It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of widsom, it was the age of foolsihness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.

I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss. I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, proseprous and happy. I see that I hold a sacntuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their decsendants, generations hence. It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.