companions and leaders to help him along the way, just as Pocochee had the coyote. Let us honor this young man as he completes this journey to begin a new and exciting quest.

Eric Christiansen
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The words of Bear set a fire in the heart of Pocochee. He searched for the perfect wood to make his bow and then shaped and hardened it over the flame. He braided the bowstring from sinew and decorated it with feathers. He searched for his arrow until he heard the unmistakable rattle of the great snake and knew he had found it. Capturing his prey he climbed to the top of the mountain, far above the trees and stood atop its highest rock. He watched as the sun rose overhead, took the rattlesnake and straightened it out and placed him in his bow. Drawing back the string he let fly his mighty arrow to the sun. The arrow struck with great force. The sting of the venom made the sun let out a mighty cry. It shot lightning across the sky and shook the earth with its thunder. Pocochee felt something on his cheek. It was a drop of rain. Soon the heavens opened up and its tears of healing water covered the dry earth. The drought was over.

The two friends journeyed down the mountain and across the desert. Pocochee thanked the trickster and entered the pueblo. Four seasons had passed and Pocochee had become a young man. His face was bright and clean and the elders recognized the strength of his character. They knew his quest had changed him and their land. “Come,” they said, “Enter the keva and tell us your story.”

Tonight we have a young man who has been on his own journey for four seasons. He has been on a quest to gain knowledge and learn new skills, to improve himself and help others around him. He has grown in stature and strength, and is ready to enter young manhood. He is ready to leave the Webelos and search for new experiences as a Boy Scout. He has achieved the highest award in cub scouting, which like Pocochee is symbolized by the arrow to the sun. It is the Arrow of Light Award, the only Cub Scout award that he will continue to wear on his Boy Scout uniform, and will wear as a knot on his uniform as an adult leader in the future. This journey was not easy, but he did not take it alone. He had

rabbit. All were leaving to find food that was not growing in the dry, dry desert.

Next Pocochee searched for the desert sheep, but they were not to be seen. For the next season he searched until he found the sheep high above the foothills. When asked why he left the desert he said that it was because of the absence of rain. Without the rains the grass and brush would not grow, so the sheep and the deer would have to move to higher ground. The animals could not return near the pueblo until the rains returned.

The trickster told Pocochee to seek the wisdom of the Puma who was found above the foothills. Puma asked him what he had discovered on his quest and Pocochee shared his knowledge. “The answer is plain if you open your eyes, for man must do as the other children of Mother Earth are doing and follow the food. Until the sky sheds its tears on the dry ground you have no choice.” Sorrow filled the heart of Pocochee when he heard these words for leaving his pueblo and the land he loved was not the answer he sought. He turned to the Trickster and asked if this was the end of his quest. Trickster smiled as only the coyote can and said, “You still have the council of one more beast, your cousin who walks like man and is the strongest of all. He is the watcher of all and understands both Mother Earth’s and her children’s needs.”

Pocochee climbed far past the foothills to the tall mountains where the deep pine and fur trees grew. In the den of the large claw he met with mighty bear and sat down in council with him. Bear heard his words and said, “If you want to bring tears to the dry earth you must first anger the sun. Create a mighty bow and harden it with fire. Find the arrow that will sting the sun and let his anger fill the sky. If you discover how to do this the rains will once more appear.”

Arrow to the Sun
Arrow of Light Ceremony

Let me tell you a story of a young man named Pocochee who lived in the southwest many, many years ago. He was a young Native American who lived in a pueblo on a beautiful red mesa. He longed for the day when he could join the elders as they met in the keva. He loved to hike the hills and sit under the fire of the night sky. He loved the beauty of the living desert and his place in it.

This year was different. The spring rains were not coming and the winter snows in the mountains were light. The streams in the canyons were drying to just a trickle. Mother Earth was in a drought. The elders met in the keva, but knew no answers, and the people of the pueblo wept. Hunger was sure to come if the rains did not.

Pocochee could see that both Mother Earth and his people needed help. He decided to go on a quest to see if he could find some answers. First he needed a guide and what would be better than the Trickster, the wise and wily coyote who said, “You must meet with the animals, from the smallest to the largest, for as you learn from them you will understand their Mother.” Pocochee knew that the honeybee was missing, so he searched for most of the season for him. When he finally found their small hive, he asked why they had left. Honeybee told him that without the rains the wild flowers did not come up, and without the flowers there was no pollen for them to make honey. Without the rains Mother Earth could not support the hive.

Where were the fox and the badger? Pocochee found them in the foothills. They had left the desert to follow the mouse and the