

# UNCLE BEN

by Steve Wessels © 10-24-06  
In memory of Token

I was sitting in the barbershop last Friday  
waiting for the kids haircuts to be finished  
when he walked in.

He looked like an “Uncle Ben”. He wasn’t old enough to retire  
but the wisps of gray showed he’d been around the block a few times.  
His demeanor was quiet but I noticed something more.  
There was pain in his eyes. And sorrow.  
*A lot of sorrow.....*

I tried to concentrate on the National Geographic in my hand  
but my heart went out to him as he sat in the chair,  
the barber pleasantly chatting as tears silently fell with the hair.  
She was gently trying to distract him.

He paid with a tip and softly offered “*Thanks*” with a broken voice  
before walking out to his car but then he  
sat there at the wheel for awhile,  
sobbing.  
No one else noticed.

When I walked out with my boys I started over towards his car  
to ask if there was anything I could do,  
but he slowly drove away before I could get there,  
the streaming tears still echoing his grief.  
So I just prayed.

*Lord, I’m sorry I didn’t go out sooner  
to ask, to touch his shoulder,  
to kneel beside his car door  
to help him seek Your caring touch.  
It’s now up to You to comfort him.*

*Please forgive me for not being obedient, but  
please send someone else in the power of the Spirit  
to help him NOW!*

*But I also pray give me more courage to speak out more promptly,  
to do what I can to help others without fail,  
to spread the Great News of Your Heart,  
to touch a shoulder, to carry a burden.  
He ain’t heavy – he’s my brother!  
Remind me to pray for him often.*

How do I know but what I won’t turn a corner  
And that Uncle Ben won’t be ME?