“Plant Patience in the garden of thy soul
   The roots are bitter but the fruit is sweet
And when at last it stands a tree complete;
   Beneath its tender shade
The burning heat and burdens of the day will lose control—
   Plant Patience in the garden of thy soul.”

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the years,
   “Give me light, that I may tread safely into the unknown,” and he replied, “Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than the known way.”

“A log, a cedar tree for shade, a sheep shed for a home, a dream, a vision a restless urge, a young man—Laurence Jones.”

“I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, I will help thee.”

Once upon a time, a testimonial banquet in Chicago for a banker of that day, Joseph R. Noel, was resplendent with gifts and testimonial speeches. After it was over, banker Noel’s little grandchild, Harriet, whose part had been presenting him with a bouquet of flowers, climbed upon his knee and said, "I did something too; didn't I, Grandpa?"

Across the many years of Piney Woods School, your donation and gifts of others bring to mind the words of this little girl — "I did something too, Grandpa!"

For what you have done to help create a Way of Life School where there was none before, you have my grateful "Thanks."

It is this time of year our friends are wondering or asking what can I do for Piney Woods School?

I can only answer — Whatever gift you have sent in the past will make us happy. Some Piney Woods School friends are remembering the words of Ralph Edwards on THIS IS YOUR LIFE:

"This great humanitarian project
must not be allowed to die."

Our friends are sending stock for our Endowment Fund — one share, often ten or a hundred. It all counts.

The late Chester F. Carlson (inventor of Xerox) in his will left many, many shares of Xerox to help insure the future of Piney Wood School.

So whatever you can do for us will be gratefully received whether money or stock or bonds.

In the joy of spraying a human orchard,

Laurence C. Jones