

This Week's Guest Writer

Charles Crouch, who has lived in Alpine for almost six years, has written poetry all his life. And this is what he says: "A good many years ago I had a country home near La Mesa. At that time Carrie Jacob Bond had a home on a hill not far from mine. One day I heard her sing a song she had written which she named "A Perfect Day." The recollection of it inspired me to write the following poem:"

Friends

A singer sweet and a poet divine,
Once lived in our town on the hill,
And wrote a song that will ever be sung,
Til the sound of all voices is still.

The name of the song is "A Perfect Day,"
And the music is sweet and low,
And the words are sung as a reverie,
In the evening's sunset's glow.

And the thought that's carried the whole song through,
And the lesson therein portrayed,
Is that day is perfect at whose end we can count
The soul of a friend we've made.

This morning the sky was dark and drear,
And it rained the whole day through,
But it's been a perfect day nevertheless,
For I found a friend—and it's you.

The sun went down with a flaming ray
When the time came for you to depart,
And you bade me good-bye and went away,
And took along a piece of my heart.

The part that was tired and lonesome and sad,
And sometimes discouraged and blue,
But now that it's gone I'm happy again
Just because of today and you.

And so at the end of this perfect day,
As I sit alone with my thoughts
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought.

There's painted upon my memory tonight,
In colors that never will fade,
The picture of all that has happened today,
With the soul of the friend I've made.

There's another lesson that I have learned,

From the words of that beautiful song,
And that is this: we must make our friends,
They just don't happen along.

Charles Crouch