

Some of Jack's Favorite Quotes

"The most important thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother."

Theodore Hesburgh

"When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when i got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years"

Mark Twain

The best of a bad job is all any of us make of it-
Except, of course, the saints...
...contend with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk before the fire
Two people who do not understand each other,
Breed children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.

The Cocktail Party - T. S. Elliot

Today, the issue must be fairly faced: Are we a serious country? Do we really appreciate deeply enough, strongly enough, the stunning, irreversible changes that have come into the world in the past quarter century? Do we really understand that the world we accepted so complacently 25 years ago is gone forever and that life can never, never, never be the same again? And do we truly comprehend the basic grim character of the challenges that have arisen?

LOOK Magazine, 2 Jan '62 - John Gunther

Heave the anchor short!
Raise main-sail and jib - steer forth, O little white hull'd sloop, now speed on really deep waters,
I will not call it our concluding voyage,
But outset and sure entrance to the truest, best, maturist,
Depart, depart from solid earth - no more returning to these shores,
Now on for aye our infinite free venture wending,
Spuming all yet tried ports, seas, hawsers, densities, gravitation,
Sail out for good, eidolon (soul) yacht of me!

Walt Whitman

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death, I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship's clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore!
Joy, shipmate, joy!

Walt Whitman

Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in the old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are; -
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson

Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort;
 first, the cold friction of expiring sense...
Second, the conscious impotence of rage...
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame
Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
Of things ill done and done to others harm
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.

T. S. Eliot

One must wait until the evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Sophocles