old Santa Claus himself." Frank felt his father's arms go around his shoulders, and he saw his mother smiling through her tears. "Why didn't you tell us? We didn't understand. We are so proud of you, son."

