

**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS  
(J. RANDOLPH SCOTT)**



*Listen closely as this story I tell,  
About a man that we all know so well.  
Grand Knight of the Council in nineteen eighty-nine,  
And during his term everyone toed the line.*

*Chapter Chairman in nineteen ninety-two,  
Always looking for something else to do.  
Treasurer of our Council for about three years,  
His long reports would almost drive you to tears.*

*Fill out a voucher if you need some dough,  
That's not a good reason, the answer is no.  
He didn't believe the Columbian Club was broke,  
Now he's at the helm and finds that it's no joke.*

*Golf is his game as most of us know,  
Always shooting for a score that is low.  
Low is high in this crazy golf game,  
On April 23rd he had his moment of fame.*

*Lowest score in the tournament sponsored by the state K. of C.,  
It's a real honor for Council Fifty-nine-o-three.  
A teacher of golf is his ultimate goal,  
Showing people how to knock a ball in a tiny hole.*

*If you are wondering whom I'm talking about,  
It's our past Faithful Navigator, Randy Scott.  
So a toast to Randy I now propose,  
And that will bring this poem to a close.*

(By: Steve Csurbak 10/2/99)