

"I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence,
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
I ~~took~~ the one less travelled by
And that has made all the difference."

-Robert Frost

Consider yourself, as Robert Frost must have seen himself in that poem, deep within a forest. Here lies a pathway upon which you have been walking; a pathway that stretches out from the cottage where you were born. Your Father and Mother stood inside that doorway with you and as you took faltering steps it was their fingers you clutched; when you stepped outside the door their shadow fell alongside yours. As you walked with a quickened pace the pathway widened and those two who loved you most dropped a step behind. From time to time you were impelled to rush momentarily back into their arms; venturing out again.

Soon a teacher fell in step with you and as one slipped into the past another slipped into her place. You developed friendships and those friends walked with you.....your shadow never fell alone.

The pathway that began in that cottage of your birth has now reached a place of dividing. Here you stand today. You are young men and ~~women~~ women leaving your sheltered past.....preparing to forge your destiny.

The burning question is 'which path will you choose?'

All who have walked with you thus far have left a part of themselves in you. Each will have contributed to your choice but only you can choose.

One of the ^{immediate} ~~simpler~~ decisions you are facing is whether to go to college or to become an apprentice for an immediate job.

Some of you ^{are} about to choose between an immediate marriage or a career.

But, despite your decision about your life's work there is a bigger decision you must make.

Peer intently down either road and you discover each disappearing in the underbrush. We cannot see what lies beyond; but we can make the choice that brings us to whatever destination we dare to choose.

Each road beckons!

All of us are drawn to something. We may not always see what draws us nor are we always conscious of being drawn...but each moment we are being drawn...to certain ideals.

We choose them first, foster our affection on them...then they hold us; master us!

There is no exception here. No such thing as an unmastered life.

One road leads to futility; the other leads to fulfillment!

"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction....."

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life....."

The BROAD WAY is alluring.