

LAST WORDS . . .

To Margaret Browley, We wish you all the luck with the
department of Sanitation.

With love,
Frank and Dave

To our Ringleader,
Congratulations and good luck at Arthur! Love, the circus

Let us take this opportunity to thank all the Bartenders in the
Brooklyn Heights area for their contribution to our Academic
Endeavors.

— Members of the History
and Social Studies Semi-
nars, Class of 1986

Dear Gerry,
Once a Phi Gam, always a Phi Gam. Good luck. We love ya.
Beta Psi Chapter

Thanks Mom and Dad.
Frankie

Dear Frank,
Wake me up next time, OK? Good luck
Love, Yvonne

Congratulations to the Survivors of History 410: The Joke
Seminar

Dear Bob,
Give me 14 seconds, I'll give you orange hair.
I love ya,
Yvonne

Happiness is a St. Francis Degree.

Laurel,
Congratulations and much success and happiness always.
Love Paul and
Barbara

Callahan's
Forever!!

To the London Group,
Here's to a jolly old time!
Mrs. Driscoll

"A Prism of Nature"

There is a special place
Just for me,
The serene and placid beach
I walk along, alone on a sunny spring morning
Befriending Nature.
I stand on the beach,
And beneath my feet
Lies the warm, golden sand —
The sand of the past, present, and future
That seems mystical and magical to me.
The wonder of the beach illuminates
The echoes of yesterday and the
Shadows of the past.
Apollo's sun glistens and gleams
Over my shoulder,
Watching over the whole wondrous Universe.
I hear Nature beckoning me
Through the whistling of the winds,
And the crashing of the waves.
As the wind blows through my locks,
I dig my toes into the sand.
The sea makes no demands
But gives me immeasurable pleasure.
The bold, loud chants of the wind are getting louder.
O' please protect me from the
Powerful whispers of your breath.
The breath brings back my childhood dreams
That I once had.

The solitude and stillness help me escape reality,
And enter a spiritual wonderland.
I want to be free as a wild horse.
I want to be free as a dove on a carefree flight.
I want to be free as a cloud with a silver lining.
I want to be nurtured by the sunshine.
I want to stay here forever.
As I continue my journey on
The lonely, desolate beach
I look at the ripples of
Heaven's tears and curdles of white foam.
I focus my eyes towards the
Azure blue sky and notice a
Beautiful rainbow filled with
A spectrum of bright, vibrant colors,
I think of finding a pot of gold
I feel so peaceful, without the
Chaos or confusion,
And with peaceful illusions,
I feel as tranquil as a butterfly
The beach reflects the prism
Of my heart and the mirror
Of my soul.
This is all I need to hear, the
Sounds of Nature around me
I wish I could stay, but
Life must go on.

By Veronica R. Duchene