



Old Uncle Beary (part 2)

“Hello? Just checking to see how things are going for you. Anything I can get you?” Berry Beary Kind said as he entered the home of Old Uncle Beary.

Berry Beary Kind came by a couple times a week to check on things, or if he was busy he sent along someone else to do so.

Old Uncle Beary was a nice one to visit, for he always had a good word to say about people around town, and always had a good story from his very long and interesting life. It seemed he had done just about every type of work there was and knew a bit about most things.

Berry Beary Kind liked talking with him as he learned so much. Sometimes he’d ask the good advice of Old Uncle Beary, who always had something wise to say. Berry Beary Kind knew that to make this town run well he’d need good tips and insight from others who knew a bit more than he did. He was still so young.

His strength and energy enabled him to do the job, but he needed the good thoughts and counsel of those who had lived longer than he, who knew people well and who had an interest in making the town the best that they could.

When Old Uncle Beary told Berry Beary Kind about his surprise encounter that day with his old friend, Berry Beary Kind was very glad to hear. Old Uncle Beary could use a few more friends—ones that were his age and who he could talk about things that they both remembered from the days gone by.

“I’ll tell you what,” Berry Beary Kind said, “Before next weekend I’ll have you both set up with all the fishing gear that you need! Berry Beary Brave has all kinds of bits of this and that for those wishing to go fishing. I’ll stop by his boat tomorrow and see what I can pick up for you. I’m sure he’d be glad to have you use a few rods and tackle and such.”

Old Uncle Beary was delighted,

“Why, that’s such a kind offer. I’d gladly take you up on that. Thanks Son. And you just keep on doing what you are doing so well. This town is in good hands with the likes of you around. I can’t say I liked much before when B. Beary Rich had things going his way. But that’s all past now, and I hope for good.

“Don’t let money corrupt you, you hear? We are all hoping for a good and happy rest of our days here, and you are giving us that hope and that spark of joy,” Old Uncle Beary said.

Berry Beary Kind nodded. "I'll remember that. Thanks for the encouragement. I have no interest in making things go back to the wretched way things used to be.

"I think we've all had enough of that. We're moving on and moving up, and we are very honoured to have a kind gentleman as yourself living here.

"I appreciate the good advice you give, and I do hope I and those I work with can continue to make the improvements needed so that everyone—including you—will have all you need, and will feel a very important part of the community. We do all need each other."

Berry Beary Kind was just leaving, when a new thought came to him,

"You know. Speaking of B. Beary Rich, I heard he was wishing for an occasional visitor to his mansion. He's now gained enough health to sit outside and chat for a short while.

"It's been a very long time of recovery. And we don't know if he will fully recover, but with what years he has left, it might be nice for him to have a chance to speak the words he has wished to, to those he hurt and saddened in the past. I think he wants to make things right.

“Maybe the time will come when you, Sir, will want to pay him a visit. I’m sure you could be an inspiration to him. He’s nothing like what he used to be.

“He can’t say much, or get around, and he truly does want the best for this town, and wants those living here to have such a great time now that they forget all the hardships he put them all through. Would you be open to visiting him sometime?”

Old Uncle Beary didn’t know quite what to say. It was yet the next surprise of the day. To be friendly to the old, bedridden mayor, he would need to forget the past and forgive the way B. Beary Rich used to be.—Otherwise a visit would make things worse for B. Beary Rich’s health.

“If it makes you happy, I’d like to do it,” at last Old Uncle Beary said. “I’ll have to forgive him for quite a bit—many of these grey hairs on me were due to him, no doubt,” he chuckled.

“Yes, there is quite a bit in the past we all have to leave behind. But it may even do you some good to see a new side of someone who hurt you. Seeing them now in pain and in need of a friend, just might help you wash out any old lingering bad feelings that will only age you faster.

“And we need you around town, Sir, you a have lots to offer us younger folks. Well, if you’re ready for it, I can arrange a visit in the coming week—after your fishing trip weekend!” Berry Beary Kind said.

Old Uncle Beary nodded. “Sounds like something good. Give a bit, get a bit. Have a friend, be a friend. Be helped, and help another. I’ll do my part then to do what it takes to make things get better and better for this delightful town.”

“Wonderful!” Berry Beary Kind said. “I’ll be back in a couple days then, with the fishing supplies! – And I’ll let you know then about the timing for the visit with the old mayor.

“Thank you for being willing to give in this way. It’s nice when people do more than just receive, but give out just as much in return. That’s what makes things the best in town. See you later!”

A week later, Old Uncle Beary sat musing.

He’d just come back from his short trip to visit with B. Beary Rich. The fishing trip he took two days before hand gave him something fresh and interesting to talk about with the old mayor. Old Uncle Beary was able to take the most uninteresting moments in life and tell about them in the most animated way.

He even was able to bring a smile or two to the face of B. Beary Rich, and laugh that turned mostly into a cough, but it was a laugh of sorts. That was good. He hadn't laughed in a very long time.

It really wasn't so hard after all, meeting with the one that he had felt so troubled by before. Old Uncle Beary felt instead compassion on this one. "We all do things wrong and make mistakes. Some mistakes hurt more people at once a time than other mistakes; but everyone needs a chance to learn and to make things right again.

Old Uncle Beary felt his heart a bit lighter than it had been in a long time, especially when he remembered the last thing that B. Beary Rich said to him as he left.

"Your friendly visit here today meant more to me than a million dollars, thank you."

For a man who used to think that money was the way to joy, that was a good thing to hear. It was his way of saying, "I love you more than riches."

This was starting to bring a feeling of healing in a tucked away part of Old Uncle Beary's heart. It felt good to feel important and appreciated.

