



TOUCHING SHOULDERS

There's a comforting thought at the close of the day,
When I'm weary and lonely and sad,
That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart
And bids it be merry and glad.

It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,
And finally thrills through and through.
It is just a sweet memory that chants the refrain:
I'm glad I touched shoulders with you!

Did you know you were brave, did you know you were strong?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed,
And was cheered by your simplest word?

Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face,
For the sound of your voice ringing true?
Did you know I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I battle and strive
For the place that I know I must fill;
I am thankful for sorrow, I'll meet with a grin
What fortune may send, good or ill.

I may not have wealth, I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true,
For I have in my life that courage you gave
When once I touched shoulders with you.

. . . .Author unknown