

Haven in the Rain

Recently, I read a story about Mary, a woman in her late 30s, who was driving home one night with her two small children. It was 10:30 on a rainy, drizzly evening.

As Mary reached her neighborhood, she turned off the main highway and went through an underpass. Suddenly, on the side of the road she saw an old car jacked up, obviously in trouble. A man was working on it. Sitting on the curbstone in the drizzle was a woman with a baby in her arms and a small child beside her.



Mary stopped her car and got out to see whether she could help. Help, they said, was on the way; the man had phoned his brother. Nonetheless, Mary insisted that the woman, the baby and the child join her and her two children in the car. She kept them warm, dry and in good spirits for two hours, until the brother arrived.

A week later, there was a knock on Mary's door. When she opened it, there was the woman, carrying a bouquet of paper flowers she had made especially for Mary.

Fifteen years later, there was another knock on Mary's door. It was the same woman.

"We were passing through the neighborhood," she said, "and wondered whether you still lived here. There's something I've always wanted to tell you. We come from Puerto Rico, you see, and when people from Puerto Rico get together, they often tell each other stories about how mean some Americans have been to them. Whenever I hear a story like that, I tell them about you. I thought you'd like to know."

Kindness, no matter how small or how big the act may be, has such a positive impact upon the recipient. Its story is often repeated. And for the extender, the reward is always beyond measure.

– Beecher Hunter