

Dear friends, the year is passing so fast that it is almost a miracle to find it here. I have seen you all, and you have seen me, and we have all seen each other. It is a privilege to be able to say to you that I am still here, and that you are still here. I am glad to see you all, and I am glad to see you all. I am glad to see you all, and I am glad to see you all.

LETTERS
The church bell sounds upon the night air.
The lovely vale is echoing sweetly.
A requiem for the unborn years' delight.
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