

The White Stag Tree

Deep in the heart of Camp Redwing, stands a great oak tree. Mighty and strong is its trunk, as are its branches and leaves. It's been there for many years now, shining brightly for all to see. For them to experience, to become, and to believe.

In the summer it is warm and bright. It is green and full of life. It shimmers and glistens in the afternoon sun. The leaves are rustling from the lung of the great blue sky above. It grows larger every year, becoming greater because the leaves that grow upon it.

In the fall, the leaves turn bright; they fly so high, high up into that great blue sky. They then turn brown and fall to the ground, leaving part of what they have gained behind. As they decompose, the tree receives, greatly needed nutrients from these leaves, the leaves that used to belong. They belonged to something great, but when their time was up, they left part of themselves behind, for new leaves to emerge and become something as grand as they once were.

Winter comes, burying the ground in a fresh, white blanket of snow. It is a cold, stagnant, and an almost desolate place. Yet, the tree lives on, it overcomes the cold, and endures the winter. It will not perish.

Springtime comes, new buds quickly burst through the tree's heavy bark. They come out with all their greatness and glory. They receive nutrients from the tree, the same tree that uses the nutrients from the old leaves. The new leaves grow; grow stronger and bigger, until they are ready, ready to give back to the tree, so that the tree can grow bigger and stronger, and more awesome than ever before.

The tree is the White Stag Course, it lives on, endures whatever challenges that are set before it. It overcomes all obstacles, no matter what the cost may be. The leaves are the staff members that make this course what it is. The tree is nothing without its leaves, and the course is nothing without the staff. The individuals on this staff will all agree that they have learned so much from this course, through the course itself, and through the staff. The older staff must teach the younger staff. They must teach them what they know, and set the example for them. That is what gives the course its flame. And this process will remain, because, we're a grand old staff, we're a highflying staff, we're forever the tried and the true. We're examples of, the skills we love, we're leaders whose peers are but few. Every learner strives for the skills we provide, and arrives at these ideals too. When old acquaintance be forgot, White Stag is a part of you!

This course is built upon your shoulders. You will get out of it what you put into it. Learn, so that you can grow, teach others what you know.

Then, it is unimaginable, what this course can become!

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