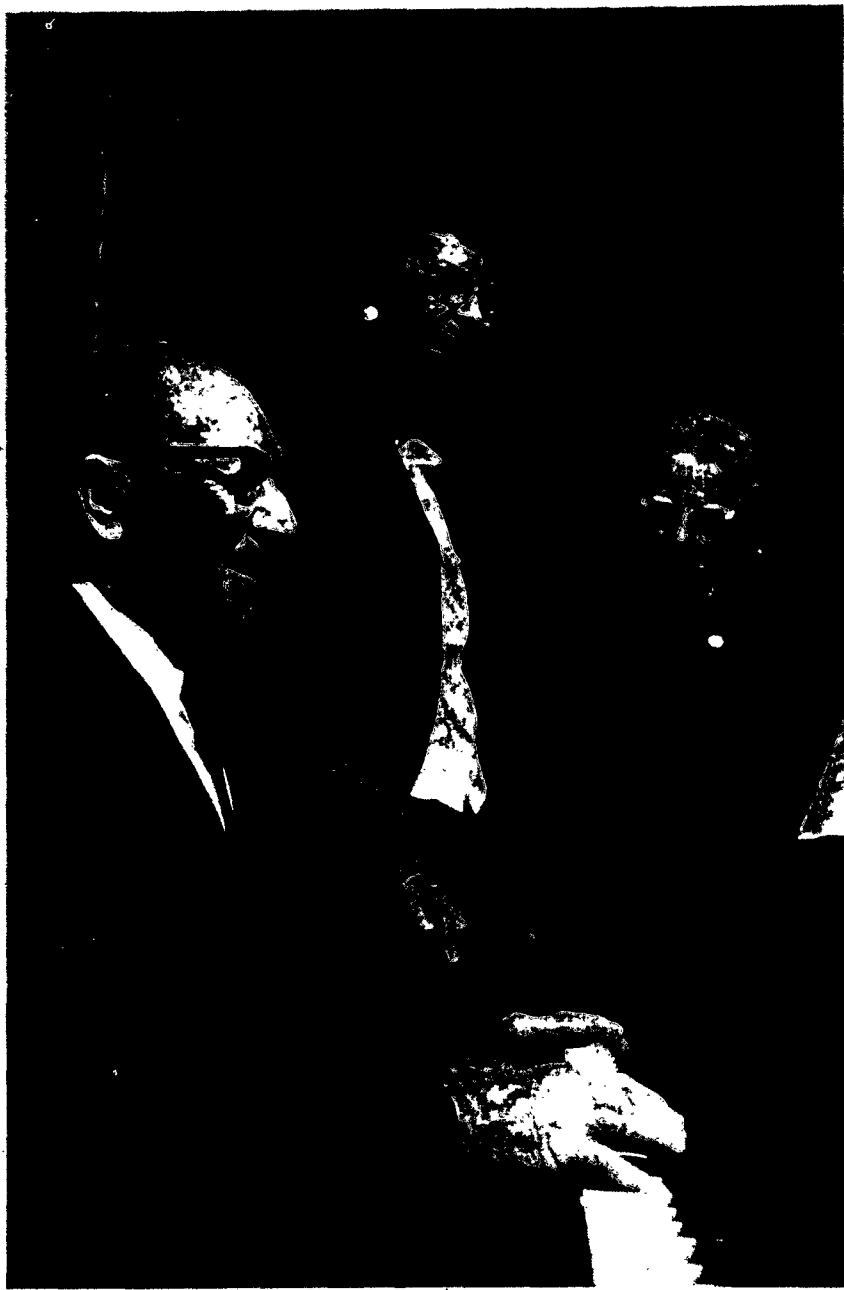




**My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.**

—Francis Quarles



**I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of wild Cashmere,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear.**

—W. G. Wills

Saint Ann's Home: V

(Photos by Bob Kiger and the Courier-Journal)



Joy, we win!

—Philippides



**We live in deeds, not years; in though
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest
acts the best.**

—Philip B: