

Kahlil Gibran was a man I called my friend.

On a birthday anniversary, Upton Close and his wife gave me a copy of Kahlil Gibran's little black book called *The Prophet*. Sometime later I was in New York and Mr. Close said "Is there anyone in the city whom you would like to meet?" I replied that I had no desire to meet their Mayor Walker or others of his kind, but I should like very much to meet the man who wrote *The Prophet*. Mr. Close threw up his hands and said "Of all the people in New York, you would pick the one that is inaccessible.

He tried valiantly, I think, to get me an appointment, but without success. One day as we were walking down the street, he said "Kahlil Gibran lives in this building." Well, I heard nothing more about it until one day I was going . . . to keep an appointment . . . I hadn't Kahlil Gibran in mind at all . . . but as though someone spoke to me, I seemed to hear the words "if you would see Kahlil Gibran, go to him at once." So instead of going and keeping my appointment, I stayed on the bus. I got off . . . walked down to the building in which I had been told he lived . . . Away at the back of (a) dim-lighted hall, I could just make out the words "Kahlil Gibran". I lifted the knocker, but the door opened and a man just my height and size stood before me. I said "I have come to see Kahlil Gibran." "I am he, but could you come another time? I have a guest." "No, I can't come again, and I think it will not be necessary. I have merely come to thank you for writing *The Prophet*." "Come in," he said, "perhaps this friend of mine and you will be kindred spirits." After a bit of conversation, this great poet turned to me and asked "What do you do?" "I work with so-called bad boys." "How I envy you," he said.