



My Powder Horn 2016 Cover Story

By Caroline Knight

For as long as I can remember, I've wanted to be a scout. I've wanted to have fun and "Lead the Adventure". I remember being so excited when I turned 14. To me, it meant that I could actually do something without my little brothers' troop. Unfortunately, not many opportunities had come my way until Powder Horn. I knew that it would be a lot of work and that I would be the very last to sign up, but I didn't care. I finally got to do something on my own and prove that I really could be a scout.

Throughout the drive to the first Powder Horn location at the Tellepsen scout camp, the doubts started to set in. I mean, this was my very first scouting event where I wasn't going to be "the Scoutmaster's daughter" or a "boy scout's sibling". I was on my own. This would also be the longest time I had spent away from my parents. Of course, there would be other people there, but I hardly knew any of them. Those I did know, I had only met briefly. Then, of course, came my physical limitations. I doubted myself and doubted whether or not I could keep up with the group. All in all, I was a nervous wreck in coming there.

As soon as I arrived, my fears were pushed to the back of my mind as I was thrust into the immediate activity. To start off, we had tomahawk throwing, slackline walking, and knife throwing. My personal favorite was knife throwing. It was my first time throwing anything sharp and pointy so I did not expect to do well. I was immediately proved wrong as I managed to stick most of my knives in the target. Soon after this, we all got together and split up into teams based on bandana colors. We then headed out to college station for our first day of activities. Together, we toured the A&M power plant, browsed the corps museum, and learned about the Parsons Mounted Cavalry. We returned that day for a fun night of Native American Dancing, Astronomy, and Night Awareness. Throughout the day, my team had bonded enough that we no longer felt like strangers. It didn't even matter that the team was mostly adults! We were all scouts here to have a good time. We left that day as Team Blue and returned as the magnificent Team Turquaz.

The view of Powder Horn from the eyes of a young adult.



Day 2 and 3 were filled to the brim with adventure. We had pistols, rifles, shotguns, and archery down at the shooting ranges; fly fishing down by the lake with a first responder simulation with crew 911 right next door; creating our team flag; Chuckwagon cooking; wilderness survival; extremely competitive team competitions; expedition planning; a heartwarming Sunday sermon; and, my personal favorites, a hoedown hootenanny that even the adults couldn't resist getting in on, and climbing and rappelling at the Tellepsen Climbing Tower. Just before we left on Day 3, we ran in a color run around our camp and finished it off with a scouting station circuit and the final flag ceremony. I didn't even notice my parents were there until I got close to where they were standing, watching me. When we left, I found myself anticipating weekend 2 and already missing Powder Horn as we drove away and I watched the mass of tents disappear in the distance.

The weekend in between the next Powder Horn down at Galveston Boat Club was like torture. I was antsy with anticipation and I simply couldn't wait for weekend 2. Then, the flooding occurred. So many roads were closed that we were concerned that I might not be able to get there. In the end, it all worked out and we all managed to get there and continue the fun.

Right off the bat, the boating theme became prominent as we began to work with signal flags. As soon as everyone was settled in, we then split into groups and went on a fun-filled, geocaching, mystery coordinates scavenger hunt in which we got to view Galveston, stop and eat food we wouldn't otherwise ever consider putting into our mouth, tour one of A&M Galveston's ships, sail on A&M Galveston's virtual boating simulator, visit La King's, and build a SAND CASTLE!!!! We ended the day with Crew Games and delicious food then fell into our tents, ready for day five, which proved to be full of adventure. Day five was all in the sea. We got a cool breeze in our face with sailing, against all odds; learned how to tie flies; went scuba diving; had our luau; toured Galveston Bay; taped our Powder Horn commercial; walked The Stream; went kayaking; and, my personal favorite, learned how to paddleboard. Despite it being the final day of Powder Horn 2016, day six was just as full of adventure with flare training, fishing, HAM radios, snakes, fire building, resource gathering, *Kahoot!*, and so much more!

As the end of Powder Horn 2016 loomed ever closer, we began to draw closer together, finding joy in the simple pleasure of one another's company. We gathered together for the final Sunday sermon in which the leaders passed on the final message of Powder Horn 2016 then gathered for the award ceremony in which we were all gifted with the silver Powder Horn medal which I now hang proudly on my uniform at every scouting event.

The view of Powder Horn from the eyes of a young adult.



When I first came to Powder Horn, I was full of self-doubt. I thought I was weak. I thought that I would never last and that I would never be able to keep up with anyone or get to do anything. I was proved wrong in every single way. As my confidence grew with each activity, I began to find that, not only was I joining in the adventure, but I was leading it. I found I was strong and learned that the sky is the limit: even for me. I found a self-confidence I doubt I ever could have gained anywhere else, and that really is the purpose of Powder Horn. They provide us with the resources and the confidence then send us out to spread the word and Lead the Adventure. I now have access to an entire community of scouts and and, I made friends from all over Texas that will always be there for me. Today, I am the proud president of Crew 62 as I take what I learned in Powder Horn and, you guessed it, Lead the Adventure.