



Become a Bridge Builder

for future generations...

Join the Yates Legacy Society.

“The Bridge Builder” tells the story of a man who builds a bridge, not for himself, but for the generations yet to come. Sigma Nu is fortunate to have had such a builder in William P. “Bud” Yates (Pennsylvania), who made a bequest to Sigma Nu in 1945. Brother Yates left three-quarters of his estate to Sigma Nu, resulting in the formation of the Sigma Nu Educational Foundation, Inc. To salute Brother Yates for his vision and generosity, the **Yates Legacy Society** was established in 2000.

The Yates Legacy Society includes those individuals who have designated the Sigma Nu Educational Foundation in their estate plans. This can be accomplished through life insurance, bequests, trusts, or any other documented planned gift arrangement. If you want to have a tremendous impact on the future of Sigma Nu, while helping to provide for the development of ethical leaders, then you should join the Yates Legacy Society.

Join the **Yates Legacy Society** today! Your investment will ensure that future generations will also have the opportunities and benefits of membership in the Legion of Honor.

For information on a planned gift of Life Insurance, contact
BB&T Insurance Services, Inc. at 1-800-474-1471.

For all other planned gifts, contact:
Brad Hastings at 1-888-236-5323
or via e-mail at Foundation@SigmaNu.org.

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The Bridge Builder

Written by: Will Allen Dromgoole

An old man going down a long highway,
Came in the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.

The old man crossing in the twilight dim;
That swollen stream held no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide--
Why build you this bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This swollen stream which was naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."