

FRIEND

Friend,

Mere acquaintances nod, smile, and make small talk
At work, in church, and on the street,
Pay condolences in times of sorrow and grief,
Even join in life's celebrations;
These are the people we call friends,
But who never loved me for just being me.

Friend,

You are no mere acquaintance to me,
But words vanish when I try to say
What your friendship means to me;
You wrap your arms around me and lend your strength,
Share my burdens and ease my fears,
And love me for just being me.

Friend,

I cry out in times of pain and need,
Somehow, somewhere you hear my plea,
Share my sorrows and give yourself,
Hear my innermost thoughts and fears,
Words that never fall on deafened ears,
And yet you love me for just being me.

Friend,

You lift me up in your daily prayers,
Clarify, correct, and share your heart;
While others have turned and walked away,
You, dear friend, have never strayed,
But cried with me a river of tears,
And still you love me for just being me.

Friend,

I'm glad you wanted a friend and chose me.

Marie Lowe

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