

This is the true joy in life,
the being used for a purpose
recognized by yourself as a mighty one;
the being thoroughly worn out before you
are thrown on the scrap heap; the being
A FORCE OF NATURE
instead of a feverish selfish little clod of
ailments and grievances complaining that the
world will not devote itself to making you happy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856-1950)
Irish writer