

Lessons for Living (Part I of II. You remember this two-parter?)

1st Important Lesson: Cleaning Lady

During my second month of college, a professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions until I read the last one:

"First name of the woman who cleans your dorm?"

Surely, this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman many times. She was tall, dark-haired, and in her 50s, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Just before the class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade.

"Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say, "Hello."

I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name. It was Dorothy.

2nd Important Lesson: Pickup in the Rain

One night, at 11:30 p.m., an older, black woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway, trying to endure a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young, white man stopped to help her --generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960's. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance, and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address, and thanked him. 7 days went by & a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant, consul TV was delivered to his home. A note was attached. It read:

"Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to the bedside of my dying husband just before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others."

Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole.

3rd Important Lesson: Remember those who serve

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it.

"Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now, more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. (Part II--continued next wk.)