

Harry the Usher

The pastor received a letter marked, "Please give to Harry the Usher." It was handed over to Harry, and this is what it said:

Dear Harry: I'm sorry I don't know your last name, but then, you don't know mine. I'm Gert; Gert at the 10 o'clock Mass every Sunday. I'm writing to ask you a favor.

I don't know the priests too well, but somehow feel close to you. I don't know how you got to know my first name, but every Sunday morning, you smile and greet me by name, and we exchange a few words – how bad the weather is, how much you like my hat, and how I am late on a particular Sunday. I just wanted to say thank you for taking the time to remember an old woman, for the smiles, for your consideration, for your thoughtfulness.



Now for the favor. I am dying, Harry. My husband has been dead for 16 years, and the kids are scattered. It is very important to me that when they bring me to church for the last time, you will be there to say, "Hello, Gert. Good to see you." If you are there, Harry, I will feel assured that your warm hospitality will be duplicated in my new home in heaven.

With love and gratitude, Gert.

I don't know about you, but that story sends a tingle down my spine.

It is a great reminder of the power of simple acts of kindness in human interaction – a warm smile, the touch of a hand, the importance of a person's name, a hug. They all have unimaginable impact, depending on the recipient's needs.

And that's why it is so important for associates in Life Care, Century Park and Life Care at Home to be practitioners of acts of kindness every day.

– Beecher Hunter