



Many oceans nurture the graves of heroic sailors.



Twilight and Evening Bell  
And after that the dark  
May there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark  
For though from out our bourne of time and space  
The flood may bear me far  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

Tennyson.

APRIL 2008.

