CHANGE
UNCERTAINTY
TO
INDEPENDENCE

summer 2011
"What can it all mean?" he kept repeating to himself, as, with his hands clasped behind him.
sun will rise on you, dear child, feeling your “life in every limb,” and eager to rush out into the fresh morning air—and many about—will come and go, before it finds you feeble and gray-headed, creeping wearily out to bask once more in the sunlight—but it is good.
"It's very nice to be loved," she said; "but it's nicer to love other people!"

In the dark silence of an ancient room,

To See, to Record—and to Comment

In the stillness of the wood:

INVEST IN THE ENVIRONMENT

With wonder, that increased every moment, I turned over the flowers, and examined them one by one: there was not a single one among them that I could remember having ever seen before.

But this time I turned rebel, and ignored the royal commands. Such lovely flowers, and of forms so entirely new to me, were not to be abandoned.
“Were I to swallow this,” he said, “I should be very ill.”

I bought the bouquet, and the little boy, after popping the halfpenny into his mouth, turned head-over-heels, as if to ascertain whether the human mouth is really adapted to serve as a money-box.
But oh what makes the sky such a darling blue?

her voice sounded faint and very far away.

"It is Love."
THE END.