



*“And He — suddenly gleamed! My dazzled eyes
Coming from outer sunshine to this green
And secret gloaming, met without surprise
The vision. Only after, when the sheen
And Splendor of his going fled away,
I knew amazement, wonder and despair,
That he should come — and pass — and would not stay,
The Silken — swift — the gloriously Fair!
That he should come — and pass — and would not stay,
So that, forever after, I must go,
Take the long road that mounts against the day,
Travelling in the hope that I shall know
Again that lifted moment, high and sweet,
Somewhere — on purple moor or windy hill —
Remembering still his wild and delicate feet,
The magic and the dream — remembering still!”*

*Don't let dreams hinder you —
Let yourself go to whatever life brings
Believe in yourself
And the rest will follow!*

Congratulations to the class of '85

Franciscan 1985