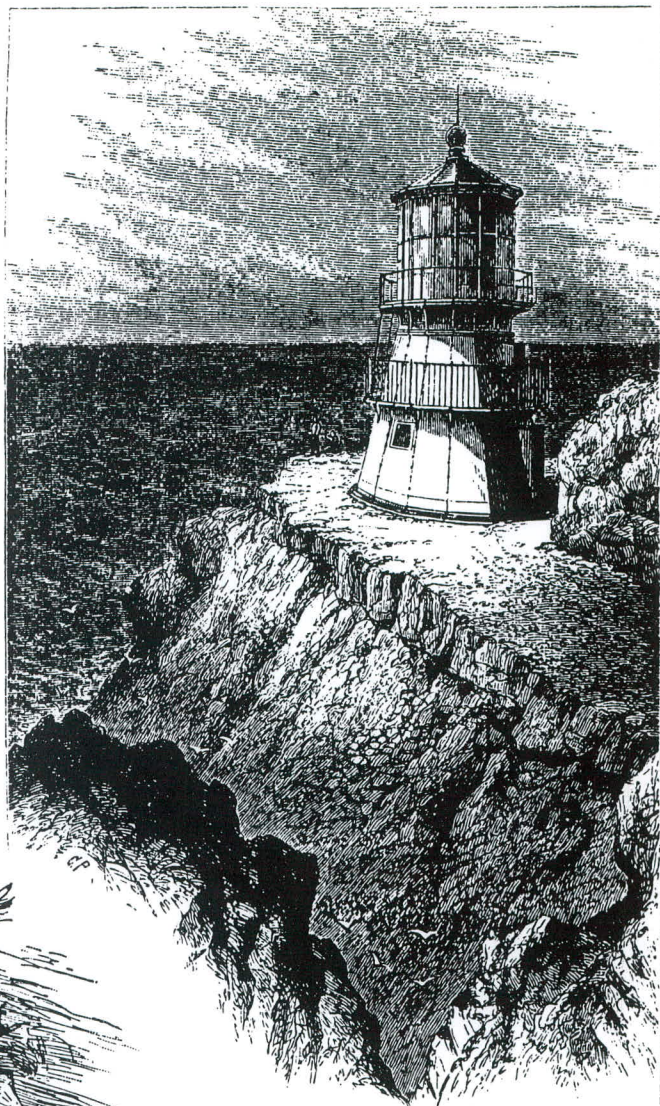
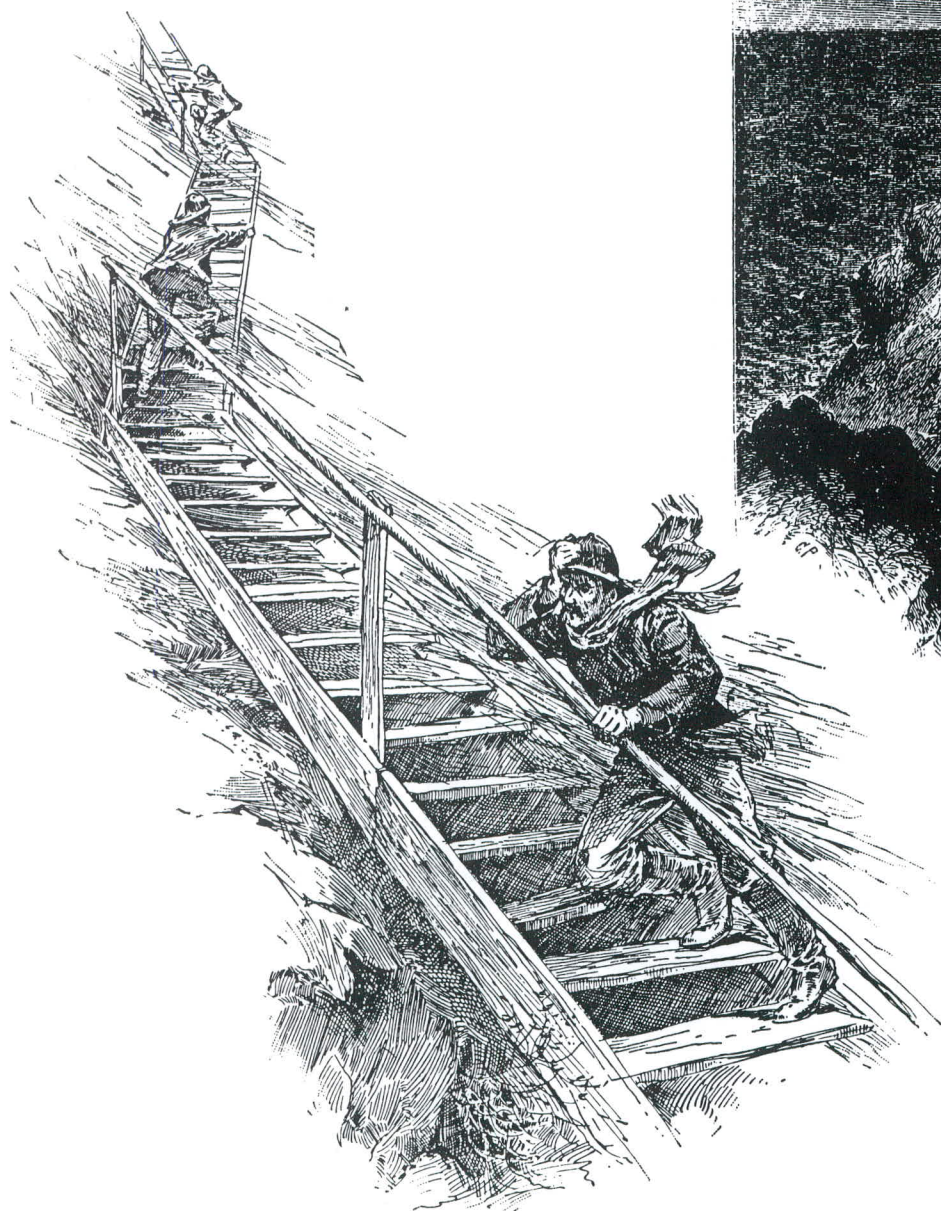




Pt. Reyes, CA

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar,
Eager hearts are watching, longing,
For the light along the shore.

So trim your feeble lamp my brother,
Some poor sailor tempest, tossed,
Trying hard to make the harbor,
But in the darkness may be lost.