

AN EAGLE MOTHER'S POEM

**A FOND MOTHER WATCHES HER BOY WHERE HE STANDS
APART FROM HIS COMRADES TONIGHT
AS THEY PLACE ON HIS CAMP-BATTERED TUNIC A BADGE,
AN EAGLE, THE EMBLEM OF RIGHT
IT SEEMS JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS HAVE PASSED
SINCE HE JOINED WITH THE YOUNGSTER NEXT DOOR.
HOW PROUD HE WAS THEN OF HIS TENDERFOOT PIN
AS HE TOLD HER THE MESSAGE IT BORE.
BUT THE YEARS HAVE GONE AS HE STRUGGLED ALONG
TO LEARN WHAT THE SCOUT LAW'S ABOUT;
HE PRACTICED THEM DAILY, THE OATH AND THE LAW
UNTIL NOW HE'S AN EAGLE SCOUT.
YOU MAY SMILE IN YOUR WORLDLY OLD WISDOM AT THIS
AND SAY, "WHY IT'S ONLY A PIN",
BUT I TELL YOU NO HONORS HE'LL GAIN AS A MAN
WILL MEAN JUST AS MUCH TO HIM.
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE OF THE RIBBON YOU SEE
ARE THE SYMBOLS OF HONOR AND TRUTH.
HE HAS LEARNED HOW TO VALUE THESE FINE ATTRIBUTES
IN THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF YOUTH.
AND THE OUTFLINGING WINGS OF THE EAGLE THAT RESTS
ON THE BREAST OF THIS KNOGHT OF TODAY
ARE THE THINGS THAT WILL LIFT HIM ABOVE PETTY DEEDS
AND GUIDE HIM ALONG THE RIGHT WAY
YES, IT'S ONLY A PIN, JUST AN EAGLE SCOUT BADGE,
BUT THE HEART THAT'S BENEATH IT BEATS TRUE
AND WILL THROB TO THE LAST FOR THE THINGS WHICH ARE
GOOD,
A LESSON FOR ME --- AND FOR YOU.**