

Order of the Green Knight

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His suits aren't made of armored steel
They're cotton, silk or tweed
He makes his charge with credit card
Not on a snow-white steed.

His lance is just a ball-point pen
No heralds cry his might
And yet this Girl Scout volunteer's
A modern-day knight.

He aids young damsels in distress
A helping hand he lends
He's asked to do a hundred things
For daughters and their friends.

He loads his car, unloads his car,
Drives all around the town
Plays errand boy and baby nurse
Builds things and tears them down.

At busy times he doesn't dine,
Just eats a TV dinner
The tied-up phone is not his own
In patience, he's a winner.

The husband, father gives his time
And though he might complain
That he is being pushed around
He loves it just the same.

So, Girl Scouts, raise symbolic sword
With touch both deft and light
Tap all those faithful shoulders and
Dub every man "Green Knight".