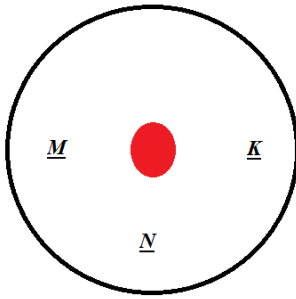


Lodge #41 Callout Ceremony



N, M, K start in formation around the council circle facing the fire as audience walks in. Once everybody is seated and calmed the ceremonialists turn to face them and the ceremony begins.

N: Brothers, who are these who have placed themselves outside our council circle.

M: These are scouts who have earned the right to present themselves before us. Some of which have been noted by their fellow scouts and seek now to join our Order.

(N nods to M and then K)

N: I am the guardian of the lodge. I will grant entrance and test the willingness to cheerfully serve.

M: I am the storyteller of the lodge. I will tell the honored history of our order and test the binds of brotherhood.

K: I am the guide of the lodge. I will direct you on the path of cheerful service and test the friendship among brothers.

N: Is the council ring properly adjusted and the fire burning cheerfully at the center?

M: NO, the council ring remains unbroken, but it is not yet complete.

K: Then let us guide our brother to our circle

(K claps loudly three times. A responds with the proper claps. A walks into circle)

A: I am the mighty chieftain of the lodge. I ensure that all those worthy join our circle are sought out and found. Brothers, we are ready! Let us unite the fire of our Order!

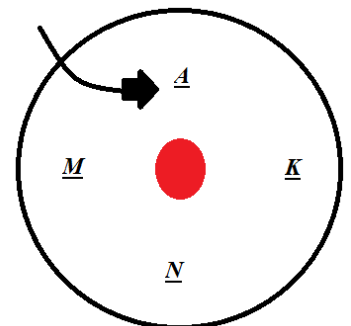
(Fire lit by torche or outside help. M, N, K then face three sides of fire and raise arms while saying)

M: Brotherhood!

N: Cheerfulness!

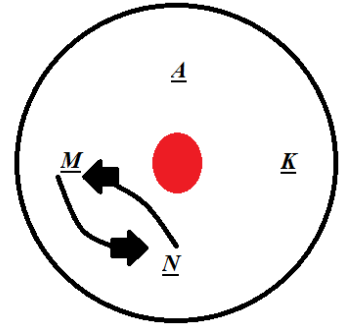
K: Service!

(M, N, K then turn back towards audience)



A: We now tell the story that has been passed down through the generations.

(M and N switch places for the legend. As M walks up N turns and walks back.)



M: Long ago, before the Lodge of the North Star was formed, there was a mountain of legendary height. The mountain reached so high into the heavens that the great birds, the eagles, could not reach the summit. At its base lived a great tribe with many warriors and medicine men. Yet there was a great sadness among them, for their great and mighty chief lay dying. Though he was much loved by his tribe, he had no sons and sought a young man to take the mantle of chief.

As a test of worthiness, the chief declared that the one who reached the summit of the mountain would be the next chief. Though many tried, all failed and returned to tell of their defeat. A young hunter decided to try his luck and set out upon the trail. As he walked up the trail of the mountain, he came upon an old man sitting besides the path. The hunter stopped for a moment to talk to the old man, and soon found that many hours had passed since they first sat down. Shaking hands as they parted, the hunter set back out on the trail. He wasn't walking long before it started to rain and the wind began to blow. Though he was soaked and the wind chilled him to the bone, he still smiled and continued to walk, whistling to himself. Eventually he came upon a small shelter that had many holes in it. An old lady sat in the shelter, it doing little to keep out the rain. The hunter quickly gathered branches and fixed the shelter without being asked. He left and when he returned he gave the lady three dead rabbits for dinner. He then went on his way.

At last he reached the end of the trail, a solid wall of rock, reaching hundreds of feet into the air. It was here that all the others turned back. None could climb the smooth wall of rock. As the hunter turned to leave, his path was blocked by a young warrior carrying a bow. His hair was dark as the night sky and his eyes held the heavens.

N: My friend, do you seek the summit?

K: Yes, but this wall of rock blocks my path and I must turn back in shame.

N: You have no need to turn back, for I am the North Star, the guide for all people who are true and honorable. I have tested you three times and you exhibited the three greatest virtues, Brotherhood, Cheerfulness, and Service.

M: The hunter felt himself shrinking to the size of an arrow. The North Star reached down and picked him up. Knocking him in his bow, he launched the hunter up to the summit.

The hunter returned to his people victorious and soon became Chieftain. Knowing the three great virtues he soon found himself a member of the Order of the Arrow and wanted to spread its knowledge to that of his tribe. And so then he did create the Lodge of the North Star, a council of Order of the Arrow. We of that lodge have gathered to recognize those who will begin the path of the arrow, the path from darkness towards our fire.

A: My brothers, the preparations have been made. Go and search the trail for those who are worthy and bring them before me.

(Candidates are tapped by K, N, and other guides, and then brought before M who passes them on to A.)

K: Our council ring grows by these, our new friends

A: Our fellow chief will now perform the duty entrusted to his charge.
(If available have someone explain the OA and the three honors at this time.)

Legend:

A- Allowat Sakima Ceremonialist

M- Meteu Ceremonialist

N- Nutiket Ceremonialist

K- Kichkinet Ceremonialist