

# Honoring an Old Teacher

In his book *Window on the Mountain*, Winston Pierce tells of a high-school class reunion.

A group of the old classmates were reminiscing about things and persons they were grateful for. One man mentioned that he was particularly thankful for Mrs. Wendt, for she – more than anyone – had introduced him to Alfred Lord Tennyson and the beauty of poetry.

Acting on a suggestion, the man wrote a letter of appreciation to Mrs. Wendt, and addressed it to the high school. The note was forwarded and eventually found the old teacher.

About a month later, the man received a response. It was written in a feeble longhand and read as follows:

*My Dear Willie:*

*I can't tell you how much your letter meant to me. I am now in my nineties, living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely, and like the last leaf of fall lingering behind.*

*You will be interested to know that I taught school for forty years, and yours is the first letter of appreciation I ever received. It came on a blue, cold morning, and it cheered me as nothing has for years.*

*Willie, you made my day.*

Appreciation. A 12-letter word. But, oh, the power it contains, whether spoken or written.



What did it cost the man to write to his favorite teacher after all those years? A little time, the cost of a postage stamp. But consider its impact on this lonely old woman who had invested her life in the education of thousands of students. And yet, after all these years, only one expressed his appreciation.

Is there someone you need to send a note to today? Or make a telephone call? Or express your gratitude to face to face?

Or perhaps *you* could write to a teacher or someone else from your past who exerted powerful influence on your life to help you get to where you are today.

Appreciation. Find a way to show it.

*Outdo one another in showing honor* (Romans 12:10 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter