



# The Disembodiment of the Young Mr. Broccoli

*A story by Linda Arnold*

Almost 20 days ago I started on an adventure that would be like nothing I have ever done in Scouting before. I've been to Wood Badge, so being put with 7 other people that I don't know wasn't a big deal. I wasn't worried about that. I was worried because I had absolutely NO IDEA what was in store for me. That's what was terrifying. But, I had a built in comfort; several of my Scouter friends were going and I knew at least 2 of the ASM's of Program on this wonderful Powder Horn course, and my beloved hubby was going as well - so I really should not have been fearful. My bags were packed and we were off.

The first weekend was a blur of guns (which freak me out), targets, stuffed animals, team building, fly fishing (I caught "bait" as my daddy calls it), Dutch oven cooking, wilderness survival (I ate cactus - yum-o!), rock climbing, MOP Challenge accepting, bike riding (for the first time in 6 years), scuba diving (not for me - but my crew), horse riding (I didn't get on one), learn what your Crew can do - learning, packed to the gills with activities for 3 days. Whew! In short, the first weekend was amazing in ways that I can't even explain.

But then, this past weekend was our second and sadly, final weekend. I figured that we couldn't do much more, but I was wrong. So very WRONG!

We were short 2 of our Crew members for the first part of the day on Friday. That wasn't cool, but we did the best that we could do without them. We first had a geocaching-photo-scavenger-hunt around Galveston. Now, I realize that Galveston its self is only like 19 miles long, but when you are crisscrossing it, several times, it can seem longer. We were given 11 clues to destinations, for some reason my Crew ended up at 13 destinations. It was great! What an amazing team building exercise. I've never gotten in and out of a car so much in one day. And I must apologize again to lovely Rue, the seat belt thingy was hard to find...

## *The view of Powder Horn from the eyes of an adult.*



In the middle of the day we ended up at the local Maroon Shores of Aggie Land and got to goof around the campus learning about the wetlands, brackish water and marvel at this dudes beautiful hair. Then the real fun started and we got to go on these multi-million dollar ship simulators.

After crashing our ships into other vessels or sailing the really high seas (30 foot waves), we got to head back to Sea Base Galveston for an ultra-cool presentation of outdoor equipment and the correct usage of them.

Saturday brought some terrific storms with the sunrise and even though we were confined to the upstairs that morning, we still got to learn how to tie fishing flies (Mr. Scherer is the most awesome fisherman that I know), crash ski or fishing boats on a small simulator and play with crabs for a while. The afternoon brought beautiful weather with it and we all got to go out sailing and kayaking.

I have never been sailing before. Ski boats, fishing boats, no problem. I'm good. Sailing boats - yeah, not so much. We, that's 3 of my Crew and myself were on this small (I think they kept calling it a "sonar") boat with our Skipper. Once we left the safety of the marina and were on the open water, I will admit that I have never been so scared in my life. Sure, i have issues with not being able to see though the water, sure I'm a "big girl" who could easily tip the boat over if I'm on the wrong side, and, oh yeah, I can't tie a knot to save my life. So, if you are like me, you're asking what the heck I'm doing on a sail boat. The answer my friends is that I have no idea.

The wind was blowing fast, we were clipping right along. At one point, we "buried the rails" and that was terrifying. When I awoke Saturday morning, if you told me that I would be standing almost upright between the seats of the boat while one side had water overlapping it, I would have laughed at you. Why would I put myself in this precarious situation? I don't know. I am proud of myself for not cussing like a sailor, even though I will probably never been in a more appropriate setting (if you take the Scout element out of it). And I am proud of myself for doing something new. Even though it was teeth chattering scary, it was 1000% more exhilarating. I totally get it now. And that's saying something. Next we were off to kayaking.

*The view of Powder Horn from the eyes of an adult.*



Also something that I had never done before. A special Thanks to AI for making sure I didn't send us both into the drink on this one. We paddled around the harbor (bay, I don't know what it was) for the better part of 45 minutes. It was a blast and I had a great instructor in AI. Thank you my friend for keeping me out of the water!

At this point a smart Linda would have re-applied her sunscreen, donned a hat and gotten some sunglasses, but alas, smart Linda was nowhere to be seen on this day.

Next we were off on the "Tomfoolery", a really awesome Schooner Sail boat. I was blessed to have a lovely conversation with the owner of the boat who donated it to Sea Scout Base Galveston and another skipper-type who built one just like the Tomfoolery only longer. That was an amazing experience and not nearly as scary as the one on the little bitty sail boat, which i have now stated to call the "death boat". With love, of course. After the amazing cruise around the harbor I was blessed to be able to go on the catamaran with my wonderful hubby and "Big Pat" and his wonderful wife. This catamaran was owned by the architect of Sea Scout Base Galveston, and it was the most wonderful ride of the day. I got to chill out on the deck of this big boat, on restful water (the wind had dyed down by this point), with the sun in my face, the breeze in my hair and my Richard by my side and my friends in front of me. It was so serene and peaceful on the water. No motor noises to distract you, no kids screaming about whatever, no cell phones ringing...It was just me and the water hitting the side of the boat. The sea gulls communicating with each other, the wind blowing past my ears making a whistling noise with the sun shining on me, wrapping me in the warmest of embraces. This was a perfect moment. One that I was able to share with my hubby.

At the luau we had that night, sitting at the Blue Crew table, looking around at all the participants and staff in their Hawaiian best, it struck me that most of the weekend had been one gigantic perfect moment. Seeing my group of 6 (+me) laughing, chatting, reminiscing, cheering...it was all perfect.

*The view of Powder Horn from the eyes of an adult.*



There's Sunday's activities...but that involves me telling you about washing my Venture Uniform shirt out in the sink and how it didn't get dry in time for flags (I didn't make it - argh!), and me wearing a really wet, untucked shirt at vespers (the shame!), as well as telling you about my fish that was this LLLLLLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGG that got away. Or about the dude in the motor boat who I thought was going to motor over to us since we kept sending flairs his way, but I won't. This post is already longer than I wanted it to be and I'm starting to bore myself while typing it.

How I want to wrap this (exceedingly long) post is this way: Powder Horn is amazing. This was my experience. Yours may be totally different. But you won't know if you don't do it. Originally, I wanted to take Powder Horn because I thought the pocket dangle was cool looking. Then I talked to a few people who had taken it (Amy, The Beck and our very own Superman) and I knew that I needed to. In the past the course has only been offered every 18 months, so if you miss your shot, you have to wait a while. BUT now, SHAC will be having the course once a year!

I do not consider myself a "scared" type of person. I will admit to having lots of issues, but I will try new things. I don't like stepping out of my comfort zone, but I will. I am terrified of guns, but I shot one. I'd never sailed or kayaked before, but now I have. There are things that I physically cannot do, but I at least know that if I want to, I can or at least how to take it to my Troop or Crew so they can decide if they want to or not.

Thank you to Mr. Alan Cross, Amy Taylor, Susie Becvar and Marcus Stephenson for creating a course that was physically exhausting and mentally stimulating. It's hard to find a good mix of the two and you guys are the masters! Thank you to Tod Taylor for holding my hand and not making me feel stupid or inferior at the gun range. Thank you to Karen Taylor for showing me trust from a different perspective and allowing me to "get it" on my own. Thank you to Tage and Mag for not only feeding me, but for making sure I was able to get my cuppa in the mornings. You guys are the best! And a extra special, big ol' hug to Jose for being the amazing man that you are and for putting our 6 days into visual form for all of us to enjoy. Not to mention, you're a Bob White, so that's an added plus!

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An extra thanks goes to my Crew, the Blue Crew for dealing with me for 6 days, Bill, Al, Rue, Mike, Bryce and Zachary. You guys are the best and I am so happy that I had this experience with you. I can't wait to see you all again! Next time we are all at LaKing's, it's my treat!

Was Powder Horn "life changing" like Wood Badge? You bet it is. Anything that challenges you to do step out of your comfort zone and forces you to work as a team in a very fast way, to find your role, to own it, and how to enjoy Scouting from a different perspective is life changing.

And isn't it time to have your life changed in a good way?