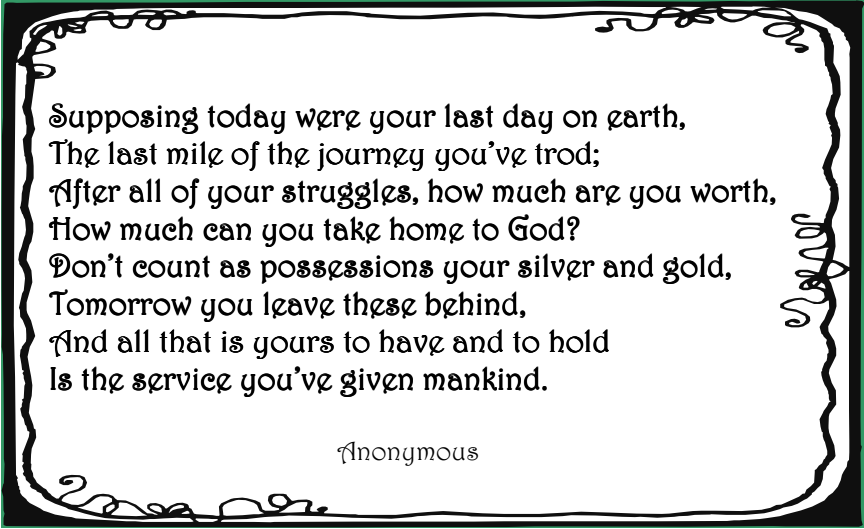
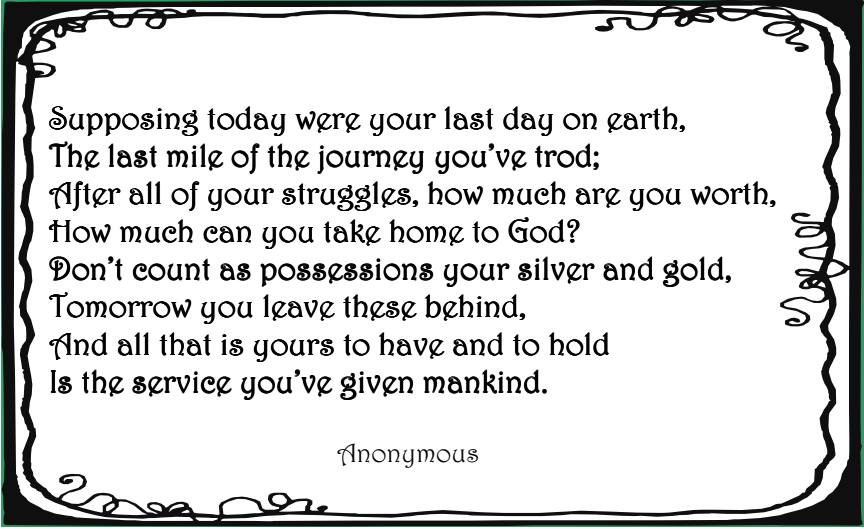




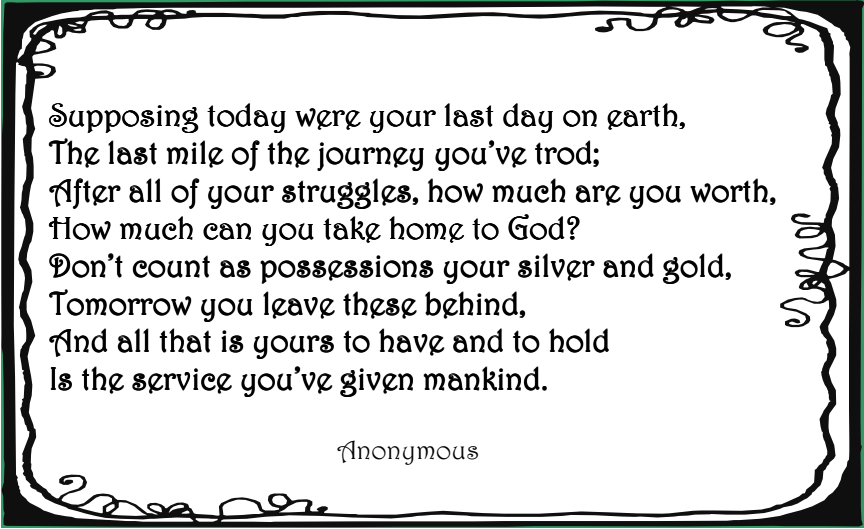
Supposing today were your last day on earth,
The last mile of the journey you've trod;
After all of your struggles, how much are you worth,
How much can you take home to God?
Don't count as possessions your silver and gold,
Tomorrow you leave these behind,
And all that is yours to have and to hold
Is the service you've given mankind.

Anonymous



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