

MAYBE SHE NEEDS ME

It had been a long day and I was finishing a task.

As I hurried past her, that little voice said, "Ask".

Ugh, not today I told myself, I'm tired and it shows,

Besides, I could look foolish and it's likely she'll say "No".

While drifting off to sleep that night I saw her face again.

I wondered what her life was like, her dreams, her needs, her pain.

What if she'd been praying for a friendly word or smile ...

The chance to meet somebody that would go that extra mile?

What if she'd been looking for a break, an open door?

Was this the opportunity that she'd been praying for?

I saw the cars she would not drive, the rings she would not wear,

Because I would not risk myself to stop, to ask, to share.

So what if what I offered her was not her cup of tea,

That was a choice for her to make, how selfish could I be?!

When all my dreams are realized I don't want to feel regret

For the lives I didn't touch and change, the "No's" I didn't get.

Oh, let me live the true "Go-Give" and let my mission be:

Not, "Do I need her?" ... but "**Maybe she needs me.**"