



The Kindness of . . .!

I've had cause this week to reflect on kindness. On the first day of classes -- before many folks even began their work/school day -- I had my first serious bike accident. It was "solo" -- there wasn't anyone else involved, but I ended up with lots of bruises and some broken bones. I'm a VERY self-sufficient kind of person, so being "laid-up" is NOT part of my worldview. I DON'T ask for help; I rarely even expect it.

So I've had the wonderful surprise of learning that people DO help. People ARE concerned when someone they know, or work with, is in pain, or incapacitated in some way. They open doors. They take folks to the emergency room. They phone in the evening to find out how their friend is doing. They send emails. The pick

up the mail. They offer transportation. They offer to make dinner. And, for crying out loud, they tell you to stay away until you heal! This is NOT my life . . . my experience, except on the giving end. Not on the receiving end. It's very humbling.

For someone as self-sufficient, or self-contained, as me, this has been a HUGE learning experience. Yes, I can think, talk, email, sleep, eat, and even move a bit (although I'm learning what places are, and are not, handicapped accessible). But I'm not able to do everything that I was able to do a week ago. I'm not God! Imagine that! Someone who's "professionally religious" should know that they are not the Divine. But sometimes it takes a slip on the mud, and the kindness of friends and strangers, to speak that truth loudly to our so-called sense of power.

May your quarter be less eventful than mine started! May you ask for help when you need it, remembering that we all "get by with a little help from our friends" (with apologies to the Beatles).

Humbly, and gratefully,

Gary