

Afterword

Again we raise the veil and peer within:

The shadows have lifted "over there." You are celebrating "The Great Victory" now, for "The Day" has come; the day of thanksgiving and answered prayer to a new born world, forever free. And so we leave you thus, Columbian, with your children gathered around you, marching face forward in the reign of Peace.

We, who are far away, catch the echo of your tones, share your triumph, joy and cheers.

We touch depths undreamed of, "just a-weary-in'" for your softly sloping fields, your welcoming halls and your mist-crowned hills, but the inspiration of your existence carries us up to the heights again. You are always ours; a College of fulfilled dreams, of ideals that are "not for an age but for all time."