



## A PREFACE . . .

No phoenix from the flames we rise now  
in a new place, decades behind our solid back  
and epic time ahead. And our great city, upon  
whose breast we rest, listening to its great heart beat  
now spreads its steel and shining wings all wide, and grows.  
In it, to it, our rhythm is welded and flows.

Rhythms of caring, giving and taking  
mesh in a canticle of art, sport, and music,  
travel and trade.

Pestle pounds on mortar here in fruitful repetition:  
ceaseless feet pounding streets in endless competition.

And these quick feet past us do often beat  
and are as often our own. Cement and mortar,  
steel beams and brick are bones and flesh to this, our town,  
and we do share them. On us all does God's grace flow;  
in it, with it, our rhythms are welded and grow.





