

Saying Goodbye to an Old Friend

It is with great sadness that I report the passing of our friend Larry Boutwell on November 27, 2010. Born in 1921, Larry was an icon here in Hopkinton, descended from a long line of Boutwells and Crowells (“pronounced ‘Croll’” he always told me emphatically), and filled with stories of days gone by. In addition to storytelling, Larry was also an accomplished poet, and the Hopkinton Historical Society was honored to recently help him publish *Country Memories*, a collection of his poetry from the past 70 years. Below is one of Larry’s poems, written in 1990.

My Little Red Wagon

*When I was just a little boy,
many years ago it seems.
My mind was full of tomorrows,
and all my worldly dreams.*

*I had toys and books and pictures,
to brighten my life each day.
And I had a little red wagon,
when I went outside to play.*

*But boy to man must grow,
and leave the past behind,
and in the world ahead,
a future he will find.*

*And tho the years are many,
I’ll never forget the days,
when with my little red wagon,
I stayed outside to play.*

*And when we enter that world beyond,
I wonder if we start anew,
and repeat the things we do now,
and those we used to do.*

*And if I become a boy again,
in Heaven, Lord I pray.
May I take my little red wagon,
and go outside to play.*

Larry was a Hopkinton treasure, and his voice will be missed.