

## Good Bye to a Friend

What do you do when a friend will die?  
You look him squarely in the eye  
You choke back tears and try not to cry.

Arley and I have been friends for nearly thirty years. I painted his house before he moved in when he first came to Cayucos. I was a young 20's surfer trying to make enough money to pay rent, eat a little and surf a lot. I was nothing and he was something, but he still took an interest in what I had to say. He always treated me with respect and reciprocation was easy. He was never judgmental but always guiding. He has had a big influence on my life and helped to make me the man I am today.

The things he has done in the years gone by  
For seniors, the community, and the Lion pride  
Affecting people's lives without knowing why.

Arley has been on the Advisory Council for decades. He was also involved in the Senior Center and a proud member of the Lion's Club. He is the reason I am on the council and a Lion. We sat side by side at both organizations since he conned me into joining. We have shared many jokes and wisecracks at nearly every meeting. Arley had a great sense of humor but was much more tactful than I when he let it go.

Clothes of black like the midnight sky  
Honorable with integrity and he would never lie.  
All of these things made him a special guy.

In the last few days as he was growing weaker physically, his mind was still sharp as a tack. He complained to his nurses about his hospital gowns not being black. He gave me advise on the second to the last day to ease my conscience about being a bad Lion. He said the club will always be there and my family has to come first. The night before he passed, he was sleeping and in respiratory distress. I was fairly sure it would be the last time I would see him. Cayucos and I owe him much gratitude for what he has done for us.

I watched him resting as he lie  
As a tear rolled slowly from my eye  
It is with sadness, my friend, that I say "Good Bye".

Paul Choucalas