

## **The Neighborly Person**

Some are eager to be famous, some are striving  
to be great,  
Some are toiling to be leaders of their nation  
or their state,  
And in every person's ambition, if we only understood,  
There is much that's fine and splendid; every  
hope is mostly good.  
So I cling unto the notion that contented I  
will be  
If the people upon life's pathway find a needed  
friend in me.

I rather like to putter 'round the walks and  
yards of life,  
To spray at night the roses that are burned and  
browned with strife;  
To eat a frugal dinner, but always to have a  
chair  
For the unexpected stranger that my simple  
meal would share.  
I don't care to be a traveler, I would rather be  
the one  
Sitting calmly by the roadside helping weary  
travelers on.

I'd like to be a neighbor in the good old-fashioned way,  
Finding much to do for others, but not over  
much to say.  
I like to read the papers, but I do not yearn  
to see  
What the journal of the morning has been  
moved to say of me;  
In the silences and shadows I would live my  
life and die  
And depend for fond remembrance on some  
grateful passers-by.

I guess I wasn't fashioned for the brilliant  
things of earth,  
Wasn't gifted much with talent or designed for  
special worth,  
But was just sent here to putter with life's little  
odds and ends  
And keep a simple corner where the stirring  
highway bends,  
And if folks should chance to linger, worn and  
weary through the day,  
To do some needed service and to cheer them  
on their way.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**

