

Bill Anderson, Friends

You know friends are never earned
They are a gift from the loving God
They're precious beyond human evaluation
You dare not take them for granted
Or they'll drift away like smoke
And the warmth of their caring
Will vanish into the chill of the endless night.

Most of my friends are unknowns
They probably won't even rate an obituary
Unless they live and die in a small town
Some where, where nothing much ever happens
But some of my friends are big people
They are famous, sensitive and talented
Their names are household words
And yet they are no more precious
In God's eyes or in mine.

Then those wonderful nobodies
Who live and die in obscurity
Who is your friend?
He's someone who warns you with a nod
Or with an unspoken word in hard times
When you are hurting beyond words
She's someone who holds you to her breast
And sighs softly into your hair.

When no other medicine
Could possibly stop the pain
A friend is someone who clinks
A glass against yours
Or answers the phone
At three in the morning when you're lost
And with a few words of encouragement
And concern makes you realize
You're not really lost at all.

Friends come in both sexes
In all shapes and sizes
The most important thing
They have in common is
Their ability to share with you
Your most sky splitting joys
Or your' deepest most awesome sorrows.

I think of all the things I have in this world
I'm most grateful for my friends...