

## *The Kindness of a Druggist*

When Edgar Guest, the American poet and writer, was a young man, his first child died. Guest wrote about that time of grief in his life:

*There came a tragic night when our first baby was taken from us. I was lonely and defeated. There didn't seem to be anything in life ahead of me that mattered very much.*

*I had to go to my neighbor's drugstore the next morning for something, and he motioned for me to step behind the counter with him. I followed him into his little office at the back of the store. He put both hands on my shoulders and said, "Eddie, I can't really express what I want to say, the sympathy I have in my heart for you. All I can say is that I'm sorry, and I want you to know that if you need anything at all, come to me. What is mine is yours."*

*He was just a neighbor across the way – a passing acquaintance. Jim Potter (the druggist) may long since have forgotten that moment when he gave me his hand and his sympathy, but I shall never forget it – never in all my life. To me it stands out like the silhouette of a lonely tree against a crimson sunset.*

The power of a deed of love or kindness is awesome, indeed.

Find someone today who needs a hand on his or her shoulder, and give that person a word of encouragement.

– Beecher Hunter

