

A SOUTHERN SWELL

In Memory of Dwight Crum
“a lifeguard’s...lifeguard”

So fondly of the past I dwell...
of him, the sea, a southern swell.
With memories of those many years
the battles won, some lost, the tears.

And life was then so very right
with visions clear, our dreams in sight.
Now we alone, the waves must share
yet in our hearts, with us he’s there.

That which we loved – he set the trend,
someday we’ll meet again my friend...
on powder slopes, as yet unknown
on golden waves, to be our own.

KMC218 for KMC219

Bob Burnside.

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