

## EPILOGUE

### Toward the Greater Ocean

River that flows on

It rolls on

It always will

Will not stand still

With the hull of our raft, canoe or boat

We each shall arrive

Will reach the same

That all-inviting ocean

We shall pole, paddle or float

Down that muddy river though mighty

To waters full of all the hues of blue clarity;

I make a motion for a greater open-to-all ocean.

William Randolph Purdy (brother of the author)  
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