

I came across this poem, thought I'd share it with you, and the others. It "hits home" on what we, the adult Scouters are trying to achieve. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER
by: Wm. Allen Dromgoole

An old man, going a lone highway, came at the evening, cold and gray, to a chasm, vast and deep and wide, through which was flowing a sullen tide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim - that sullen stream had no fears for him, but he turned when he reached the other side, and built a bridge to span the sullen tide.

"Old Man", said a fellow pilgrim near, "You are wasting strength in building here. Your journey will end with the ending day; you never again must pass this way. You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide, why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head. "Good friend, in the path I have come," he said, "there followeth after me today, a youth whose feet must pass this way. This chasm that has been naught to me, to that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be. He, too, must cross in twilight dim; good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

-- Thanks to Dave Tracewell