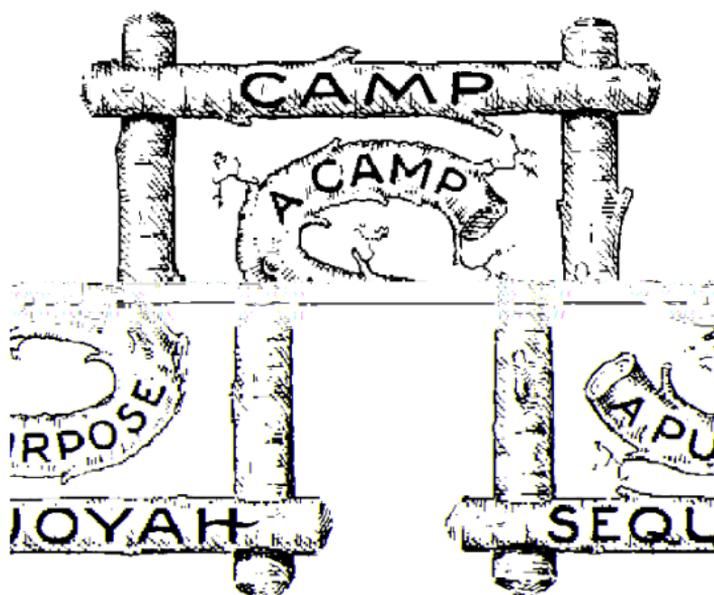


## SELECTIONS FOR CAMPERS



Dedicated to "Uncle Mike" Hoffman and  
to all Sequoyah campers, past, present,  
and future (1965)

"These things we knew together ...  
And these things we will remember,"

## CAMPERS

“We knew the consolation of great  
heights  
And the contentment of deep valleys;  
We saw the moon leap silver from the  
mountain peaks  
And watched the red sun die in a welter  
of mists on the horizon;  
We knew the white swift decline of vast  
snow fields  
And the small beauty of forest flowers;  
Our dreams rose with the smoke of our  
campfires in the wilderness  
And our friendship glowed with the  
embers of fir—fires;  
We shared hunger, thirst and the great  
struggle toward the mountain top  
As we shared the peace, good food and  
pleasant rest of our night camps;  
All these things entered into the pattern  
of our friendship and made it fine,  
These things, we knew together...  
And these things we will remember.”

Author Unknown

## WOODCRAFTERS

We have slept by the fading embers of a  
fire in a woodland vale,

And the heart of a man remembers  
A friend of the camp and trail.

We have slipped away from the world of  
men

And have closer drawn to our God  
again,

And closer come to the heart of each  
Than the fawner could with his  
Finest speech

Just this; we have shared the  
weather,

We have slumbered side by side,  
And friends who have camped  
together

Will never again divide—

Never again till the world is done,  
And even then, at the setting sun,  
In that other world we shall feel the  
bond

Of the earthly hills on the Hills Beyond.

-Douglas Walloch

## I HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING WITH THE HILLS

I have an understanding with the hills  
At evening when the slanted radiance  
fills  
Their hollows, and the great winds let  
them be,  
And they are quiet and look down at me.

Oh, then, I see the patience in their eyes  
Out of the centuries that made them  
wise.  
They lend me hoarded memory and I  
learn  
Their thoughts of granite and their  
whims of fern,

And why a dream of forests must endure  
Though every tree be slain

## CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while care will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn.

-John Muir

## HILLS

I never loved your plains! —  
    Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleached alleys  
I want my hills! — the trail  
That scorns the hollow.  
Up, up the ragged shale  
    Where few will follow,  
Up, ever wooded crest  
And mossy boulder  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder,  
So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until at close of day,  
I stand, exalted,  
High on my hills of dream  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then, how fair will seem  
The lands below me.  
How pure, at vesper—time,  
The far bells chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!

-Arthur Guiterman

## SERMONS WE SEE

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one  
any day,  
I'd rather one should walk with me than  
merely show the way.  
The eye's a better pupil and more willing  
than the ear:  
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's  
always clear;  
And the best of all the preachers are the  
men who live their creeds,  
For to see the good in action is what  
everybody needs.  
I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let  
me  
see it done.  
I can watch your hands in action, but  
your tongue too fast may run,  
And the lectures you deliver may be very  
wise  
and true;  
But I'd rather get my lesson by  
observing  
what you do.  
For I may misunderstand you and the  
high advice you give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how  
you act — and how you live.

-Edgar A. Guest

## IF

If you can keep your head when all about  
you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men  
doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting  
too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about don't deal in lies,

Or being hated don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too  
wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams  
your master;

If you can think and not make thoughts  
your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two imposters just the  
same:

If you can bear to have the truth you've  
spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for  
fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to  
broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out  
tools;

If you can make one heap of all your  
winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your  
beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and  
sinew  
To serve your turn far after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in  
you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold  
on!"  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your  
virtue,  
Or walk with kings – nor lose the common  
touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt  
you,  
If all men count with you, but none too  
much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute with  
sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in  
it,  
And – which is more – you'll be a man, my  
son;

-Rudyard Kipling

## THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
    And be one traveler, long I stood  
    And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back,

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

-Robert Frost

## STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow,

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake,  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

-Robert Frost

## THE RED BALLOON

“I always wanted a red balloon,  
It only cost a dime,  
But Ma said it was risky  
They broke so quickly  
And besides, she didn't have time;  
And even if she did, she didn't  
Think they were worth a dime.

“ We lived on a farm and I only went  
To the circus and a fair,  
And all the balloons I ever saw  
Were there.

There were yellow ones and blue ones,  
But the kind I loved the best  
Were red, and I don't see why  
She couldn't have stopped and said  
That maybe I could have one  
But she didn't.

I suppose that now  
You can buy them anywhere  
And that they still sell red ones  
At circuses and fairs.

I got a little money saved,  
I got a lot of time,  
I got no one to tell me

How to spend my dime,  
Plenty of balloons—but somehow  
There t s something died inside me,  
And I don't want one—now,"

## THE BOY

The river runs for a thousand leagues  
From the mountains to the sea:  
So far the dreams of boyhood run  
Out into the years to be.

The white foam breaks on the river t s  
breast  
And, traceless, fades away:  
So fades from boyhood t s cheerful  
thoughts  
The trouble of yesterday,

The river mirrors stars and clouds  
And the grasses 'long its brim:  
So the boy sees into your heart and  
mine,  
And gives back what we give to him.

-Author Unknown

## A CANDLE'S BEAUTY

The beauty of a candle touches me:  
It is so softly gay—  
So steadfast and so careless of itself  
Giving its life away.  
With waxen body, slender, white and still  
Melting as snow or ice,  
A little space of moments and of hours  
In which to shine and glow—  
A candle's beauty touches me, oh more  
Than anything I know.

-Ann Blackwell Payne

*Countee Cullen, a colored boy, has answered Al Seeger's famous challenge to death with an even more notable Challenge to Life:*

### **A CHALLENGE TO LIFE**

I have a rendezvous with Life,  
    In days I hope will come  
Ere youth has sped and strength of  
    mind,  
    Ere voices sweet grow dumb;  
I have a rendezvous with Life  
    When spring's first heralds hum,

Sure some would cry its better far  
    to crown their days with sleep,  
Than face the road, the wind and rain  
    To heed the calling deep.

Though wet nor blow nor space I fear,  
    Yet fear I deeply too,  
Lest death should greet and claim me  
    ere I keep life's rendezvous.

-Countee Cullen

## WORSHIP

God made my cathedral  
    Under the stars;  
He gave my cathedral  
    Trees for its spires;  
He hewed me an alter  
    In the depth of a hill  
He gave for a hymnal  
    A rock—bedded rill;  
He voiced me a sermon  
    Of heavenly light  
In the beauty around me —  
    The calmness of night;  
And I felt as I knelt  
On the velvet—like sod  
    I had sipped of the Spirit  
    In the Temple of God,  
                                    -Ruth Furbee

## IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING ...

If I can stop one heart from breaking, I  
shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again  
I shall not live in vain,

-Emily Dickenson

## EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire mist and a planet  
A crystal and a cell  
A jelly fish and a saurian  
And caves where the cave—men  
dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod —  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe rich tint on the cornfields  
And the wild geese sailing high

And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod  
Some of us call it Autumn  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach  
When the moon is new and thin  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Came welling and surging in—  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod,  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions, who humble and  
nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway plod,  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

-William Herbert Carruth

A boy was born 'mid little things  
Between a little world and sky  
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts  
Where little ventures grow: and plod,  
And paced, and ploughed his little plot  
And prayed unto his little god,

But as the mighty system grew  
His faith grew faint with many scars  
The cosmos widened in his view  
But God was lost among his stars.

Another boy in lowly days  
As he, to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways  
And from the glory of the morn,

As wider skies broke on his view  
God greatened in his growing mind  
Each year he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind,

He saw the boundless scheme dilate  
In star and blossom, sky and cloud  
And as the Universe grew great  
He dreamed for it a greater God.

-Sam Walter Foss

## THE WAYS

To every man there openeth  
A Way, and Ways, and a Way  
And the High soul climbs the High way  
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,  
And, in between, on the misty flats ,  
the rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth  
A High Way and a Low,  
And every man decideth  
the way his soul shall go.

-John Oxenham

## THE WINGED IDEAL

In spite of the stares of the wise  
and the world 's derision,  
Dare travel the star-blazed road,  
dare follow the Vision,  
It breaks as a hush on the soul  
in the wonder of Youth,  
And the lyrical dream of the boy  
is the kingly truth.  
The world is a vapor and only  
the Vision is real.  
Yes, nothing can hold against Hell  
but the winged Ideal.

-Edwin Markham

## THE WORLD IS MINE

Today, upon a bus, I saw a lovely maid  
with golden hair;  
I envied her — and she seemed so gay —  
and I wished I were so fair,  
When suddenly she rose to leave,  
I saw her hobble down the aisle;  
She had one foot and wore a crutch,  
but as she passed, a smile,

Oh God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two feet—the world is mine!

And when I stopped to buy some  
sweets,  
the lad who sold them had such  
charm  
I talked with him— he said to me:  
"It's nice to talk with folks like you.  
You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two eyes—the world is mine!

When walking down the street,  
I saw a child with eyes of blue.  
He stood and watched the others play!  
It seemed he knew not what to do.  
I stopped for a moment, then said:

“Why don’t you join the others,  
dear?” He looked ahead without a  
word, and then I knew he could not  
hear.

O God forgive me when I whine;  
I have two ears—the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I 'd go,  
With eyes to see the sunset’s glow,  
With ears to hear what I would know,

O God forgive me when I whine;  
I’m blessed indeed! The world is mine!

-Author Unknown

## LIFE OWES ME NOTHING

Life owes me nothing, Let the years  
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears;  
    Already a full cup I've quaffed;  
    Already wept and loved and laughed,  
And seen in ever-endless ways,  
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me naught.  
No pain that waits  
    Can steal the wealth from memory's  
    gates;  
    No aftermath or anguish slow  
    Can quench the soul-fire's early  
    glow.

I breathe, exulting, each new breath,  
Embracing Life, ignoring Death,

Life owes me nothing, One clear morn  
Is boon enough for being born;  
    And be it ninety years or ten,  
    No need for me to question when,  
While Life is mine, I'll find it good,  
And greet each hour with gratitude.

-Author Unknown

## EPITAPH

Here lies a white—crowned sparrow  
killed  
By a boy's careless gun;  
Pure motion, song and beauty stilled  
At random and "for fun".  
Forever lost is a small part of  
Nature's wise, creative heart,  
And in a boyish soul are bred  
Seeds of destruction. One bird dead  
And next a thousand more. What worth?  
Dead birds - or men - or plundered  
earth?

-Louise Bird Gile

Nature toiled for years on end,  
To bring this precious gift to men,  
For man with his clever brain and hand,  
Cannot create one grain of sand,  
Owning the land with paltry gold,  
Gives not the right to destroy its soul  
'Tis only loaned for our short stay  
To fill our needs for our day.  
We must think of the thousands yet to  
come,  
Who will sow their seeds in the summer  
sun.

-Isabelle Dahl

## HERE HATH BEEN DAWNING ...

Here hath been dawning  
    another blue day.  
Think, wilt thou let it  
    slip useless away?  
Behold it aforehand  
    no eye ever did,  
And soon again it  
    from all eyes shall be hid,  
Out of eternity  
    this new day was born;  
Into eternity it  
    at night will return.  
So here hath been dawning  
    another blue day.  
Think, wilt thou let it  
    slip useless away?

-E. M. Hoffman

## THE DAY

"The day will bring some lovely thing", n  
I say it over each new dawn;  
"Some gay, adventurous thing to hold  
Against my heart when it is gone."  
And so I rise and go to meet  
The day with wings upon my feet,

I come upon it unaware.  
Some sudden beauty without name:  
A snatch of song, a breath of pine,  
A poem lit with sudden flame;  
High tangled bird notes, keenly thinned,  
Like flying color on the wind.

No day has ever failed me quite:  
Before the grayest day is done  
I find some misty purple bloom,  
Or a late line of crimson sun.  
Each night I pause, remembering,  
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing,  
-Grace Nell Cromwell

## HEART'S DESIRE

Have you ever watched a campfire  
when the wood has fallen low,  
And the ashes start to whiten,  
Round the embers' crimson glow?

With the night sounds all around you  
Making silence doubly sweet,  
And a high full moon above you  
That the spell may be complete?  
Tell me! Were you ever nearer  
To the land of heart's desire  
Than when you sat there thinking  
With your feet before the fire?

-Virginia Eaton

## AS YOU THIS FIRE HAVE KINDLED

As you this fire have kindled,  
May its flame be fed by fuel that,  
with willing hands,  
You gather in the fields and open lands.  
Its backlog, courage for your lofty aims;  
The flickering flames are love of  
forest trails;  
And in the heart of the embers,  
burning deep,  
The love of home and hearthside may  
you keep,  
To glow more brightly though the  
flame's light fails,

You will go on along your forest way  
The trail you follow may be traced by  
fires  
That you have kindled through your high  
desires,  
And golden dreams you dream every  
day,  
Oh, may the dreams you dream in passing  
by,  
Burn clear and true against your evening  
sky!

-Elizabeth Collom

## THE SACRAMENT OF FIRE

Kneel always when you light a fire  
Kneel reverently, and thankful be  
For God's unfailing charity,  
And on the ascending flame inspire  
A little prayer, which shall upbear  
    the incense of your thankfulness  
For this sweet grace  
Of warmth and light!

For here again is sacrifice  
For your delight,  
Oak, elm and chestnut, beech and red  
    pine bole,  
God shrined his sunshine, and  
    unwombed  
For you these stores of light and heat  
Your life—joys to complete.  
These all have died that you might live:  
Yours now the high prerogative  
To loose their long captivities,  
And through these new activities  
A wider life to give.

Kneel always when you light a fire,  
Kneel reverently,  
And grateful be  
For God's unfailing charity.

-John Oxenham

## I WONDER

I wonder when you pack away this week the  
things you've used at camp and need no  
more,

Whether in fancy you will put away  
some other treasures gained  
among your store,

I wonder if within the garment folds, the scent  
of new-learned flowers may be laid,  
Or hidden in the corner of your trunk, a bird  
wing or a bit of pine tree shade

I wonder if perhaps when you unpack,  
attempting to shake out a stubborn fold  
There may come tumbling out before your  
eyes  
A sunset sky or tiny star of gold,

I wonder if, when you can do no more,  
and all the tray is packed quite firm and  
tight,  
You'll softly step and o'er it gently lay  
A moonlight mist you saw, some lovely night,

I wonder if the very last of all, because your  
trunk is locked to go away,  
You might just slip within your heart's small  
wall,  
Some of the peace and love you learned at  
camp today,

-Frances M. Frost

## TEN LAWS FOR THE WOODCRAFTER

**Dress the part.** Show by your dress your respect and esteem for the wild folk of the forest and the beauty of nature.

**Equip yourself properly,** Take only what you actually need.

**Be quiet** — walking, speech. Real woodsmen are never loud talkers or noisy walkers.

**Follow the leader.** Do not go before or lag behind,

**Be observant:** nature, plants and animals, weather, stars.

**Keep clean:** clothing and bedding, body, utensils.

**Be careful:** walking and climbing, with tools, hygiene.

**Use good judgment:** Don't play the fool. Don't show off.

**Smooth it.** Tenderfeet rough it.

**Share with your comrades of the trail** — work, experiences, friendship.

-C. Walton Johnson

## **LINCOLN - THE SECRET OF HIS GREATNESS**

Lincoln's greatness lay not in his skill as a rail-splitter – lesser men have had more skill with an axe - but in his willingness to meet a need by splitting rails; not in his intellect – lesser men have been more brilliant – but in the quality of his thinking and his intellectual courage; not in his ability as a politician – lesser men have been more successful politicians – but in the quality of his statesmanship; not in his religious views – lesser men have been greater theologians – but in his spiritual insights, his moral courage and the compassion of his emotional responses.

-C. Walton Johnson

## **THE POWER OF IDEALS ...**

The power of ideals is incalculable. We see no power in a drop of water. But let it get into a crack in the rock and be turned into ice, and it splits the rock; turned into steam, it drives the pistons of the most powerful engines. Something has happened to it which makes active and effective the power that is latent within it.

-Albert Schweitzer

## LEADERSHIP

The boss drives his men; the leader  
coaches them,  
The boss depends upon authority; the  
leader on good will.  
The boss inspires fear; the leader  
inspires enthusiasm.  
The boss says, "I"; the leader says, "We".  
The boss assigns the tasks; the leader  
sets the pace.  
The boss says: "Get here on time"; the  
leader gets there ahead of time,  
The boss fixes the blame for the  
breakdown; the leader fixes the  
breakdown  
The boss knows how it is done; the  
leader shows how,  
The boss makes work a drudgery; the  
leader makes it a game.  
The boss says, "Go"; the leader says,  
"Lets go".  
The world needs leaders; but nobody  
wants a boss,

-E. Dodge Dora

## MY CREED

I do not choose to be a common man  
It is my right to be uncommon – if I can  
I seek opportunity – not security,

I do not wish to be a kept citizen,  
humbled and dulled by having the state  
look after me. I want to take the  
calculated risk; to dream and to build,  
to fail and to succeed, I refuse to barter  
incentive for a dole,

I prefer the challenges of life to the  
guaranteed existence; the thrill of  
fulfillment to the stale calm of utopia.

I will not trade freedom for beneficence  
nor my dignity for a handout. I will never  
cower before any master nor bend to  
any threat,

It is my heritage to stand erect, proud,  
and unafraid; to think and act for  
myself, to enjoy the benefits of my  
creations and to face the world boldly  
and say, “This I have done”.

All this is what it means to be an  
American,

-Dean Alfange

## MATURITY

Maturity is many things. First, it is the ability to base a judgment on the Big Picture - The Long Haul. It means being able to pass up the fun-for-the-minute and select the course of action which will pay off later, One of the characteristics of infancy is the “I want it NOW” approach. Grown-up people can wait.

Maturity is the ability to stick with a project or a situation until it is finished. The adult who is constantly changing jobs, changing friends, and changing mates is immature. He cannot stick it out because he has not grown up. Everything seems to turn sour after a while,

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness, frustration, discomfort, and defeat without complaint or collapse. The mature person knows he can't have everything his own way. He is able to defer to circumstances, to other people, and to time.

Maturity is the ability to live up to your responsibilities, and this means being dependable. It means keeping

your word. And dependability equates with personal integrity, Do you mean what you say and say what you mean?

The world is filled with people who can't be counted on. People who never seem to come through in the clutches. People who break promises and substitute alibis for performance. They show up late - or not at all. They are confused or disorganized. Their lives are a chaotic maze of unfinished business.

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. Immature people spend their lives exploring endless possibilities and then do nothing. Action requires courage. And there is no maturity without courage.

Maturity is the ability to harness your abilities and your energies and to do more than is expected. The mature person refuses to settle for mediocrity. He would rather aim high and miss the mark than aim low and make it.

-Ann Landers

## HAPPINESS

Dear Abby,

Happiness is knowing your parent won't almost kill you if you come home a little late. Happiness is having your own bedroom. Happiness is having parents who trust you, Happiness is getting the telephone call you've been praying for, Happiness is getting good grades and making your parents proud of you, Happiness is being included in the popular circle. Happiness is having parents who don't fight. Happiness is knowing you are as well dressed as anybody. Happiness is something I don't have.

FIFTEEN & UNHAPPY

Dear Fifteen and Unhappy:

Unhappiness is having to punish your fifteen-year-old for coming home later and later. Unhappiness is listening to our son gripe about having to share a room with his brother when he should be old enough to understand that all parents aren't able to provide financially each with his own bedroom

Unhappiness is knowing your 15-year-old can't be trusted. Unhappiness is finding out that the reason your son's grades are poor is because he cut classes, came unprepared for tests and never did his homework.

Unhappiness is in knowing that the "popular circle" your son runs with will call him chicken if he doesn't do what they do, regardless. Unhappiness is knowing that your son will be well-dressed only if you hang up his clothes, shine his shoes and see that he hangs his socks and underwear. Unhappiness is something we have brought upon ourselves because we loved our son so much we couldn't say NO to him. UNHAPPY PARENTS

Dear Fifteen & Unhappy:  
Happiness is coming home on time so your parents won't worry, Happiness is having someone to share a bedroom with, Happiness is proving to your parents that you can be trusted, Happiness is in realizing that sometimes you're lucky you don't get what you pray for because it isn't always good for you, Happiness is including someone who is lonely and unpopular in your circle, Happiness is having two parents who haven't already fought it out in the divorce courts, Happiness is keeping the clothes you have neat and clean and not worrying about whether somebody else is "better dressed". Happiness is not something you get. It is something you give. FIFTEEN & HAPPY

## GIVING

You give but little when you give of your  
possessions,

It is when you give of yourself that you  
truly give.

For what are your possessions but  
things you keep and guard for fear  
you may need them tomorrow?

And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow  
bring to the overprudent dog burying  
bones in the trackless sand as he  
follows the pilgrims to the holy city?

And what is fear of need but need itself?

Is not dread of thirst when your well is  
full, the thirst that is unquenchable?

There are those who give with joy, and  
that joy is their reward.

And there are those who give with pain,  
and that pain is their baptism.

And there are those who give and know  
not pain in giving, nor do they seek  
joy, nor give with mindfulness of  
virtue;

They give as in yonder valley the myrtle  
breathes its fragrance into space.

Through the hands of such as these God  
speaks, and from behind their eyes

He smiles upon the earth,

-Kahlil Gibran

## QUOTATIONS TO LIVE BY

"O Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference."

-Anon.

"We think there are circumstances when we may deal with human beings without love, but there are no such circumstances"

-Tolstoy

"Worry never robs tomorrow of its sorrow; it only saps today of its Strength,"

-A. J. Cronin

"Without trust a civilized society cannot endure. When the people who are too smart to be good, fool the people who are too good to be smart, then society begins to crumble."

-Marya Mannes

"A boy does not, have to be shown a mark on the wall to measure up to, when there is a man around about the size he wants to be "

-Wilford A. Peterson

“The measure of a man’s character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out.”

-Thomas B. MacCaulay

Man’s greatest glory is not in his never falling, but in rising every time he falls.”

-John Pope

"Success is having the courage to meet failure without being defeated.¶

-Wilford A. Peterson

“On the plains of hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, within sight of the goal, sat down to rest and resting, died.”

-Unknown

"By not listening, we lose the power to hear,  
By not seeing, we lose Our sight,  
He who believes not, from him will be taken away even the faith he has.

-C. Walton Johnson

## CALLS TO WORSHIP

The Lord is in His holy temple: Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake His way, and the righteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

O come let us sing unto the Lord;  
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving  
Let us make a joyful noise unto Him with Psalms.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts  
are open, all desires known, and  
from whom no secrets are hid;  
Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts  
by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit,  
that we may perfectly love thee, and  
worthily magnify Thy holy name;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Amen.

### SEQUOYAH GRACES

*Morning:*

Gracious Giver of all good  
Thee we thank for rest and food.  
Grant that all we do or say  
In Thy service be this day.

*Noon:*

Father, for this noonday meal  
We would speak the praise we feel.  
Health and strength we have from  
Thee;  
Help us, Lord, to faithful be.

*Night:*

Tireless Guardian of our way,  
Thou has kept us well this day.  
While we thank Thee, we request  
Care continued, pardon, rest.

## BENEDICTIONS

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be amongst you, and remain with you always, Amen

The Lord bless and keep us, The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, and give us peace both now and forever more. Amen.

Our Father, help us to root our lives as deeply as Thy trees, which grow so grandly; to rise straight and true as Thy grasses, which grow so simply; to make the results of our living as beautiful as Thy flowers, which blossom so radiantly, Amen.

## THE WALTER COXE BLESSING

O God of all Outdoors and of every living  
thing,

Help us to make Thy Way our way,  
And keep us mindful always of the  
needs of others.

Give us a reverence for all Your Creation  
That we may be good stewards of  
Thy many blessings and will treat  
them

As assets to be passed on to future  
generations, enhanced and not  
impaired.

And that we may use Thy resources  
wisely in the service of others and to  
Your honor and glory forever.

Amen.

*Sources: Walter Coxe Blessing (first  
three lines), President Theodore  
Roosevelt (lines engraved in the  
foyer of the American Museum of  
Natural History, New York City), and  
the Episcopal Book of Common  
Prayer.*

## MESSAGE FOR MEDITATION

Teach me, O God  
To love more than hate,  
To give more than get,  
To help more than hinder,  
To serve more than shirk,  
To worship more than wonder,  
To praise more than prattle,  
To live more than loiter;  
That I may be an instrument for Thy  
praise rather than a stumbling block  
for others.

Amen.

## A BENEDICTION

May the silence of the hills,  
The joy of the winds,  
The peace of the fields,  
The music of the birds,  
The fire of the sun,  
The strength of the trees,  
In all of which is God.  
Be in your hearts.

Amen.

## A BOY'S PRAYER

GIVE me clean hands, clean words and  
clean thoughts;

HELP me to stand for the hard right  
against the easy wrong;

SAVE me from habits that harm;

TEACH me to work as hard and play as fair  
in Thy sight alone, as if all the world  
saw;

FORGIVE me when I am unkind, and  
help me to forgive those who are  
unkind to me;

KEEP me ready to help others at some  
cost to myself;

SEND me chances to do a little good  
every day, and so grow more like  
Christ.

-William DeWitt Hyde

## PRAYER FOR YOUTH

Eternal God, whose holy purpose for all mankind was revealed in Jesus of Nazareth;

Grant to young people everywhere vision and strength for this day;

That, equipped by Thee for larger years to come and possessed of wider boundaries of heart and mind, they may ever seek to keep abreast of truth and walk in purity and faith along Thy holy way.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Amen

## PRAYER OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Eternal God, we praise Thee, we worship  
Thee, we yield Thee most hearty  
thanks for the glory of Thy presence  
in the great out-of-doors.

The mountains speak to us of Thy  
strength; may we be strong to serve.

The woods tell us of the lavishness of  
Thy love; do Thou shed abroad Thy  
love in our hearts.

The still waters speak peace to our  
souls; oh, may we know the peace  
which passeth all understanding!

The beauty of the sun fills us with  
gladness; may the beauty of holiness  
in our lives bring gladness to those  
around us.

The gentle rain cleanses, refreshes,  
brings us the power of growth; do  
Thou give us Thy Holy Spirit that we  
may be clean, bringing forth fruit to  
the uplifting of mankind, the  
extending of Thy kingdom, the  
exalting of Thy holy name.

Our Father, Thou art the source of all  
joys; may we so enter into Thy joy  
that we shall reveal to others the  
glory of our God and of His Son  
Jesus Christ, our Lord and Guide. Amen,

## CADET PRAYER - WEST POINT

O God our Father, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and in truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural.

Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of pretense and hypocrisy ever to diminish,

Encourage us in our endeavor to live above the common level of life. make us choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half—truth.

Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy,

Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life,

May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth and feel inherent disgust for all coarse—minded humor,

May we acquit ourselves like men in  
doing our duty to Thee and to our  
country, All of which we ask in the  
name of the great friend and master  
of men, Amen.

-Col. C. E. Wheat, Chaplain  
U.S. Military Academy

## A PRAYER

Almighty God, Who hast made the world  
and all that therein is;  
We thank Thee for little things and large,  
For life, and light, and love, and Thee,  
O Master of our souls, Creator, Friend,  
and Father.  
We thank Thee for the miracle of bread  
and the sun's rising;  
For fire and water; for rain and  
sunshine;  
For birds and cats and dogs and  
daffodils.  
We thank Thee for the hand that meets  
our hand;  
For love that speaks in silence.  
We thank Thee for Faith that looks  
through death,  
Help us, O Lord, to behold Thyself in all  
Thy works,  
That we may perceive the marvelous in  
the commonplace,  
The permanent in the transitory,  
The immortal in the momentary,  
And Thine own incorruptible Self  
the source of all,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Amen.

## A PRAYER

O Father, Whose voice I hear in the winds and Whose breath gives life to all the world, hear us. We are Your children.

We need Your strength and wisdom. Let us walk in beauty and may our eyes ever behold the red sunrise and the purple sunset,

Make our hands respect the things You have made, our ears sharp to hear Your voice, like us learn the lessons You have hidden in every leaf and rock,

We need strength to fight, not our brothers, but our strongest enemy: our self.

Make us ever ready to come to You with clean hands and straight eye, so that, when life fades as the fading sunset, our spirits may come to You without shame.

Amen.

## PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy  
peace,  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,  
Where there is injury, pardon,  
Where there is doubt, faith,  
Where there is darkness, light,  
Where there is sadness, joy.  
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so  
much seek to be consoled  
As to console;  
To be understood as to understand;  
To be loved as to love.  
For it is in giving that we receive,  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
And it is in dying that we are born to  
Eternal Life,

(Although written 700 years ago, it  
expresses simply and beautifully a  
way of life for all times.)

-Saint Francis of Assisi

## PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Young man, chieftain,  
Reared within the mountains,  
Lord of the Mountain  
Hear a young man's prayer!  
Hear a prayer for cleanness  
Keeper of the He rain  
Drumming on the mountain,  
Lord of the She rain,  
That restores the earth in newness  
Keeper of the clean rain,  
Hear a prayer for wholeness!  
Young Man, Chieftain,  
Hear a prayer for fleetness,  
Keeper of the deer's way,  
Reared among the eagles,  
Clear my feet of slothness!  
Keeper of the Paths of Men,  
Hear a prayer for straightness!  
Hear a prayer for courage,  
Keeper of the lightning,  
Heard amid the thunder,  
Keeper of the dark cloud  
At the doorway of the morning  
Hear a prayer for staunchness!  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Spirit of the Mountain!

-Mary Austin

## EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very life of Life,

In its brief course lie all the

Varieties and Realities of Existence:

The Bliss of Growth,

The Glory of Action,

The Splendor of Beauty;

For Yesterday is but a Dream

And Tomorrow is only a Vision:

But Today well-lived makes

Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to this Day!

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

-From the Sanskrit by Kalidosa,

Indian dramatist

## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

No man is an island, entire of itself;  
every man is a piece of a continent,  
a part of the main; if a clod be  
washed away by the sea, Europe is  
the less, as well as if a promontory  
were, as well as if a manor of thy  
friend's or of thine own were; any  
man's death diminishes me,  
because I am involved in mankind;  
and therefore, never send to know  
for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for  
thee!

-John Donne

## REMEMBER ONLY TODAY

Finish every day and be done with it.  
You have done with it what you could.  
Some blunders and absurdities crept  
in, no doubt; forget them as soon as  
you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin  
it well and serenely and with too high  
a spirit to be cumbered with your old  
nonsense. This day is all that is good  
and fair. It is too dear with its hopes  
and aspirations to waste a moment  
upon the yesterday.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

## HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go awandering  
    Along the mountain track  
    And as I go I love to sing,  
    My knapsack on my back.

### ***Refrain:***

Val-de-ri, val-de-ra,  
Val-de-ra, val-de-ra-ha-ha-ha-ha—ha  
Val-de-ri, val-de-ra,  
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream  
    That dances in the sun;  
    So joyously it calls to me,  
    "Come, join my happy song!"

### ***(Refrain)***

I wave my hat to all I meet,  
    And they wave back to me;  
    And blackbirds call so loud and sweet  
    From every greenwood tree.

### ***(Refrain)***

High overhead the skylarks wing;  
    They never rest at home.  
    But just like me they love to sing  
    As o'er the world we roam.

### ***(Refrain)***

Oh, may I go awandering  
Until the day I die;  
Oh, may I always laugh and sing  
Beneath God 's clear blue sky!

*(Refrain)*

## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

This land is your land, this land is my  
land,  
From California to the New York island,  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf  
Stream waters—  
This land was made for you and me,

As I went roaming that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway,  
I saw below me that golden valley;  
This land was made for you and me,

I've roamed and rambled,  
I've followed my footsteps  
Across the sands of hot golden  
deserts,  
And all around me a voice keeps  
singing —  
This land was made for you and me..

This land is your land, etc.

## PATSY ORY ORY AYE

### Refrain:

Patsy ory ory aye, Patsy ory ory aye,  
Patsy ory ory aye, workin' on the  
railroad.

In 1851, American railroad just begun,  
American railroad just begun,  
workin' on the railroad. (*Refrain*)

In 1852, looking around for something  
to do, ( etc. ) (*Refrain*)

In 1853, section boss accepted me, ( etc. )  
( *Refrain* )

In 1854, found my back a—gettin sore,  
(etc, ) (*Refrain*)

In 1855, found myself more dead than  
alive, ( etc. ) (*Refrain*)

In 1856, dropped a couple of dynamite  
sticks, (etc.) (*Refrain*)

In 1857, found myself on the way to  
heaven, ( etc, ) (*Refrain*)

In 1858, picked the lock on the pearly  
gate, (etc, ) (*Refrain*)

In 1859, floatin' around on a cloud  
sublime, (etc. ) (*Refrain*)

## TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

### **Refrain:**

Go tell it on the mountain  
Over the hills and everywhere,  
Go tell it on the mountain  
To let my people go,

Who's that yonder dressed in red?  
Let my people go,  
Must be the children that Moses led.  
Let my people go,  
**(Refrain)**

Who's that yonder dressed in white?  
Let my people go.  
Must be the children of the Israelite.  
Let my people go.  
**(Refrain)**

Who's that yonder dressed in black?  
Let my people go,  
Must be the Hypocrites turning back.  
Let my people go.  
**(Refrain)**

## BLOWIN IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man;  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
How many times must the cannonballs fly  
Before they're forever banned?

### Refrain:

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
wind;  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
How many years must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
How many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?  
**(Refrain)**

How many years can a mountain  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
How many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free ?  
How many times can a man turn his head  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
**(Refrain)**

## AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties,  
Above the fruited plain  
America! America! God shed His grace  
on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life.  
America! America! May God thy gold  
refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears  
America! America! God shed His grace  
on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

## THE ASH GROVE

The ash-grove, how graceful,  
    how plainly 'tis speaking,  
The harp through it playing  
    has language for me;  
Whenever the light through  
    its branches is breaking,  
A host of kind faces is gazing on me;  
The friends of my childhood  
    again are before me,  
Each step wakes a mem'ry  
    as freely I roam;  
With soft whispers laden,  
    its leaves rustle o'er me,  
The ash-grove, the ash-grove  
    alone is my home.  
My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,  
Old countryside measures  
    steal soft on my ear;  
I only remember  
    the past and its brightness,  
The dear ones I mourn for  
    again gather here;  
From out of the shadows  
    their loving looks greet me,  
And wistfully searching  
    the leafy green dome,  
I find other faces  
    fond bending to greet me,  
The ash-grove, the ash-grove  
    alone is my home.

## AMEN

### Refrain:

A-men, a-men, a-men, a-men, a-men.

See the little baby, Lying in a manger,  
On Christmas morning. A-men, a-men.

### ***(Refrain)***

See Him in the temple, Talking to the Elders  
How they marveled at His Wisdom. A,-men,  
a-men.

### ***(Refrain)***

See Him at the seaside, Preaching and  
healing,  
To the blind and feeble, A-men, a-men,

### ***(Refrain)***

See Him in the garden, Praying to His  
Father,  
In deepest sorrow. A-men, a-men,

### ***(Refrain)***

Yes, He is my Savior, Jesus died to save us,  
And He rose on Easter. A-men, a-men,  
( Refrain)

Hallelujah, In the Kingdom,  
With my Savior, A-men, a-men,

### ***(Refrain)***

(Note: Refrain is sung in background  
throughout all verses.)

## DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the valley so low,  
Hang your head over, hear the wind  
    blow,  
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind  
    blow.  
Hang your head over, hear the wind  
    blow

.  
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,  
Angels in heaven know I love you;  
Know I love you, dear, know I love you,  
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

If you don't love me, love whom you  
    please.  
Throw your arm 'round me, give my  
    heart ease.  
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart  
    ease;  
Throw your arm 'round me, give my  
    heart ease.

Write me a letter containing these lines,  
Answer my questions, will you be mine?  
Will you be mine, dear, will you be mine?  
Answer my question, will you be mine?

## JESUS WALKED THIS LONESOME VALLEY

Jesus walked this lonesome valley,  
He had to walk it by Himself  
Oh, nobody else could walk it for Him;  
He had to walk it by Himself.  
You must walk this lonesome valley,  
You must walk it by yourself  
Oh, nobody else can walk it for you;  
You have to walk it by yourself,  
I must walk this lonesome valley,  
I have to walk it by myself  
Oh, nobody else can walk it for me;  
I have to walk it by myself

## KUM BA YAH

Kum by yah, my Lord, Kum by yah!  
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!  
O Lord, Kum ba yah!  
Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
(etc.) **(softly)**  
Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
(etc.)  
Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!  
(etc.)  
**(Repeat first verse)**

## I WONDER AS I WANDER

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,  
    Why Jesus my Savior did come for to  
    die,  
For poor ornery people like you and like  
    I,  
I wonder as I wander out under the sky

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a  
    cow's stall,  
With wise men and angels and  
    shepherds and all,  
While from the high Heavens the angels  
    did call  
As the promise of ages, it did then  
    recall,

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,  
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing,  
For all of God's angels in Heav'n for to  
    sing,  
He surely could have had it, for He was  
    a King,

***(Repeat first verse)***

(Note: This is an Appalachian folk song  
collected by John Jacob Niles.)

## WERE YOU THERE

Were you there when they crucified my  
Lord? Were you there when they  
crucified my Lord?

Oh ! Sometimes it causes me to  
tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they crucified my  
Lord?

Were you there when they nailed Him to  
a tree?

Were you there when they nailed Him to  
a tree?

Oh ! Sometimes it causes me to  
tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they nailed Him to  
a tree?

Were you there when they laid Him in  
the tomb?

Were you there when they laid Him in  
the tomb?..

Oh....! Sometimes it causes me to  
tremble, tremble, tremble,  
Were you there when they laid Him in  
the tomb?

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With thy tend'rest blessing  
May your eyelids close.

Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every suff'rer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain,

When the morning wakens  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

Amen.

## I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true,  
    For there are those Who trust me;  
I would be pure,  
    For there are those who care;  
I would be strong,  
    For there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave,  
    For there is much dare,  
I would be brave,  
    For there is much to dare,  
I would be friend  
    To all the foe, the friendless;  
I would be giving,  
    And forget the gift;  
I would be humble,  
    For I know my weakness;  
I would look up,  
    And laugh, and love, and lift,  
I would look up,  
    And laugh, and love, and lift.

Amen.