

# *Order of the Green Knight*

*Author Unknown*

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".