

Dr. Held's Poem

How many places have you been in...

where you can walk the grounds with your eyes shut tight
you know every step by day or by night
where you work each day with all of your might
for the good of the boys and your own delight
away from your family but with all of your kin
it reminds you of happiness again and again
where you always find a place that's just right
a place peaceful and quiet, or one out of sight
a place where you look to things that will be
while others look down and approve of all they see
a place in your mind yet deep in your heart
a camp in a canyon of which you're ever a part

Written by Mike Beeth (12/5/1986); in the old Jamboree Cabin at Canyon Camp; upon hearing news that Dr. Harold Held had passed away.