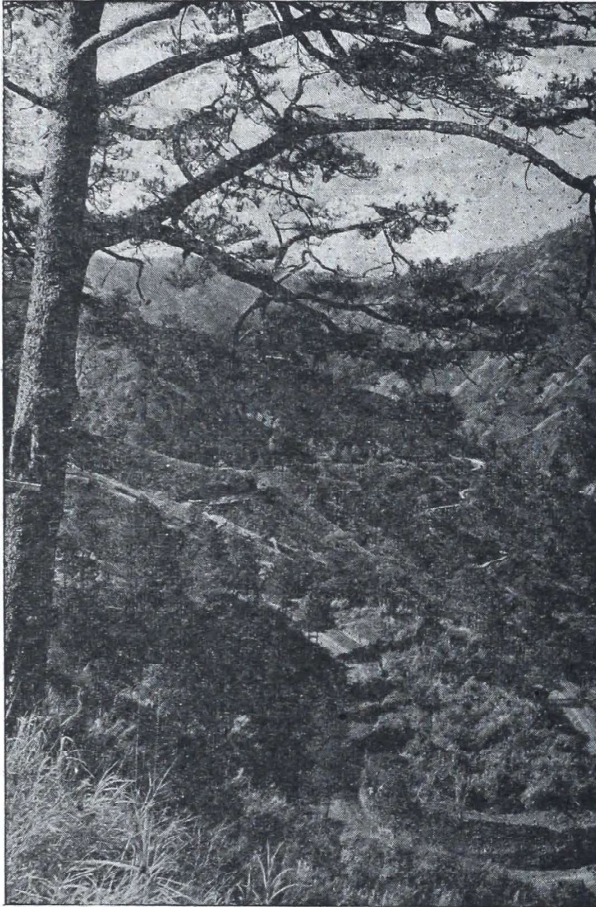


A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

THIS LAND IS OURS



This land is ours to love and cherish.

Its sturdy schools,
 Its churches fine,
 Its forest plots
 Of palm and pine.

Its waterfalls,
 Its sunset glow,
 Its orchids rare
 Where brooklets flow.

Its well-built roads
 On which we ride,
 Stretch miles across
 The countryside.

This land is ours;
 Its sun and shade,
 Where democratic
 Codes are made.

This land is ours;
 Its plains and hills,
 Its rivers wide,
 And leaping rills.

This land is ours
 To love and cherish,
 To guard, that freedom
 Does not perish!

THIS LAND is ours;
 Its grass and grains,
 Its mountain peaks
 And fruited plains.

This land is ours
 To have and hold;
 Its teeming seas,
 Its veins of gold.

Gift - Dr. Panlasciguir