Absolute cleanliness is Godliness! Teach the Moral ABC that unites all mankind free, instantly 6 billion strong & we're All-One. "Listen Children Eternal Father Eternally One!"

A Psalm Of Life by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (with small assist by Bronner): Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! – For the soul is dead that slumbers. And things are not what they seem. Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today. Art is long, and Time is fleeting. Our hearts, though stout & brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave. In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife! Trust no Future, however pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act, – act in the living Present! Heart within, and God overhead! Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time; Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing over life's solemn main. A forlorn and shipwrecked borther, Seing, shall take heart again. Let us, then, be up and doing. With a heart for any fact: Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and learn to write Til we rally, raise, unite! In our Eternal Father's <u>great All-One God-Faith. All-One! Unite</u>!



Kipling's "If" (with slight assist from Soapmaker Bronner): If you can keep your head, when all about you are losing theirs & blaming it on you; If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too: If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies, or being hated, don't give way to hating! And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise: If you can there and not make freams your master. If you can there with Triumpia and Disaster and threat those two impostors just the same. If you can there hull truth thay ou have goven, twisted by crocks to make a trap for fools; Or watch the things you have given your life to. broken, and yet stoop to build them up again with worn-out tools: If you can make one heap of all your winnings, and risk it at one turn of pitch or toss: And lose and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss! If you can force your heart, your nerve, your sinew, to serve you long after they are gone, and so hold on although there is nothing left within you, except that voice which says to them: "Hold on!" If you can talk to crowds & keep your virtue: or walk with Kings—nor lose that common touch. If neither loving

left within you, except that voice which says to them: "Hold on! Hold on!" If you can talk to friend nor enemy can hurt you; If all men count with you, but none too much! Then, if you come hell, hate, ban, you'll enjoy God's Spaceship Earth & do great work within it! And which All-One or None! Sure, they say: "East is East & West is West & never the twain shall meet!" mankind free on God's Spaceship Earth! Then, and only then, no matter how rough the trip, how



crowds & keep your virtue: or walk with Kings—nor lose that common touch: If neither loving can work hard to teach each unforgiving minute the Moral ABC that unites all mankind free is more you'll help unite the human race in Astronomy's great All-One-God-Faith! For we're But there is neither East nor West, nor border, breed nor birth, once the Moral ABC unites all charged with punishment the scroll, you are the captain of thy ship! The master of thy soul!