

Scouting Is A Habit

I remember when we were young and care free
Back when I was Webelos
Had so much fun, yet stayed cheap
And had Truongs like, Truong Khiem and Truong Sato

I have to admit though those were some of the best
days
It was the basis for some of my future faves
And also some of the people I looked up to
Soon enough I bridged, and I'd grow up too

Then came being a boy scout,
That was quite a transition
The future was what it was always about
But there was something quite missing

TT8 at Jurupa was pretty tight
People from all parts of the world I saw
With goooood food and campfires at night
One week was enough to bond

Met plenty of new people as I bridged
And as I looked up, I did what they did
Lashes, first aid, and semaphores
Changed from freshman, now felt like a sophomore

I have say meeting Victor Ha was one of the best
And Thai Vo too, he's nothing less
And them two I have founded
A brotherhood we have created, unbounded.

Time flew by, had to bridge again
Put away the khaki and tan
Then got me some green
Now I was a big boy, at least I seemed.

TT9 came quick, supposed to be a 4 year wait
And soon enough they set the date
Didn't hit great expectations like TT8
But then again, can't trust everything can't be great

Met cool guys, had to switch it up
James, Bryant, Tony, Nick, Chris, and Phu
Remember soymilk flip cup?
Can't forget Maxwell, Kevin, and Alex, just to name a
few

These girls I knew were super tight

First female president, the best, Nancy
Hi Darlene! Lindy, Angeline, and Tiffany too
Then there's Vannie, she does our dancing

Truong Long, thanks for watching my back
And Truong Hoang, you may be stonefaced
But it's cool when you smile and laugh
It should happen more, maybe turn it into a habit?

Truong Trung, you were a really good cook
And Truong Doan, I'll never meet a pioneer as good as
you
Truong Tam you are so cool
And there's too many Truong's to name, these are only
a few

Now if I were to leave, I would hate saying good bye
And miss Truong Xuan Huong's morning "Hi's"
I'll miss Truong Khiem's "how are you buddy?"
I wouldn't respond, cause imma miss my buddy

Now I was bigger, had to be a model
30 years and gone through so many people
Tried to imitate, but not follow
Now Truong Son's better off, ready for a sequel

If a hundred years pass by
And I finally die
I hope, with a little bit of luck
That Truong Son's still alive



Christopher Duong
Thanh Đoàn Bắc Đẩu