

On Friendship

I love you, not for what you are, but what I am, when I am with you.

I love you not only for what you have made of yourself,
but what you are making of me.

I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over
frivolous and weak things that you cannot help seeing there, and drawing out
into the light all the beautiful and radiant things that no one else has looked
quite far enough to find.

I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me, and for laying hold of
the possibilities of good in me.

I love you for closing your eyes to the discords in me, and adding to the music
in me by worshipful listening...
You have done it without a touch, without a sign.

You have done it by being yourself.

Roy Croft