Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTY - CONCLUSION**  
  
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Seeing their dad for the first time in nearly two  
months, Martin appeared almost as a stranger to his  
sons.  He was thinner, more poised, and seemed more  
decisive.    
  
Martin walked over to the boys and hugged them, and  
could hardly wait to explain the reason for his visit.  
“Seeing you at last again, I can’t begin to tell you  
how happy I am.”  
  
“Boys, because I believe in traditional values, and  
want to sincerely promote all that the flags of our  
nation and of our state stand for; and because I  
believe that the social servant system can benefit the  
lives of all citizens, both servant and free; and  
because I have seen the positive results of social  
servant training in your own lives; and, most of all,  
because I have never felt so much love for you, I have  
therefore decided to make a few changes in your terms  
of social service.”  
  
“I had arranged, originally, to have you serve terms  
of 5 years and 8 months with the Maple Valley Resort  
and Casino.  But I no longer find that adequate,  
because, simply put, you have turned out, in a way I  
never expected, to be such superb servants.”    
  
Alban started to cry.  Martin, not even thinking of  
his boys’ feelings at the moment, continued. “You, my  
dear sons, were born to serve, and that is a beautiful  
thing.  And that beautiful aspect of your natures  
needs to be supported and nurtured to the fullest.”  
  
Bradley could bear it no longer and started to plead,  
“No, no Dad!”  
  
Martin smiled, “Yes, Bradley.  Yes!  It’s just so  
beautiful to see you boys in uniform, obeying,  
serving, and hopping to commands.  I simply can’t let  
it stop!”   
  
Quince, the last to break down in horror, stammered,  
“But Dad, we love you.  We love you!  Why are you  
doing this to us?”  
  
“Because I love you boys more than I ever realized!”   
Martin was exultant; his sons fairly crushed.    
  
The boys had been told enough times by their dad that  
he loved them, only to have such declarations be  
followed with unpleasant consequences.  So none of the  
boys was prepared when Martin, continuing his  
explanation of their new terms of service, said, “And  
because I love you so much, and cannot bear to be  
parted from you, I have therefore decided to remove  
you from service here at Maple Valley and bring you  
home to serve.”  
  
The boys fell silent.  “Sons, a lot has happened.   
Your mother has separated from me.  She actually  
thought I was intending to sell you for life.  When I  
had you boys at home in training I loved so much the  
way you were polite and obedient and helpful, that Hal  
suggested I get a servant for myself.  But I could  
never afford a servant like you, so I decided instead  
to check out part time slaves, such as serfs, because  
they are something I can afford.”  
  
“But I was having other problems besides the ones with  
your mother.  Society has promoted servitude as a good  
thing.  Maybe it is or can be.  But I finally had to  
confront the issues that made me uncomfortable with  
your indenturement, and sought counseling from Father  
Lucarelli.  I now believe that a system of just and  
fair servitude is only possible with enlightened  
owners and overseers.  Unfortunately such people are  
rare to the system.”  
  
“During my financial crisis there were so many people  
telling me that putting you boys in social service  
would be the answer.  I was told social servitude was  
a good thing, and that it helped to mold people into  
upstanding citizens.  I heard it so many times, that I  
gradually believed it.  But, finally, when I was told  
these last weeks, by my advisors, to not have any  
contact with you boys while you were getting settled  
into service here, I found it unbearable.  I had had  
enough sleepless nights worrying about you boys.   
Finally I took Father Lucarelli’s advise; to act on my  
love for you.”   
  
“And what my love for you dictates is that I bring you  
home where your special gifts of service can be used  
for the good of our entire family.  And that means  
that you should be benefiting as much as anyone else  
from your service.”  
  
“As you may have heard, Jason has been released from  
servitude, but he can no longer be employed by the  
State Social Services Agency.  Uncle Steven is  
therefore helping him to start a restaurant, one with  
a theme that Steven, Jason, and I thought up as we  
were trying to decide what could be done to help  
ensure the restaurant’s success.  It was inspired by  
Maple Valley’s success with rollerboys in flamboyant  
and revealing costumes.  You boys will be working at  
Jason’s restaurant, not on roller skates, but as  
waiters dressed in fancy costumes.  All of your  
earnings will be yours to keep.”  
  
“And at the same time as you work at Jason’s  
restaurant, all three of you will be attending school.  
In Vermont the cost of education for social servants  
is ‘zero’ because the state is attempting to promote a  
well-educated social service population.  That means  
that with almost no tuition, most of your earnings  
from your jobs at the restaurant can be invested.”  
  
“Therefore I have decided, Bradley, that you will  
remain a social servant until you get your master’s  
degree.  Alban, you will remain a servant until you  
get your bachelor’s degree.  And Quince, you will  
remain a servant until you complete a basic course in  
business administration and receive a trade diploma as  
a master airplane mechanic, something you have told me  
you were interested in.”  
  
“Since Alban intends to major in finance, he will be  
in charge of setting up your bank accounts and  
managing your investments.  He will also handle the  
money I have for you boys in my account reserved for  
you, and remove it and handle it in any way that he  
judges, based on his research and consultation with  
his teachers, that will give the best investment.”   
  
The boys were stunned, frozen with their mouths half  
open, almost unable to express their joy.  
  
“As you may not know, Uncle Steven has also separated  
from his wife, and he and Jason are living with me  
now.  The three of us will be your overseers, helping  
to make sure you maintain top grades, do your work at  
the restaurant, and maintain the house.  Also helping  
to keep an eye on you, as well, will be Jason’s dog,  
Hubert, who is so happy to be reunited with Jason!”  
  
“Your mom and I have become friends once again, but we  
are going to stay separated.  Mom and Flora will be  
visiting and staying over with us on a regular basis.”  
  
“Since I believe so much that your social service  
training has helped you, Steven, Jason, and I, shall  
continue to be providing you with ongoing training,  
monitoring of all of your activities, and corrective  
measures whenever they are needed.  What I like about  
the social service system most of all is that it  
allows parents of servants the right to use physical  
discipline on their children at the age when they need  
it the most; just as they are passing from their teen  
and young adult years into their more mature young  
adult stage.  You boys are in the most difficult phase  
of your lives right now, and I can’t tell you how  
happy I am to have this turbulent time in your lives  
under my guidance and control.”  
  
Any free boy who had never been through servant  
training would be horrified to find out that their  
parents expected to control them until they reached  
their mid-twenties.  To Martin’s three boys it was the  
happiest news they had ever received.   
  
But most of all the boys could hardly believe the news  
that they would all be back at home again as a family,  
and that they finally had proof that their father, in  
fact, loved them as much as he had been telling them  
he did all along.  
  
It is well known that servants whose circumstances are  
bettered, or whose terms of service are reduced,  
frequently fall into a mode of behavior that can only  
be described as fawning.  And Bradley, Quince, and  
Alban were no exceptions.  They were so happy to be in  
a situation that to them was almost ideal, that they  
were solicitous of their overseers to a fault.   
Martin, Steven, and Jason, heard more “Yes sirs”, “No  
sirs”, and “May I sirs”, in a single day than most  
overseers hear in a week.  
  
The overseers, of course, loved it.  Jason,  
understanding the provenance of such servant  
courtesies more than most, was thrilled being around  
such obedient, wanting-to-please, servants. And  
Martin, who loved having obeying sons about, thought  
he was in heaven.  
  
If the boys saw what they imagined to be the slightest  
look of displeasure on the face of their overseers,  
they took to finding the cause of their displeasure.  
“Is my uniform buttoned improperly sir?”; “Is my hair  
messed up, sir?”; “Sir, Do you want me to put more  
cologne on my scrotum?”; “Did I do something wrong, Dad?”  
  
To the three overseers, it seemed at times that Alban,  
and to a lesser degree, Bradley, were almost begging  
for punishment. “Did I displease you, Jason?”  “Can I  
do anything to make it up, Dad?”  “I feel so bad for  
making this mistake, Uncle Steven.”   
  
From their first day of indenturement, Quince and  
Alban had a much easier time accepting social service  
than Bradley did because they were more trusting.  For  
them it was an easy thing to believe what they were  
told in training, “Think of it as a period of freedom,  
where you have no complex cares in the world except to  
do your task at hand.  Everything else will be taken  
care of for you.”    
  
Bradley, more mature, and knowing human nature better  
than his brothers did, could not relax in service  
chiefly because he could not bring himself to trust  
people and their motives.  But once the three boys  
returned home from Maple Valley, their acceptance of  
social service was complete.  Not only could they at  
last accept and trust what they were told, but also  
service turned out to be personally rewarding for them.  
  
And social service in the setting of the Forestman  
family brought about an incredible transformation of  
not only the servants, but also of their overseers.   
The bond of trust and love between servant and  
overseer was nourished by the social servant  
arrangement, and helped to foster obedient servants  
and compassionate overseers.    
  
When Martin and Steven came down to breakfast one  
Saturday morning, the three servants were preparing  
breakfast for the family as they always did, in the  
nude.  But as they took their seats at the kitchen  
table they noticed that the three boys were brass  
balled.  “Why did you brass ball ‘em, Jason?” asked  
Steven.  
  
Jason, already seated at the table reading a magazine,  
put the magazine down. “It’s something they used on me  
in training to help me focus on a particular task, and  
it really worked.  I just wanted to see if brass  
balling the boys would end up with us getting an  
especially delicious breakfast this morning.”  
  
“Good thinking!” complimented Martin.    
  
The three overseers smiled as they watched the   
three servants gingerly preparing breakfast, careful  
to keep their legs spread wide apart as they worked,  
lest the two brass balls suspended at knee level from  
cords cinched about the base of their cocks, clashed  
together and hit them in their knees.  
  
Jason gave a big on-the-lips kiss to his dad as he sat  
down at the breakfast table, and one to his Uncle  
Martin.  Martin gave Jason’s chest a love poke as they  
kissed.  
  
The servants made a joke about something and laughed,  
and Hubert, reclining on the kitchen floor, sat up and  
barked.  Jason patted Hubert on the head, “Good boy,  
Hubert!  No horseplay, boys, while you’re preparing  
breakfast.”  All three servants quickly apologized and  
worked on in silence.  The three free men chatted as  
they watched the servants’ bubble butts wiggle about  
as they finished preparing breakfast.    
  
Once the breakfast was served, Jason removed the brass  
balls from the boys and invited them to join them.  At  
the first taste of the omelet everyone agreed that the  
brass balls had an effect.  “Let’s use the brass balls  
more often!” suggested Martin.  The boys were  
thrilled, and thanked their overseers for the compliments.    
  
Alban, sitting across from Jason, playfully placed his  
foot against Jason’s crotch.  Jason smiled and waggled  
his finger at Alban in mock warning, as if to say,  
‘That could earn you a spanking’.  Alban laughed like  
the mischievous servant that he was. Quince observed  
what was going on and, taking a cue, reached his hand  
to Uncle Steven’s crotch and gave it a squeeze.  Uncle  
Steven could only laugh, and leaned over and gave  
Quince a big kiss, “How you doing today, big fella?”  
  
Quince said that everything was great.  Steven rubbed  
Quince on the head like one would do to a good little  
boy, then asked Alban, “How’s it going, tiger?”  “Real  
good, Uncle Steven.  I got an ‘A’ on my math test!”   
Everyone complimented Alban, and Quince reached over  
and gave Alban’s cheek a love squeeze and made a  
smoochie-kiss gesture with his lips.    
  
When Quince refilled the orange juice pitcher and went  
around the table refilling everyone’s glasses, Jason  
gave a gentle tug to his servant dick, “You’re doing a  
great job, honeysuckle.”  Quince beamed from cheek to  
cheek as his fat dick stirred.  
  
Steven and Martin smiled at each other, and Steven  
reached down and rubbed Martin’s thigh.  As Steven  
rubbed Martin’s thigh, Martin announced that Flora and  
Timothy would be spending the day with them, and that  
later in the day a bunch of his new friends from the  
dance class and club, which he and Steven belonged to,  
would be coming for drinks.  “It should be a fun time.  
They’re nice people.”  
  
When everyone was finished eating breakfast, Jason  
stretched out in his chair, “Oh man, I need a backrub.   
Quince, you get to do the honors.  Go to my room and  
get my bed ready and prep it for my massage.”  Martin  
had a better idea, “Hold on a minute.  This is  
Saturday after all.  We have a lot we’re going to be  
doing together today, so I say let the boys prep the  
house for our guests now, then after our guests have  
left we can all service each other during our meditation time.”    
Everyone, including Jason, thought it was a great  
idea.  The servants started to clean up the dishes,  
and as each overseer left the kitchen, they went up to  
each servant, gave them a kiss, and thanked them for  
the splendid breakfast.  The servants were dick-hard  
as they washed the breakfast dishes from so many  
expressions and demonstrations of love.  
  
After the house was cleaned up, the servants bathed,  
and then got dressed in their sailor boy uniforms.   
Flora and Timothy arrived shortly after Steven did a  
uniform inspection of the boys.   
  
Flora and Timothy loved visiting her dad and her  
brothers.  The new Forestman household was aglow with  
love and happiness, and it was palpable and  
infectious.  
  
The Forestman males had a pleasant talk with Flora and  
her Timothy.  Flora proudly told her family how  
Timothy was excelling in all of his studies.  
  
At one point when Martin took out a camera to shoot a  
few snapshots of Flora and Timothy standing arm in  
arm, Timothy apologetically told Martin to “Please  
wait a second”, and he proceeded to remove his  
clothing.  To Timothy, accustomed to the Patton’s  
European servant formality, it was the only proper way  
for a servant to be photographed.  When Martin  
realized what Timothy was doing, he smiled and nodded  
his assent, and waited for Timothy to undress.  
  
The entire family stood around and watched Martin take  
photos of the two young lovers.  When the shoot was  
over, Timothy showed no interest in putting his  
clothes back on.  It was as if he wanted to be bare  
for his girlfriend and her family, to let them know he  
had no secrets, and had nothing to hide.  Martin’s  
servant sons were impressed.  
  
Martin’s guests started arriving soon after the photo  
shoot, and all three Forestman servants, and Timothy,  
pitched right in, taking their coats, asking them what  
they would like to drink, and, in general, being super  
helpful servants.  
  
Eighteen men, from Martin and Steven’s dance class and  
club, ranging in age from 22 to 60, found themselves  
treated to unexpected first class service.    
  
In the kitchen as the four servants were getting  
drinks, Quince said that he felt that if Timothy was  
nude, they should also be.  They all agreed, and soon  
four nude servants entered the living room carrying  
trays of drinks and food for the guests.   
  
Martin was proud of his sons wanting to be supportive  
of Timothy by also serving in the European style.  The  
very pleased guests were quite interested in the  
servants, and soon were asking the servants many  
questions about social service. “What was it like?”  “Was  
training difficult?”  “Did they like being servants?”   
“Why were they nude?”  “How did they feel being naked in  
front of everyone?”  
  
All four servants were happy to answer questions,  
pleased to be the center of so much caring attention.   
  
Quince explained, “It always feels good to me being  
nude in front of free people, because it means I am  
totally exposed and can have nothing hidden from free  
folks.”    
  
One of the free boys said, “This is cool, man!”  
Another voice agreed, “Like totally, dude!”  
  
Timothy eagerly added, “It’s perfectly okay for free  
folks to see us social servants in the buff.  Just  
like it’s no big deal when folks see naked babies, so  
it’s no big deal if they see us naked.”  
  
One of the free boys said, “I’m almost envious of the  
way servants don’t go around trying to hide their  
weenies, trying to pretend they got some big secret in  
their pants, the way we free guys do.”  
  
Alban elaborated, “Like what is so totally weird to me  
is that when I’m naked in front of free people, when I  
normally should be feeling all vulnerable and stuff,  
that is when I find myself feeling the most protected.  
It’s like totally weird and totally cool at the same  
time.”  
  
Quince readily agreed, and added,  “The reason it  
feels good being exposed to free people is because you  
are placing yourself in their trust by being nude, and  
they in return want to help make sure that you have no  
false pride, or any secrets that could hamper you from  
effective service.  By being bare in front of free  
people we are openly admitting that we want to be  
observed, monitored, and guided every step of the way.  
I certainly appreciate all the help I can get in  
being kept on track.  When I was first indentured I  
was envious of free boys.  But now I am glad I am who  
I am, and that there are free boys out there willing  
to guide, monitor, and lead me.  Free people are great  
the way they want to help guide us servants.”  
  
One of the guests asked how the servants get to the  
point of such acceptance of servitude as the four  
servants demonstrated.  Bradley answered, “Once I was  
finally surrounded by truly caring overseers, I  
realized that not following an order was the same as  
outright abuse of a free person.  I changed my ways  
the moment I realized that when I failed to obey or I  
balked, I was out rightly abusing my dad, Uncle Steven,  
and Jason.”  
  
Bradley continued, “I mean, hey, we're all in this  
together.  We’ve all got a stake in this.  I'm not  
going through anything that any other social servant  
isn't going through.  I was able to get over any  
resentment when I truly came to realize that the  
system is fair.  If I have to get punished it's only  
because someone cares about me.  If we servants try to  
be all that we can be and let free people help us in  
this endeavor, then life is truly beautiful.  In  
training we were always told that we were the special  
people.  But now I’m at the point that when I behave,  
I actually feel special!"    
  
The guests were impressed.  Quince was stoked, and  
prouder than ever that he was a social servant, “In  
front of all of you I just want to say ‘thank you’ to  
you, Dad, Uncle Steven, Jason, and to you too, Flora,  
for helping me to become such a hard working and proud  
servant.”  Quince felt wonderful having the eyes of  
the entire room on him, admiring him.   
  
Martin shook his head to fend off tears, and all of  
the guests burst into spontaneous applause at Quince’s  
expression of gratitude.  
  
Barbara entered the house as the applause was dying  
down, and was soon being greeted by all of the nice  
male guests.  She had seen her sons nude since they  
were back living at home, but seeing them nude, along  
with Timothy, in front of so many people, and  
appearing so happy, put her at ease.  It also  
confirmed for her what Martin had assured her; social  
service can be a good thing and have a positive effect  
on young males if it is just and fair, and in a loving  
environment.  
  
Barbara explained that she came to pick up Flora and  
Timothy, but Flora and Timothy were having such a good  
time that Flora asked her mom if they could stay a  
bit.  Barbara was happy to oblige, since she too was  
having a good time.  
  
Flora loved that at last she could see her brothers  
and her boyfriend as they should be seen.  Her worn  
printouts of her brothers in the nude from the Social  
Service’s website couldn’t compare with the real  
thing.

At one point Barbara, the ever gracious and alert  
hostess, noted that the snacks were running low, so  
she announced that she would go and get something  
tasty.  When she came back several minutes later  
carrying a platter full of sliced vegetables and a  
pitcher of carrot juice, the Forestman boys were  
incredulous.  
  
Alban asked, “Mom what kind of snack is this?”  Quince  
wondered too, “Yeah Mom, where are the cookies and  
milk?”  
  
Barbara smiled, “I just realized, in the same way that  
Martin has, that I love my family way too much to  
serve them cookies and milk any longer.  It just isn’t  
healthy.  I’m not letting my family be subjected to  
anything that is less than one hundred percent  
beneficial to them!”  
  
The three unabashed naked servant sons went up to  
their mother and hugged her affectionately. Bradley  
announced, “You’re the greatest, Mom!”  As Martin  
shook his head in pride, a tear fell from his eye.   
Quince noticed the tear, and went and hugged him,  
“Thanks Dad, for being you!”  Little Flora gushed, “I  
got the best brothers in the whole wide world.”  Alban  
went up to Flora, hugged her, and said, “And Bradley,  
Quince, and I have got the greatest little sister in  
the whole wide world.”  The assembled guests “ohhed”  
and “ahhhed” as the happy Forestman family laughed and  
reached for snacks from the vegetable platter.  
  
When the guests had all left, Martin grabbed Alban by  
his prick, Jason grabbed Bradley’s rod, and Steven  
grabbed Quince’s, and led the servants into the  
recreation room.  
  
Quince put on some rhythmic exercise music as the  
overseers undressed.  Once everyone was nude the  
family started doing a series of quite strenuous  
exercises to the music.  When the full set of  
exercises had been completed almost 25 minutes later,  
and all six males were heavily sweating, they sprawled  
out on the floor to regain their strength.  
  
After catching his breath, Jason rolled over and  
embraced Bradley, and gave him a kiss.  Bradley sang  
in his ear the tune he had made up to the poem Jason  
had sent him, “I many times thought peace had come,  
when peace was far away.”  He stopped singing, and  
said, “Jason, you risked your freedom to unlock my  
infibulation bar and ring.  I will never get over it!”  
The boys kissed and their tongues entered each  
other’s mouth.  
  
Martin and Steven stood up and embraced.  Eventually  
Martin spun Steven around and jammed his cock into his  
butt crack.  With Martin embracing Steven from the  
rear, Steven reached over and pulled Quince over to  
stand in front of him with his back towards him.   
Steven pulled Quince tightly towards him as Martin’s  
prick was entering Steven’s hole.    
  
Bradley and Jason saw that the family love circle was  
starting to form, so Jason went in back of Martin and  
snaked his dick into Martin’s ass cheeks as he kissed  
the back of his uncle’s neck.  Bradley came up to the  
rear of Jason and started rutting on his butt.  When  
he was nice and hard he started working his prick up  
into his lover’s hole.    
  
As Bradley’s dick made its way into Jason’s hole,  
little Alban came up behind his much loved oldest  
brother and ran his hands over his muscled back.  He  
slowly got his slender dick super hard and entered  
Bradley’s hole as Bradley squirmed in sheer delight.   
Quince guided the group into a full circle and wrapped  
his arms around his little brother and slowly eased  
his dick, the largest of the Forestman clan, up into  
little Alban’s eager and happy hole.  
  
The entire mound of Forestman male flesh was aglow  
with moans of delight as they humped to the music.   
The happiest family in all of Vermont came together as  
one, bonded by familial love in its highest and  
holiest expression.  The ecstasy the Forestman family  
experienced on an almost daily basis was rewarded them  
by the very heavens themselves for their courageous  
act of taking the traditional values of tyrants, and  
replacing them with the original and truest value,  
love.  
  
All three sons eventually ended up being released from  
indenturement and returned to freedom within weeks of  
each other.  
  
Thanks to the ever watchful and caring oversight of  
Jason, Steven, and Martin; Bradley and Alban both  
received their respective degrees with honors  
attached.  And Quince, because of his father’s  
foresight and insistence that he get an administrative  
certificate along with his airplane mechanics license,  
is now, at his young age, the head of airplane  
maintenance for a major airline in the area.   
  
Jason and Bradley share an apartment in the University  
district, where Bradley has begun teaching, and where  
Jason continues to run his hugely successful  
restaurant.  
  
When Alban was freed after his graduation, he asked  
his dad if he could board at home while he obtained  
his master’s degree.  His father said, “Why of course  
you can, Alban.”  Alban was tongue tied as he tried to  
explain his intentions; “But Dad, I mean… what I’m  
trying to say… Dad; I was wondering if you and Uncle  
Steven could continue to offer me, like, guidance?   
You know, in the way you have been.”  
  
His father was overjoyed at the request and assured  
Alban that he and his brother would be happy to  
continue offering guidance, support, and correction.   
It has been a successful arrangement.  Alban is once  
again heading towards a degree with honors, and when  
he is an especially good boy he is allowed to join  
Martin and Steven in their bed at night.  
Thanks to the work Barbara and her sister, Karen, did  
on socializing with the Patton’s, they slowly were able  
to convince them that freeing Timothy would be the  
right thing to do.  Timothy and Flora got married in  
secret soon after he was freed, and they are now  
undergraduate students at the University.  The fears  
of Flora’s parents and the Patton’s that the marriage  
would fail because of youth have happily proven to be  
unfounded.  
  
Timothy, majoring in physics, and Flora, majoring in  
sociology, are mature for their age and deeply devoted  
to each other.  Martin and Barbara, very supportive of  
the young couple, cannot put their finger on what  
makes their marriage so successful and unique.  Flora  
has seen no need to reveal to her parents that Timothy  
does all of the housework in the nude!  
  
The Forestman males have started a practice of  
gathering several times a year for a reunion at  
Martin’s mountain cabin.  There the boys happily  
submit to their former overseers for continued  
examination, encouragement, and testing.  The boys  
always come away from their family reunions  
replenished, refreshed, and aglow with a fervor to be  
the best they can be.   
  
The entire Forestman family has been freed from a life  
of bondage to ‘traditional values’ by, ironically,  
trying to adhere to those very traditional values. The  
family has been so divinely rewarded because Martin  
sought to examine his conscience.  When he felt an  
uneasy stirring over something which society told him  
to ignore, he did not.  
  
For Martin’s examined conscience not only has the  
Forestman family been blest, but so too are blessed  
all those who witness and see.  The good the family  
accomplished in breaking the chains of the insensate  
and damning thing called ‘traditional values’ filled  
their days with wonder and joy.  And the greater good  
they accomplished in opening wider the landscape of  
love resounds triumphantly still, and is imperishable.  
  
  
THE END