

The Making of Friends

*If nobody smiled, and nobody cared,
And nobody helped along the way,
If every moment looked after itself,
And good things went to the few,
If nobody thought a little about you,
And nobody cared about me,
If we stood alone in the battles of life,
What a dreary world this would be.*

*Life is sweet because of the friends we make,
And the things in common we share,
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care,
It is doing and giving for somebody else,
On which life's splendor depends,
And the joy of the world when you sum it up,
Is found in the making of friends.*

Al Stromlund