

Crossing the Street

Years ago, Catholic Digest carried a story written by Mary Kinsolving. It is as relevant today as it was when it was written.

Ms. Kinsolving tells of living in Manhattan where, as a child, her mother walked her to school four blocks away every morning, and then walked home again with her in the afternoon. One hard winter, her mother came down with pneumonia, and Mary had to go to school and return home by herself.

On the way home the second day, she fell on some ice while crossing the street. At that moment, a car skidded toward her and came within inches of her before it stopped. "The driver helped me up," she said, "and I managed to get home, but didn't tell my mother because I didn't want her to worry."

The next morning, the streets were even icier and when she came to her first cross-street, she was terrified. She stood at the intersection for a long time. Finally, an elderly woman came over to her and said, "I don't see very well. May I hold your hand when I cross the street?" Mary replied, "Oh, yes," and the elderly lady took her hand and "before long, we were on the other side."

Then Mary Kinsolving walked a short distance and looked back to see how the elderly woman was doing. To her surprise, "she was crossing the street we had just crossed together and was walking by herself much faster than we had before."

Ms. Kinsolving then realized that the lady had pretended poor eyesight only to help her cross the street. Much later in life, she understood that she could overcome her own fears by helping someone else.

That's what the associates in Life Care, American Lifestyles and Life Care at Home have come to understand. We can deal much more effectively with our own challenges, concerns and even fears because we are engaged in the noble calling of serving our residents. That is a wonderful tonic for life and what ails you.

--Beecher Hunter