

From - Mon Jun 16 09:38:10 1997
>From scouter Sun Jun 15 22:44:24 1997
Return-Path: <scouter@indy.net>
Received: from indy4 (root@indy4.indy.net [199.3.65.4])
by green.indy.net (8.8.5/8.8.5) with ESMTTP id WAA00152;
Sun, 15 Jun 1997 22:44:20 -0500 (EST)
Received: from scouter.indy.net by indy4 (8.8.4/Forward-0.1)
id WAA27114; Sun, 15 Jun 1997 22:44:11 -0500 (EST)
Message-ID: <33A4A85C.1AC1@indy.net>
Date: Sun, 15 Jun 1997 22:43:40 -0400
From: Tim Palmer <scouter@indy.net>
Reply-To: scouter@indy.net
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win95; I)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: davel@techresources.com
CC: LNUSAND.PZ1H0F@gmeds.com, clsparks@indy.net, bhenry@indyvax.iupui.edu
Subject: Re: The ants go marching two by two
References: <33A42D5F.2959@techresources.com>
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
X-UIDL: d6bc085c113a24078c42877c14ad2bf9
X-Mozilla-Status: 0011
Content-Length: 3435

Seth Loertscher wrote:

>
> Hurrah, Hurrah. The ants go marching one by one Hurrah, Hurrah. The
> ants go marching one by one. The little one stops to suck his thumb.
> And they all go marching down to the ground to get out of the rain.
> Boom! Boom! Boom!(Aplause)
> Hi Spiffy!
> JUst wanted to say "Hi Spiffy!" (which I did) andmake sure you had my
> right address. Thanks For A GREAT week and being one of my best friends
> with whom I shared that time. I'll be in touch.
> With Much Spiffyness,
> Seth

The ants go marching two by two Hurrah, Hurrah. The ants go marching two
by two Hurrah, Hurrah. The ants go marching two by two, the little one
stops to tie his shoe, and they all go marching down, to the ground, to
get out of the rain. Boom! Boom! Boom!

SMILE!!!!!! (I'll bet you thought that you could start slacking)

I'm glad to see that you made it home okay, and that the e-mail address
are correct. Be grateful that you had to leave early. We didn't finish
getting ridge one set up until about three thirty, and the crews on
ridge two took until four thirty (and they had more people). However,

you did miss a good one. About four thirty, as I was "unloading" my tent, Mr. Henry & Zach, Eric Cole, Mr. & Mrs. (Mom & Dad) McConnel and a few others were sitting at the picnic table, taking a break from packing away their gear. So I hung my flip-chart from a nearby tree and quickly made up a title page while nobody was looking.

It read "How To Pack And Get Out Of Here. by Tim Palmer" . Needless to say, when I called the group to attention, they all got a good laugh out of it. After a few "supplemental comments" from the "participants" (all in good humor of course) , I ask "Let us reflect upon this lesson" and they just about rolled from the table.

After finishing with my gear, a phone call home, and a few "untill we meet again" biddings (as I don't do "good-byes") , I was finally on the road at 6:10 pm. I would never have guessed that it would have been that late. Before leaving, I stopped by the lost and found table where I spotted Kyle's cup/mug. Guessing that I may see him in the future, I claimed the mug. Eric pointed out a hairbrush that he believes to be yours, so I claimed it also. I will return these items as soon as possible.

In the two hour drive home, I did a little "reflecting" of my own, but there were no "opened questions", or "guiding questions". Only a "summary", and it goes something like this:

As the daylight fades from our sky,
And homeward bound we go,
Cherrished memories we take with us,
'Cause caring makes it so.

Never again shall we all meet,
For the purpose of which we came,
But in the days gone by,
We worked as one,
To honor Scoutings' name.

The lessons taught to both young and old,
Will help us day by day,
To show us how to do our best,
And be thankful along the way.

Our days were long,
And nights were short,
And little did we rest,
But ever marching on were we,
Enjoying Scouting at its best.

Our goal at first,
Was to make them fly,
But somewhere there came more,
For in the end they did not fly,

With spirits high, they soared ! ! !

- - - - -

It was an honor and a privelege serving with you.

Until we meet again, "May the force be with you"

Tim