

## Act of the Druggist

When Edgar Guest, the American poet and writer, was a young man, his first child died. Guest wrote:

“There came a tragic night when our first baby was taken from us. I was lonely and defeated. There didn’t seem to be anything in life ahead of me that mattered very much.

“I had to go to my neighbor’s drugstore the next morning for something, and he motioned for me to step behind the counter with him. I followed him into his little office at the back of the store. He put both hands on my shoulders and said, ‘Eddie, I can’t really express what I want to say, the sympathy I have in my heart for you. All I can say is that I’m sorry, and I want you to know that if you need anything at all, come to me. What is mine is yours.’

“He was just a neighbor across the way – a passing acquaintance. Jim Potter (the druggist) may long since have forgotten that moment when he gave me his hand and sympathy, but I shall never forget it – never in all my life. To me, it stands out like the silhouette of a lonely tree against a crimson sunset.”

The dispensation of kindness – particularly in the midst of sorrow and grief – is practiced by associates in Life Care, American Lifestyles and Life Care at Home every day. It is something that we are really good at doing, for it is part of the compassion that qualifies us for the jobs that we do.

Today, share some sympathy and kindness with a little more pride in what you are called to do.

--Beecher Hunter