# A THOROUGH SEARCH FOR A TRUSTED FRIEND

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...so long i have searched, till i found him;

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# A THOROUGH SEARCH FOR A TRUSTED FRIEND

For quite sometime now, how long, I cannot tell. I have been searching and waiting for a friend. I searched not just for s friend but for a friend indeed. One that will not just come to light a candle where there is darkness but who will be the light itself in every dark, dingy and dreary path of life. A one so dear, who will not only come to put apart the window blinds to allow the rays of sun in, but who will stand as the sunbeam to every cloud of doubt that gathers from time to time. Not just one who will point to the path leading to a destination but one who is ready, willing and able to accompany to the very last mile of the way.

The search was not just for one who sympathizes but cannot empathize; not for one who knows how to wound but does not know how to heal. It was not for one with a heart as hard as stone, devoid of every form of feeling. NO! But for one with a settled, sincere and soulful heart, one with a bright beaming and benevolent heart that could be touch with the feelings of my heart. I mean a thoughtful useful, faithful, truthful, dependable, and delightful, and yet daring heart which never says â YESâ out of pride or â NOâ out of weakness.

I wandered through the valleys and the mountain tops, in the day and in the night, travelling the length and breadth of the known landscape. In and out of the deep fearsome sea, in the heat of the woods; the desert and the inhabited lands, I went as far as the dry lands through the wearisome path, with wavering wayward and wanton legs â trampling heavily on mother earth. In much weariness, in dreadful contempt, in the scourges of the smothering sun, and in the wipes of the rains, but with a sincerely surrendered and solemn solicitation for support and supply grace and guidance from â Edunmareâ who sees and never sleeps.

It seemed, however, as if the search would never end. My heart became faint, feeble and famished; my soul turned wane, weary and worn. The legs became laden, listless and lazy. The eyes turned swollen, sober and sunken making the face seemed with sorrows and tears. Thus, I became listless and troubled; and would have given up but for a still small silent voice which said â move on, move onâ , I moved on as he said; and lo and behold, I met the priceless fortune, the invaluable friend, the ultimate fame, the jewels of inestimable value, ...

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