

# The Rising Warm Currents of Friendship

By Millie Shipp - Gamma Nu - Kinsley, Ks 1987

There is an old proverb found in the Bible which states “A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly”. Proverbs 18:24

From the beginning of time man has always needed friends. Adam needed companionship and God provided it for him. He created Eve to be his helpmeet and companion.

Salt, also, has been a need of man's for ages. It is something desired, makes life more pleasant. In ancient times wars are said to have been fought over it., In Roman Days, part of a soldier's pay was in salt.

Have you ever forgotten to salt the hot cereal while cooking? You can try sprinkling some on after cooked, but too late~ Life without friends is like cereal without salt. Wait until you are on your deathbed to form friendships and like cereal - too late!

Salt is used as an antiseptic. In Bible times, newborn babies were bathed and salted. Ezekiel 16:4 Friends can serve as an antiseptic to us in times of sorrow, sickness, loneliness and need.

Salt is used as a preservative. Years before refrigeration, meats were “Salted down”; Salt is still used today in curing of meats—ham, bacon, etc. Friends have a preserving effect on us. We become ingrown without them. Friends add zest and dimension to one's life.

Salt is the Middle Eastern word for “togetherness”. In Aramaic, salt is the same word as “compact” and “treaty” Friends are instrumental in our forming of compacts and treaties. We form “togetherness” with our friends.

Friendships can be and should be forever. The children's song, “Make new friends but keep the old, some are silver and the others gold” is very true. Like salt (show rock salt), which begins as something rough and unfinished, friendship needs love, nurturing and care to become as (show finished salt) pure, white salt.

Jesus speaking to his disciples in the Sermon on the Mount, said, “Ye are the salt of the Earth”. We know he was speaking to his Christian followers telling them they were the flavor the world needed. But, as members of E.S.A., we also can accept this challenge. We are the friends to many people in need. Remember our pledge—“the only right I have is to be of service?” We do many things to make others lives more bearable— therefore, we are a friend to them. Our giving to the Institute of Logopedics, St. Jude's Hospital, the Golden Age Bus, Arrowhead West

Center, Our Christmas Project and Scholarship are all acts of friendship. They make someone else feel good about us and them. This year our President Loretta and her cabinet have allowed \$50.00 to be used "locally as needed". That's great!

I am many persons in one! I am Millie, I am Dick's wife, I am Mother, Grandmother, Babysitter and ESA member, but most of all "May I be your "Friend?" A favorite poem of mine expresses the ideal of Friendship;

The House by the Side of the Road by Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellow less firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran; -  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by  
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
or hurl the cynic's ban;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life, --  
The men who press with ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears  
Both parts of an infinite plan;  
*Let* me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,  
and mountains of wearisome height,  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night.  
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
where the race of men go by  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

As we close this lesson, may each of us take a rock salt and a shaker of finished, purified salt, compliments of Carey Salt Co. in Hutchinson, Ks., place it in our kitchen and be reminded that friendship must be finished and purified to become a beautiful finished product.