

To Lindy Williams (niece)
On the occasion of her eighteenth birthday
March 19, 1964

You've come so very far since that first day
you got your start, my beautiful;
glimpsed many vistas stretching toward the blue,
that there's no need, of course, for anyone to wonder
at your present eager yearning to strike out
for pastures new.

Your world ahead will stir you deeply with
adventure,
Bright challenge and the chill of threats unknown,
Burdens to bear and yet, rewards beyond the ken
of those whose vision falters ere the goal is won.

To you I pledge all things of beauty
And of loveliness, a quiet place
In which you may retire at will.
For peace, for restoration of your soul
For deep sweet draughts from out
the springs of strength
That undergird the universe.

But now, today, this very night
Look forward up and out;
Ride high the surge of joy and inspiration
That come with age eighteen.
Embrace your long awaited freedom
And all else that is your due, for now—
Just now— It's into the Empyrean
with you!

Carl S. Duncan

A gem from another's pen

Upon the summit of the hill
A torii stood, a little piece
of sacred ground,

And, as I wandered through
A little way, I paused and found

No temple steps —

No lantern — and no shrine,

Only divinity,

The solitary presence of a pine

Facing the sea.

Author's name forgotten

(Recalling Asilomar)