

# 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 out 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 playwright and critic