

Kevin Baird  
Eagle Court of Honor  
January 6, 2002

Steve Clive, Kevin's Varsity Coach.

When I think of Kevin, I think of the three amigos. The amigos consisted of my son David, Steven Barnes and Kevin. The way the ages of the young men at the time were configured, these three boys were together alone in the Varsity Team for almost a year. They were great friends and great people.

Some additional memories of Kevin include the following:

Pop Tarts - I knew that his parents must love him one heck of a lot because of the stash of goodies he had when we were traveling. He was never without a large stash of pop tarts.

Forgetting to look both ways - One of the most traumatic events of his life was crossing the street in front of the Tillamook Creamery on one of our annual bike trips. He stepped into the street and was almost hit by a car. The driver then pulled over and gave Kevin a tongue lashing that nobody would appreciate. Kevin was so upset he just started walking down the road until I could catch up with him, calm him down and turn him around.

Remembering the lesson - I was once tremendously impressed with Kevin's memory. While teaching a lesson from one of the priesthood manuals, he piped up and complained that he had the lesson before. Well, I doubted his recollection and asked him to prove it by telling me what came next and he quickly described the balance of the lesson including the exact story that followed the point in the lesson where I was. Well, we just hung that lesson up. If he could remember that kind of detail, there was no need in going forward.

Some of the other attributes I admired were his quiet and kind manner. He was never an obedience problem. He was methodical in the things he did and everything was done at his pace. He was pleasant to be around and he had a good sense of humor.

Kevin I salute you for this great accomplishment and wish you well in all your future endeavors.

Steve Clive

Mine is a double privilege tonight

1<sup>st</sup> speaking as Kevin's Scout Master

- "pleased" (not proud)

2<sup>nd</sup> standing tall as Kevin's father

As a Scoutmaster I share many things with Kevin and the other boys:

- Times of fun, times of learning, times of growth.
  - Camp Pioneer, Camp Baldwin
    - Treasure because it was a whole week with my son and others
  - Mowich Lake, Lower Lake, Shellrock Lake, Hideaway Lake, Barlow Creek, Timothy Lake, Camp Creek, Shellrock Creek, Dinger Lake, Pamela Lake
    - These places may not mean much to everyone here
    - To me they are treasure chests of memories:
      - games of capture the flag, backpacks, wilderness survival shelters, "death march" hikes, skipping rock contests, good and bad food, standing under a carpet of stars at night, stories and riddles around a campfire.
  - First Aid, citizenship, service projects, knots, plants, animals
  - Deacon's Quorum meetings
  - I could go on and on, but I sum it up as what a privilege it was to be Scoutmaster to such fine young men and none better than my own son.

One of my favorite pictures of Kevin is at Camp Pioneer

You first notice him there

Standing in his tent, baggy levi shorts, t-shirt to his thigh with a red checked flannel shirt of mine, its sleeves too long for Kev's arms.

Then you notice his face

Captured is the the innocence and sweetness of a child

The young boy he was

A young boy full of absolute trust and faith in his parents, in his leaders, in the Lord

If I were to take a picture of Kevin in the same setting  
You would first notice him there  
    Standing still with baggy clothes. Standing a foot or so taller. A shirt  
    probably fitting him now.  
Then you would notice his face  
    Captured would be  
        Better not say "innocence and sweetness"  
        "Without guile"

    It would show a transformation from boy to a young man  
        A young man still full of absolute trust and faith in his parents, his  
        leaders and in the Lord  
        A young man who over the past 6 years since that favorite picture  
        has learned a lot about the ideals of scouting, and about the Lord.

I tried to think if I had some favorite scout memories of Kevin.  
I found I had too many to really single any out. My scout memories as I look back really  
are a treasure chest. Mixed in to the scout memories are all the outings I have done  
with Kevin alone and with my other sons.  
I can reach into this treasure chest and I can pull out lots and lots of shared  
experiences. What is the value of this treasure chest? Its priceless I say.

So tonight I salute Kevin as his Scoutmaster for this achievement of Eagle Scout and  
give honor to him as his Father for the person he is.

Close