

ing it on you,

If you can trust yourself  
when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for  
their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be  
tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don't  
deal in lies,

Or being bated, don't give  
way to bating,

And yet don't look too  
good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not  
make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not  
make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Tri-  
umph and Disaster

And treat those two impos-  
tors just the same;

If you can bear to bear the  
truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make  
a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave  
your life to, broken,

And stoop and build 'em

up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of  
all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of  
pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at  
your beginnings

And never breathe a word  
about your loss;

If you can force your heart  
and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long af-  
ter they are gone,

And so hold on when there is  
nothing in you

Except the Will which says  
to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds  
and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings—nor  
lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving  
friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you,  
but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving  
minute

With sixty seconds' worth

of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and every-  
thing that's in it,

And—which is more—  
you'll be a Man, my son!"

The rapt, silent attention of  
the tables ended with thun-  
derous applause. Ms. Sabbagh  
had elegantly summed up the  
evening with the immortal as-  
sist of Mr. Kipling.

To learn more about  
LHNH, how you can help,  
and/or how it can help you  
or your loved ones or your  
neighbors, visit lenoxhill.org.

In Memoriam. **Patricia  
Murray Wood Ney** died on a  
Tuesday morning mid-month  
in Palm Beach. She was 98  
on her last birthday, March  
11. She is survived by her  
daughters **Robin Pickett** and  
**Hilary Geary Ross**, her four  
grandchildren, and five great-  
grandchildren.

I first knew her in South-  
ampton, where she was known

as Pat Wood and wrote the  
social "Beachcomber" col-  
umn for the weekly *South-  
ampton Press*. She had a warm  
smile and a gentle yet direct  
voice and manner. There was  
a grace about her that, on  
contact, always soothed the  
frenetic mind of this writer.  
Her column—which reflect-  
ed that—was that of a small-  
town weekly, many of whose  
readers were the rich, the cel-  
ebrated, and the social New  
Yorkers who also happened  
to be long-time (even gener-  
ations long) members of the  
summer community.

She was born Patricia Mur-  
ray on March 11, 1920, the  
daughter of **Jeanne Lourdes  
Durand** and **John Francis  
Murray**, a former commis-  
sioner of the Port of New  
York Authority. Her paternal  
grandfather, **Thomas Murray**,  
was an inventor and electrical  
engineer who worked with

EASTER EGG HUNT AT THE ROYAL POINCIANA PLAZA IN PALM BEACH



Marshall, Sloane and Erin Jenney  
with Preston and Ann Day



Egg hunt



Linda Salandra Dweck with  
Margaux and Pierce Zimmerman



Brad, Lori and Bennett Berg



Sharon, Lily, Taylor and Addie Hamilton



Beth Beattie Aschenbach and Lawson Aschenbach