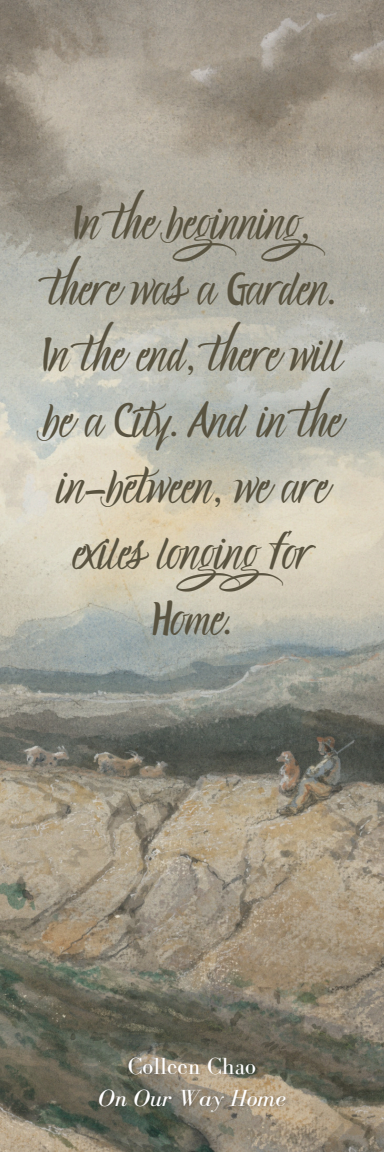




*In the beginning,
there was a Garden.
In the end, there will
be a City. And in the
in-between, we are
exiles longing for
Home.*

Colleen Chao
On Our Way Home