entered his village the elder inquired of his journey. He recounted his experiences and what he had learned each brother, how Mother Earth had sheltered him on a high ledge and how Father Sky had warmed his soul.

“You are no longer a boy,” said the elder, “but a young man. Father Sky has given you a new name, for you shall be known as Morning Arrow.”

Then the young man told of his experience with the Brother Eagle. “Yes,” said the elder, “Brother Eagle is like those who are waiting to help you on your journey into manhood. And some day soon you will become as Brother Eagle, a grown man, and you will help those who come after on their journey to manhood.”

Tonight we have someone who, once a boy, has become a young man. He has journeyed through the world of Cub Scouting and has earned his Arrow of Light, an award that he will wear on his uniform through his scouting life. As he crosses into Boy Scouting, he will have leaders who will carry him on their backs until he learns to soar on his own. Someday in the near future as he comes closer to manhood, he will reach the rank of Eagle Scout, with experiences along the way that will make him strong, reverent, kind, full of hope and joy, and a leader among those he serves. Let us Honor him now.

By Eric Christiansen, Wood Badge ticket, WE7-590-3-08

predators, and their young who were at risk were surrounded by the adults. They moved together knowing that part of their strength was their numbers. “Now I know why the Brother Buffalo is thought of for being so strong, for they stay together and become mighty” said the boy.

For many hours the boy traveled until he came to the edge of the mountains. There upon the rocks stood the big horn sheep. The boy crept up toward the big ram, but the sheep would always jump upon the rocks above and keep his distance. Upward they climbed, Brother Ram always in the lead. They climbed until the sun slipped beyond the mountains and the boy found himself on a ledge high above the plains in the distance. “Now I know why Brother Ram is so respected, for he is wise enough to always stay away from danger, and keep himself protected from things that may bring him harm” said the boy.

As the light slipped away, the boy wrapped himself in the skin and fell asleep. The air was cold and fresh, and dreams filled his head of his different brothers and what they had taught him. His sleep was broken as the darkness was replaced by a firry red sky. He filled his lungs with cold crisp air and watched as the sun began to rise on the thin line of the plain. With hills on either side of the sun, it appeared that the rising sun rested on a great arrow, an arrow full of fire and light. A great warmth filled his heart and he felt cold no more.

He was ready to climb down to make his return when a curious thing caught his eye. High above him on the mountain he saw Brother Eagle soaring on the morning winds. He would return to the nest and push the young eaglets out into the air. They would start to fly, but tumble through the air until Eagle would swoop down and catch the youth on his back. Up to the nest they would go to start the process again. Each time the eaglet would fly further before being rescued, until finally the boy saw the youth return to the nest without assistance.

Down the mountain the boy descended and across the plains he hiked following the smoke rising from the morning fires of his village. As he

Arrow of Light Ceremony
On Eagle's Wings

Many years ago a young boy lived with his village on the edge of the plains, where the foothills started to break up the land. He had reached the age where he was ready to cross into the realm of young men. He approached the elder and asked what he needed to do to become a man.

"You must journey by yourself and learn from our brothers of the field, from Mother Earth and Father Sky. They will teach you what you need to know, and if you learn you will gain their wisdom."

With that challenge from the elder, the boy took a skin and wrapped provisions in it and headed out into the wilderness. He walked for many lengths until he came to a meadow where he found Brother Coyote hunting for rabbits. He was cunning and quiet as he made his way through the tall grasses. Once he surprised a hare who took off running. The boy thought it curious that Coyote didn't run after his prey, simply laid down and rolled in the grass. The rabbit feeling secure stopped running and began to nibble the grass leaves. Coyote began to sneak around coming up far behind the rabbit until in one quick pounce the rabbit was his. Coyote used his energy wisely and out thought his prey. "Now I know why they call him the trickster" said the boy.

Further on his journey the boy met Brother Fox who was in search of field mice. He stood very still and listened intently. Suddenly he jumped into the grass and come up with a mouse. The boy watched Fox repeat this process many times. Fox was crafty enough to be patient and use his ears to find his prey. He did not waste his energy running around. "Now I know why they call him sly and crafty" said the boy.

As the boy traveled on he met a small herd of bison. They moved on without care and fear. Their mammoth size made them safe from