

I am the Cradle of God's new
world.

From us shall the new race rise
And our glorious banner must float
Unfurled against the skies
Our sons & daughters must grow
Strong
With courage to do & dare
With hearts that are ready
And hands that are steady
And their slogan must be
prepare.

~~Its a report of
Awa Man -~~

~~Have to sort out
food in the kitchen
Bring small blue (+white?) teapot?~~

~~Notes to Dr. Court:~~

~~Decide what correspondence
to take to Fanny -~~

~~Wool + weave~~

~~Pack + ask M.C. when she goes?
Send the Shurick letter~~