

## My Saturday Morning

Even as I am writing this, I hear the sounds of Saturday morning cartoons going on in the background, but it doesn't hold any lure for me. Not because there is nothing other than some show about a girl with a backpack and a monkey in boots; not because I've already seen all possible cartoons during one of those lazy days in which I sit, vegetating in front of the TV for hours on end; and definitely not because I am now in college and should have much better things to do. Saturday morning cartoons don't hold any power over me because I always had much better things to do in the mornings. Every Saturday I get to wake up early and put on a uniform and stand in line with my peers and learn the values of life and how to make the world a better place by being a better person than I was the day before. It's not as boring and goody two shoes as I'm making it out to be, I promise.

Saturday mornings belonged to a separate world apart from my daily life. Saturday mornings were when I became the Girl Scout. Words can't even begin to describe how much scouting has come to mean to me; to expect it to all fit on one page is even more impossible. To begin talking about best thing that has ever happened to me would be to cast all the blame on my ambitious mother. She wanted save my eyes and brains from the 20 hour TV marathons that used to happen on weekends so she signed me up for Girl Scouts and dropped me off faithfully every weekend. At first I did not enjoy it at all. The people were not familiar faces and there was always too much to learn in a 3 hour morning. But slowly familiar faces began to appear and secret laughs were shared between friends. And knowledge that seemed like you would never be able to use started to make more sense and enter daily lives.

To say that I quickly began to love scouting would be to blatantly lie to your face. It took a while for me to reconcile myself with the fact that I would no longer have my lazy days where I slept in until noon. But I was a child at the time; scouting meant nothing to me –until it hit that one point where it just seemed so much a part of my life that I couldn't imagine myself without it. It

was like a switch had been flipped from being disgruntled about scouting to loving it - loving the fact that I had all these useful skills that I know to use; loving the fact that I had friends to hang out with on weekends; loving the fact that I was part of something unique.

Despite all the great things about being in scouting, the best thing about it was going camping. I had never done it before so I was enraptured with it from the start. I was in love with the fresh mountain air, the sleeping in tents, the cooking of your own meals, and yes, I even loved the mindless games that we were required to play. Oh but the best part was always saved for last: the campfires; sitting cozily with friends in the night around a crackling campfire surrounded by the millions of stars while listening to various skits or song and dance.

Campfires kept me going to scout meetings, but it was the friendship that had me coming back. I know I tried leaving the group once I entered college, but somehow things just kept having me come back. As busy as I might be, there was always a way to squeeze things together so that I could attend a scout function. That is because the friendship that I have with my fellow scouts and my leaders are of the forever kind; these types of bonds that are created are the ones that you know you will never be able to just drop and forget. They go beyond merely mentor and student or friend and friend – it's the kind of bond that families are made out of.

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