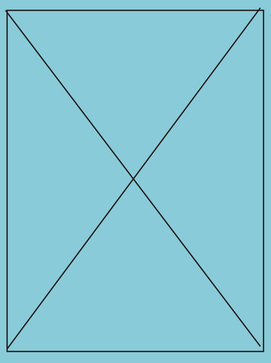
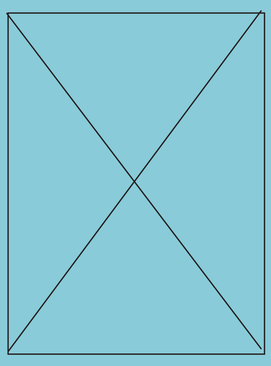
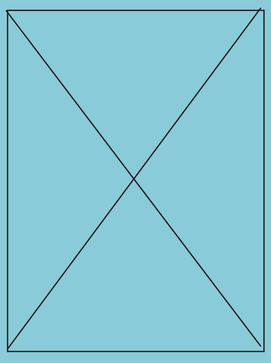
logo

social media

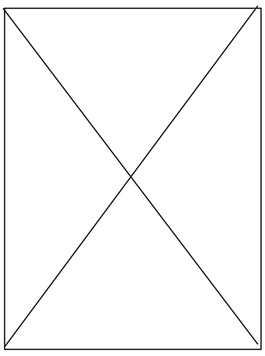
menu 1 menu 2 menu 3

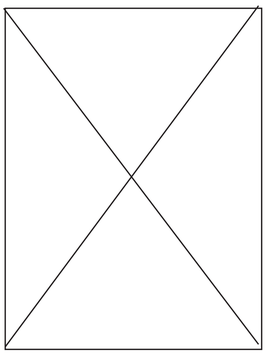


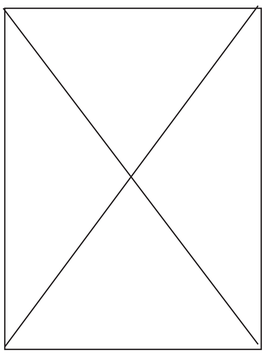


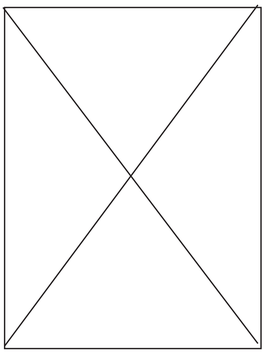


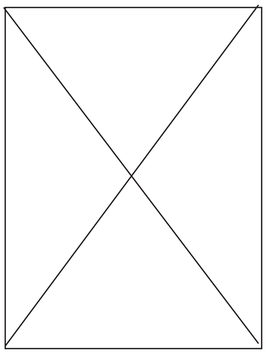
SECTION TITLE

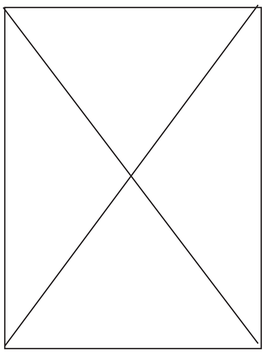












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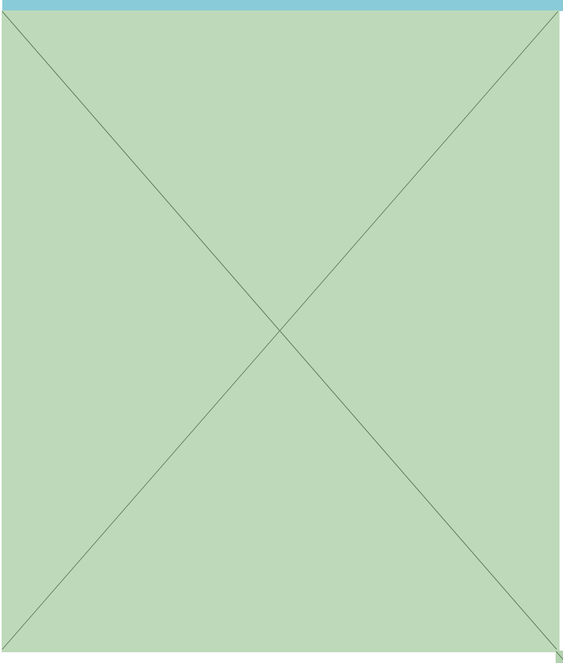
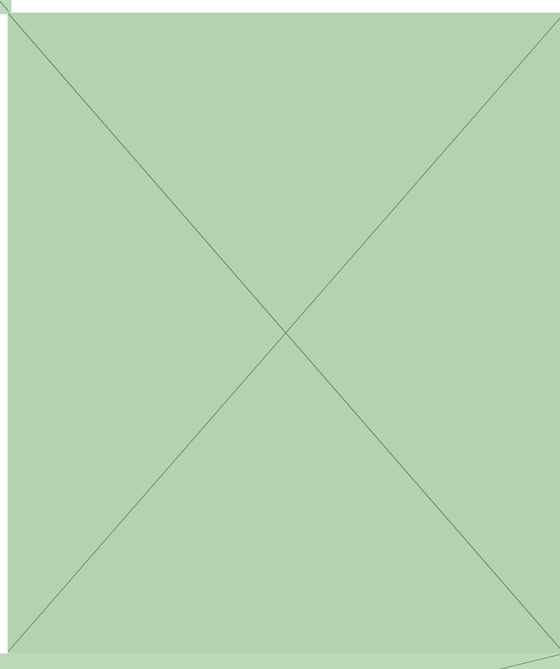
IMAGELINK 1 BACKGROUND

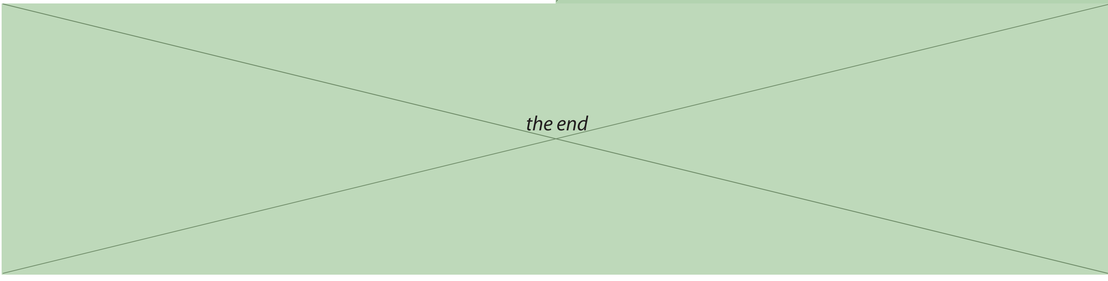
imagelink 1 imagelink 2 imagelink 3



When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:
Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him and he will then love me.

To see the world in a grain of sand, and to see heaven in a wild flower, hold infinity in the palm of your hands, and eternity in an hour.





the end

imagelink 2 imagelink 3

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