



Dear "FLORA"

A friend is like a mighty oak,  
When all its leaves are gone.  
A friend is like a single note,  
When other birds have flown.

A friend is like the broad expanse,  
Of shady summer green.  
A friend is like the autumn bronze,  
That lends a later sheen.

A friend is like an evening song,  
Heard in the twilight hush.  
A friend is one who says, "Come in",  
When others seem to rush.

For friendship true no season knows,  
And often ignores the clock.  
It lends a hand to strangers,  
And stretches round the block.

YOU ARE LOVED SO MUCH,  
From LONA