

“A BOY’S EYES”

“I’d like to be a Cub Scout”...
(His eyes were clear and true)
“I’d like to learn, and play, and build,
Like Jim and Freddy do.”

“I know how to use a hammer;
I can drive a nail if I try...
I’m eight years old, I’m big and
strong
And hardly ever cry.”

I gave him the application
And parent-participation sheet.
(His eyes were filled with sunshine
As he left on dancing feet)

Next day my friend was back again,
A dejected little lad.
“I guess I’ll skip the Cub Scouts.”
(His eyes were dark and sad.)

“My mom is awfully busy,
She has lots of friends, you see,
She’d never have time for a Den,
She hardly has time for me.”

“And dad is always working...
He’s hardly ever there,
To give them any more to do
Just wouldn’t be quite fair.”

He handed me back the papers
With the dignity of eight years,
And smiling bravely left me.
(His eyes were filled with tears.)

Do you see your own boy’s eyes
As other people may?
How he looks when you’re “too busy”
Or “just haven’t time today”?

A boy is such a special gift...
Why won’t you realize
It only takes a little time
To put sunshine in his eyes.

You say, “I’ll start tomorrow”
But tomorrow is far away.
He’s a boy for such a short time
So won’t you start today?