FAREWELL TO SOMERSET, HELLO CHAPEL HILL

Few would deny that it's terrible to say goodbye Particularly to our closest friends or allies whom, not even our fondest passions could ever transcend

But, in the process there are true benefits Which when codified and pondered, lead one to believe, at least where I sit, that all those years in our present abode formed a sturdy scaffoldwhich, rich in its tapestry of companions and myriad events, have enriched, even enobled our lives to such large extents that goodbyes or hellos are mere punotuations that serve to demarcate time snd place but have no more significance, my dearfellows than the twitch of an eyebrow, the shrug of a shoulder or, even bolder -and this may seem disloyal~ such as when the blade takes its morsel and the baby cries at the hands of the

Tears, tears, they must be shed
I hear some under their breath mutter
but, why should the lacrimal gland
be any more significant than a cow's utter?
after all, the former simply relieves us of our endorphins
while the latter forces the ohild to seek its
mother

Be all of us happy and not fret for, after all, we are not leaving this planet at least, not yet nor are we embarking for Shadyhill, the town of which John Cheever wrote as being full of drunks, rakes, and forsooth (in Paul's honor) the mentally ill.

No we are going not far away to

moyel

Chapel Hill
with its lofty college spires
its graceful elms sheltering
minds and ideas to which we all aspire.
Hooray, we are off to a new adventure
hopefully with newly found friends
with knowledge, to be sure,
although with present company not as secure.

We raise our glasses to
Selma and Paul
To our children, including Doug, and Sarah,
and those surely to come;
to all our Somerset Friends
and our colleagues from NIH
From whom I apparently cannot escape
and finally to our lovely home
with its graceful landscape.

There will be no goodbyes
No tearful farewells
Our love
our respect for values and character
Our feelings about grace and beauty
our sense of the past, our hopes for the future
They remain fixed in time and space
protected for posterity
As if covered with the illusory carapace
of eternity