

In The Barber's Chair

Jerry Olson, John Dennis

The Helsinki winter was fading away In the spring of seventy-five
Me and Veli John Dennis, we were walking the streets Just glad to be alive.
President Wade gave a challenge that week: "Be bold, speak the truth, reach out"
But the Finnish tongue is a heavy stone And my heart was filled with doubt.

We stepped inside for our usual barber trim at Sister Mäkinen's chair
The scent of talcum and cold metal shears Hanging in the quiet air
The regulars sat with their papers in hand Watching the dust motes fall
And I just wanted to sink in my seat And feel nothing at all.

You see, it's funny how we hide the light we're sent to carry.
Veli Dennis, he only had four months in the field.
His Finnish was broken, struggling for every word . . . but he didn't care about looking foolish.
He started talking about why we were there.
About the Gospel. And suddenly, the whole room went silent.

He stumbled through phrases of purpose and hope while I sat there, red with shame
But Sister Mäkinen lowered her shears. When she heard the Savior's name
She looked in the mirror, her eyes growing soft As the Spirit began to bloom
A holy stillness, a tender mercy Settled inside that room.

"I used to belong to that church," she said "I, I suppose I still do, in a way"
Her husband had forbidden the path long ago But the sun had broken the gray
She brought her daughter, Susanne, to the branch In the chapel at Haaga that week
The harvest was waiting for someone to find The words they were willing to speak.

When you put the Lord's work first, the miracles follow.
Two souls came home because a young man spoke up in a barber shop in Finland fifty years ago.
Don't be afraid of the broken words. Just reach out. The Lord will do the rest.
In the Haaga branch . . . The light came back . . . Fifty years ago