

## HALAMAN PERSEMBAHAN

“A builder builded a temple.  
He wrought it with grace and skill;  
Pillars and groins and arches  
All fashioned to work his will.  
Men said, as they saw its beauty,  
‘It shall never know decay.  
Great is thy skill, O Builder!  
Thy fame shall endure for aye.’

A teacher builded a temple  
With loving and infinite care,  
Planning each arch with patience,  
Laying each stone with prayer.  
None praised her unceasing efforts.  
None knew of her wondrous plan,  
For the temple the teacher builded  
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,  
Crumbled into the dust.  
Low lies each stately pillar,  
Food for consuming rust.  
But the temple the teacher builded  
Will last while the ages roll,  
For that beautiful unseen temple  
Was a child's immortal soul.”

∞ **Author unknown** ∞

I dedicated this thesis for both of my loving parents and all of my teachers who have cast, wrought, and hammered my mind and soul to a good design. I thank those who have given me their support, patience and love even when I probably don't deserve it.