



Pack 262 News

December 15, 2010



“A Scout Christmas” Shows the Importance of Doing a Good Turn Daily and Giving to Others

In spite of the fun and laughter, 13-year-old Frank Wilson was not happy. It was true he had received all the presents he wanted. And he enjoyed the traditional Christmas Eve reunions with relatives for the purpose of exchanging gifts and good wishes. But, Frank was not happy because this was his first Christmas without his brother, Steve, who was away at college and would not be coming home for the holidays.

Frank missed his brother and the close companionship they had together. Frank said good-bye to his relatives and explained to his parents that he was leaving a little early to see a friend; and from there he could walk home. Since it was cold outside, Frank put on his new plaid jacket. It was his FAVORITE gift. He placed the other presents on his new sled. Then Frank headed out, hoping to find the patrol leader of his Boy Scout troop. Frank always felt understood by him. Though rich in wisdom, he lived in the Flats, the section of town where most of the poor lived, and his patrol leader did odd jobs to help support his family.

To Frank's disappointment, his friend was not at home. As Frank hiked down the street toward home, he caught glimpses of trees and decorations in many of the small houses. Then, through one front window, he glimpsed a shabby room with limp stockings hanging over an empty fireplace. A woman was seated nearby . . . weeping. The stockings reminded him of the way he and his brother had always hung theirs side by side. The next morning, they would be bursting with presents.

A sudden thought struck Frank : he had not done his 'good deed' for the day. Before the impulse passed, he knocked on the door. 'Yes?' the sad voice of the woman asked. 'May I come in?' asked Frank. 'You are very welcome,' she said, seeing his sled full of gifts, and assuming he was making a collection, 'but I have no food or gifts for you. I have nothing for my own children.'

'That's not why I am here,' Frank replied. 'Please choose whatever presents you would like for your children from the sled.'

'Why, God bless you!' the amazed woman answered gratefully. She selected some candies, a game, the toy airplane and a puzzle. When she took the Scout flashlight, Frank almost cried out. Finally, the stockings were full.

'Won't you tell me your name?' she asked, as Frank was leaving.

'Just call me the Christmas Scout,' he replied.

The visit left Frank touched, and with an unexpected flicker of joy in his heart. He understood that his sorrow was not the only sorrow in the world. Before he left the Flats, he had given away the remainder of his gifts. The plaid jacket had gone to a shivering boy.

Now Frank trudged homeward, cold and uneasy. How could he explain to his parents that he had given his presents away? 'Where are your presents, son?' asked his father as Frank entered the house.

Frank answered, 'I gave them away.'

'The airplane from Aunt Susan? Your coat from Grandma? Your flashlight? We thought you were happy with your gifts.'

'I was very happy,' the boy answered quietly.

'But Frank, how could you be so impulsive?' his mother asked. 'How will we explain to the relatives who spent so much time and gave so much love shopping for you?'

His father was firm. 'You made your choice, Frank. We cannot afford any more presents.'

With his brother gone, and his family disappointed in him, Frank suddenly felt dreadfully alone. He had not expected a reward for his generosity, for he knew that a good deed always should be its own reward. It would be tarnished otherwise. So he did not want his gifts back; however he wondered if he would ever again truly recapture joy in his life. He thought he had this evening, but it had been fleeting.

The next morning, he came downstairs to find his parents listening to Christmas music on the radio. Then the announcer spoke: 'Merry Christmas, everybody! The nicest Christmas story we have this morning comes from the Flats. A crippled boy down there has a new sled this morning, another youngster has a fine plaid jacket, and several families report that their children were made happy last night by gifts from a teenage boy who simply called himself the Christmas Scout. No one could identify him, but the children of the Flats claim that the Christmas Scout was a personal representative of old Santa Claus himself.'

Frank felt his father's arms go around his shoulders, and he saw his mother smiling through her tears. 'Why didn't you tell us? We didn't understand. We are so proud of you, son.'

Mark Your Calendars Now For These Upcoming Pack Events:

2011 Pinewood Derby – Saturday, January 15, 2011 10:45 AM – 2:30 PM MUR

January Pack Meeting – Thursday, January 20, 2011 7PM MUR

Blue and Gold Banquet – Friday, February 11, 2011 5:00 PM – 8:30 PM MUR

