Another life mantra that I still follow is, in the words of The Prophet, "Be merciful to those on earth as The One in Heaven will bestow His mercy upon you." Throughout life's journey, each one of us will come to a time when we need help from one another, and others will need us to help them in turn. This is exactly what happened to me in the summer of 1976, during my college years in America. My English reading and conversational skills were good at the time, but not my writing. For this reason I excelled in science and accounting courses compared to courses that required more writing and memorization. So prior to enrolling in any course, I would try to investigate what kind of exams the instructors gave. If they were the type who gave multiple-choice exams, I would register for their class. If on the other hand they gave more essay exams, I would avoid them. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't avoid courses that required at least some writing. I actually find essay exams generally easier because they give you a space to express your thoughts on the questions more fully. Even in the worst case, you might still end up with an acceptable mark. If you choose the wrong answer on a multiple choice exam, however, you just lose the point. So one year I registered for an economics course which I found really interesting, but it ended up being dependent on a lot of writing. Unfortunately, I had to take a chance on the class because the teacher was new to the faculty and I couldn't find out anything about his exam style. On the very first test, I found out that his exams were always essays, so of course I didn't do well. After that, I went to his office and told him, to his surprise, that I needed to withdraw. He said the grade I got on the exam didn't seem consistent with my participation in class, so I explained the problem I had with writing. Then he told me a story about how he had emigrated from Armenia. He was able to come to the United States because an anonymous person gave him the opportunity. "From that