

A Kiss of Kindness

Author and minister Max Lucado, writing in his book *You Changed My Life: Stories of Real People with Remarkable Hearts*, tells about receiving a telephone call from a friend named Kenny.

Kenny and his family had just returned from Disney World. "I saw a sight I'll never forget," Kenny told Lucado. "I want you to know about it." Here is the story Lucado shared:

Kenny and his family were inside Cinderella's castle. It was packed with kids and parents. Suddenly all the children rushed to one side. Had it been a boat, the castle would have tipped over. Cinderella had entered.

Cinderella. The pristine princess. Kenny said she was perfectly typecast. A gorgeous young girl with each hair in place, flawless skin, and a beaming smile. She stood waist-deep in a garden of kids, each wanting to touch and be touched.



For some reason, Kenny turned and looked toward the other side of the castle. It was now vacant except for a boy maybe 7 or 8 years old. His age was hard to determine because of the disfigurement of his body. Dwarfed in height, face deformed, he stood watching quietly and wistfully, holding the hand of an older brother.

Don't you know what he wanted? He wanted to be with the children. He longed to be in the middle of the kids reaching for Cinderella, calling her name. But can't you feel his fear, fear of yet another rejection? Fear of being taunted again, mocked again?

Don't you wish Cinderella would go to him? Guess what? She did!

She noticed the little boy. She immediately began walking in his direction. Politely but firmly inching through the crowd of children, she finally broke free. She walked quickly across the floor, knelt at eye level with the stunned little boy, and placed a kiss on his face.

What a marvelous story of human kindness and consideration!

And stories like this one written by Lucado happen every day in the centers of Life Care and Century Park – but most of the time at another age level.

(more)

Our associates notice and pay attention to those whom many in society may no longer consider so lovable – men and women with wrinkled faces, perhaps unable to walk or, if so, with the assistance of a device. Maybe they are challenged with a dreadful illness that robs them of strength and personality.

And yet, they are seen and loved as if still a little boy or little girl now living in an aging body.

When they are hugged or touched, they feel the kindness.

Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way ... Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things (1 Corinthians 13:4-7 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter