



title:	Chicken Soup for the Soul At Work : 101 Stories of Courage, Compassion, and Creativity in the Workplace
author:	Canfield, Jack
publisher:	Health Communications, Inc.
isbn10 asin:	
print isbn13:	9781558744240
ebook isbn13:	9780585102559
language:	English
subject	Work--Moral and ethical aspects, Interpersonal relations--Moral and ethical aspects, Employees--Conduct of life, Spiritual life, Inspiration--Anecdotes.
publication date:	1996
lcc:	HD4905.C448 1996eb
ddc:	331.25
subject:	Work--Moral and ethical aspects, Interpersonal relations--Moral and ethical aspects, Employees--Conduct of life, Spiritual life, Inspiration--Anecdotes.

"Reading *Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work* is a poignant experience about ordinary men and women who touch other lives in an extraordinary way with acts of kindness, caring and love. It's a moving testament that responding to the Spirit is a wonderful way to transform our world and make it a better place."

Michael A. Stephen
Chairman, Aetna International, Inc.

"As with the other *Chicken Soups*, *Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work* is an inspirational guide for being true to yourself under difficult circumstances, in trying times and on the job. A 'howto' for being productive, effective and successful, while being human."

JEFFREY C. REISS
CHAIRMAN & CEO, CAREERTRACK

"It took a lot of talented minds to make this book as helpful and touching as it is. Great people produced some great reading!"

OG MANDINO
SPEAKER & AUTHOR, *THE GREATEST SALESMAN IN THE WORLD*

"This a wonderful, easy-to-read book that shows how little acts make big differences. It opens a new dimension in the workplace by giving people the freedom and permission to do what feels right inside."

VIKRAM BUDHRAJA
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON CO.

"Spirit, heart and ethics abound in these stories about work. They reflect the profound change that is taking place in the workplace."

WILLIS HARMAN
PRESIDENT, INSTITUTE OF NOETIC SCIENCES

"If you want to laugh, cry and feel good inside, read a few gems from *Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work*. Take it to work and make life a little richer for yourself and others. Great stories to share with your boss, coworkers and practically anyone!"

MICHELE ANN MARIEN, R.N., B.S.N.
EMERGENCY ROOM NURSE, HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL

"If we need anything at work these days, it's more soul, and if *Chicken Soup for the Soul* is needed anywhere these days, it's at work. This book recognizes the spirit of work and its importance in our spiritual journey. It honors humanity and goodness in the workplace, and provides encouragement and wisdom to nurture the soul in an environment that is so often hard on the inner life. Take this book to work and put it to work in your life."

JAMES A. AUTRY

AUTHOR, *LOVE AND PROFIT AND CONFESSIONS OF AN ACCIDENTAL BUSINESSMAN*

"Work is about people. This book is about people. Stories of heart, insight and compassionthe true values of the workplace."

JOHN MORGAN

MANAGING DIRECTOR, PEAK CAPITAL CORPORATION AND FORMER PRESIDENT, LABATT BREWING COMPANY OF CANADA

"*Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work* is a sure-fire recipe for inspiring staff members at every level to follow their dreams, set their sights high, and never give up. Like its predecessor, *Chicken Soup for the Soul*, this new book is filled with heartwarming, inspirational stories that are sure to strike a responsive chord everywhere. It has the gift of making us all feel valued, treasured and important."

WILLIAM J. CIRONE

SUPERINTENDANT, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY EDUCATION OFFICE

"When I'm feeling low, burned-out, tired and stressed, I know where to go. I open the book *Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work*."

DANIELLE KENNEDY

AUTHOR, *SEVEN FIGURE SELLING AND MOTHER'S IN THE BIG LEAGUE*

"They have outdone themselves again! This book will touch you where you work, and where you live; in your heart and soul; in your very bones. Required reading for every factory, farm and foundry."

ORVEL RAY WILSON

COAUTHOR, *GUERRILLA SELLING*

Chicken Soup For The Soul At Work

101 Stories of Courage, Compassion and Creativity in the Workplace

JACK CANFIELD
MARK VICTOR HANSEN
MAIDA ROGERSON
MARTIN RUTTE
TIM CLAUSS



Health Communications, Inc.
Deerfield Beach, Florida

*Where our work is, there let our joy be.
Tertullian*

*With love, we dedicate this
book to working souls everywhere for
your labors of love, service and purpose.
We deeply acknowledge your energy, creativity,
caring and commitment. May you, your
families and our world be blessed by
your unique contributions.*



It's insulting the way Management treats us all like a bunch of children. But I *am* growing fond of story time.

Reprinted by permission from Randy Glasbergen.

CONTENTS

Acknowledgments	xi
Introduction	xv
1. Love At Work	
Jessie's Glove	2
<i>Rick Phillips</i>	
Climbing the Stairway to Heaven	4
<i>Joanna Slan</i>	
"Whatever You Need"	6
<i>Martin Rutte</i>	
All in a Day's Work Naomi Rhode	9
I Heard a Little Voice	11
<i>Anne Walton</i>	
The Christmas Man	13
<i>Rachel Dyer Montross</i>	
His Life's Work	16
<i>Wyverne Flatt</i>	
For the Love of My Father	18
<i>Rick Halvorsen</i>	
2. On Caring	
A Lesson from My Father	22
<i>LaVonn Steiner</i>	
Bringing Your Heart to Work	24
<i>Sharon Drew Morgen</i>	
A Pebble in the Water	28
<i>Sally K. O'Brien</i>	
I Just Can't Believe It	31
<i>Mary Ann Dockins</i>	
Angel on a Doorstep	33
<i>Shirley Bachelder</i>	
Santa Comes to Joan	37
<i>Angela Barnett</i>	
The Arc Angels	39
<i>Jonathan Wygant</i>	
The Break I Got from Prison	42
<i>Charles A. Ward</i>	
Putting People First	46
<i>Robert Levering, Milton Moskowitz and Michael Katz</i>	
True Stewardship	48
<i>Claud H. Foster</i>	

"Thank You for Believing Me Well"	50
<i>Judy Tatelbaum</i>	
An Act of Kindness	52
<i>Mike Teeley</i>	
The Power of Being Human	54
<i>Robert R. Ball</i>	
A Kind Word	57
<i>Scott Adams</i>	
The Youngest Cop in Arizona	61
<i>Michael Cody</i>	
3. The Power Of Acknowledgment	
The Whale Story	65
<i>Charles A. Coonradt</i>	
Rich Beyond Measure	69
<i>Christine Barnes</i>	
Managing from the Heart	71
<i>Hylar Bracey, Jack Rosenblum, Aubrey Sanford and Roy Trueblood</i>	
Trucks and Trust	72
<i>Tom Peters</i>	
A Lady Named Lill	75
<i>James M. Kennedy and James C. Kennedy</i>	
"Your Work Is Recognized!"	78
<i>Gary Hruska</i>	
Two Ripe Bananas	81
<i>Maida Rogerson</i>	
The Scrapbook	83
<i>Gina Maria Jerome</i>	
A Coach with Soul	86
<i>Darrell J. Burnett, Ph.D</i>	
4. Service: Setting New Standards	
Banking at Its Best	90
<i>Sharon Borjesson</i>	
A Passionate Flight Attendant	93
<i>Glenn Van Ekeren</i>	
The Massage Is the Message	96
<i>Maida Rogerson</i>	
Not on the Menu	98
<i>Barbara Glanz</i>	
"Let's Start Over"	101
<i>Richard Porter</i>	
"Ah, Bambini!"	104
<i>Editors of Conari Press</i>	
Beyond Order-Taking	106
<i>Art Turock</i>	
"Welcome to Venetia"	109

<i>Michael E. Gerber</i>	109
Customer Service Is Not a Mickey Mouse Affair <i>Valerie Oberle</i>	113
Pass It On <i>Kenneth G. Davis, M.D</i>	115
Wednesday Mornings with Elvis <i>Joy Curci</i>	118
Holy Cow <i>Dennis J. McCauley</i>	121
A Million-Dollar Lesson <i>Petey Parker</i>	123
Speak the Customer's Language <i>Lou Pritchett</i>	125
How to Keep Clients... Even When It Hurts <i>Jeff Slutsky</i>	127
Have You Received Our Letter Yet? <i>Tom Peters</i>	130
Someone Was Listening <i>Tom Chappell</i>	133
Beyond Expectations <i>Milt Garrett</i>	136

5. Follow Your Heart	
To Have Succeeded <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	144
Making Bright Memories for Tomorrow <i>Joyce Ayer Brown</i>	145
I Found Myself Saying Yes <i>Margaret J. Giannini, M.D</i>	149
The Shadowland of Dreams <i>Alex Haley</i>	151
I Never Write Right <i>Linda Stafford</i>	156
When Dreams Won't Die <i>Marilyn Johnson Kondwani</i>	161
Debbie Fields Gets "Oriented" <i>Celeste Fremon</i>	165
A Walk in the "Woulds" <i>Jeff Hoye</i>	168
A Sign for Our Times <i>Joan Wester Anderson</i>	171
Sacred Stalls <i>Marty Raphael</i>	174
A Hug from a Teenage Boy <i>Nancy Noel Marra</i>	178
6. Creativity At Work	
The Adjustment <i>G. Stillwagon, D.C., Ph.C</i>	182
Doing Good and Doing Well <i>Hanoch McCarty, Ed.D</i>	185
Managing the Space Program <i>Rushworth M. Kidder</i>	188
Attention to Detail <i>Bryan W. Mattimore</i>	192
"Move Over!" <i>Jeffrey Patnaude</i>	194
Search for a Smile and Share It <i>John Murphy</i>	197
Getting the Garbage Out <i>Paul Hawken</i>	200
Time Out <i>Martin Rutte</i>	202
Poetic Vision <i>John Lumsden</i>	204
7. Overcoming Obstacles	
How to Get Their Attention <i>Dr. Ann E. Weeks</i>	209

Attitude Is Everything <i>Francie Baltazar-Schwartz</i>	211
Leading the Charge! <i>Mike Wickett</i>	214
The Phantom <i>John Scherer</i>	216
Staying Motivated <i>Mike Stewart</i>	220
We Will Survive <i>Beverly Sills</i>	224
Credit, Not Charity <i>Mohammad Yunus</i>	226
The Question <i>Bob Moore</i>	229
Tony Trivisonno's American Dream <i>Frederick C. Crawford</i>	231
The Great Dill Deal The Reverend <i>Aaron Zerah</i>	235
A Journey of Friendship <i>Steven B. Wiley</i>	238

8. On Courage	
Billy <i>Jeff McMullen</i>	242
"If I Were Really Important..." <i>Susan Jeffers, Ph.D</i>	246
That One Moment <i>Chris Cavert</i>	248
A Little Courage Goes a Long Way <i>Sandra Crowe</i>	251
It Takes Chutzpah! <i>Jeff Hoyer</i>	255
A Captive Audience <i>Neil Baiter</i>	257
A True Leader <i>Martin L. Johnson</i>	261
The Scoutmaster and the Gunslinger <i>John Scherer</i>	263
Showdown at Pebble Beach <i>Mark H. McCormack</i>	268
Take a Stand <i>Denis Waitley</i>	271
9. Lessons & Insights	
Tile Blind Man <i>Helice Bridges</i>	275
How to Add by Subtracting <i>Dave Thomas</i>	280
The Uncommon Professional <i>Kenneth L. Shipley</i>	283
Stressbusters <i>Tim Clauss</i>	286
A Lesson in Leadership <i>Michael Shandler, Ed.D</i>	291
Mother Knows Best <i>Nicholas Economou</i>	294
Why Coaches Really Coach <i>William T. Brooks</i>	297
Let Your Light Shine <i>Nido Qubein</i>	300
Spiritual Unfoldment at the World Bank <i>Richard Barrett</i>	303
It Is Later Than You Think <i>Frederic Loomis</i>	306
How Much Is Enough? <i>Anthony DeMello</i>	310
More Chicken Soup?	311

Who Is Jack Canfield?	312
Who Is Mark Victor Hansen?	313
Who Is Maida Rogerson?	314
Who Is Martin Rutte?	315
Who Is Tim Clauss?	316
Contributors	317
Permissions (continued)	326

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work has taken more than a year to write, compile and edit. It has been a true labor of cocreation for all of us. One of the greatest joys in creating this book has been working with people who gave this project not just their time and attention, but also their hearts and souls. We would like to thank the following people for their dedication and contributions, without which this book could not have been created:

Our families, who have given us love and support throughout this project, and who have been chicken soup for *our* souls!

Heather McNamara, for editing and preparing the final manuscript with such ease, grace and clarity. We deeply appreciate your patience, hard work and valuable suggestions. You are a joy to work with!

Patty Aubery, for her encouragement and inspiration, especially during the stress of final editing.

Nancy Mitchell for her persistence and fortitude in obtaining the permissions for all the stories in this book.

Veronica Romero and Julie Knapp, for helping in Jack's office to make the day-to-day work run smoothly.

Rosalie Miller, who nourished us with her food and love in the final weeks of preparing the manuscript.

Trudy Klefsted at Office Works, for her overnight typing in the final stages of preparing the manuscript.

Sarah Ann Langston, who typed many of the stories under time pressure.

Valerie Santagto, for her photographic creativity and professionalism.

And our dear friend Douglas Blair for his love, encouragement and caring throughout our book-writing process.

A special thank you to the story authors for your inspiring contributions to this book. We hope their inclusion will expand your careers and further your self-expression in the world.

Our appreciation also to the hundreds of people who sent us stories, poems and quotes for possible inclusion in *Chicken Soup for the Soul at Work*. While we were not able to use everything that was sent in, we were deeply touched by your heartfelt intention to share yourselves and your stories with us and our readers.

We're also grateful to many of the contributors to previous *Chicken Soup for the Soul* books for their love of this project and their continued willingness to share their stories.

We also want to thank the people who read the first, very rough draft of over 160 stories, helped us make the final selections, and offered helpful comments on how to improve the book: Mavis Allred, Missy Alpern, Gina Armijo, Barbara Astrowsky, Shawn Berry, Douglas Blair, Rick Blake, Mike Blower, Leslie Boardman, Hal Bolton, Linda Bradley, Donna Burke, Mary Clark, Armond and Lorraine Clauss, Patricia Cole, Dr. Marlene M. Coleman, Amy Connolly, Sandford Daigle, Ron Delpier, Sander Feinberg, Susan and David Gardin, Fredelle Gudofsky, Douglas Hoover, Nick Kleto, Linda Masterson, Bob and Carolyn McClellan, Wally Michaels, Linda Naiman, Dave Potter, Ross Praskey, Amy Rogerson, John Scherer, Carol Schultz, Michael Shandler, Ellen Sloan, John St.

Augustine, Mary Tanton, Joan and Leith Thompson, and Roy Trueblood.

And the people who helped us out with stories at the last minute: Thea Alexander, Richard Barrett, Ken Blanchard, Charles Bower, Don Brown, Stephanie Clarke, Paul and Layne Cutright, Stan Dale, Chris Douglas, Burt Dubin, Nicholas Economou, Warren Farrell, Ann Feyerherm, John E. Foley, Kay Gilley, Scott Gross, Jennifer Hawthorne, Ron Hulnick, Karen Jorgensen, Kimberly Kirberger, Janet Larson, Steven Lawson, Diane Loomans, Dorothy Marcic, Judy Meyering and Diane Montgomery at CareerTrack, Jonathon Moyners, Bryan Murray, Richard Navarrette, Tim Piering, Morton Ritts, John Scherer, Ron Scoastico, Marci Shimoff, Frank Siccone, Robert Siccone, Sue Smink at the Pryor Report, Pat Sullivan, Grant Sylvester, Marta Vago, Jonathan Wygant and Elsie E Zala.

Peter Vegso and Gary Seidler at Health Communications, Inc., for believing in this book from the moment it was proposed, and for getting it into the hands of millions of readers. Thank you, Peter and Gary!

Christine Belleris, Matthew Diener and Mark Colucci, our editors at Health Communications, Inc., for their generous efforts in bringing this book to completion.

Arielle Ford and Kim Weiss, our publicists, who continue to get the word out about the *Chicken Soup* series.

Because of the enormity of this project, we may have left out the names of some people who helped us along the way. If so, we are sorry please know that we really do appreciate each of you.

And finally, we are truly grateful to the living *Spirit* that inspires us. Through its presence in our lives, this work became play and a direct expression of our souls' true purpose.

INTRODUCTION

A successful businessman traveled to India to spend a month working in one of Mother Teresa's shelters. He longed to meet the tiny nun, but Mother Teresa was traveling, and it wasn't until the day before his departure that he received an audience. When he was finally in her presence, much to his surprise, he burst into tears. All the times when he'd been self-centered, busy or focused on his own gain flashed before his eyes, and he felt an enormous sadness that he had missed so many opportunities in his life to give of himself and his resources. Without a word, Mother Teresa walked over to where he was seated, put her hands on his shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes. "Don't you know," she said, "that God knows you are doing the best that you can."

Work is an integral part of our lives, filled with a wide variety of experiences. In writing this book, we received stories from teachers and engineers, carpenters and accountants, artists, managers, housekeepers, chiropractors and workers from many other professions. Reading these stories, we have been deeply touched by the enormous heart, soul and spirit that people express through their work. Day after day, we all get up every morning, in

many cases deal with a busy family, then go to work to spend 8, 10, even 12 hours making our contribution. This is commitment in action.

Sweeping and profound changes are occurring every day in the workplace, but we still long for our basic human needs to be met—meaningful relationships, creative fulfillment, and the knowledge that our work is valued and valuable.

There are definite signs that work is undergoing a renewal. This is reflected in our chapter headings, including The Power of Acknowledgment (Chapter 3)—discovering the life-affirming, positive energy of recognition; Service: Setting New Standards (Chapter 4)—exploring the richness of giving; and Follow Your Heart (Chapter 5)—emphasizing the value of intuitive knowing.

You can use these stories in many ways—as a good read, as fuel for reflection, as a respite you seek when you're down or you're up—but above all, please share them with your friends and co-workers. Let the stories lead you to discussion and sharing. If you're inspired, share your inspiration; if you're amused, share your laughter; if your heart is touched, reach out to another.

As we approach the new millennium, let's support each other in having the work we do be fulfilling, rewarding and a contribution to us all. As Thomas Aquinas said, "There is no joy in living without joy in work."

Reading these stories will remind you again, as it has reminded us, that when everything else is scraped away, we are working souls—loving, growing, always evolving—doing the best that we can."

There is nothing better for a man than to eat and drink and tell himself that his labor is good.
Ecclesiastes 2:24

1

LOVE AT WORK

Work is love made visible.
Kahlil Gibran

Jessie's Glove

A kind and compassionate act is often its own reward.

William J. Bennett

I do a lot of management training each year for the Circle K Corporation, a national chain of convenience stores. Among the topics we address in our seminars is the retention of quality employees a real challenge to managers when you consider the pay scale in the service industry. During these discussions, I ask the participants, "What has caused you to stay long enough to become a manager?" Some time back a new manager took the question and slowly, with her voice almost breaking, said, "It was a \$19 baseball glove."

Cynthia told the group that she originally took a Circle K clerk job as an interim position while she looked for something better. On her second or third day behind the counter, she received a phone call from her nine-year-old son, Jessie. He needed a baseball glove for Little League. She explained that as a single mother, money was very

tight, and her first check would have to go for paying bills. Perhaps she could buy his baseball glove with her second or third check.

When Cynthia arrived for work the next morning, Patricia, the store manager, asked her to come to the small room in back of the store that served as an office. Cynthia wondered if she had done something wrong or left some part of her job incomplete from the day before. She was concerned and confused.

Patricia handed her a box. "I overheard you talking to your son yesterday," she said, "and I know that it is hard to explain things to kids. This is a baseball glove for Jessie because he may not understand how important he is, even though you have to pay bills before you can buy gloves. You know we can't pay good people like you as much as we would like to; but we do care, and I want you to know you are important to us."

The thoughtfulness, empathy and love of this convenience store manager demonstrates vividly that people remember more how much an employer cares than how much the employer pays. An important lesson for the price of a Little League baseball glove.

Rick Phillips

Climbing the Stairway to Heaven

No one can deal with the hearts of men unless he has the sympathy which is given by love.

Henry Ward Beecher

Throughout my career in sales, I've wondered about difficult customers. What makes them so mean? How can they be so unkind? How can a perfectly rational person suddenly lose all sense of human decency?

One day, I had an insight into their thinking. It happened while visiting my husband's music store. He was working with a customer and we were short-handed. So I did what every good wife would do: I tried to wait on customers.

"I'm looking for music," said a gnarled man, a soiled John Deere cap pulled down tightly over his thinning gray hair. "The name of the song is ..." and he uncrumpled a grimy sheet of mimeographed paper from his jeans pocket, "'Stairway to Heaven.' Do you have it?"

I stepped to the wall displays of sheet music and scanned for the name. On a good day, the music filled slots in alphabetical order. On this day, the alphabet

skipped around. I searched for several minutes, conscious of his growing restlessness.

"No, I'm sorry but it doesn't look like it's here."

His back arched and his watery blue eyes narrowed. Almost imperceptibly, his wife touched his sleeve as if to draw him back. His narrow mouth twisted in anger.

"Well, ain't that just grand. You call yourself a music store? What kind of a store doesn't have music like that? All the kids know that song!" he spluttered.

"Yes, but we don't carry every piece of music ever ..."

"Oh, easy for you! Easy to give excuses!" Now his wife was pawing at his sleeve, murmuring, trying to calm him the way a groom talks to a horse gone wild.

He leaned in to me, pointing a knotty finger at my face. "I guess you wouldn't understand, would you? You don't care about my boy dying! About him smashing up his Camaro into that old tree. About them playing his favorite song at his funeral, and he's dead! He's gone! Only 18 and he's gone!"

The paper he waved at me came into focus. It was the program for a memorial service.

"I guess you wouldn't understand," he mumbled. He bent his head. His wife put her arm around him and stood quietly by his side.

"I can't understand your loss," I said quietly, "but we buried my four-year-old nephew last month, and I know how bad that hurts."

He looked up at me. The anger slid from his face, and he sighed. "It's a shame, ain't it? A dirty shame." We stood in silence for a long moment. Then he fished around in his back pocket and pulled out a worn billfold. "Would you like to see a picture of our boy?"

Joanna Slan

"Whatever You Need"

That which cometh from the heart goes to the heart.
Jeremiah Burroughs

I was working as a consultant in a beer company, helping the president and senior vice-presidents formulate and implement their new strategic vision. It was an enormous challenge.

At the same time, my mother was in the final stages of cancer.

I worked during the day and drove 40 miles home to be with her every night. It was tiring and stressful, but it was what I wanted to do. My commitment was to continue to do excellent consulting during the day, even though my evenings were very hard. I didn't want to bother the president with my situation, yet I felt someone at the company needed to know what was going on. So I told the vice-president of Human Resources, asking him not to share the information with anyone.

A few days later, the president called me into his office.

I figured he wanted to talk to me about one of the many issues we were working on. When I entered, he asked me to sit down. He faced me from across his large desk, looked me in the eye and said, "I hear your mother is very ill."

I was totally caught by surprise and burst into tears. He just looked at me, let my crying subside, and then gently said a sentence I will never forget: "Whatever you need."

That was it. His understanding and his willingness to both let me be in my pain and to offer me everything were qualities of compassion that I carry with me to this day.

Martin Rutte



What you need, Mr. Terwilliger, is a bit of human caring; a gentle, reassuring touch; a warm smile that shows concern—all of which, I'm afraid, were not part of my medical training.

Reprinted with permission from Harley Schwadron.

All in a Day's Work

If I can ease one life the aching, or cool one pain, or help one fainting robin unto his nest again, I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

He was admitted to emergency receiving and placed on the cardiac floor. Long hair, unshaven, dirty, dangerously obese, with a black motorcycle jacket tossed on the bottom shelf of the stretcher, he was an outsider to this sterile world of shining terrazzo floors, efficient uniformed professionals, and strict infection control procedures. Definitely an untouchable.

The nurses at the station looked wide-eyed as this mound of humanity was wheeled by, each glancing nervously at Bonnie, the head nurse. "Let this one not be mine to admit, bathe and tend to ..." was their pleading, unspoken message.

One of the true marks of a leader, a consummate

professional is to do the unthinkable. To tackle the impossible. To touch the untouchable. It was Bonnie who said, "I want this patient myself." Highly unusual for a head nurseunconventionalbut the stuff out of which human spirits thrive, heal and soar.

As she donned her latex gloves and proceeded to bathe this huge, very unclean man, her heart almost broke. Where was his family? Who was his mother? What was he like as a little boy? She hummed quietly as she worked. It seemed to ease the fear and embarrassment she knew he must be feeling.

And then on a whim she said, "We don't have time for back rubs much in hospitals these days, but I bet one would really feel good. And it would help you relax your muscles and start to heal. That is what this place is all about ... a place to heal."

The thick, scaly, ruddy skin told a story of an abusive lifestyle: probably lots of addictive behavior with food, alcohol and drugs. As she rubbed those taut muscles, she hummed and prayed. Prayed for the soul of a little boy grown up, rejected by life's rudeness and striving for acceptance in a hard, hostile world.

The finale was warmed lotion and baby powder. Almost laughablesuch a contrast to this huge, foreign surface. As he rolled over onto his back, tears ran down his cheeks and his chin trembled. With amazingly beautiful brown eyes, he smiled and said in a quivering voice, "No one has touched me for years. Thank you. I am healing."

Naomi Rhode

I Heard a Little Voice

It takes great courage to faithfully follow what we know to be true.

Sara E. Anderson

I was working with a young man who was in his early 30s and fairly close to death. His parents had come from out of town and were spending as much time as possible with him at the hospital. They had been with him for many hours and finally took a break to go out for dinner. While they were out, their son died. The parents were devastated, the man's mother in particular; not only had her son died, but he had died during her absence. She was obviously distressed and frequently rested her head on her son's chest and cried.

As I was standing with her, I distinctly heard a little voice in my head say, *Suggest that she get up on the bed and hold him.* My mind whizzed. *How could I make such a suggestion? What if someone saw? What would people think?* I tried to ignore the voice, hoping it would go away. Not so. Seconds later, the voice said in a louder, more insistent tone, *She needs to get up on the bed and hold him!*

"Would you like to get up on the bed and hold him?" I heard myself ask. She all but leapt onto it. I remained with her while she held her son, stroked his face, talked with him and sang to him. Those moments with this mother and her son were some of the most exquisite moments of my life. I felt blessed that I was able to be with her while she said good-bye to her child.

Anne Walton

The Christmas Man

When we quit thinking primarily about ourselves and our own self-preservation, we undergo a truly heroic transformation of consciousness.
Joseph Campbell

Last Christmas was a very difficult time for me. My family and all of my close friends were back home in Florida, and I was all alone in a rather cold California. I was working too many hours and became very sick.

I was working a double shift at the Southwest Airlines ticket counter, it was about 9:00 P.M. on Christmas Eve, and I was feeling really miserable inside. There were a few of us working and very few customers waiting to be helped. When it was time for me to call the next person to the counter, I looked out to see the sweetest-looking old man standing with a cane. He walked very slowly over to the counter and in the faintest voice told me that he had to go to New Orleans. I tried to explain to him that there were no more flights that night and that he would have to go in the morning. He looked so confused and very worried. I tried to

find out more information by asking if he had a reservation or if he remembered when he was supposed to travel, but he seemed to become more confused with each question. He just kept saying, "She said I have to go to New Orleans."

After much time, I was able to at least find out that this old man was dropped off at the curb on Christmas Eve by his sister-in-law and told to go to New Orleans, where he had family. She had given him some cash and told him just to go inside and buy a ticket. When I asked if he could come back tomorrow, he said that she was gone and that he had no place to stay. He then said he would wait at the airport until tomorrow. Naturally, I felt a little ashamed. Here I was feeling very sorry for myself about being alone on Christmas, when this angel named Clarence MacDonald was sent to me to remind me of what being alone really meant. It broke my heart.

Immediately, I told him we would get it all straightened out, and our Customer Service agent helped to book him a seat for the earliest flight the next morning. We gave him the senior citizens' fare, which gave him some extra money for traveling. About this time he started to look very tired, and when I stepped around the counter to ask him if he was all right, I saw that his leg was wrapped in a bandage. He had been standing on it that whole time, holding a plastic bag full of clothes.

I called for a wheelchair. When the wheelchair came, we all stepped around to help him in, and I noticed a small amount of blood on his bandage. I asked how he hurt his leg, and he said that he had just had bypass surgery and an artery was taken from his leg. *Can you imagine?* This man had had heart surgery, and then shortly afterward, was dropped off at the curb to buy a ticket with no reservation to fly to New Orleans, alone!

I never really had a situation like this, and I wasn't sure what I could do. I went back to ask my supervisors if we

could find a place for him to stay. They both said yes, and they obtained a hotel voucher for Mr. MacDonald for one night and a meal ticket for dinner and breakfast. When I came back out, we got his plastic bag of clothes and cane together and gave the porter a tip to take him downstairs to wait for the airport shuttle. I bent down to explain the hotel, food and itinerary again to Mr. MacDonald, and then patted him on the arm and told him everything would be just fine.

As he left he said, "Thank you," bent his head and started to cry. I cried too. When I went back to thank my supervisor, she just smiled and said, "I love stories like that. He is your Christmas Man."

Rachel Dyer Montross

His Life's Work

Let the beauty of what you love be what you do.

Rumi

When his wife died, the baby was two. They had six other children three boys and three girls, ranging in age from 4 to 16.

A few days after he became a widower, the man's parents and his deceased wife's parents came to visit.

"We've been talking," they said, "about how to make this work. There's no way you can take care of all these children and work to make a living. So, we've arranged for each child to be placed with a different uncle and aunt. We're making sure that all of your children will be living right here in the neighborhood, so you can see them anytime ...'

"You have no idea how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness," the man responded. "But I want you to know," he smiled and continued, "if the children should interfere with my work, or if we should need any help, we'll let you know."

Over the next few weeks the man worked with his children, assigning them chores and giving them responsibilities. The two older girls, aged 12 and 10, began to cook and do the laundry and household chores. The two older boys, 16 and 14, helped their father with his farming.

But then another blow. The man developed arthritis. His hands swelled, and he was unable to grip the handles of his farm tools. The children shouldered their loads well but the man could see that he would not be able to continue in this vein. He sold his farming equipment, moved the family to a small town and opened a small business.

The family was welcomed into the new neighborhood. The man's business flourished. He derived pleasure from seeing people and serving them. Word of his pleasant personality and excellent customer service began to spread. People came from far and wide to do business with him. And the children helped both at home and at work. Their father's pleasure in his work brought satisfaction to them, and he drew pleasure from their successes.

The children grew up and got married. Five of the seven went off to college, most after they were married. Each one paid his or her own way. The children's collegiate successes were a source of pride to the father. He had stopped at the sixth grade.

Then came grandchildren. No one enjoyed grandchildren more than this man. As they became toddlers, he invited them to his workplace and his small home. They brought each other great joy.

Finally, the youngest daughterthe baby, who had been two years old at her mother's deathgot married.

And the man, his life's work completed, died.

This man's work had been the lonely but joyful task of raising his family. This man was my father. I was the 16year-old, the oldest of seven.

Wyverne Flatt

For the Love of My Father

Love conquers all things; let us too surrender to love.

Virgil

Over the years, I never thought of my father as being very emotional, and he never was, at least not in front of me. Even though he was 68 years old and only five-footnine, while I was six feet and 260 pounds, he seemed huge to me. I always saw him as being that staunch disciplinarian who rarely cracked a smile. My father never told me he loved me when I was a child, and I never held it against him. I think that all I really wanted was for my dad to be proud of me. In my youth, Mom always showered me with 'I love you's' every day. So I really never thought about not hearing it from my dad. I guess deep down I knew that he loved me, he just never said it. Come to think of it, I don't think I ever told him that I loved him, either. I never really thought about it much until I faced the reality of death.

On November 9th, 1990, I received word that my National Guard unit was being activated for Operation Desert Shield. We would convoy to Fort Ben Harrison, Indiana, and then directly to Saudi Arabia. I had been in the Guard for 10 years and never dreamed that we would be activated for a war, even though I knew it was what we trained for. I went to my father and gave him the news. I could sense he was uneasy about me going. We never discussed it much more, and eight days later I was gone.

I have several close relatives who have been in the military during war time. My father and uncle were in World War II, and two brothers and a sister served in Vietnam. While I was extremely uneasy about leaving my family to serve my country in a war zone, I knew it was what I had to do. I prayed that this would make my father proud of me. My father is very involved in the Veterans of Foreign Wars organization and has always been for a strong military. I was not eligible to join the Veterans of Foreign Wars because I had not been in a war zone a fact that always made me feel like I didn't measure up in my father's eyes. But now here I was, his youngest son, being shipped off to a foreign land 9,000 miles away, to fight a war in a country we had barely heard of before.

On November 17, 1990, our convoy of military vehicles rolled out of rural Greenville, Michigan. The streets were filled with families and well-wishers to see us off. As we approached the edge of town, I looked out the window of my truck and saw my wife, Kim, my children, and Mom and Dad. They were all waving and crying, except for my father. He just stood there, almost like a stone statue. He looked incredibly old at that moment. I don't know why, he just did.

I was gone for that Thanksgiving and missed our family's dinner. There was always a crowd, with two of my sisters, their husbands and children, plus my wife and our

family. It disturbed me greatly that I couldn't be there. A few days after Thanksgiving I was able to call my wife, and she told me something that has made me look at my father in a different way ever since.

My wife knew how my father was about his emotions, and I could hear her voice quaver as she spoke to me. She told me that my father recited his usual Thanksgiving prayer. But this time he added one last sentence. As his voice started to crack and a tear ran down his cheek, he said, "Dear Lord, please watch over and guide my son, Rick, with your hand in his time of need as he serves his country, and bring him home to us safely." At that point he burst into tears. I had never seen my father cry, and when I heard this, I couldn't help but start to cry myself. My wife asked me what was wrong. After regaining my composure, I said, "I guess my father really does love me."

Eight months later, when I returned home from the war, I ran over and hugged my wife and children in a flurry of tears. When I came to my father, I embraced him and gave him a huge hug. He whispered in my ear, "I'm very proud of you, Son, and I love you." I looked that man, my dad, straight in the eyes as I held his head between my hands and I said, "I love you too, Dad," and we embraced again. And then together, both of us cried.

Ever since that day, my relationship with my father has never been the same. We have had many deep conversations. I learned that he's always been proud of me, and he's not afraid to say "I love you" anymore. Neither am I. I'm just sorry it took 29 years and a war to find it out.

Rick Halvorsen

2 ON CARING

The power of love and caring can change the world.
James Autry

A Lesson from My Father

You make a living by what you get, but you make a life by what you give.

Anonymous

We come by business naturally in our family. Each of the seven children in our family worked in our father's store, "Our Own Hardware-Furniture Store," in Mott, North Dakota, a small town on the prairies. We started working by doing odd jobs like dusting, arranging shelves and wrapping, and later graduated to serving customers. As we worked and watched, we learned that work was about more than survival and making a sale.

One lesson stands out in my mind. It was shortly before Christmas. I was in the eighth grade and was working evenings, straightening the toy section. A little boy, five or six years old, came in. He was wearing a brown tattered coat with dirty worn cuffs. His hair was straggly, except for a cowlick that stood straight up from the crown of his head. His shoes were scuffed and his one shoelace was torn. The little boy looked poor to metoo poor to afford

to buy anything. He looked around the toy section, picked up this item and that, and carefully put them back in their place.

Dad came down the stairs and walked over to the boy. His steel blue eyes smiled and the dimple in his cheek stood out as he asked the boy what he could do for him. The boy said he was looking for a Christmas present to buy his brother. I was impressed that Dad treated him with the same respect as any adult. Dad told him to take his time and look around. He did.

After about 20 minutes, the little boy carefully picked up a toy plane, walked up to my dad and said, "How much for this, Mister?"

"How much you got?" Dad asked.

The little boy held out his hand and opened it. His hand was creased with wet lines of dirt from clutching his money. In his hand lay two dimes, a nickel and two pennies 27 cents. The price on the toy plane he'd picked out was \$3.98.

"That'll just about do it," Dad said as he closed the sale. Dad's reply still rings in my ears. I thought about what I'd seen as I wrapped the present. When the little boy walked out of the store, I didn't notice the dirty, worn coat, the straggly hair, or the single torn shoelace. What I saw was a radiant child with a treasure.

LaVonn Steiner

Bringing Your Heart to Work

You can handle people more successfully by enlisting their feelings than by convincing their reason.

Paul P. Parker

A corporate client subcontracted with me to train the major telemarketing firm she worked for. While training the telemarketing staff in sales, I noticed agitation among them. They were learning a new sales technology that combines trust, integrity and collaboration in supporting a prospect's buying decisions. They worked hard and were excited about learning, but it was obvious they were holding back their full commitment. By the end of the first day, I knew I couldn't continue without a full understanding of what was going on with the team.

"Is there a problem with you learning this technology?" I asked. They sat silently. I waited for an answer. Finally, someone spoke.

"It would be great if we could really use this stuff. I mean, I can see where it would really work, and I wouldn't

have to feel like I'm being so abusive to the people I'm calling. But I don't really think the company will let us use it. They don't care about people. They treat us like subhumans, use abusive selling tactics for prospects and only care about the bottom line. If they found out we were using this type of approach they'd put a stop to it."

I told the group I'd think about the problem and made a commitment to assist them in finding a way to integrate the new skills. They seemed to be happy to try, but unconvinced that I could make a difference.

Following the program, I went to the telephone bank where the salespeople worked and watched while the company's senior vice-president came over to speak with one of the representatives. He interrupted her in the middle of a conversation. He then walked over to another person who was on a sales call and asked him why he had a personal photo on his desk, since none were allowed. At the desk where I was sitting was a memo from the same man, telling people they had to wear suits the following day and keep their suit jackets on between 11:00 A.M. and noon because prospective clients would be coming through the office.

I waited until the senior vice-president went back to his office and knocked on his door. Since I teach collaboration, I decided to assume we were in a win-win situation. He smiled and invited me to speak. "I've got a problem that I'm hoping you can solve. I've been hired to teach this new sales technology that really supports trust and collaboration. However, the participants are afraid to bring it back to their desks."

He was a big man and an ex-Marine. He sat way back in his chair and rocked, smiling at me over a well-fed stomach. He replied, "If it makes money, why should they be afraid?"

I took a good look at the man. He seemed gentle, although his actions didn't indicate that. "Do you mind if

I ask you a really personal question that may have nothing to do with anything?" I asked. His smile broadened and he nodded as he rocked. I felt his acceptance of me.

"How do you function at work each day when you leave your heart at home?"

The man continued to rock gently, never changing his expression. I watched while his eyes narrowed. He responded, "What else do you know about me?"

"It's confusing for me," I ventured. "You seem to be a gentle person, yet your actions don't seem to take people into account. You're putting task before relationship, but somehow I think you know the difference."

He looked at his watch and asked, "Are you free for dinner? Come on, it's on me."

Our dinner lasted three hours. He graphically recounted his Vietnam experiences as an officer who had to do bad things to good people. He cried, I cried. His shame had kept him silent, and he had never discussed the experiences with anyone before. He spent his life believing that his goodness could hurt people, so he decided years before not to let his heart get in the way of his job. It was a pain he carried daily. His sharing gave me the permission to talk about one of my own pains in my life that I rarely shared. Together we sat with cold food, warm beers and tears.

The next morning he called me into his office. "Could you sit with me while I do something?" he asked. Then he called in the woman who had hired me, and apologized for not supporting her and for being disrespectful to her in front of others. She was shocked and grateful. He then turned to me and asked, "Is there anything else you think I should do?"

I thought for a moment and replied, "You may want to consider apologizing to the entire team."

Without hesitation, he picked up the phone and asked his secretary to call in the team for a quick meeting. There,

he apologized to the client in front of the team, apologized to the team for being disrespectful to them, and offered to make whatever changes they needed, so that they would want to come in to work each day. He also wanted to learn my technology and offer it to his entire sales staff.

That was the first of several meetings between the senior vice-president, my client and the team. People who were looking for new jobs stopped looking. People began to trust that being at work wouldn't be harmful and might even be fun. The team supported the new collaborative sales approach. The senior vice-president began to use his new skills with other teams. And I got a new friend.

Sharon Drew Morgen

A Pebble in the Water

We are confronted with insurmountable opportunities.

Walt Kelly, "Pogo"

The events leading up to the proudest moment in my 28-year teaching career began on Monday, December 9, 1990. Our troops were engaged in Desert Storm in Saudi Arabia. I was in an after-school faculty meeting in the high school cafeteria. The computer coordinator told us about Project Desert Shield, created by former Chicago Bears football great, Walter Payton.

She explained that he had chartered a plane for Sunday to fly to the Persian Gulf to personally deliver gifts and donated items from the Chicago metropolitan area. We were asked to invite our students to sign Christmas cards, and to write pen pal letters to cheer up our soldiers during the holidays.

As I was driving to school that Tuesday, I remembered spending Christmas in the Philippine Islands when I was in the Peace Corps in the 1960s. I had received cookies

from home. What a difference they made! I had felt loved and cared for. I started thinking that if each student contributed 50 cents, we would have \$60 to buy cookies to send on the plane on Sunday.

When I asked each of my five classes that Tuesday about contributing 50 cents, I got total support. As the day progressed and word spread about our cookie project, the National Honor Society volunteered to contribute paperbacks. Then the work program coordinator said her class would fill up Christmas stockings with candy.

On Wednesday morning, I went to the main office and told the principal's secretary about my students raising money for cookies, and what the other classes were doing. I asked her if the administration would make a donation. The principal agreed. I was so delighted that I then asked her if she would call the district office and see if the central administration would also contribute. They, too, agreed to support our project.

When I gave my class a running total of what we had collected, we decided that we were going to have over \$150 to spend, so we could purchase more than cookies. We compiled a list of items that family members were encouraged to send overseas, and three students from each class volunteered to form a shopping committee.

On Thursday, I went to the faculty lounge for lunch and enthusiastically shared the news of the school's involvement in Project Desert Shield. One listener said that sand insects were getting into packages sent overseas and suggested I call a popcorn company to see if it would donate empty metal containers.

In addition to empty containers, the popcorn company offered to donate several cases of popcorn. When I gave my daily report to the classes and told them the response from the popcorn company, my students

started brainstorming about other ways they could help through their parents' workplaces.

By the end of the school day on Thursday, we had collected \$260. Armed with an official letter telling about the school's involvement in Project Desert Shield, our shopping committee members left to make their purchases.

When I got to my classroom on Friday morning, I was surprised to find the custodians unloading flats of boxes. The 15 committee members came in, one by one, with their purchases. They were very excited. They told me that they had difficulty paying for anything because the merchants wanted to make donations. We were so overwhelmed with boxes and cases, we couldn't fit them all into the school van. The principal had to call central administration and request a truck. We filled that truck with over \$2,000 in products. Then we all gathered at the back of the truck for a picture with a banner that read, "Elk Grove Cares ... Merry Christmas!"

I went back to my empty classroom, where a few hours before the room had been filled with animated and purposeful students. I thought how fulfilling this project had been and how much support and encouragement I had received. I remember sitting there in the silence, thinking, *Okay, God, I get it. I know now why I'm in the classroom.*

The following Monday, I asked each of my students to write a paragraph on Project Desert Shield. Some wrote that they would get involved in the community when they grew up. A few mentioned how one person can make a difference, and one said it was like the ripples that form when you throw a pebble in the water.

But the response that touched me the most was the one by the student who wrote, "Mrs. O'Brien, I was ready to kill myself this week. Then I got on the committee and saw I was accepted by the others, and ... thank you."

Sally K. O'Brien

I Just Can't Believe It

Our lives will always be full if our hearts are always giving.

Anonymous

After 30 years of service with American Airlines, I retired after my 50th birthday. At this point, I finally began what God had intended for me to do with the last half of my life: to inspire, to motivate and to create *special moments*.

In June of 1995, I stopped at the local service station where I regularly get my gas and occasionally buy a lottery ticket. Millie was on duty. She is a kind and loving soul who always has a smile on her face and a kind word for everyone. On that evening, we joked and laughed as we had so many times in the past. I teased her by saying that I would give her \$1,000 if I won the \$10-million lottery. Millie said that if I won I'd better take her to Paris for lunch, and she didn't mean Paris, Texas. We both got a big "Texas kick" out of that. As I drove off, I thought how interesting it was that for me, "lottery"

equaled \$10 million, while for Millie, it meant lunch in Paris. Millie didn't know of my connection with the airlines.

Around the 21st of December, I was once again at the service station. Millie was on duty. I handed her a Christmas card and asked that she open it and read it as I stood there. Millie opened the card and started reading:

Dear Millie,

On June 17, 1995, you sold me this lottery ticket (enclosed). Well, I didn't win the \$10 million or the lottery, but you did. Pick your date in 1996, pack your bags, and get your passport ready for your luncheon trip to Paris. This is my gift to you for going out of your way to make everyone you come into contact with feel special. Thank you. God bless you, and have a Mary's Merry Christmas.

Millie could not contain herself. She was literally thrashing around in the little cubicle. I could hardly contain myself, either. At that moment, at a soul level, I understood what it meant to create special moments for the people in our lives.

Over the past few weeks, I've seen Millie several times. Each time I enter the service station, her face lights up as she reaches across the half-opened door to hug my neck and kiss my face. She speaks of how she still "just can't believe it," how she phoned her mom, told her boss, and on and on. But what touched me the most was when Millie told me, "Mary Ann, it says in my will that if I died before I got that lunch, my instructions were to have my ashes sprinkled over Paris."

Mary Ann Dockins

Angel on a Doorstep

I can have peace of mind only when I forgive rather than judge.

Gerald Jampolsky

When Ben delivered milk to my cousin's home that morning, he wasn't his usual sunny self. The slight, middleaged man seemed in no mood for talking.

It was late November 1962, and as a newcomer to Lawndale, California, I was delighted that milkmen still brought bottles of milk to doorsteps. In the weeks that my husband, kids and I had been staying with my cousin while house-hunting, I had come to enjoy Ben's jovial repartee.

Today, however, he was the epitome of gloom as he dropped off his wares from his wire carrier. It took slow, careful questioning to extract the story from him. With some embarrassment, he told me two customers had left town without paying their bills, and he would have to cover the losses. One of the debtors owed only \$10, but the other was \$79 in arrears and had left no forwarding

address. Ben was distraught at his stupidity for allowing this bill to grow so large.

"She was a pretty woman," he said, "with six children and another on the way. She was always saying, 'I'm going to pay you soon, when my husband gets a second job.' I believed her. What a fool I was! I thought I was doing a good thing, but I've learned my lesson. I've been had!"

All I could say was, "I'm so sorry."

The next time I saw him, his anger seemed worse. He bristled as he talked about the messy young kids who had drunk up all his milk. The charming family had turned into a parcel of brats.

I repeated my condolences and let the matter rest. But when Ben left, I found myself caught up in his problem and longed to help. Worried that this incident would sour a warm person, I mulled over what to do. Then, remembering that Christmas was coming, I thought of what my grandmother used to say: "When someone has taken from you, give it to them, and then you can never be robbed."

The next time Ben delivered milk, I told him I had a way to make him feel better about the \$79.

"Nothing will do that," he said, "but tell me anyway."

"*Give* the woman the milk. Make it a Christmas present to the kids who needed it."

"Are you kidding?" he replied. "I don't even get my wife a Christmas gift that expensive."

"The Bible says, 'I was a stranger and you took me in.' You just took her in with all her little children."

"Don't you mean she took me in? The trouble with you is, it wasn't *your* \$79."

I let the subject drop, but I still believed in my suggestion.

We'd joke about it when he'd come. "Have you given her the milk yet?" I'd ask.

"No," he'd snap back, "but I'm thinking of giving my wife a \$79 present, unless another pretty mother starts playing on my sympathies."

Every time I'd ask the question, he seemed to lighten up a bit more.

Then six days before Christmas, it happened. He arrived with a tremendous smile and a glint in his eyes. "I did it! I gave her the milk as a Christmas present. It wasn't easy, but what did I have to lose? It was gone, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, rejoicing with him, "but you've got to really mean it in your heart."

"I know," he said. "I do. And I really feel better. That's why I have this good feeling about Christmas. Those kids had lots of milk on their cereal just because of me."

The holidays came and went. On a sunny January morning two weeks later, Ben almost ran up the walk. "Wait till you hear this," he said, grinning.

He explained he had been on a different route, covering for another milkman. He heard his name being called, looked over his shoulder and saw a woman running down the street, waving money. He recognized her immediately the pretty woman with all the kids, the one who hadn't paid her bill. She was carrying an infant in a tiny blanket.

"Ben, wait a minute!" she shouted. "I've got money for you."

Ben stopped the truck and got out.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I really have been meaning to pay you." She explained that her husband had come home one night and announced he'd found a cheaper apartment. He'd also started a night job. With all that had happened, she'd forgotten to leave a forwarding address.

"But I've been saving," she said. "Here's \$20 toward the bill."

"That's all right," Ben replied. "It's been paid."

"Paid!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Who paid it?"

"I did."

She looked at him as if he were the Angel Gabriel and started to cry.

"Well," I asked, when Ben had finished recounting the story, "what did you do?"

"I didn't know what to do, so I put an arm around her. Before I knew what was happening, I started to cry, and I didn't have the foggiest idea what I was crying about. Then I thought of all those kids having milk on their cereal, and you know what? I was really glad you talked me into this."

"You didn't take the \$20?"

"Heck no," he replied indignantly. "I gave her the milk as a Christmas present, didn't I?"

Shirley Bachelder