

My Whistle

If I had to give you something to show you in my world, it would be my whistle. Of course, it is not an ordinary whistle. It is not the one referees have or is it the one found in party bags. It does not make that loud, high pitched whoot or the continuous vroom sound. The whistle that I will hand you is three and a quarter inch long, and is hung by a marsh green nylon rope tied at the two ends by the fisherman knot. It makes a smooth and continuous toot like that of the sound of a train. It is a conductor's whistle, but I call it my scout whistle.



I joined Scouting at the age of six. Every Saturday, I would stand and my eyes would venture onto the “cool guy,” the guy who ran the flag ceremony, but it was that shiny metal that caught my eye. I was a cub scout in my navy blue uniform, a yellow and blue striped neckerchief around my neck, and my arms straight down the side of my body in the attention formation. He was the “big kid” standing tall in his beige uniform, an olive green neckerchief around his neck, and clutched in his hand, his whistle.

Through scouting, I learned how to tell time by stabbing sticks in the ground, but found it a lot easier to look at my cell phone, and realized why use flint and stone when you have a lighter. However more importantly, scouting has also taught me the essence of leadership, teamwork, and service to others. It has given me the opportunity to grow and develop, fostering confidence in myself in the challenges I face.

Eleven years after that first day as a cub scout, I stood where “the cool guy” once did. In front of the flag pole standing tall in my tan beige uniform, an olive green neckerchief around my neck, and clutched in my hand, my whistle. Scouts has made me who I am today and the whistle serves as that tangible reminder. The person who carries the beliefs of scouting that is as strong and unflinching as that of the sound of the whistle.

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