THE KINDEST PEOPLE:
BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER
(VOLUME 1)
By David Bruce
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NOTE: The deeds are numbered so that you can find the source in the endnotes.

Advice
If you stop on a highway to help someone, be careful. I have read many, many newspaper articles about Good Samaritans being hit and injured or killed by cars when they stop to help someone. Sometimes, the best thing to do is simply to call 911 or whatever your country’s emergency number is.

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The Kindest People:
Be Excellent to Each Other
Ana Samways’ entertaining Sideswipe column in the New Zealand Herald occasionally contains stories of good deeds and rescues. For example, in September 2012 one of Ms. Samwise’s readers—Leonie of Sandringham—sent in this story: “Last week I experienced the most embarrassing moment of my life. At 8 months pregnant and at home alone I decided to take a nice long soak in the bath. The house we rent has a nice, 80s salmon-coloured corner spa bath, and once [it was] filled I carefully lowered my naked magnitude into the water. After a while of floating around admiring my bump, I decided I would turn on the jets. I’d never used them before. Okay, it was kinda loud, but I closed my eyes and laid back with my head in the water. Suddenly I felt my hair tug as it was being sucked into the jet. It pulled my head under the water, but I pulled back. I tried to free my hair but ended up making it a right mess of tangledness. Two things happened next. With my toe I managed to dislodge the plug and the drowny stuff ran down the drain. Phew! Then after an hour of [me] lying nude in a drained bath the electrician arrived to fix a bung light switch. He knocked, I yelled and eventually (after [I told] him the spare key was in the peg basket by the washing line) he came into the bathroom, gave me a haircut and hoisted me out of the bath. I sent him a bottle of wine and got someone else to fix the light. Beat that, Sideswipe readers.” (1)

“When I Got There, I was Frightened Myself, But My Maternal Instincts Kicked In”

In August 2012, Sibusiso Hlongwane, age 11, and Ndumiso Madondo, age 12, found newborn twin boys who had been
abandoned in West Ridge Tennis Stadium, Durban, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa. The newborn boys were naked and exposed to the falling drizzle of rain. Sibusiso said, “We didn’t hear them cry or anything like that; we just saw them as we were walking.” Sibusiso and Ndumiso ran to the Mayville police station to report what they had found. A female police officer said, “The boys were visibly shaken. They were panting when they got to the station. They told us they had found the babies at the field. We went there to investigate and found them there. They must have been there for less than an hour. If they had stayed for longer, they wouldn’t have survived.” The officer added, “It makes you wonder what could have driven the mother to do something like this.” Because the male police officers were too squeamish to rescue the babies, she performed the rescue by herself. She said, “They were too horrified to look at the babies. When I got there, I was frightened myself, but my maternal instincts kicked in.” She wrapped the babies in a blanket, and an ambulance then took the twin baby boys to King Edward Hospital. Sibusiso said, “I told my mother about what happened, but at first she didn’t believe me. Later, she said she was proud of what we did because we helped save the babies’ lives.” (2)

Lou Xiaoying: Rescuer of 30 Abandoned Babies

In the streets of Jinhua, in eastern Zhejiang province, China, Lou Xiaoying, age 88 in 2012, rescued 30 babies who had been abandoned and either raised them or found families to raise them. One of the babies she raised is Zhang Jingjing, age 33, who stayed with her when she went in a hospital with kidney disease. Zhang said in August 2012, “My mother has gotten better. The hospital has spared us much expense. They have also minimized the kinds of medicines that my mom has to use. Money collected from donations has helped us a lot, too.” Lou was born in 1924 in Fujian Province, and she and her husband
collected and recycled garbage to make a living. They had two biological children: a daughter and a son. Over her years of scavenging, Lou found 30 abandoned children. She and her husband adopted three daughters, and found families to raise the remaining children, mostly girls. In 1972, Lou found the first abandoned baby: a girl. Lou said, “She was just lying amongst the junk on the street, abandoned. She would have died had we not rescued her and taken her in. I realized if we had strength enough to collect garbage, how could we not recycle something as important as human lives?” She added, “These children need love and care. They are all precious human lives. I do not understand how people can leave such a vulnerable baby on the streets.” Neighbors helped out. Zhang said, “There were some communal donations which helped two of us adopted ones go to school. But my oldest adopted sister, who is now 40, has never gone to school.” In 2007, Lou discovered a child in a dumpster: a boy. She adopted him as a grandson, and her biological son is his adoptive father. The boy is now seven years old and will attend a public school called Jindong District Experimental School in Jinhua. Fang Qing, the principal of the public school, said, “I take for granted that every child in China has a right to education, no matter what his background is like. Grandma Lou deserves her dreams to be fulfilled. Good people should be rewarded with good.” Asked if she had ever thought of trying to find her biological parents, Zhang said, “No. She [Lou Xiaoying] has always been my mother.”

“We Saved 20,000,000 Won and Helped Three Children with Heart Disease and Provided a Cochlear Implant for a Deaf Baby, All in Your Name”

In 2005, Sean of the Korean hip-hop group JinuSean married actress Jung Hye Young. As of 2012, they have had four children, and they have donated much money to
celebrate their children’s birthdays. When their newest baby, Hael, celebrated her first birthday in 2012, Sean wrote a letter to her. Here are some excerpts: “To my lovable little Hye Young, Hael~ It’s been a year since you came into this world. How was the year for you? After being so comfortable in Mommy’s stomach, I wonder if you struggled for a year, doing things on your own strength. ^^ Every time you went through something new, Daddy and Mommy were supporting you and really happy. So for a year, we received these happy moments from you as presents. Daddy hopes that you will be like Mommy, becoming a present to other people’s lives. That’s why we had your first birthday party at the Yonsei Severance Hospital. Just like your sister Haeum, and brothers, Harang and Hayul, we saved 20,000,000 won and helped three children with heart disease and provided a cochlear implant for a deaf baby, all in your name. These are friends who will continue in this world with you. I believe that our Hael became a small present for those friends. ^^ Hael, you are the final puzzle piece to complete the family that Daddy’s been dreaming of. Daddy dreamed of having a family of four children. ^^ Thank you, Hael, for coming to our family as a present. Congratulations, Hael, on your first birthday! I love you, Hael, our little Hye Young! When you grow up and someone asks you what [you] grabbed for your doljabi [a Korean tradition in which the child grabs an object that predicts the child’s future], you can tell them, ‘I grabbed my neighbor’s hand!’ From Daddy, who loves our youngest, Hael, so much.” (4)

**Uplifting Stories**

Reddit is a good source for uplifting stories. For example, in September 2012 Reddit writer BobbyBeanBagz wrote that he works in a supermarket. One day, his boss chewed him out in public. He writes that a four- or five-year-old girl came up to him, hugged his leg, and told him, “Don’t
worry. You’re doing a great job.” He then asked Reddit members, “What interactions have you had with children that have convinced you that they are better than adults?” Reddit writer TirSimpot wrote about being a server in a restaurant. On a busy night, he approached a table of 10 people, but they ignored him and continued to talk among themselves. He repeated his greeting to them, trying to be efficient, and again they ignored him. Fortunately, a boy of eight or nine at another table yelled, “HEY, BE QUIET. HE’S TRYING TO TALK TO YOU!” TirSimpot wrote, “After that, they were the most polite and respectful table who immediately quieted down whenever I approached.” (Smartzie commented, “As someone who has been a server before, bless that child.”) And Philmond wrote, “According to my mum, when I was younger, I was visiting my great aunt’s house. She was suffering from cancer at the time, was undergoing radiotherapy, so had lost her hair. She was sensitive about this, and was never seen without a wig. On the day I was visiting I rushed upstairs to see her, and walked in on her without her wig on. She got very upset, and I couldn’t understand why. When my mum explained to me, I said (in front of my aunt), ‘But my daddy’s got no hair and I still love him’. She never cared about being seen without the wig again.” (Lissastrata commented, “Very cool, dude. Nice to see she never wigged out again.”) Here’s one more story (of thousands): Only_ceremony wrote, “It was the smallest interaction but I’ll always remember it. I was having a rough week: I was having problems with my then-husband, was broke, was working two minimum-wage jobs to pay my student loans, and was on the verge of tears. I was standing in Publix trying to decide if I could afford a couple of things and this little girl, probably around 5 or 6, ran up to me, tapped my arm, and blurted, ‘ITHINKYOU’REPRETTY!’ and ran away. I still think about her when I get sad sometimes.” (5)
Breakfast for the Homeless at the Newsroom Café

On 27 September 2012 in Hollywood, British comedian Russell Brand drove a group of homeless people in his car to the Newsroom Café for breakfast. Mr. Brand has done other good deeds for homeless people. In September 2012, after leaving a yoga class, he ran into a homeless person to whom he gave water and a white T-shirt. And in March 2012, he gave £400 to a homeless man. (6)

“I was Terrified. But Then I Thought to Myself, Freaking Out Isn’t Going to Help Any Here”

In the summer of 2012, in Memphis, Tennessee, Seth Goldstein, age 17, was competing in a cross-country race, running for Cooper Yeshiva High School, a small, Orthodox Jewish school in East Memphis. A few racers were ahead of him. He said, “I was feeling good. That’s when everything happened in front of me.” One of the runners, from Germantown, fell to the ground. The other runners continued to race, but Seth stopped to help the fallen runner. Seth said, “His lips were turning blue, and his eyes were rolled back in his head. I was terrified. But then I thought to myself, freaking out isn’t going to help any here.” He told a parent to call 911, and then he looked at the fallen racer, who had blood coming from his mouth. Seth said, “He had bitten his tongue and was bleeding pretty bad. I feared he was going to choke on his blood. I rolled him on his side so he wouldn’t asphyxiate.” Jessica Chandler, a mother who knew the fallen runner, ran over. She said, “Honestly, I was in shock. But this guy was taking complete control. He was like, ‘You—call 911. You—go get some ice.’ He turned him on his side. I thought he was a parent or an EMT.” Seth is a lifeguard. He said, “It was obvious he needed help.” Ms. Chandler said, “He was awesome. He was so competent and kind. When the boy started to come out of it, he just kept saying,
‘You’re going to be OK. We’re here. We’re with you. You’re going to be OK.’” An ambulance arrived, EMTs took over, and Seth asked, “Can I finish the race?” That is when Ms. Chandler realized that he was a student runner. Seth said, “The EMTs looked at me kind of funny. They’re like, ‘You’re racing? Well, sure, go ahead. I guess you can finish the race.’” He added, “Everyone was clapping for me, like I was the chunky kid who couldn’t finish. They were all cheering and saying, ‘You can do it!’ I’m thinking, ‘C’mon, man!’” Gil Perl, the dean of the Cooper Yeshiva School, said about Seth’s heroism, “It’s an example of exactly the values we’re trying to instill in our kids. We have the concept, from the Talmud, that if you want God to have mercy on you, you have to have mercy on others.” The fallen runner had suffered a seizure because of the heat; he is fine. (7)

“There was No Way I was Going to Let Them Down”

On 15 September 2012, Sergio Martinez of Argentina defeated Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. of Mexico and became the World Boxing Council (WBC) Middleweight Champion. Mr. Martinez did a notable good deed before the bout. He had received a letter stating that a family was driving 550 miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to attend the fight in Las Vegas, Nevada. The two oldest sons of the family of five are disabled; one son has cerebral palsy and the other has Down syndrome. The family hoped that Mr. Martinez would take the time to meet the two boys. Mr. Martinez said, “Even though I was deep in my preparation and focused on the fight later that night, my team told me about a special request from a fan who was traveling very far with his sons to see my fight. I learned about the hardships that both of his sons face and that it would be a birthday surprise if I met with them and posed for a photo. There was no way I was going to let them down.” Mr. Martinez’ promoter, Lou DiBella, said, “I believe that Karma is
powerful. Sergio met with these young men just hours before his fight, rearranging his schedule to do so. He invited no press or camera crews, and it had nothing to do with last-minute promotion. It had to do with a sense of compassion and social responsibility by a kind, good-hearted man.” (8)

**Triple H: “A Wonderful Guy to be Respected as a Wrestler or as a Human Being Outside WWE!”**

In a YouTube video uploaded by dudeme13 on 14 April 2011, WWE professional wrestler Triple H sees a fan with Down’s Syndrome at a wrestling event. The fan wants the experience of standing in the wrestling ring, and so Triple H helps him out of his seat in the stands and allows him to stand in the wrestling ring. YouTube user dudeme13 posted video of this good deed and wrote, “That Fan had Down’s Syndrome! A lot of people hate HHH because they FALSELY BELIEVE he a mean person in real life. … but this video proves HHH is a Wonderful Guy to be Respected as a Wrestler or as a Human Being Outside WWE!” (9)

**“I was Able to Meet Up with Them a Couple Days Later and Give Him a Couple Pair of Shoes!”**

In September 2012, Baylor University point guard Pierre Jackson was shopping at a Champs Sports in Waco, Texas, and he saw a disappointed youth named James whose mother was telling him that she could not afford to buy him the expensive sneakers that he wanted. Bridgette Johnson, James’ mother, wrote later, “As we looked around, Pierre Jackson came and talked to my youngest son James about football and what shoe size he wore. To our surprise, he wore the same size and said that he would give James some shoes he wanted to give away. You just can’t beat God giving!! Pierre, God bless you and your future, you have truly been a blessing, God Bless!!” Mr. Jackson Tweeted, “It’s crazy how something soo small like a pair of shoes
can have that big of an [e]ffect on someone’s life.” He posted online, “This weekend I over heard this Lil guy trying to get some shoes that were pretty expensive and his mom wasn’t able to get and it just seems soo familiar cause that’s how I use to be! But long story short I was able to meet up with them a couple days later and give him a couple pair of shoes! Just to see his moms [t]ears of joy and see how happy he was made me super happy!! I guess you can say this made my week!!” (10)

No Tip Required

Karl Malone was a National Basketball Association great who played for the Utah Jazz in the late 1980s and 1990s. In the baggage-claim area of the Salt Lake City airport, a woman saw him and thought that he was a skycap and asked him to carry her bags for her. Mr. Malone could have responded with attitude, but he responded with kindness and carried her bags for her. Only when she offered him a tip did he decline it and tell her who he was. Salt Lake Tribune sports reporter Steve Luhm confirmed this story to journalist Bob Greene. (11)

“I Thought It was a Great Opportunity to Help Someone in Need, to Do Something that Christ would Do”

In 2004, Kim Hughes, an assistant coach for the Los Angeles Clippers, needed prostate surgery. He said, “My doctor told me he would do the surgery in a couple of months and then I’d be off my feet for a couple of months. He said, ‘You know this is major surgery.’” Mr. Hughes wanted the surgery done earlier so that he would be able to work for the Clippers during the basketball season—he doesn’t like to take time off from work. Mike Dunleavy, then the Clippers head coach, suggested that Mr. Hughes consult a doctor he knew and see if the surgery could be done quicker. He did, and it could. But Mr. Hughes ran into
a problem. He said, “I contacted the Clippers about medical coverage and they said the surgery wouldn’t be covered. I said, ‘Are you kidding me?’ And they said if they did it for one person, they’d have to do for everybody else.” Mr. Dunleavy mentioned this to the Clippers players, several of whom—including Corey Maggette, Elton Brand, Marko Jaric, and Chris Kaman—came forward and paid for the surgery. In 2011, Mr. Maggette said, “Kim was one of our coaches, and he’s a really good friend of mine. He was in a situation where the Clippers’ medical coverage wouldn’t cover his surgery. I thought it was a great opportunity to help someone in need, to do something that Christ would do. It shows your humanity, that you care for other people and not just yourself. Kim was in a life-and-death situation.” Good thing. Mr. Hughes’ prostate cancer was much more advanced than he and his doctor had thought—it was on the verge of spreading to the rest of his body. Mr. Hughes said, “Those guys saved my life. They paid the whole medical bill. It was like $70,000 or more. It wasn’t cheap. It showed you what classy people they are. They didn’t want me talking about it; they didn’t want the recognition because they simply felt it was the right thing to do.” Mr. Maggette said, “Kim thanks me every time he sees me; he does that every single time. I’ve said to him, ‘Kim, come on. You don’t have to do that. You’re good. It just shows you what kind of person he is, to keep thanking me all the time for that. Like I said, it was just my time to serve another human being. I think if anyone on my team is in that kind of situation, I would try to help him out if I could. That’s just the person I am. I was raised that way.” Mr. Hughes said about Mr. Maggette, “Corey is perceived by some people as not being a good person because he seems to be aloof and arrogant. But they don’t know him. He’s a good man; he’s a great man. You can have all the money, all the success, all that stuff, all those so-called important things in life, but in the end, you’re judged by
what you did for your fellow man. Corey will always be an
important part of my life. What he and those other guys did
for me put things in perspective.” (12)

The Good News is that He Hit Three Home Runs; The
Bad News is that He Lost His Wallet

On 9 September 2012, Tampa Bay Rays center fielder B.J.
Upton hit three home runs as the Rays defeated the Texas
Rangers, 6-0. He also lost his wallet. Fortunately, Rays fan
Brent Sutton found it and contacted Mr. Upton through
Twitter. They met, and Mr. Upton got his wallet back and
gave Mr. Sutton a genuine B.J. Upton baseball bat. Business Insider sports columnist Jeff Greenwell wrote,
“See kids, honesty is the best policy. Nice to see Twitter
being used for good instead of what its [sic] normally used
for—as an outlet for passive-aggressive grammar Nazis.”
(13)

“Nobody’s Perfect. Everybody’s Human. I Understand”

On 2 June 2010 at Comiskey Park in Detroit, Michigan,
umpire Jim Joyce made a bad call when he called a runner
safe at first base and ruined what would have been a perfect
game—27 bats, 27 outs, no one reaching base—for Detroit
Tigers pitcher Armando Galarraga. Mr. Galarraga got the
next player out for a near-perfect game (28 bats, 27 outs,
one player reaching base). Both Mr. Joyce and Mr.
Galarraga showed good sportsmanship following the bad
call. After seeing a replay of the bad call, Mr. Joyce
admitted that he had made a mistake and he apologized in
person to Mr. Galarraga. Mr. Galarraga showed good
sportsmanship by forgiving Mr. Joyce for the mistake. Mr.
Galarraga told reporters after the game that Mr. Joyce
“probably feels more bad than me. Nobody’s perfect.
Everybody’s human. I understand. I give the guy a lot of
credit for saying, ‘I need to talk to you.’ You don’t see an
umpire tell you that after a game. I gave him a hug.” He
Mr. Joyce, a 22-year veteran umpire, said after the game, “I did not get the call correct.” He said that he “took a perfect game away from that kid over there that worked his [*]ss off all night.” At the game the following day, Mr. Galarraga took the Tigers’ line-up card to Mr. Joyce at home plate. The two men shook hands. (14)

**Veteran MLB Umpire Jim Joyce Saves a Life**

On 20 August 2012 about 20 minutes before a Marlins-Diamondbacks major-league baseball game at Chase Field in Arizona, veteran umpire Jim Joyce, age 56, saved a life. A game-day employee named Jayne Powers suffered a seizure, and her heart stopped beating. Mr. Joyce used CPR to keep her alive. He said, “It was non-normal. I don’t know what word to put on it. It’s obviously never happened to me before.” Russ Amaral, vice-president for Chase Field operations and facilities management, said the next day, “We’re thrilled that she’s doing well today. And we’re grateful to those who were there to help.” Since 1 March 1998, Ms. Powers has worked in concessions for the Diamondbacks. Mr. Joyce and other umpires saw her suffering from a seizure, and Mr. Joyce made sure that her head was protected. But something was wrong, and he had to use CPR to keep her alive. He said, “I’ve had to use CPR before. This is something everybody should know. Everybody should know what to do in a circumstance like that. It’s not a hard thing. You don’t need a degree. It’s very simple, and very easy.” Paramedics arrived and took Ms. Powers to a hospital. After all the excitement of the rescue, the other coaches suggested changing duties if Mr. Joyce did not want to be behind the home plate, but he declined. He explained, “It was very emotional, I’ll be
honest with you. But I didn’t want to go to third base because just standing there, literally, [the incident] is all I would have thought about all night. I wouldn’t have been able to think about anything else. Going behind the plate, I would have something to do every minute. I could just do my job. But I’ll be honest with you, there were still times during the game that I was thinking about it.” Mr. Joyce’s daughter is in EMT school and his son is certified in CPR. Mr. Joyce said about CPR, “Just knowing it, I think it’s imperative. You may never, ever, have to use it. But it’s just that one time that you do.” (15)

“To Riley: Always Give Your All”

Riley Rhoden, age six, suffered the amputation of his left arm at age two because of a rare form of skin cancer. His mother, Rachel, said, “It was the most awful thing I think I have ever experienced.” Riley practices baseball skills: “I throw the ball kind of high, flip my glove off, catch it and then throw it.” He also plays Little League baseball, and he has a baseball hero: San Francisco outfielder Hunter Pence. In August 2012, Riley and his family got to meet Mr. Pence when San Francisco played a game in Houston, Texas. Riley and Mr. Pence talked for several minutes about baseball, and Mr. Pence gave Riley a shirt, a signed baseball and a game-used bat with this message on it: “To Riley: Always give your All.” Mr. Pence said, “You always have heroes and that’s how the game passes on and there really are no limits if you set your mind to do something.” Rachel said, “I think it’s going to really inspire him just to know that a professional met him, you know, just a little six-year-old kid. It’s really amazing.” Mr. Pence said, “He’s really our inspiration, and it was really nice to get to meet him.” (16)

The Perfect Good-Luck Card for a St. Johnstone Soccer Club Fan
Neil Kirk, age 33, is a big-time fan of the St. Johnstone Soccer Club (the Saints), and when he got married to Nikki in August 2012 he named the tables at the wedding reception held at Oran Mor in Glasgow, Scotland’s west end after his top 11 favorite players. His friends spent two months tracking down the players and got Sergei Baltacha, Nick Dasovic, Roddy Grant, Alan Main, Steve Maskrey, Allan Moore, George O’Boyle, and Mark Treanor to sign a good-luck card for Neil. At a later date, Paul Kane and Alan Kernaghan will sign the card. Unfortunately, Don McVicar died in 2006. Rory McCracken, the friend who organized the surprise, said, “Neil’s face was a picture when we handed over the card. He’s a mad Saints fan and apart from tying the knot, it made his day.” Neil said, “The card rounded off what was a perfect day for us, and I was absolutely gobsmacked by the gesture.” (17)

“The Car Just Came from Nowhere. Gary Picked Olivia Up and Threw Her Out of the Way. He Saved Her Life”

On 21 August 2012, former Balmain Tigers (a rugby league football club) winger Gary Mara of Australia died at a pedestrian crossing in Los Angeles, California, while on a holiday with his family in the United States. Before he died, he saved the life of his eight-year-old daughter, Olivia, by throwing her out of the path of the car that struck and killed him. His wife of 10 years, Julianne, said, “The car just came from nowhere. Gary picked Olivia up and threw her out of the way. He saved her life.” Mr. Mara’s father, Bobby Mara, is in the Balmain Tigers Hall of Fame. (18)

Baldwinsville, New York, Football Players: Good Samaritans

In the middle of August 2012, Dianne Dunham and two of her friends visited another friend who now lives in
Emeritus at West Side Manor in Liverpool, New York. She wrote, “When we walked in, there were at least a dozen residents sitting in wheelchairs scattered about the lobby. When we returned to the lobby after a one-hour visit, they were gone. Upon inquiring, the woman at the front desk told us that those residents had been transported to the state fair and that the Baldwinsville (New York) high school football players had gone along to push the wheelchairs. We had to smile as we talked about how the teens and the elderly would both benefit from spending the day together. I hope that this sort of help, and more, is provided often and to many and that the public be better informed. There are so many wonderful young people out there, but too often, we hear about problems or trouble accredited to them. It is a pleasure to offer my thanks to those football players from Baldwinsville, as well as to the numerous teens who are so kind and helpful yet go unnoticed. I’m rooting for you all!”

(19)

A Brand-New Packers Fan

In August 2012, David Hiser of Portland, Oregon, visited the post office and returned to his condo. A knock sounded on his door, and he opened it to see a neighbor and a friendly looking but unfamiliar couple. The couple had found his wallet, and they were returning it. Mr. Hiser wrote in a letter to the editor of the Green Bay Press-Gazette (Wisconsin), “Apparently it fell out of my pocket near the post office and this wonderful couple from Green Bay found it, walked several blocks to my home and delivered it to my door before I even knew it was missing.” By the way, a grateful Mr. Hiser wrote that he is now a Green Bay Packers fan. Good people do live in Wisconsin. Elizabeth Orlowski of Stevens Point wrote in a letter to the editor of the Green Bay Press-Gazette, “I was buying groceries with my children at Walmart. The kids were sassy, bored, hungry, and on my last nerve. When checking
out with my food, I realized I was unable to pay. The manager said they could hold my things until I could come back. But the couple behind me said, ‘I’ll get it. Just help someone else when they need it.’ I am unable to repay them, but their kindness is always on my mind. There are good people out there!” (20)

**Robert Heinlein: Generous Idea-Man**

Even science-fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon, author of *The Dreaming Jewels* and *More Than Human*, suffered from writer’s block. In 1962, he gave a Guest of Honor speech at the World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago, Illinois, and spoke about how fellow science-fiction writer Robert Heinlein had helped him when Mr. Sturgeon, desperate, wrote him a letter about his writer’s block: “I told him my troubles; that I couldn’t write—perhaps it was that I had no ideas in my head that would strike a story. By return airmail—I don’t know how he did it—I got back 26 story ideas. Some of them ran for a page and a half; one or two of them were a line or two. I mean, there were story ideas that some writers would give their left ear for. Some of them were merely suggestions; just little hints, things that will spark a writer like, ‘Ghost of a little cat patting around eternity looking for a familiar lap to sit in.’” Mr. Heinlein did more than that. Mr. Sturgeon added, “I had told him my writing troubles, but I hadn’t told him of any other troubles; however, clipped to the stack of story ideas was a check for a hundred dollars with a little scribbled note, ‘I have a suspicion your credit is bent.’” By the way, Mr. Heinlein’s ideas resulted in two stories by Mr. Sturgeon: “And Now the News” and “The Other Man.” (21)

**Three Good Samaritans**

On 14 September 1882, an elderly man intent on committing suicide jumped from a steamboat into the
Thames River. On the same steamboat was Bram Stoker, who in 1897 would publish his novel *Dracula*. Mr. Stoker jumped in the river after the man. He held the man’s head above water until help arrived. He then carried the man to his home in the Chelsea district, where his physician brother, George Stoker, tried but failed to resuscitate him. Although the elderly man died, the Royal Humane Society awarded Bram Stoker a Bronze Medal for his effort to save the man’s life. Playwright Arthur Pinero wrote Mr. Stoker in a letter, “How proud I am to count myself amongst those who have the privilege of your acquaintance.” In his own old age and in poor health, Mr. Stoker needed financial help. Providing it were friends such as then-popular novelist Hall Caine. (22)

**Taking Care of Orphaned and Illegitimate Children**

Edgar Poe was born on 19 January 1809. His father deserted the family when Edgar was very young, and his mother, Eliza Poe, died on 8 December 1811, when Edgar was not yet three years old. Neighbors took in Rosalie, Edgar’s sister, the youngest of three children. William, the oldest child, was taken in by his paternal grandparents. Edgar was taken in by Frances Allen, who was nicknamed Fanny. She had taken care of Eliza during her final illness. Fanny and her husband, John Allan, never formally adopted Edgar, but Edgar used the name “Allan” as his middle name. Mr. Allan and Mr. Poe quarreled over money when Edgar grew up, but Mr. Allan did show personal responsibility. When Mr. Allan discovered that he had an illegitimate child (not Edgar), he acknowledged paternity and gave the child’s mother financial support. (23)

**Good and Bad White People**

Resisting segregation and racism is a good deed; simply being non-racist is good. Ralph Ellison, African-American author of *Invisible Man*, grew up in the era of Jim Crow
and segregation. The black children knew about racism. When he was a child attending Frederick Douglass School in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, the black children skipped rope and sang, “These white folk think / They are so fine / But their raggedy drawers / Stink just like mine!” His mother, Ida, wanted her children to know how affluent white people lived, and so she took them for walks in well-off white people’s neighborhoods. Young Ralph decided that he wanted to live in a “world in which you wore your Sunday clothes” everyday. Ida even took her children to a whites-only zoo, entering at the tail end of a group of white people. No one seemed to mind until at closing time, when an angry guard confronted Ida, who said that she paid taxes and therefore she and her children had a right to visit the zoo. Roscoe Dunjee, editor and publisher of the Black Dispatch, criticized segregation and racism. Blacks were not allowed to use the Oklahoma City Carnegie Library, so Mr. Dunjee threatened to sue the city, which opened up the Paul Lawrence Dunbar Branch Library for black people. The books weren’t new, but young Ralph read many of them. Unfortunately, the adult Mr. Ellison also encountered racism. When he went to New York City and ordered a meal at a restaurant, the waiter salted his food so heavily that it was inedible. But some white people also helped him. He took a photo of white author and translator Francis Steenmuller that was used on the cover of one of Mr. Steenmuller’s books, and Mr. Steenmuller allowed him to use a quiet office in a wholesale jeweler’s suite he owned. The suite was on Fifth Avenue, and none of the white people in the upscale neighborhood questioned his being there, and all of the white people were courteous to him. The Steenmullers also let Mr. Ellison use their Vermont vacation cabin, where he wrote the first chapter of Invisible Man, which in 1953 won the National Book Award’s gold medal for fiction and is now a modern American—and world-class—classic. (24)
The Generous Patiño Sisters

When African-American author Langston Hughes’ father died in Mexico, Langston went to Mexico, where he discovered that his father’s ranch and much of his property had been sold so that his medical debts could be paid. His father had willed the reminder of his estate to the Patiño sisters, managers of his Mexico City property. The Patiño sisters were very generous. They gave Langston one-quarter of the estate, and they invited him to stay in their home. (25)

Doctor Lioness von Blixen

Isak Dinesen, the Danish author of Out of Africa, managed a coffee farm in Kenya, where soon after arriving, she tended to a young Kikuyu boy named Kamante who had a very badly infected leg. After she cured his infection, she began to be greatly in demand as a doctor. She also did the good deed of burying a girl named Wamboi who had died after falling off an oxcart and being run over by its wheels, despite being forbidden to ride on oxcarts. Her corpse lay unburied for three days because police could not decide who was at fault for her death and because the members of her tribe did not want to touch a corpse. By the way, Isak acquired the nicknames of “Lioness” and “Lioness von Blixen” (due to her marriage, she was the Baroness von Blixen) because after a lion had killed some of her cattle, she and her friend Denys Fitch Hatton hunted it. They left a carcass where the lion would find it at night, and when they heard the lion, Isak flicked on the light of a lantern and Denys shot the lion. (26)

The Good Deeds of Mary Wollstonecraft

In 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft published A Vindication of the Rights of Women. She did many good deeds in her life in addition to advocating the rights of women. Her father
was a drunk who physically abused his wife. Mary would sometimes put her own body in between her father and her mother in order to protect her mother. When Eliza, one of Mary’s sisters, married an abusive man, Mary and a friend named Fanny Blood helped Eliza escape from him by taking a carriage to London when he was away from his home. During the journey, Eliza nervously bit and broke her wedding band into pieces. They then took a number of other carriages in an erratic pattern to foil pursuit. Later, while Mary was taking a ship from Lisbon, Portugal, to London, England, a storm arose and crippled another ship. The captain of Mary’s ship at first would not allow the sailors of the crippled ship to get on board, saying that there was not enough room, but Mary threatened to report the captain, and he allowed the sailors to get on board. She also sent money to family members. (27)

M. Alice LeGrow is “TOTALLY AMAZING” and Sounds “JUST LIKE CINDERELLA AND ALSO TOTALLY [IS] HER”

M. Alice LeGrow is a creative person who has done many creative things, including the multi-volume gothic graphic novel series Bizenghast. To get money to eat, she works as a party princess. She dresses up in princess dresses and wigs and goes to little-girl parties. At one party for a three-year-old girl, the girl’s older sister, who was six or seven, really wanted the three-year-old to believe that Alice is a real princess. The older sister kept saying things such as these: “Wow Anna, it’s Cinderella! Can you believe it? Doesn’t she look JUST like Cinderella in your storybook? Isn’t that amazing? Look, she has real glass slippers—isn’t that so cool?” Alice is an artist, and she drew a cartoon of Anna as a little princess, and Anna’s older sister said, “Oh my gosh, Anna, it looks JUST LIKE YOU! Doesn’t it look SO MUCH LIKE YOU, and Cinderella looks JUST LIKE SHE DOES IN THE MOVIE AND YOUR BOOKS?”
Alice wrote, “During the singing, she kept telling her sister how TOTALLY AMAZING I was and how I sounded JUST LIKE CINDERELLA AND ALSO TOTALLY WAS HER. She even went as far as to compliment my princess manners, how I walked and how I danced.” Alice added, “She was probably the best sister ever, totally focused on selling me as the real deal to Anna, who seemed happy enough to believe anything at that point, seeing as she was only three. I guess the sister, being a bit older than our usual kids, was past the point of believing I was the real Cinderella, but wanted very badly to make her kid sister believe I was just to be sure the party was a success. It was the cutest thing, although like any small child, she kinda went a bit overboard.” The party was perfect, and Alice got a nice tip. (Always tip so that you avoid the Party Princess Stare.) The girls’ father complimented her, saying that she very much exceeded their expectations. Alice wrote, “I wanted to tell him he was probably just sold on his older kid’s awesome play-by-play.” Sometimes, Alice brings little dress-up costumes for children at larger parties. Sometimes, some of the girls at the parties are already wearing princess costumes, but that doesn’t stop them from wanting to play dress-up with the new dresses, and they put a new dress on over the dress that they are already wearing. Alice wrote, “One time I saw a little girl struggling to put a Cinderella dress on, which was identical to the Cinderella dress she was already wearing. ‘Why don’t you pick a dress that’s different from the one you have now?’ I suggested. The little girl just kept forcing the second dress over her head. ‘Because this is my favorite dress,’ she said, smoothing the second Cinderella dress over the first one.”

One rule that party princesses such as Ms. LeGrow follow is that they eat no food at parties because it messes up their lipstick. (Princesses can accept bottles of water, although they are not allowed to ask for water. Being a party princess can be hot work, so always offer your party
princess a cold bottle of water. And always tip well.) Of course, incidents happen. At one party, a little girl thought that Rapunzel needed a cupcake. Rapunzel tried to distract her by putting a bib on her, but when Rapunzel put a bib on her the little girl shoved a cupcake into her face. At another party, a little birthday girl was really, really sad that the princess would not eat cake. After Ms. LeGrow left the party, she put her keys in her purse. Usually, her keys make a lot of noise when she does that, but that time the sound was muffled. She looked in her purse and discovered that the little birthday girl had put an unwrapped piece of cake in it so the princess could have a snack later. (28)

Art Gifts

Upset because of the Korean War, Pablo Picasso moved to a French village named Vallauris. The citizens made him an honorary citizen, and Picasso gave the villagers a sculpture titled *Man with a Sheep* to display in the main square, which was located near the town’s ceramics center. When Picasso turned 70 years old, the village gave him a feast and a 14th-century chapel, also located near the ceramics center. Picasso painted panels representing *War* and *Peace* and made the chapel a temple dedicated to peace. By the way, as a young artist, Pablo Picasso had little money. Sometimes, during very cold weather, he was forced to burn his paintings in order to keep warm. For Pablo Picasso’s 90th birthday, celebrants released 90 pigeons into the air. (29)

“My Life is Weird. And It Gets Weirder All the Time”

Joe Greene of Stillwater, Oklahoma, does not like good things to go to waste. In the summer of 2012, he looked in a trashcan outside a church in Stillwater and saw the corner of an old wooden frame. He took it out and looked at it. The glass pane in front was smeared with ketchup and barbeque sauce. He said, “It had been buried in somebody’s
picnic.” He took it and left. For about six weeks, he ignored it, and then he looked at it again. On the back was a photocopied newspaper article about Doel Reed and some contest-entry forms for an arts festival in Taos, New Mexico. From 1924 to 1959, Mr. Reed had worked in the art department at Oklahoma A&M College, which is now Oklahoma State University. In 1967, he created the drawing in the frame. Mr. Greene called a friend who is an artist, and the friend advised him to take the drawing to the art department of Oklahoma State University. Chris Ramsey, the head of the art department, advised him to have the drawing reframed. He did, and the drawing looked brand-new. Mr. Greene then donated the drawing to Oklahoma State University in honor of his wife, Dixie Mosier-Greene, who is part of the university’s philosophy department faculty. The drawing is titled “Near Ledoux,” and now it hangs in the Oklahoma State University Bartlett Center for the Visual Arts. Oklahoma State University art historian Louise Siddons said about the drawing and its artist, “It’s just really direct and clearly drawn. He just communicates how it felt to be in that place in that light.” Mr. Greene is proud to have rescued the work of art. He said, “My life is weird. And it gets weirder all the time.”

“Are We the Winner? Absolutely”

In 2012, Papa John’s (a pizza company) and Chegg (a textbook company) sponsored a contest: Whichever school got the most votes on Facebook would get a free concert by singer-songwriter Taylor Swift. Some people thought it would be funny if a school for the deaf won the contest, and so they started voting for Horace Mann School for the Deaf in Allston, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts. Actually, according to Horace Mann’s principal/headmaster Jeremiah Ford, the deaf students love live music. The school also wanted to win or be a runner-up because the top
five schools in the contest each received $10,000. Ms. Swift, Papa John’s, and Chegg removed Horace Mann School for the Deaf from the running because some people were voting for the school as a joke, but things worked out well for the school. Ms. Swift, Papa John’s, and Chegg each donated $10,000 to the school, and so did Cover Girl and American Greetings. In addition, VH1’s Save the Music program gave Horace Mann another $10,000 in instruments for the students. But wait, there’s more! Ms. Swift gave each student at Horace Mann a ticket to one of her concerts. As you would expect, Mr. Ford is pleased. He said, “Are we the winner? Absolutely.” (31)

An Act of Kindness from a Nice British Man

On 23 September 2012, Morrissey, the former Smiths front man and current solo star, came to the assistance of an elderly woman who collapsed at the Strand Bookstore in New York City. A source who contacted the website Queerty said (or wrote), “Morrissey, who was there alone, immediately rushed to her side and crouched on the ground to see if she was okay. She had just lost her bearings and was fine. He picked up her stray belongings and asked if he could get her some water or call for help. She declined and collected her things and moved on. But my friend said she touched Morrissey’s cheek in gratitude! Obviously, she didn’t know who he was, just was touched by this act of kindness from a nice British man ... He seemed very shaken up and flustered by the incident and left the store soon afterwards without buying anything.” (He had been in the photography section.) (32)

“I Couldn’t Just Keep Driving Seeing a Man in Pain With His Head on the Ground”

On 5 September 2012, rapper Game helped a bicyclist who had crashed his bike and was lying in a Los Angeles, California, street with his bike on top of him. Game pulled
his car over, and after finding that the bicyclist was unresponsive, he called 911. Game said, “I couldn’t just keep driving seeing a man in pain with his head on the ground.” Paramedics quickly arrived and took the bicyclist to a hospital. Game said, “If that was me in that situation, I’d want someone to do the same thing.” (33)

“The Cool Thing About Nashville is Country Music Always Knows How to Pay It Forward”

In August 2012, country music singer Billy Gilman, age 24, handed out free shoes in children in Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. Gilman said, “The kids looked like they had won the lottery. You ask them for their size, you wash and dry their feet, and then you put on their new pair of shoes. If you’ve never experienced it, you just have no idea. It’s amazing how a bond can be created by supplying a pair of shoes.” The shoes came from the Nashville, Tennessee-based non-profit Soles4Souls, which gives children new or gently used shoes. Mr. Gilman and many other country artists had worked together on the charity single “The Choice” as a fundraiser for Soles4Souls. Mr. Gilman said about the single, “Each purchase equals one pair of shoes. I tell people it is so simple. You just click on download and it’s like you were handing Soles4Souls the money.” Mr. Gilman co-wrote “The Choice” with Philip Douglas and Dan Murph. Appearing on the single are Rodney Atkins, Montgomery Gentry, Vince Gill, Amy Grant, Steve Holy, Alan Jackson, Wynonna Judd, Richie McDonald of Lonestar, Reba McEntire, Ronnie Milsap, Craig Morgan, Kellie Pickler, LeAnn Rimes, Diamond Rio, Kenny Rogers, Randy Travis, Josh Turner, and Keith Urban. Mr. Gilman said, “The cool thing about Nashville is country music always knows how to pay it forward.” (34)

“I Pushed Him Up, and He was Vomiting What Seemed Like Water, and Then There was Some Blood Coming
On 29 May 2012, Jamaican-American hip-hop singer Sean Kingston crashed his Jet Ski into Palm Island Bridge in Miami Beach, Florida. He had a female passenger with him—Cassandra Sanchez, age 23, who was also hospitalized. Married couple John and Carmen Rivera and their friend Jimmy Vega were on a boat near the bridge. They saw Mr. Kingston, who lost his life jacket in the crash, in the water. Carmen Rivera said, “They were calling us over, telling us, ‘He’s drowning! He’s drowning!’” Mr. Vega said, “We jumped in the water to help him keep his head above water.” John Rivera said, “I went behind Kingston, put my arms around his back, I just held his body out of the water.” He added, “I pushed him up, and he was vomiting what seemed like water, and then there was some blood coming out.” Emergency workers took Mr. Kingston to Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. Reggae singer Gramps Morgan visited Mr. Kingston; afterward, Mr. Morgan said, “He’s stable. A lot of rumors are going around saying that he passed away. But he’s not passed away. Sean Kingston is alive and well.” Tennis player Serena Williams also visited Mr. Kingston. She said, “Just continue to pray for my, my little buddy.” On Twitter, Justin Bieber posted a message of support for Mr. Kingston: “Got my friend Sean Kingston in my prayers tonight. A true friend and big bro. Please keep him in your prayers tonight as well.” Mr. Kingston and Ms. Sanchez recovered. (35)

Baby Food for a Ballerina

Touring with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the 1930s and 1940s was difficult. Often, getting meals was a worry. While touring through the wintry Dakotas, ballerina Alicia Markova caught cold. She was unable to stay behind in a hotel to recuperate, so she traveled by train with the troupe
and felt like she was ready to die. Fortunately, Adolf Bolm, a dancer, bought her some baby food at a train station. Heated up, the baby food proved to be a nourishing food she could keep down. (36)

**A Dying Father**

When ballerina Maria Tallchief’s father was dying, he looked it. Therefore, she placed a vase of flowers and some get-well cards in front of his mirror so he could not see his reflection. (37)

**“My Mouth Just Dropped to the Floor When I Heard His Voice”**

On 1 October 2012, African-American filmmaker Tyler Perry saw a TV news report about a woman with cerebral palsy whose specially equipped $60,000 van had been stolen in DeKalb County, Georgia. He telephoned the TV station and said that he wanted to give the woman, Alicia Day, age 24, a new van. Ms. Day uses a wheelchair, but she tries to be independent and works part-time as a greeter at Home Depot. Mr. Perry then telephoned Ms. Day. Her father answered the phone and had a hard time believing that a celebrity was calling. Her father said on the phone, “Excuse me, who do you want to talk to? Who is this now?” Ms. Day then talked to Mr. Perry. She said, “My mouth just dropped to the floor when I heard his voice.” She has received the new van. Her co-workers at Home Depot also donated $5,000 to help her with her medical expenses. (38)

[www.wwo.org](http://www.wwo.org) and [www.gildasclubnyc.org](http://www.gildasclubnyc.org)

On 15 September 2012, Andrew Garfield and Emma Stone ate lunch in New York City. So what? This what: Paparazzi gathered outside the lunch spot, and Mr. Garfield and Ms. Stone turned a paparazzi moment into a publicity machine for two charitable organizations. The couple made signs
that stated, “We just found out that there are paparazzi outside the restaurant we were eating in. So … why not take this opportunity to bring attention to organizations that need and deserve it? www.wwo.org [and] www.gildasclubnyc.org. Have a great day!” Mr. Garfield is an ambassador for Worldwide Orphans Foundation. Ms. Stone’s mother is a survivor of breast cancer; Gilda’s Club, which is named after the late comedian Gilda Radner, supports people who have cancer. (39)

“Christian [Bale], His Wife and Daughter are Three of the Most Beautiful People We have ever Met!”

In September 2012, Christian Bale, who has acted as Batman, flew a four-year-old Youngstown, Ohio, boy and his family to Disneyland. The boy, Jayden Barber, has leukemia. Mr. Bale himself and his family even had lunch with Jayden and his family. Jayden’s mother, Charlene Barber, posted this on her Facebook page: “Finally can share!!! Christian sent us to LA and we had lunch at Disney club 33 on wed [5 September 2012]!! He and his family were so awesome and down to earth!!!” She added, “They talked movies and super Heros and he was genuinely happy to hear about everything Jayden wanted to tell him” and “Christian, his wife and daughter are three of the most beautiful people we have ever met!” (40)

**Russell Crowe and Friend Get Assist from United States Coast Guard**

On 1 September 2012, actor Russell Crowe and a friend got an assist from the Coast Guard. Mr. Crowe and the friend were kayaking in the waters off New York’s Long Island when they ran into a little trouble. Petty Officer Anthony Kozak said, “They were just lost in the area after nightfall. Wasn’t really a rescue of sorts, more of an assist. Nobody called 911 or anything. The Coast Guard happened upon the situation.” Mr. Crowe and his friend got a ride from the
Coast Guard back into Huntington Bay. On Twitter, Mr. Crowe thanked “the boys from the U.S. Coast Guard for guiding the way.” He also wrote, “Not lost, we knew exactly where we were … we ran out of day.” Mr. Crowe received a Best Actor Oscar for *Gladiator*. (41)

**Using Woody Woodpecker to Pay Tribute to a Friend**

Animator Walter Lantz is famous for his Woody Woodpecker cartoons. When movie director George Pal came to the United States from his native Hungary, Mr. Lantz helped him to become a citizen of the United States. Mr. Pal paid tribute to his friend by putting Woody Woodpecker (in a number of guises) in his movies. Greg Ross of the website Futility Closet wrote an article in which he listed many of these appearances: “In *Destination Moon* (1950), a Woody Woodpecker cartoon explains the principles of space travel. In *When Worlds Collide* (1951), Woody is visible in an airport scene at the beginning of the film. In *War of the Worlds* (1953), Woody’s figure is visible among the branches of a tree as the Martian spacecraft first fly over. In *Tom Thumb* (1958), Woody’s laugh can be heard during a Russ Tamblyn dance sequence. In *The Time Machine* (1960), a little girl drops a Woody Woodpecker doll. In *The Power* (1968), George Hamilton looks in a store window and sees a mechanical Woody.” Mr. Pal’s last movie was *Doc Savage: Man of Bronze* (1975). At the end of the movie, a Boy Scout helps a little old lady cross the street. The little old lady is Grace Stafford, who is Mr. Lantz’ wife. She is one of the actors who voiced Woody Woodpecker. (42)

**Helping a Wounded Victim of Crime**

In the summer of 2012, actor Eijaz Khan of India and his girlfriend, Natalie Di Luccio, were returning from a birthday party for a friend when they saw a man lying in the corner of the road. They investigated. The man was
severely bruised; he had been robbed and was only partly conscious. They took him to the Bhabha Hospital in Bandra, which is in west-central Mumbai, India. Mr. Khan said, “After searching, I found a diary with him which had all the contact numbers. I called up his wife and son in Scotland and informed them immediately.” (43)

**Not Admitted**

At Marilyn Monroe’s funeral, her former husband Joe DiMaggio made sure that the ceremony was quiet, dignified, and respectful. He declined to let it turn into a media and celebrity circus. Only a few friends attended the funeral, and the fans who gathered outside were restrained. A VIP traveled from one end of the United States to the other to attend the funeral—she was not admitted. (44)

**The Code of Harry … Redefined**

On 10 August 2012, James Remar, an actor who appeared on the TV series *Dexter* as Dexter’s adoptive father, saw a homeless man with a head wound sitting outside a grocery store. Mr. Remar used to be an Emergency Medical Technician, so he went into the store and bought a bandage and the materials needed to clean and dress the wound. He also told the homeless man steps to take to keep the wound from becoming infected. TMZ called this act of compassion “The Code of Harry … redefined (*Dexter* fans will understand).” (45)

**Mr. Nasty is Also Mr. Nice**

Simon Cowell, perhaps best known for being an acerbic judge on *American Idol*, has done good deeds. In 2008, he revealed on Oprah Winfrey’s Big Give show that he had spent $162,000 to pay off the mortgage of a family with a three-year-old girl who has cancer. Mr. Cowell told *Extra*, “It’s a very basic story of a normal family whose daughter got very ill, and they had some financial problems which
was relatively easy for me to sort out.” Mr. Cowell told Oprah, “I never knew that doing good could feel so good,” and he gave her credit for teaching him to do good deeds. Mr. Cowell also invites terminally ill children to rehearsals for his reality TV shows such as The X Factor and Britain’s Got Talent. The children are from the United Kingdom children’s hospice charity Shooting Star Chase, of which he is a patron. A source said, “Simon might be a multi-millionaire, but he does an awful lot for charity. And he doesn’t just donate money, he gives his time. […] These kids love coming down to the show, and he makes it special by teasing them and playing games with them. He enjoys it, and they have a day they will never forget. He lets them takes photos of them doing silly things. He’s great with them.” (46)

Mary Tilt’s $3,500 Wheelchair

J.R. Martinez was badly injured in a landmine explosion while serving in Iraq as part of the United States Army. He became an actor on the TV soap opera All My Children and appeared on Dancing with the Stars. The wounded warrior’s appearance on Dancing with the Stars inspired Mary Tilt of Thousand Palms, California, in 2011 to donate to the Wounded Warrior Project a wheelchair she had inherited. Ms. Tilt was then almost 83 years old, and the wheelchair was worth $3,500. Mr. Martinez said, “What Mary did, I think it’s an example of what we [the Wounded Warrior Project and he] wanted to do. We wanted to inspire people to do something for our men and women.” Ms. Tilt said about Mr. Martinez, “He’s a wounded warrior. And I knew he was on Dancing With The Stars, and I wanted him to know that it was him that made me want the wounded warriors to have that chair.” Mr. Martinez wrote Ms. Tilt this note: “God bless you for what you did.” A soldier who had lost both legs and one arm received the donated wheelchair. Ms. Tilt said, “J.R. as far as I’m concerned,
he’s the greatest wounded warrior I’ve ever known.” (47)

Manners, Courtesy, and “The Lowest of the Low”

Irish playwright Brendan Behan was usually unkempt. Once he was rushing down an Irish street and knocked down a lady. He helped her up, saying, “I’m sorry, ma’am, if I have inconvenienced you in any way, and I hope no harm comes to you from this misadventure.” The woman said to the crowd that had gathered around, “There’s still manners and courtesy left in this country.” She then looked Mr. Behan over and added, “Even from the lowest of the low.” By the way, Mr. Behan once posted bail of £250 for a friend. The judge asked him whether he was sure he wanted to do this, since at the time this was a lot of money. Mr. Behan replied, “I’ve been speaking to the prisoner and impressed on him that while I am not a notorious upholder of the law I am a notorious upholder of my £250.” (48)

Two Dissimilar Brothers

The 19th-century actor Edwin Booth was very generous. His brother John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Abraham Lincoln, then fled. When John Wilkes was captured in a tobacco barn, it burned down. Edwin paid to have the tobacco barn rebuilt. (49)

Team Whitney and the Biggest Star of the Evening

In September 2012, Whitney Kropp, age 16, was named to Ogemaw Heights High School’s homecoming court in West Branch, Michigan. Unfortunately, she was voted in because students thought it would be funny if someone who wasn’t a part of the popular crowd was voted in. Students laughed at her. The boy—a football player—chosen to represent the class with her withdrew. Whitney said, “I thought I wasn’t worthy. I was this big old joke.” But the town rallied around her. (Something similar happened to author Chris Crutcher’s class when he was a boy; you can
read about it in his autobiography *King of the Mild Frontier*.) Businesses contributed their services to her; they are paid for or gave her dinner, photographs, hairdressing, manicure, gown, shoes, and tiara. The football game in which she was introduced at halftime was packed with supporters wearing her favorite color—orange—and T-shirts bearing messages of support, such as “Team Whitney.” Jamie Kline, age 35, who began a Facebook support page for her, said, “I am in awe, overwhelmed at the amount of support. I never expected it to spread as far as it has.” The town has 2,100 residents; the Facebook page had over 96,000 likes as of 29 September 2012. When asked to describe her daughter, Bernice Kropp said, “The first thing is soft-hearted. She’s just sweet. She doesn’t have a mean bone in her body.” When Whitney found out that the votes for her were a joke, she wrote on Facebook, “Going to homecoming to show them that I’m not a joke. I’m a beautiful person and you shouldn’t mess with me!” Shannon Champagne, age 28, a nail tech at Whit’s End Hair Studio, said, “It really touched me. I can’t believe that kids can be so mean and ruthless. In high school, everything means everything to you. You don’t realize that none of it will matter after you leave.” The football player changed his mind and decided not to withdraw as class rep. In an article for *The Detroit News*, Francis X. Donnelly wrote about Whitney, “A pariah in the harshest social system in the world—high school—she will be the center of attention on one of its most prominent stages. Under the Friday night lights, she will shine the brightest of all, the biggest star of the evening.” On 28 September 2012, Whitney wore a red dress, sported a new hairstyle, and held a bouquet of flowers as she attended the coronation of the homecoming court. She said, “I had thoughts about not coming [still tonight]. I just thought maybe I won’t have fun, but … I’m having actually a lot of fun right now.” She added, “I’m so happy—this is so much right now for me.”
Her mother, Bernice, said, “I am so proud right now—wow.” Whitney said that the targets of bullies ought “not [to] let them bring you down. Stand up for what you believe in and go with your heart and go with your gut. That’s what I did, and look at me now. I’m just as happy as can be!” Bernice said, “It is absolutely awesome to see her stand up. And it’s so cool to see e-mails … we’re getting from parents and other students from all over the place telling her stories and how it helped them and it touched them. My daughter is out there as an inspiration to a lot of people, and it’s a really cool thing.” Whitney said, “I thought before, ‘Oh, no one cares about me.’ I thought not even my own brother and sister care. But they’re proving [to] me they do care. The world is proving they do—well, not really care about me, but they care about the situation. So I’m happy. I’m really honored.” Her sister, Alivia, said, “I told her … you’ve got the courage, you’ve got the strength to go do it, so go do it and have fun.” Whitney had cried after she discovered that her election to the homecoming court was a prank. Alivia said, “It’s very hard to see someone hurt and upset, and you want to do everything in your power to make sure they’re not that way.”

CHAPTER 2: Stories 51-100

“So This Dyslexic Walks Into …”

A person who posts online using the name Ruttingirl tells a story about a caring educator: “Some back-story for you first. When I was a kid I had a really hard time in school and just couldn’t understand the work like everyone else could. Finally the school decided they should try and diagnose what was wrong with me and it was discovered that I have dyslexia. I was very upset and thought that I could never be as smart as everyone else in my super-genius family. The councilor was able to calm me down
and let me know that with some therapy I could learn just as much as everyone else. He then told me that if anyone tried to make fun of my disability I could cut them off by making fun of the disability myself first. This is the joke he told me: ‘So this dyslexic walks into a bra....’” (51)

“You Don’t Do Justice to These Books if You Put Them in a Cabinet or a Box. A Book Should be Used and Reused. It has Life; It has a Message”

Hernando Guanlao, a man in his 60s who lives in Manila, Philippines, and is nicknamed Nanie, loves books and enjoys sharing them. He puts books outside his home and lets people borrow them—even permanently. Borrowers can take as many books as they want. In September 2012, he said about his informal library, “The only rule is that there are no rules.” You might think that Mr. Guanlao would quickly have no books at all, but actually his collection has grown because people donate books to his informal library, which he started in 2000 because his parents had died and he wanted to honor their memory. He said, “It seems to me that the books are speaking to me. … The books are telling me they want to be read. … They want to be passed around.” He started with fewer than 100 books—his old textbooks—to see if people would borrow them. People did want to borrow his old textbooks, and so he set more books outside. Now he has 2,000 to 3,000 books outside his home—and many, many more in his house and garage. Mr. Guanlao even rides his bicycle into the poorest communities in Manila; his bike basket holds many books for him to lend. He said, “You don’t do justice to these books if you put them in a cabinet or a box. A book should be used and reused. It has life; it has a message. As a book caretaker, you become a full man.” (52)

A Thanksgiving Angel

In October 2005, Lisa Blair was visited by someone she
calls a “Thanksgiving angel.” When cold weather arrives, she often has ear infections. She works, but she does not have a personal physician and a drug plan because she makes just enough money not to qualify for some kinds of government benefits. She waited six hours for an examination at Brockville General Hospital (the state and/or country was not mentioned), and the next day she went to Shopper’s Drug Mart to have her prescription filled. However, the cost of the prescription was over $100, which she did not have. Ms. Blair said, “We had just paid all of our bills when we got paid Friday. I have no doctor, no drug plan, and it was over $100.” She added, “The pharmacist was the nicest person I ever had to deal with. I said I’ll have to suffer for the week and get [the prescription] Friday. This lady was standing behind me and overheard me and the pharmacist talking, and when I got home the pharmacist called and said you can come and get your medicine because the lady paid for it. That was so nice. She doesn’t even know how grateful I am.” Ms. Blair thanked the lady publicly, saying, “This lady is like my Thanksgiving Angel.” She added, “It’s [The medicine’s] just starting to work. It was really bad. But I can just imagine myself if I didn’t get my medicine. If wasn’t for that lady, I don’t know what I’d be doing. I’d really like to say thank you to her.” (53)

“Excuse Me. I Would Like to Pay for That”

A woman who posts online as Crosby2126 wrote about 22 September 2012, the anniversary of the day her father died. She and her husband picked up her father’s sister, who had tried to get a prescription filled but was unable to afford it. Crosby2126 stopped at a drug store to ask if a cheaper, generic alternative was available. She talked to the pharmacist, and a woman she did not know overheard her and said, “Excuse me. I would like to pay for that.” She handed over the necessary money. Crosby2126 wrote, “I
couldn’t believe it. She just appeared out of nowhere! I hugged the woman, and thanked her for her kindness. It meant so much. Then I noticed that on her shirt read the name of the town where my father had grown up. I started to cry. The pharmacist began to cry and hugged me from across the counter. ‘I’ve never seen anyone do that,’ she said. This day that I had dreaded so much has turned into quite a blessing. I will never forget it!” (54)

“We Either Live Together, or We Die Together”

Coptic Christmas is celebrated on January 7 of each year. On 1 January 2011, a terrorist attack—apparently by radical Muslims—on Saints Church in Alexandria, Egypt, killed 21 Christians. Following the terrorist attack, solidarity between many Muslims and Coptic Christians occurred. Mohamed El-Sawy, a Muslim arts tycoon, said, “We either live together, or we die together.” On 6 January 2011, thousands of Muslims showed up at Coptic churches in Egypt to act as human shields. Their message: If you kill these Christians, you’ll have to kill us Muslims, too. The human shields included the two sons of then-Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, Muslim televangelist and preacher Amr Khaled, movie stars Adel Imam and Yousra, and thousands of other Egyptian citizens. Dalia Mustafa, a student who attended mass, said, “This is not about us and them. We are one. This was an attack on Egypt as a whole, and I am standing with the Copts because the only way things will change in this country is if we come together.” Following the massacre of 21 Christians, the image of a cross within a crescent—the symbol of “Egypt for All”—appeared as the Facebook profile picture of millions of Muslim Egyptians. In Alexandria, many banners appeared that showed mosques and churches, crosses and crescents, and calls for unity. Muslims are the majority in Egypt; Christians are a 10 percent minority. (55)
“That’s Why I Kept Looking Back: to Make Sure You were Behind Me”

One Christmas, Joyce Hackett and her long-distance, trans-Atlantic boyfriend were at a park in Holland in the cold. The park was big, and they worried about getting lost in it, and so they followed another hiker. They did not want to disturb the other hiker’s walk, and in order to give him some privacy, they maintained a large distance between themselves and him, hoping that the other hiker might not even notice that they were following him. The hiker did notice them, however, and periodically he turned and faced them. Joyce worried, “We’re annoying him.” She also worried that the hiker might think they were stalking him. Unfortunately, a real chance of getting lost existed, and she and her boyfriend kept following the hiker. After a two-hour hike, the hiker, Joyce, and her boyfriend got back to the parking lot. Joyce and her boyfriend apologized to the hiker for following him, and they explained why they had followed him: They were afraid of getting lost in the park. The hiker replied, “I thought so. That’s why I kept looking back: to make sure you were behind me.” The hiker drove away, and Joyce and her boyfriend stayed in the car park for a while. Joyce said, “Wow.” Her boyfriend said, “Yeah.” Just then, Joyce and her boyfriend heard the sound of a car engine: The car was stuck in the snow. Joyce and her boyfriend went over to give the car a push. By the way, Joyce Hackett wrote the novel Disturbance of the Inner Ear, which is about healing from childhood trauma. (56)

“You Can Pay Back Only Seldom. You Can Always Pay Forward”

In December 2011, the mother of Jacqueline Tresl paid off somebody else’s layaway that consisted of toys for children. In a column for The Jeffersonian in Cambridge, Ohio, Jacqueline wrote, “She didn’t know them. I asked her
why she did it and she said it’s something really cool she’s heard about; where you do a good deed for a person you don’t even know.” Neat. Pay it forward, like Woody Hayes, the late Ohio State University football coach, said: “You can pay back only seldom. You can always pay forward, and you must pay line for line, deed for deed, and cent for cent.” In addition to quoting Coach Hayes, Jacqueline quoted an anonymous woman who did a good deed and asked the recipient to pay it forward: “Did my pay-it-forward yesterday. I was in the cafe at the hospital and the woman in front of me tried to pay for her purchase with a debit card. Problem is cafe only takes cash. I told her not to worry [because] I would take care of it. When she asked me what she could do to thank me, I answered, ‘Just pay it forward.’ She said she could not wait to go home and tell her kids that someone did for her what she has been trying to teach them to do for others.” Jacqueline gives another example of a kind of good deed that has become popular: cash mobs. In this variant of flash mobs, a mob of people descends on a local business that needs profitability and buys things en masse. Jacqueline gave an example: “A few months ago, the Mid-Ohio Cash Mob launched a cash mob for Main Street Books in Mansfield [Ohio]. Participants who attended were to spend at least $20 at the event to support the bookstore. Imagine the boost to the owner of that struggling bookstore.” As examples of pay-it-forwards that can be done on a limited budget, she quotes these suggestions by journalist Mikey Rox: “Donate blood. Pay for someone’s coffee. Provide roadside assistance. Let someone check out before you at the store. Send a friend an unexpected gift. Pick up litter in your neighborhood.”

Jacqueline Tresl is an attorney, a retired registered nurse, and a contributor to The Jeffersonian. (57)

“I Posted the Picture of a Sikh Woman on Here and I’d Like to Apologize”
In September 2012, a Redditor who goes by the online name “european_douchebag” posted a photograph of an Ohio State University (the main campus is located in Columbus, Ohio) student named Balpreet Kaur who is a Sikh, has facial hair, and does not shave or trim her facial hair because of her religion. Ms. Kaur found out about the photo and responded with dignity: “When I die, no one is going to remember what I looked like, heck, my kids will forget my voice, and slowly, all physical memory will fade away. However, my impact and legacy will remain: and, by not focusing on the physical beauty, I have time to cultivate those inner virtues and hopefully, focus my life on creating change and progress for this world in any way I can.” Redditor “MisterMT” defended her: “This is overall a great story—and Balpreet is about to become a global icon. Even better, she is someone who genuinely deserves her recognition. Wonderful stuff.” Redditor “singhza” also came to her defense: “I had tears in my eyes, reading this post. Balpreet, you are an inspiration to everyone and esp the Sikh youth who think they are a misfit in the society if they conform to our religious symbols.” To his credit, “european_douchebag” realized that he had made a mistake and apologized in a response titled “I posted the picture of a Sikh woman on here and I’d like to apologize”: “I know that this post ISN’T a funny post but I felt the need to apologize to the Sikhs, Balpreet, and anyone else I offended when I posted that picture. Put simply it was stupid. Making fun of people is funny to some but incredibly degrading to the people you’re making fun of. It was an incredibly rude, judgmental, and ignorant thing to post. /r/Funny wasn’t the proper place to post this. Maybe /r/racism or /r/douchebagsofreddit or /r/intolerance would have been more appropriate. Reddit shouldn’t be about putting people down, but a group of people sending cool, interesting, or funny things. Reddit’s been in the news a lot lately about a lot of cool things we’ve done, like a freaking
AMA by the president. I’m sorry for being the part of reddit that is intolerant and douchebaggy. This isn’t 4chan, or 9gag, or some other stupid website where people post things like I did. It’s f[**]king reddit. Where some pretty amazing stuff has happened. I’ve read more about the Sikh faith and it was actually really interesting. It makes a whole lot of sense to work on having a legacy and not worrying about what you look like. I made that post for stupid internet points and I was ignorant. So reddit I’m sorry for being an a[**]hole and for giving you negative publicity. Balpreet, I’m sorry for being a closed minded individual. You are a much better person than I am. Sikhs, I’m sorry for insulting your culture and way of life. Balpreet’s faith in what she believes is astounding.” (58)

“When She was Knocked Down, Several Passersby Immediately Offered Assistance While We Waited for the Ambulance”

On 27 August 2012 on High Street in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England, a woman accidentally knocked down 79-year-old great-grandmother Marilyn Jamieson. Many Good Samaritans came to her aid. An ambulance took her to a hospital, but fortunately she had not broken any bones. Chrissie Honour, her daughter, said, “She suffered quite nasty injuries and severe bruising, and it happened the day after she had come out of hospital for something completely different. When she was knocked down, several passersby immediately offered assistance while we waited for the ambulance. I would like to thank those people on her behalf, and also reassure the woman who knocked my mother down that we do know it was an accident. In particular, the gentleman who held his umbrella over my mother in the pouring rain while we waited for the ambulance and the woman who borrowed a mobile from her granddaughter to phone 999. She remains severely bruised but hopefully will recover completely.
within the next 10 days.” Ms. Jamieson attends aerobic classes for the over 50s and plays badminton twice a week at the YMCA. (59)

**Putting Feet to Faith**

On 30 August 2012, Karlee Roberts wrote in her blog *Learning To Ride The Roller Coaster* about getting a flat tire on her way to photograph her niece’s wedding a few weeks previously. She wrote that when her tire went flat, she said, “Shoot. (And other words… Many other words. Very bad words.)” She called a number of people who were unable to help her right then, and then she thought, “I will be late. I will not be there to take pictures. I will ruin their wedding day.” But kindness can change what would be a bad reality into a good reality. She wrote, “Enter the Good Samaritan. He pulled over, sidled up, and asked if he could help. Not a jerk. Not a sketchy character. Just a regular guy on his way home from work after a long hard shift. He was hot, sweaty, and tired, and yet knowing full well what he was in for, still asked if he could help me change my tire.” She told the Good Samaritan that yes, he sure could help her. He changed her tire. Ms. Roberts wrote, “Turns out that the Good Samaritan, when he’s not working his day job, is a small-town pastor at a local church. Just a regular guy, putting feet to his faith, doing a nice thing for a stranger, and wanting nothing in return. I gave him a Victor Post mug—at least he’d have something to show when he tells the story. The thing he doesn’t know about his random act of kindness that day, is that it changed me. Because of his one very, very good deed, I may actually be ready to believe that there are still some good pastors out there. (I’m a pastor, and I’ve met a few bad ones that have left me pretty skeptical.) He changed my mind. He did a good thing for someone who needed a helping hand, and for someone who needed to find her way back. And he got me to the church on time. It was a beautiful wedding, and my niece
married the man of her dreams. Well done, my friend. You did so much more than change a tire for a stranger.” (60)

“I’ve been having Some Bad Karma Lately, So I’m Just Hoping Doing Something Good will have Some Good Karma”

On 19 August 2012, Tim Tallant and Nick, his son, got a flat tire at the intersection of California and Stockdale in Bakersfield, California, and they did not have the correct wrench to fix it. Nick has been cynical, and one of his sayings was this: “If you don’t have a high opinion of people, you’ll never be let down.” His mother, Jolene, said, “That’s crushing as a parent.” Fortunately, a woman stopped and offered some help to Nick and his father. Tim said, “She said, ‘Well, all right, I’ll go see if I can find one [a wrench],’ and I went, ‘Yeah, OK, thank you very much.’ My son turned around and said, ‘We’re never going to see her again.’” Ten minutes later, the woman returned with the wrench they needed. Nick said, “Me and my dad just looked at each other, like did that just happen? Wait. Did she really just show up again?” Tim said, “It was probably about a $45 wrench. I handed her money, [but] she wouldn’t accept it.” Nick said, “She said, ‘Don’t worry about a thing. I’ve been having some bad karma lately, so I’m just hoping doing something good will have some good karma.’” Nick’s mother said, “To me, I feel like she saved my son by giving back that hope in people, because his attitude has changed now.” (61)

Ramadan Good Deed Tree

The 9 May 2010 entry for the WordPress blog Muslim Learning Center: PLANTING SEEDS OF JAARIYAH shows a photograph of a “Ramadan Good Deed Tree” that a Muslim woman made to encourage her son to do good deeds, something that is an important part of Islam. The cardboard tree was bare of leaves, but every time her son
did a good deed, they would affix a leaf to the tree. The woman wrote, “This is a cardboard tree that we made to encourage good deeds during Ramadan. [...] Every time my son did something good a leaf ‘bloomed’ on the tree. This tree was proudly displayed on Eid. My son quickly caught on with this idea. It helped promote kindness to others, nice language, etc.” By the way, according to <Islamic-Dictionary.com>, the Islamic term “Sadaqah Jariyah” means “Continuous Alms/Charity. A continuous charity is an action that someone does that remains active even after the person is dead. For example, if a person digs a well then lots of people can use it and for a very long time—even after the person dies. It is a very effective type of charity that serves better than just giving money as the person who initiated the action will get thawab (plus points) even after he dies. A popular slogan that explains the concept has been used by different charities in their advert. It goes something like this: ‘Give a man a fish and he can eat for a day, but give the man a boat and a net to catch fish with then he can feed himself and his family for a lifetime.’” Thawab may be defined as positive karma points that accrue when one does a good deed out of love for God. During the Islamic month called Ramadan, Muslims fast during the day and seek to pray more and to commit fewer sins. (62)

“**We Have Different Faith Traditions. But at the Same Time, We Know that We Can Get Along**”

During Ramadan 2011, the Muslims of Cordova, Tennessee, did not have an Islamic center to go to because it was still under construction. Fortunately, Pastor Steve Stone put up an unusual sign outside Heartsong Church. He said about the sign. He said, “It said, ‘Welcome to the neighborhood, Memphis Islamic Center.’ It’s been seen all over the world, now.” Pastor Stone invited the Muslim community inside the church building to celebrate their
holiday. Danish Siddiqui, a board member of the Memphis Islamic Center, said, “Obviously we were taken aback, but in a very positive way. Muslims, we tend to think of ourselves as good neighbors, but Steve beat us to the punch and put up that sign—and all we had to do was knock on the door and introduce ourselves.” He added, “We were looking at some close-by halls and rental spaces, and none of them were available.” The Muslims asked to use a small space inside the church, but Pastor Stone said, “No. You’re going to pray in our main worship space.” Pastor Stone did receive criticism from members of the church, 20 of whom left, out of a congregation of 550. Pastor Stone said, “We had tried to work with them and think their way through it, but at the end of the day, if they really believed what they said they believed, we’re kind of glad they left, because we didn’t want them going out into the community and saying, ‘We have these hateful feelings and we go to Heartsong Church.’” Mr. Siddiqui said, “We have different faith traditions. But at the same time, we know that we can get along, we know that we can work together. And we have respect for one another, because we are people of faith.”

(63)

“You Did Yourselves Proud, Ladies and Gentlemen, and You Did Canada Proud”

On 11 September 2001, terrorists attacked the United States by hijacking planes and flying them into the World Trade Center in New York City and into the Pentagon in Arlington County, Virginia. Many flights were subsequently diverted to airports in relatively unpopulated parts of Canada. Gander International Airport in Gander, Newfoundland, Canada, received 38 flights, containing 6,500-plus passengers and crewmembers. The village of Gander had only 10,000 citizens, so the hotels and restaurants were unable to accommodate so many people. Nevertheless, the citizens of Gander rose to the occasion
and acquired an international reputation for hospitality. The
citizens of Gander gave passengers and crewmembers
homemade bagged lunches. Schools and large buildings
became temporary shelters. The citizens of Gander took
strangers into their homes to stay. Medical personnel saw
patients and filled prescriptions—free of charge. On the
first anniversary of the 9-11 attacks, the then Prime
Minister Jean Chrétien told Gander’s citizens, “You did
yourselves proud, ladies and gentlemen, and you did
Canada proud.” (64)

“Iranians, We Love You. We will Never Bomb Your
Country”

The people are different from the government. All too
often, governments talk of war, while people talk of peace.
In 2012, a Facebook campaign named Israel-Loves-Iran
started in Israel. Its message was one of peace between
Israel and Iran. Many photos show Israelis and this caption:
“Iranians, we love you. We will never bomb your country.”
In the campaign, Israelis express love for Iranians, and
Iranians express love for Israelis. Ronny Edry, a graphic
artist from Tel Aviv, started the campaign. Mr. Edry said,
“When I uploaded the first photo to my personal page, it
got so many hits from people—Israelis and Iranians—that
it just crashed. So I opened the page that’s there now. The
goal of the campaign is to reach out to our governments
and show them the faces of real people. In the formal
media, most of what we hear is talk about war, and we want
to show the people themselves that we are different from
the government and war is not what we want.” He added,
“What’s different this time is that many Iranians have come
out into the open and started showing their faces and
putting their photographs on posters. In the past, there was
a lot of fear, so Iranians didn’t send photos or click ‘Like’
on the page.” (65)
Ending a Civil War that had Lasted 14 Years

In 2003, Western media concentrated on events in Iraq, but Liberia was experiencing a brutal civil war. The armed forces of Liberian President Charles Taylor were fighting the armed forces of the warlords. Of course, as is usual, many women and children were the victims of the violence. The 2008 documentary *Pray the Devil Back to Hell* shows Liberian children without limbs and Liberian children running for their lives. Leymah Gbowee is the Liberian woman who led the women’s campaign to achieve peace by having the warring parties meet, resolve their differences, and stop killing each other and innocent people. Ms. Gbowee said about the Liberian civil war, “It was hell on earth.” Ms. Gbowee and her organizations such as the Women of Liberia Mass Action for Peace forced President Taylor to attend peace talks with his rivals in Ghana. Ms. Gbowee and other Liberian women flew to Ghana for the peace talks, locked their arms together—and refused to allow anyone to leave the building where discussions were taking place until they had achieved peace. The Liberian women ended a civil war that had lasted 14 years. (66)

“Don’t Anybody Screw This Up and Say, ‘Happy Birthday!’”

On 18 August 2012 in Macomb Township, Michigan, Kid Rock and Dan Wallrath, founder of Operation Finally Home, and representatives of the Pulte Group presented Army Sergeant Davin Dumar and his wife, Dana, with a new home—free. They waited inside a Pulte Homes model home for the couple to arrive, and Kid Rock joked, “Don’t anybody screw this up and say, ‘Happy birthday!’” In 2011 in Afghanistan, Sergeant Dumas lost a leg and one of his arms was injured. Kid Rock told him, “We are all grateful for your service to our country.” The house is still being
built; it will be completed early in 2013. The Dumases were able to see the site on which the house will be built. Sergeant Dumas said, “I love my job, and I’d do it all over again if I had to.” During the past seven years, Operation Finally Home, a nonprofit organization based in Texas, has built 50 homes in 11 states for wounded soldiers. (67)

A Precious Gift

An American sergeant in World War I was given a letter by a Frenchman to deliver to his wife, whom the Frenchman had not seen for years because of the war. Of course, the wife was ecstatic to receive the letter, and she gave the American sergeant a precious gift that she had carefully been hoarding: two pounds of sugar lumps. (68)

“I Promise You, No Matter What, I won’t Leave You Until that Thing is Out of Your Leg”

In January 2012 in Afghanistan, a United States Marine had a major medical problem: a live rocket-propelled grenade had embedded itself in his body. Navy nurse James Gennari could have simply let a bomb squad remove the live grenade, but he held the Marine’s hand and said, “I promise you, no matter what, I won’t leave you until that thing is out of your leg.” He gave the Marine a sedative, and the bomb squad removed the live grenade. Lieutenant Commander Gennari then flew on a helicopter that took the Marine to another camp, and he pumped a manual respirator during a power failure to keep the Marine alive during the flight. In August 2012, Navy nurse James Gennari was awarded a Bronze Star for valor. He said that his parents taught him these things: “Every good thing that happens to you is a blessing, and you’re supposed to give back” and “A man’s word is a measure of his character.” (69)

“I Learned I’m a Lot Stronger than I Thought I Was”
Captain Jennifer Curtis of Utah, a 38-year-old (in 2012) family nurse practitioner, earned the Bronze Star and Air Force Combat Action Medal while serving in Afghanistan. In one of many attacks against United States forces, a rocket landed in the middle of a U.S. Army Special Forces base to which she had been deployed in April 2011. She was the only medic there. She said, “I was coming out of my room when it happened. I couldn’t see anything. Smoke and debris were everywhere.” All of the six wounded men she dragged to safety survived. She said, “I had to go into nurse mode and mother mode and take care of these guys who had become my family.” She spent eight months in Afghanistan, during which time she survived 126 attacks. Ms. Curtis said, “I learned I’m a lot stronger than I thought I was.” On a trip to an Afghan village, she learned that an Afghan woman was having a heart attack. She treated her and kept her alive until the woman’s son could deliver her to a hospital. One of her main jobs was to teach Afghan women basic hygiene and first aid. She said, “My interpreter, I call her the Oprah of Afghanistan, was so good at it. She managed to make hepatitis sexy.” Ms. Curtis made friends with many of the Afghan women. She said, “Suddenly there you are drinking hot chai in 90-degree weather and talking about husbands and in-laws and things that women talk about.” (70)

New Zealand Air Force Chief Air Vice-Marshall Peter Stockwell: “The Commitment and Responsiveness of the US Military has been Exemplary”

On 4 August 2012, some New Zealand soldiers got caught in a firefight in Afghanistan. Two soldiers were killed, and six others were wounded, one seriously. Lance Corporals Pralli Durrer and Rory Malone, both 26, were killed. The US 45th Aeromedical Evacuation Squadron tended to the injured Kiwi soldiers. The US Air Force uses aeromedical evacuation teams, who are trained to treat combat injuries
in-flight, to move injured coalition forces from field hospitals to advanced medical care in Germany. US Air Force Staff Sergeant Shawn Rhodes of the 927th Air Refueling Wing said that the emergency personnel were prepared: “Shrapnel, open chest wounds, missing limbs—they’d seen it all before.” Captain Esma Etan, who led the United States team that has been performing frequent rescue missions, said, “It was not that patients were in pain, but that they were unsure as to what had happened from a medical standpoint and what would happen to them when they arrived in Germany.” He added, “I remembered making rounds … one of the coalition forces soldiers [was] trying to ask for help. I walked over to him, bent down to his level, and tried to understand what he was trying to say. To my surprise he was just trying to understand what had happened to him.” New Zealand Air Force chief Air Vice-Marshall Peter Stockwell thanked Captain Etan’s team: “The commitment and responsiveness of the US military has been exemplary and been a great demonstration of the strength of the relationship. So thank you most sincerely. It means a lot to know we have such a strong friend in times of need. Please convey our deep appreciation to all those United States Air Force personnel involved in the operation.” The US rescue team’s own Commander of the Air Mobility Command also thanked them; General Raymond Johns told the rescue team, “Your efforts in caring for and getting the wounded New Zealand soldiers from that same battle to higher medical care resulted in a note of thanks from the Chief of the Royal New Zealand Air Force to General Norton Schwartz. These bonds with our closest allies are forged and maintained with the grit, determination and commitment to excellence of Airmen such as yourself. And you do this every day. I simply cannot be more proud or thankful. It is an honour to serve with you.” (71)
“It’s Incredible. It’s Overwhelming. It’s a Godsend. It Really Is”

Tina Stanley’s father, Jimmie, was a Sergeant who served two tours of duty in Vietnam, but he died in an automobile accident in the United States when Tina was seven years old. Tina said, “I can remember putting his boots on and running around the house.” Her mother took Jimmie’s medals and other military mementos and left. Tina had only two photos of her father to remember him by. But Mike Mather, a reporter for WTKR (Norfolk-Portsmouth-Newport, Virginia), was able to contact her and give her father’s war mementos to her. Tina told him, “Two days before I talked to you was the anniversary of Jim’s death. And I had stood there talking to the picture. And as I was walking away, I actually asked, I wonder what happened to his stuff.” In Chesapeake, Virginia, Ryan Andrews’ grandmother owned an antique shop. Among the items was a shadow box (an enclosed glass-front case) that had been among the abandoned contents of a storage unit. The shadow box contained Vietnam-era medals, a photograph, and dog tags. Ryan wanted to find the person or the family of the soldier who had earned the medals, but Jimmie Stanley is a fairly common name. He turned for help to WTKR and Mike Mather, who went to Fort Eustis, Virginia, to get information from Army Transportation Museum curator Marc Sammis, who explained what the medals were given for. Over six weeks, Mr. Mather researched military records, and eventually he located Tina in El Dorado, Arkansas, and he gave her the shadow box. Mr. Mather had unearthed stories about her father. He had a scar on his face after having been wounded twice in Vietnam. In one battle, Mr. Stanley had to play dead until he could reload his weapon, fire it, and run to a covered position. That day, he earned the Army Commendation medal for heroism. Weeks later, he earned a Bronze Star
with a ‘V’ for valor. Tina said about the shadow box and war mementos, “It’s incredible. It’s overwhelming. It’s a Godsend. It really is.” She added, “Slowly and surely, I am collecting memories of him.” Mr. Mather asked her, “Did you ever think you would have this back?” Tina replied, “No, sir, not at all. Not at all. It is amazing. It’s a miracle. It is an absolute miracle. I am so grateful to have it back.”

“What’s Wrong with Your Eyes?” “Nothing, Sir, I’m Crying”

U.S. Navy veteran Bob Sands remembers a rescue that he and the sailors aboard the USS Grayback naval submarine performed in the spring of 1983 in the South China Sea. They rescued 29 Vietnamese refugees, although they had to disobey orders to do so. Their orders were not to pick up any Vietnamese boat people, who were fleeing their war-torn country in search of a better life; however, these orders were not strictly enforced. The crew saw a 25-foot boat with a blue tarp draped over it. Crammed together under the blue tarp were 29 Vietnamese men, women, and children. Mr. Sands remembered, “By this time, I’m on a head set with the captain and I said, ‘It looks like there are 29 people, including two babies.’ The captain said, ‘Is the boat seaworthy?’ I said, ‘No, I consider it a hazard to our navigation.’ At the time, it was our objective to take anything off it and sink the hazard to navigation.” The Vietnamese refugees had been forced to deal with or avoid storms, poisonous sea snakes, pirates, and diseases. They came onboard the Grayback. They were in bad shape. Mr. Sands said, “They were so downtrodden that any type of spirit or feistiness was not part of them anymore. They were very relieved to be in safe conditions.” The crew gave them clothing and food and took them to a refugee camp in Manila, Philippines. In addition, the refugees, including the refugee ship’s captain, Rick YY, got medical checkups. Mr.
Sands still remembered, “The doctors came aboard and had mini-flashlights analyzing their ears, mouth, nose, and eyes. He goes up to Rick and says, ‘What’s wrong with your eyes?’ He says, ‘Nothing, sir, I’m crying.’ Everyone heard that.” About two years later, Mr. Sands received a letter from Rick YY. A Catholic humanitarian agency had helped him to settle in Minnesota. Rick YY was grateful for the freedom he found in the United States. Mr. Sands said, “It’s [the rescue’s] not something I think about every day, but it’s part of my inner being. You don’t think about integrity every day, but when a situation comes up, it helps you say, ‘This is the right thing to do.’” (73)

“Ghana Registers Her Solidarity with the People of the U.S.”

The United States of America is the world’s richest country; the African country of Ghana is an impoverished nation. However, in 2005, when Hurricane Katrina struck the United States, Ghana gave the U.S. what it could: The world’s second-largest producer of cocoa pledged to donate to the victims of Katrina $100,000 of cocoa drinks and chocolates. The Ghana News Agency (GNA) stated, “By this modest donation, Ghana registers her solidarity with the people of the U.S. as they struggle to deal with the tragedy.” According to an article published by the Deutsche Presse Agentur, “The outpouring of aid for the U.S. disaster victims has included commitments of 5,000 to 100,000 dollars from such struggling countries as Afghanistan, Armenia, Bahamas, Cyprus, Djibouti, Georgia, Hungary, the Maldives, Mongolia, Nepal and Sri Lanka. All told more than 1 billion dollars has been forthcoming from abroad to the world’s wealthiest country, which has staggered under the shock of finding homes and food for an estimated 1 million people displaced by the storm and subsequent flood waters, particularly in New Orleans.” (74)
A Kind Response to an Honest Mistake

In February 2011, Barack Obama adviser Valerie Jarrett made an embarrassing mistake at a fancy Washington D.C. dinner when she thought that a four-star general was a waiter and asked him to bring her a glass of wine. Four-star Army General Peter Chiarelli stated, “It was an honest mistake that ANYONE could have made. She was sitting, I was standing and walking behind her and all she saw were the two stripes on my pants which were almost identical to the waiters’ pants—REALLY. She apologized and will come to the house for dinner if a date can be worked out in March.” Ms. Jarrett saw General Chiarelli only from the rear; if he had been facing her, she would have seen a chest full of medals. General Chiarelli could have responded with anger, but he did not. He said, “As a ‘laugh’ I poured her a glass of wine—it was only good fun. Yes, it was an honest mistake and anyone who says otherwise is trying to make it something it was not.” (75)

“What a Gracious Man”

On 29 August 2012, this letter to the editor by Kristy and Raymond Wolter of Hanover, Illinois, was published online: “My husband and son went to see President Barack Obama, and when they went to leave, my husband was trying to get the money out of his pocket to pay for the parking. A kind gentleman got out of his car behind them and said, ‘Never mind. I will take care of it.’ He swiped his parking voucher and covered the $4.50 that my husband was getting out of his wallet to pay. What a gracious man. This was in the paid city lot behind McGraw Hill. We know the man was from Iowa because he had an Iowa license plate.” (76)

“Congratulations on the Wedding. Michelle and I Wish You a Great Life Together!”
On 1 September 2012, President Barack Obama attended a last-minute rally at the Living History Farms in Urbandale, Iowa. A wedding was scheduled one hour after the rally, and President Obama left a few Presidential gifts and this note for the happy couple: “Congratulations on the wedding. Michelle and I wish you a great life together!” (77)

If You Love Your Country, Pay Your Taxes

If you love your country, pay your taxes. That’s obvious enough. Unfortunately, some of the United States’ superrich do not love their country. Bradley Birkenfeld, a former UBS banker, provided enormous help to the United States by blowing the whistle on ways that the superrich hide their money so that they can evade taxes. For his whistleblowing, Mr. Birkenfeld was awarded $104 million. Because of Mr. Birkenfeld, USB made an agreement with the United States government: USB turned over the account information of thousands of U.S. clients, and it paid $780 million in penalties. According to CNNMoney, “Over 35,000 Americans have since participated in amnesty programs to repatriate their offshore accounts, netting the government over $5 billion in back taxes, fines and penalties, Birkenfeld’s lawyers said in a statement Tuesday [11 September 2012].” The IRS stated, “The IRS believes that the whistleblower statute provides a valuable tool to combat tax non-compliance, and this award reflects our commitment to the law.” (78)

“As I Suspect You have Not Read the Constitution, I would like to Remind You that the Very First, the VERY FIRST Amendment in This Founding Document Deals with the Freedom of Speech, Particularly the Abridgment of Said Freedom”

Many people, including NFL football players, support gay rights and gay marriage. In 2012, Maryland had a ballot
initiative to legalize gay marriage. Baltimore Ravens linebacker Brendon Ayanbadejo used his First Amendment right of free speech to express his support of the ballot initiative. Maryland state delegate Emmett C. Burns Jr. made a major mistake when he wrote to Ravens owner Steve Bisciotti and urged him to “inhibit such expressions from your employee.” Of course, Maryland state delegate Emmett C. Burns Jr. was urging Ravens owner Steve Bisciotti to suppress the free speech of an employee—something that is illegal and unconstitutional. Minnesota Vikings punter Chris Kluwe showed a major talent for using free speech (he also made admirable use of invective) when he wrote a letter to Maryland state delegate Emmett C. Burns Jr. Here is an excerpt: “Dear Emmett C. Burns Jr., I find it inconceivable that you are an elected official of Maryland’s state government. Your vitriolic hatred and bigotry make me ashamed and disgusted to think that you are in any way responsible for shaping policy at any level. The views you espouse neglect to consider several fundamental key points, which I will outline in great detail (you may want to hire an intern to help you with the longer words): 1. As I suspect you have not read the Constitution, I would like to remind you that the very first, the VERY FIRST Amendment in this founding document deals with the freedom of speech, particularly the abridgment of said freedom. By using your position as an elected official (when referring to your constituents so as to implicitly threaten the Ravens organization) to state that the Ravens should ‘inhibit such expressions from your employees,’ more specifically Brendon Ayanbadejo, not only are you clearly violating the First Amendment, you also come across as a narcissistic fromunda stain. What on earth would possess you to be so mind-boggingly stupid? It baffles me that a man such as yourself, a man who relies on that same First Amendment to pursue your own religious studies without fear of persecution from the state, could
somehow justify stifling another person’s right to speech. To call that hypocritical would be to do a disservice to the word. Mindf[Ã]cking obscenely hypocritical starts to approach it a little bit.” To his credit, Maryland state delegate Emmett C. Burns Jr. backed down and admitted that Baltimore Ravens linebacker Brendon Ayanbadejo does have the right of free speech: “Upon reflection, he has his First Amendment rights. And I have my First Amendment rights. … Each of us has the right to speak our opinions. The football player and I have a right to speak our minds.” (79)

“Don’t Change Being the Class Act You are. Love, Grandpa”

Someone came out as a homosexual. The family responded well. Grandpa sent this text message: “I am very proud of you! That was a very difficult conversation to have with your folks and brothers and you did what you needed to do. I imagine you are relieved that it is done. You have always been a focused, real and genuine individual—never pretending to be anything but yourself. Your personal life is yours and we will never question or challenge it. Don’t change being the class act you are. Love, Grandpa.” (80)

“A Young Lady Came Around Screaming and Asked Me if I Knew CPR”

On 15 August 2012, Rod Hoffman, a Vietnam veteran and Democratic candidate for a state house seat in Saint Charles County, Missouri, saved a life. He was knocking on doors, talking to voters in O’Fallon, west of St. Louis, and he heard a woman scream. Mr. Hoffman said, “A young lady came around screaming and asked me if I knew CPR. She said, ‘We found our two-year-old at the bottom of the pool.’” The boy’s father, Scott Redell, age 29, had found his son at the bottom of a three-foot-deep swimming pool. For about five minutes, Mr. Hoffman, a former assistant
high school principal, performed CPR on the boy. Mr. Hoffman said, “I took the kid inside the door; as we worked on him, his color started to improve and we kept working on him. He started spitting up the water. After five minutes, I gave the father his son back.” Paramedics arrived and took the boy to a hospital. Mr. Hoffman does not consider himself a hero. He said, “That poor father saved his son, too. He saw his baby on the bottom of the pool and jumped in to save him. Probably for 30 seconds or so, he tried his best to revive his son with CPR. The father said later he was probably doing it wrong. I just happened to be at the right place at the right time.” Mr. Hoffman got his CPR training at the Fort Zumwalt School District. (81)

“Where is My Lipstick?”

Prince William has rescued many people in his role as a Royal Air Force helicopter pilot. In August 2012, he rescued Darlene Burton, a woman from Barrie, Ontario, Canada, when she broke her leg while hiking along the Anglesey Costal Trail in Wales with her partner, Lawrence Oakley. At first, she did not recognize her famous rescuer, who was wearing a green jumpsuit and a helmet, but she joked that when she did recognize him, “I thought, ‘Where is my lipstick?’” The rescue was serious. She said, “I slipped and did a turn, and I could just hear the bone crack. I fell to my knees, and I knew right away what had happened. It was just like it happened in slow motion.” Mr. Oakley said, “It’s amazing how just one step can change everything, and from there on we were just spiraling into a crazy day.” Prince William also helped unload Ms. Burton at the hospital in Bangor, Wales. She said, “He was just on my side here. I could just look up and I could see him.” Prince William was very professional. Ms. Burton said, “It wasn’t like a meet [and] greet or anything. He had his helmet on, so he was basically covered. You knew it was him. I knew it was him.” At the hospital, she had surgery
In 2007, Freddie Wieczorek retired after 35 years in the German navy and moved to Florida. He did not handle being retired well, and his wife told him to get either a part-time job or a divorce. He said, “We decided I’m going to get a part-time job to make me happy again.” He got a part-time job as a security guard at Walt Disney World, where two evenings each week he checks the bags of people visiting the Magic Kingdom. If the line of people is not too long, he asks young princesses and pirates for their autographs. Mr. Wieczorek said, “Their face brightens up. This is something so unbelievable for them. It gets them by surprise, and they feel special. Every time I see a princess leaving from that signature or when I just tell them, ‘You look so pretty,’ I see them skipping. Then I know I just made their day. And the pirates, the same thing. When they [say] ‘Awwwr,’ it’s very special.” Some of the children aren’t old enough to know how to write yet, so the autographs are sometimes smiley faces, hearts, or scribbles.

In 2012, a photograph of him getting an autograph from a young Cinderella went viral. The girl’s grandmother took the photograph in September 2008; it shows Alli Bunchuk, then age five. Her grandmother, Barbara Bunchuk, said, “We started to walk in the park when the security guard stopped her and said, ‘Excuse me, Princess, can I have your autograph?’ She couldn’t believe it. Throughout the day, she kept saying, ‘I can’t believe he thought I was a real princess.’ She kind of floated around all day.” She added, “He kind of went out of his way to do something special for a child. It made the whole family happy.” Mr. Wieczorek estimates he’s collected over 1,400 signatures during his four and a half years at Disney World; he has eight books of autographs. Mr. Wieczorek is a non-threatening bag checker: “I wanted to have every guest that goes through
my line leaving with a smile, and so far, I managed that.” On rainy days, he welcomes guests to the Magic Kingdom Water Park. He tells children that he is searching their bags because he is looking for something that Snow White is afraid of: red apples. One of his goals is to learn how to say “Have a Magical Day” in 15 languages. He said, “I’m up to nine so far, and it really makes the guests feel special.” Barbara Bunchuk said to Mr. Wieczorek, “Thank you for just being a nice guy.” He said about his interactions with young princesses and pirates, “It makes my magic, too. The magic is not limited to the guests.” (83)

**Beyond-the-Call-of-Duty Customer Service**

In August 2012, Janette McIntyre, a columnist for the *Rapid City Journal* in South Dakota, held a retirement party at her home in Custer. She wrote, “I figured if the retiree was manning the barbeque grill that wouldn’t say much for the organizer (me) from a planning perspective. So I had it catered.” One out-of-state guest got a flat tire in Ms. McIntyre’s driveway. Because it was a Saturday afternoon, no tire places were open in the small town of Custer. Fortunately, Sandy from the Chop House (the caterers) said, “I’ll take the tire to Rapid and bring it back to Custer for you.” Ms. McIntyre wrote, “I just stopped in my tracks and looked pretty dumbfounded, I’m sure. I said, ‘You would?’ I told my sister-in-law. She thought that I made the suggestion and said, ‘You asked her to take the tire in?’ ‘No, she volunteered to do it!’ I say that’s beyond-the-call-of-duty customer service.” (84)

“**Someone has to Give Them a Chance. What if We All Gave One Person a Chance?”**

Gwendolyn Howard owns Gwendolyn’s Café in Fort Myers, Florida. She is a recovering alcoholic, and she hires people who have had addictions of their own, either to alcohol or to illegal substances. Michelle Werline is one of
her employees. Her three children had been taken away from her, but after staying sober and clean for five years and after getting a job at Gwendolyn’s Café, she got her children back. She said, “It’s crazy, because I didn’t know that it would ever happen.” Wendie the cook and John the deliveryman have also gotten second chances at Gwendolyn’s Café. Ms. Howard said, “This whole staff for the most part has admitted to stealing,” but she is giving them a second chance “because I like to see them get better.” She added, “I’ve been very lucky, and I want people to have what I have.” She opened her café two years ago and has hired approximately 20 recovering alcoholics and/or drug addicts and/or thieves. She said, “Half of my hires are incredible hires.” They are the ones who are grateful to have a second chance. Ms. Howard said, “Someone has to give them a chance. What if we all gave one person a chance?” (85)

Howard Cooper: Entrepreneur Who Cares About His Employees

On 5 September 2012, Bob Jenkins, a 26-year mechanic at the Howard Cooper Import Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan, received a check for $26,000. He said, “I was shocked. You just don’t expect something like that.” He received the check because he had worked for 26 years for Howard Cooper, who was retiring. Mr. Cooper had sold his business to the Ohio-based Germain Motor Company (after extracting a promise that all 89 of his former employees would keep their jobs), and he gave each of his 89 employees a check for as many thousands of dollars as the years that he or she had worked for him. Mr. Cooper said, “I wanted to thank my employees and that was a way I could do it. I hope it makes a difference in their lives like they have made in mine.” Sandy Reagan, a 46-year employee at Howard Cooper, said that even people who were just hired in July got a check: “If you were here for 6
months, you got $500. If you were here since July, you got $83.” She is the company’s bookkeeper, so she is the one who printed the checks. Mr. Cooper made sure that his employees would keep their jobs: “My employees are very important to me and the reason for my success. I know of a couple of buyers who would have paid more, but taking care of my employees was important to me.” Ms. Reagan said that Mr. Cooper got a standing ovation when he handed out the checks: “The lady behind me had tears running down her face. I sat next to a person who drives the parts van and he’s been here almost 28 years. He doesn’t make a ton of money, but he got almost $28,000. I watched his face and he just said, ‘Oh, my God.’” Mr. Jenkins said, “The whole place was just in shock. People are still talking about it.” He talked about what he would do with his $26,000: “Well, I’m going to put it in the bank, and my wife and I will discuss that. I have two little kids—a five-year-old and a nine-year-old—so the money will go to good use.” (86)

**Businesses in Roanoke and Vinton are Anti-Bullying**

Some bullies hate gay people. Jordan Addison is a gay student at Radford University in Radford, Virginia, and his car has been vandalized four times: three times on-campus and once at his home. Mr. Addison said, “The first time there were some homophobic slurs keyed into the side of it.” He tried to cover the homophobic slur that was written across one side of his car, but he was unsuccessful. A spelling-challenged bully even keyed the word “dye” on the car. Mr. Addison could not afford to get his car fixed. He said, “The lowest estimate I got just to fix the damage to the doors was like $2,500, and for a college student that’s a lot of money.” Richard Henegar, Jr., is against bullying. Mr. Henegar said, “Once I saw the vandalism that was done to it, I said that’s uncalled for, we’re gonna fix your car, that’s the least we can do.” Mr. Henegar is the manager at
Quality Auto Paint and Body in Roanoke, Virginia, and the shop spent an estimated 100 hours over two weeks working on the car and adding extras: new tires, new paint job, tinted windows, new security system, and new stereo. The total cost is well over $10,000, and all of it is free to Mr. Addison, who said, “It looks great. It hasn’t looked that great the entire time I’ve had it.” Mr. Henegar said, “We were glad to see he was pleased with it.” He was careful to point out that several other businesses helped cover the cost. He pointed out, “We can’t afford to do this ourselves. We might have all the good intentions in the world, but I can’t finance something like this ourselves.” What are the other local businesses that are against bullying? They include Advance Auto Parts, AJ’s Landscaping, B&C Exterminating, Moon’s Auto Body, Parts Unlimited (in Vinton), Rice Toyota, The Rod Shop, Sunnybrook Auto Spa, Twists & Turns, and Val’s Automotive. (87)

**Clam Chowder on a Day that was Not Friday**

A Panera Bread restaurant in Nashua, New Hampshire, did a good deed for a grandmother with terminal cancer. On 7 August 2012, Brandon Cook wrote a post on Facebook about Panera’s good deed. His grandmother did not like the soup that the hospital she is in serves. What she really wanted was Panera’s clam chowder, which is served only on Fridays. Mr. Cook called Panera’s to request clam chowder on a day that was not Friday, and Suzanne Fortier, Panera’s manager, agreed to the request. Mr. Cook arranged to pick up the clam chowder, and Panera’s also gave him a box of cookies for his grandmother. Mr. Cook wrote in his Facebook post, “It’s not that big of a deal to most, but to my grandma it meant a lot.” One local person commented on the post, “I can tell you as someone who goes in there every morning, every single person that works there would have done the same thing.” Many, many people have read Mr. Cook’s post, and it has received over
a half-million “likes.” His grandmother does not know what Facebook is, and Mr. Cook said, “My grandma’s biggest fear was dying with no friends. I wish I could show her how many ‘friends’ she has out there.” (88)

“The Lesson of the Power of Openness and Truth is One that I have Tried to Personally Imbibe and One that I Continue to Share with Others”

In 1972, Theo Ferguson, a columnist for the Trinidad Guardian newspaper, was a student with a medical problem at the University of the West Indies in St. Augustine, Trinidad. He had developed a severe allergy that caused outbreaks of painful, itchy hives all over his body. He wrote, “At times my body felt aflame, so intense was the itching.” He consulted a physician who gave him an antihistamine, which worked only temporarily. While visiting his wife’s uncle in Pointe-a-Pierre, he developed a severe outbreak of hives. He wrote, “My skin became very lumpy, my lips and eyes swelled up, and all those around me panicked. I was rushed to a private doctor in the vicinity where I was given an injection after which I fainted. I was revived following an injection of adrenaline.” He then consulted a specialist who turned out to be arrogant. The specialist examined him and then gave him a prescription for exactly the same antihistamine that was not working. Mr. Ferguson paid the bill, reluctantly. Because he was a student, he had little money. He then consulted Dr. Courtenay Bartholomew, a professor who, at the time, was part of a small team of University of West Indies medical professionals. He was based at the Port-of-Spain General Hospital. Dr. Bartholomew was not arrogant. Mr. Ferguson wrote, “He was kind and welcoming and listened with great interest to my story. After giving me a thorough physical examination, he told me that my case was unusual and that he was not sure of what was causing me to have those repeated allergic outbreaks. He asked me to give him a few
days to research the case and that I should revisit him one week later.” One week later, he saw Dr. Bartholomew again and learned that his allergy stemmed from a long-acting Penicillin injection he had received to combat the flu. Mr. Ferguson wrote, “He informed me that I would have to continue antihistamine treatment until the Penicillin had worked itself out of my system. I was totally relieved to know the cause of my problem and that there was an end in sight. Dr. Bartholomew’s final words to me were: ‘I learnt something from your case and since you are a student my fees are waived.’ I thanked him profusely and left feeling much lighter.” Dr. Bartholomew was right: Once the Penicillin had worked itself out of Mr. Ferguson’s system, Mr. Ferguson returned to good health. Mr. Ferguson wrote, “When we are taken up with ourselves and our own self-importance, we can easily slip into the world of pretence and act in ways that destroy the same image that we are desperately trying to elevate. Although our stupidity is obvious to others, we ourselves are blind to the shortcomings of our own behaviour as was the case with the specialist I first consulted. On the other hand, when we are strong enough to speak truthfully we can easily acknowledge when we do not know and thus open the door to seeking greater understanding and in the process become even more knowledgeable. We become lifelong learners, as we are always open to new knowledge. The lesson of the power of openness and truth is one that I have tried to personally imbibe and one that I continue to share with others. Thank you once more, professor.” (89)

**Now There’s an App for That**

Victor Pauca has the rare disease Pitt Hopkins Syndrome, which causes delays in the development of speech and motor skills. Victor’s father is Paul Pauca, who was born in Peru and is a software engineering professor at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Paul
said, “It shattered our world. It got dark and very, very negative.” Fortunately, Paul’s wife, Theresa, a special education teacher, told Paul that he had the option of “becoming bitter or better.” Paul then decided to build an iPhone app to help children like his son communicate. Students in his classroom helped build the Verbal Victor app, which sells for $6.99 in Apple’s iTunes store. The app shows pictures that are buttons. When a child touches the picture, the recorded voice of a parent or sibling will say something. For example, the child can click the picture of a swing, and a recorded voice will say, “I want to play.” Paul said, “One of the features I really love is that parents can customize it with their own voices so it doesn’t have a generic, robotic voice.” The recordings can be made in any language, and so Paul “can also talk to Victor in Spanish.” Paul said, “Victor brought meaning and purpose to my work. My wife and I have started a foundation. And my daughters are becoming leaders in disabilities and trying to change the world in their own way.” Victor learned to walk at age two, and now he rides a tricycle. Paul said, “He’s an extremely curious little guy. He’s very lively and social. And he loves having books read to him.” Of course, Victor uses the app. Paul said, “He’s now pointing at himself and then pointing at what he wants. Verbal Victor has taught him that if you touch this button, something you want is going to happen. It motivates him to try and go to the next level, to try and say it or to click.” (90)

“I was Diagnosed with Breast Cancer About a Year Ago. Today I had a Hospital Appointment, My Doctor Told Me I was All Clear, I Don’t have Cancer Anymore”

A person who posts online using the name NebulaKing tells a story about something good that happened at work in 2011. She is a bartender at a restaurant, and a very happy woman walked in and sat down and ordered a bottle of
wine and waited for a friend. NebulaKing and the happy woman talked, and NebulaKing mentioned that the woman seemed to be in a very happy mood, and the happy woman said, “Well, I was diagnosed with breast cancer about a year ago. Today I had a hospital appointment, my doctor told me I was all clear, I don’t have cancer anymore.” Of course, NebulaKing was happy for the woman, who added, “You’re actually the first person I’ve told. I’m meeting my friend for dinner to tell her, but yeah, other than my Doctor, you’re the only person that knows.” The friend then walked in. NebulaKing wrote, “I approached my manager and told her what the woman had told me, and suggested maybe we could give them both a free glass of champagne or something, just a little thing to add to the celebration. My manager agreed. So I took the two glasses of champagne over to her table (It’s a Teppanyaki restaurant, so she and her friend were seated with around 15 other people), placed them down and said quietly to her, ‘These are on the house, in light of your good news.’ She started to cry a little, stood up, looked at me straight in the eye, and gave me one of the warmest hugs I’ve ever received, she whispered ‘Thank you’ into my ear, I said, ‘You’re more than welcome’ … by this point, everyone at the table is staring, so the fact that I’m now pretty much bawling my eyes out, I became a little embarrassed and, before exchanging a warm glance with her friend, hurried off back to the bar. I had a massive smile on my face the rest of the night. That moment, that little moment, was one of the greatest in my life. The details of it escape me now, but the feeling I had when she hugged me, that will stay with me. She hugged me again on the way out, I wished her luck for the rest of her long life, and she did the same. Can’t even remember her name now, but I’ll always remember her face, and that look she gave me. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone happier. Beautiful moment, truly, truly beautiful.” (91)
“They were Worried that They Might Not be Providing Enough Services Because They Couldn’t Talk with Her”

In 2012, the Lynchburg Health and Rehabilitation Center in Virginia had a patient who spoke Chinese but not English. Fortunately, two juniors—May Soe and Julie Doan—at Randolph College in Lynchburg, Virginia, responded to a call for help and were able to translate for and talk to the patient. Ms. Soe said, “They were worried that they might not be providing enough services because they couldn’t talk with her.” Ms. Doan said, “She was very lonely because there was no one she could talk to. Her children live far away.” Ms. Doan added about talking to and helping the patient, “It felt really good. It was our present to her.” The patient, an 86-year-old woman, had had surgery. Ms. Soe is from Myanmar, and Ms. Doan is from Vietnam. Both spend the summer of 2012 in China, and both are minoring in Chinese Studies. Nancy Goulde, coordinator of international student services, said, “I am thankful and proud we have such caring students on campus.” (92)

“Where is Your Conscience?”

In August 2012, when a 70-year-old man fell on a street in Pudong New Area, China, after suffering an epileptic attack, a 28-year-old man named Mr. Jiang helped him, although an onlooker told him, “He may blackmail you by claiming you pushed him down!” This comment made Mr. Jiang angry, and he replied, “Where is your conscience?” According to Indo-Asian News Service (IANS), “Jiang turned the man over gently to lessen the danger of suffocation and supported the man’s head with his hands. He also checked if the man had any medicine for emergency use.” He stayed with the man until an ambulance arrived and then quietly left. The elderly man’s son, Gao, said about Mr. Jiang, “We will express gratitude
“We Know She’ll Get Sick Again and be Back in the Hospital at Some Point. But for Now, When You Look at Her, You Don’t See a Sick Child. You See a Sassy Little Girl”

In August 2012, Wyatt Erber, age eight, won first place and $1,000 in a summer scavenger hunt sponsored by First Clover Leaf Bank in his hometown of Edwardsville, Illinois. He knew immediately what he wanted to do with it: give it to the Kielty family, whose daughter, two-year-old Cara, is battling leukemia. Wyatt said, “I didn’t know what I would do with $1,000. But I knew what [the Kieltys] could do with it. I knew they weren’t getting a lot of work done, because they were taking care of Cara all the time.” When his mother, Noelle, asked Wyatt about competing in the summer scavenger hunt, he said that he would do it for Cara. Noelle and Wyatt worked together and completed every clue except the last one, which was released while Wyatt was at summer camp. Noelle quickly went to the bank and was the first to submit the correct answer. Cara’s mother, Trisha, said, “Wyatt called me [about giving Cara the $1,000]. I thought he was playing a joke on me, so I said, ‘Come on, Wyatt.’ I didn’t believe it until Noelle got on the phone.” The Erbers and the Kieltys are neighbors. Wyatt’s best friend is Connor—Cara’s older brother. Wyatt said, “Cara’s always nice to me, so I’m nice back. She likes to lie on top of me, and if I put my legs out, she puts her legs out, too.” On 21 May 2012, Cara was admitted to the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit in Children’s Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri. She has gotten a transfusion and the induction portion of her chemotherapy regime. The treatment plan will take two and a half years, and the cure rate is 90 percent to 93 percent. Trisha Kielty said about Cara, “We know she’ll get sick again and be back in the hospital at some point. But for now, when you look at her,
you don’t see a sick child. You see a sassy little girl who smiles ear-to-ear every time she sees Wyatt.” Noelle Erber explained one way that Wyatt knew about cancer: “About two years ago, a group of us in the neighborhood started a bake sale club to raise money for pediatric cancer research. We thought this would be a good way to direct some of our energies, and Wyatt always helps bake dog cookies to sell.” Noelle added, “I told Wyatt the other night that I couldn’t be more proud [than] I am of him. He just looked at me and said, ‘Why?’ I told him I didn’t have the hours it would take to explain it to him.” The Kieltys wanted Wyatt to spend the $1,000 on himself, but he told them that he wanted “to pay for some of Cara’s chemotherapy.” Trisha Kielty said, “Noelle said we didn’t have a choice in this. I love that kid dearly.” Rachel Case, the marketing specialist at First Clover Leaf Bank and the person in charge of the scavenger hunt, said, “Wyatt’s big heart and sense of caring is beyond his years. We want to recognize Wyatt for the hometown hero that he is. I just get goose bumps thinking about what he did.” Edwardsville Neighbors in Need, which was founded by Kathie and Chad Opel, are matching Wyatt’s $1,000. In addition, the Cara R. Kielty benefit fund has been set up—at First Clover Leaf Bank—to help defray medical expenses. (94)

“Streaming Tears of Relief and Amazement Fell Uncontrollably from My Eyes”

Ty Warner, who made lots of money from Beanie Babies children’s toys, got lost in Santa Barbara, California. He saw local resident Jennifer Vasilakos and asked her for directions, and then the two started talking. Ms. Vasilakos suffered from kidney disease and was collecting donations so that she could get autologous stem cell treatment. In 2011, her kidneys had failed and she spent 14 hours per week getting dialysis. She had been rejected for a kidney transplant because she had had cancer. Mr. Warner wrote a
check for $50 for her, but then he did much more than that. He sent her a letter and a check for $20,000—enough to pay for the autologous stem cell treatment. Ms. Vasilakos said, “It was the type of letter you keep forever, and accompanying it was the check. A check that could change my life in an instant. Streaming tears of relief and amazement fell uncontrollably from my eyes, as I walked out of the room back towards the exit. I was flooded with indescribable emotion.” Mr. Warner said in a statement, “I serendipitously met Jennifer, I further educated myself on her stem cell needs. I was shocked that this particular type of treatment wasn’t available to her in the U.S. My hope is that we can bring this lifesaving treatment to the forefront so that it can become more readily available and provide alternatives for people like Jennifer.” Previously, she had set up a blog to solicit donations, and she had agonized over people who did not donate—especially people who know her: “I wonder what people think, when they visit my fundraising page. What makes them decide to donate or not to donate? Especially the people who personally know me. If someone I knew (even if for only 5 minutes), asked me to donate to save his or her life, then I would likely open my wallet on the spot and give at that very moment. So, I can’t help but wonder why everyone doesn’t do this. What stops them? What compels others to instantly give?” On 19 August 2012, Ms. Vasilakos went overseas to a hospital selected by the International Cellular Medicine Society to get the autologous stem cell treatment. (95)

Australia Rescues USAmerican on Antarctica, Pays for Rescue

In August 2012, an expeditioner from the United States fell ill on Antarctica. A five-person Australian team, including two specialists from the Royal Hobart Hospital in Australia, rescued the USAmerican. On 9 August, the team airlifted the USAmerican to a hospital in Christchurch,
New Zealand. Australia will pay for the rescue. Australian Antarctic Division (AAD) chief Tony Fleming said, “We’ll take the costs for this emergency operation, and many other nations will assist Australia. They have assisted Australia in the past and they will assist Australia in the future and that’s the collaborative nature of Antarctica.” The expeditioner, whose name and nature of illness were not released, was in a stable condition. Pilot Garry Studd said, “I understand the expeditioner was extremely happy.” Captain Studd landed the Airbus on a runway of packed snow. During winter, Antarctica is nearly always in darkness. Captain Studd and the Australian team had only two hours of daylight in which to carry out the rescue operation. Captain Studd said, “The technology now has evolved to prepare the ice surfaces to such a degree that there is actually little difference to landing on a hard runway here. We train for this, we plan for it, we’re experienced doing it.” (96)

“If People Didn’t Move, She Moved Them”

On 4 July 2012 at Comerica Park in Detroit, Michigan, Cassandra Emerson and her 10-year-old daughter, Olivia, were at a Detroit Tigers game when suddenly Olivia could not feel her left leg. Fortunately, two people—a husband and wife—immediately showed up to help. Cassandra said, “He took her pulse and he talked to her and I can’t even remember his name, and his wife, they both just stepped into action.” They then helped Cassandra and her daughter leave the crowded venue. Cassandra said, “She just started pushing people out of the way. She just said, ‘Coming through, emergency, coming through,’ and if people didn’t move, she moved them.” It turned out that Olivia had a strep bacterial infection that attacks the brain: Pandas Syndrome.” In 2012, she was being treated, but recovery can take as long as two years, and she was getting physical and speech therapy. Cassandra said, “It’s hard to see a child
sick and you can’t help her.” (97)

“We Love You, Alyssa, and You Make Your Whole Family Proud!”

On 20 July 2012 while he was working for contractor Plateau Mining at Vale’s Stobie Mine, Brian Dusick, age 35, was injured when a scoop tram hit the forklift and a different scoop tram he was standing between. His leg was injured. Doctors tried to save his leg, but it became infected and doctors were forced to amputate it about three inches above the knee. His daughter, Alyssa Pond-Dusick, age nine, decided to hold a car wash and barbeque on 11 August 2012 in her hometown of Levack, Ontario, Canada, to raise money to install a wheelchair ramp at his home in Levack. Her mother, Duska Pond, who is divorced from her father, helped her contact businesses to ask for donations and other help. Mike Deziel, one of Mr. Dusick’s friends, allowed her to use his shop, Deziel Repairs Inc., for the car wash. Belanger Ford donated the supplies for the car wash. Dowling Valu-Mart gave her a generous giftcard, with which she bought hamburgers, hot dogs, and drinks. Weston Bakeries donated hot-dog and hamburger buns. The Fudge Factory in Levack donated several blocks of candy for her to sell. Alyssa said about her father, “He’s a very nice guy. He has lots of friends, and he’s very nice.” Ms. Pond, Mr. Dusick’s ex-wife, said that he is “a great dad, a very great dad. He’s a hard worker. He can set his mind to anything, and he can do it.” Mr. Dusick estimated that the money she raised amounted to approximately $1,000, but when he counted it the amount was over $4,000. Mr. Dusick’s brother, Brian, wrote this comment to the article about Alyssa that was published in the *Sudbury Star*: “Awesome job from an awesome girl! We love you, Alyssa, and you make your whole family proud! Your Dad (my brother) is one of the strongest men I know and this accident will not hold him back from accomplishing his
goals! I am hoping that in 4 yrs we will see him participate in the 2016 Olympics in Brazil, if anyone can do it he can!!! Love you Brian :).” (98)

“People are Handing Us Five-Dollar Bills and Walking Away. They’re Not Even Asking for Lemonade”

In August 2012 in Pierre, South Dakota, Jennifer Youngberg needed to punish her children: eight-year-old Sydney and 10-year-old Rylee Youngberg. Jennifer said, “Being that it’s summer, the kids were out of school and I had taken them to the city pool for the day.” But her children ditched the pool, which has lifeguards, and went to the river, which does not have lifeguards. Jennifer grounded her daughters. She said, “In order for them to get off of grounding, I wanted them to do something for someone else.” Her daughters decided to start a lemonade stand. After they had had it going for a while, Jennifer asked, “How’s it going?” The girls replied, “People are handing us five-dollar bills and walking away. They’re not even asking for lemonade.” Jennifer said, “And I thought ‘My gosh, what is going on outside?’” It turned out that the girls had made the lemonade stand a fundraiser for their father, who is fighting cancer for the second time. Jennifer took a photo of her daughters’ sign, which spelled “cancer” as “cancaer,” and posted it on Facebook. It went viral. The girls’ father, Mike Youngberg, was at work. He said, “I started seeing some of the e-mails going around and everybody kind of trying to come over and stuff.” The girls had a sign saying that the lemonade was 50 cents, but with all the contributions they made thousands. Eight-year-old Sydney has an idea for the use for the money: “So we can go and visit him.” Good idea: Their father has to go to the Twin Cities in Minneapolis for cancer treatments. Their parents have forgiven the girls for the unauthorized trip to the river. Mike said, “Yeah, we got over that in a real hurry.” Jennifer said about the girls’ lemonade stand, “It
was very touching, and it was a blessing.” (99)

“I Rode Up on This Bright Pink Schwinn Wearing a Princess Helmet. They Probably Thought I was a Mental Patient. I Said, ‘Look, I’ve Got to Operate. Can You Let Me Through?’”

On 22 August 2012, Dr. Catherine Baucom found herself trapped in traffic because an accident on Interstate 10 had forced police to halt traffic. Because she was unable to get to the B.R.A.S.S. Surgery Center in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in her car, she improvised. Ms. Baucom, an oncologist at Baton Rouge’s Elliot Mastology Center, said, “I got stuck in traffic for an hour and a half, and I realized there was no way I was going to make it if I stayed in the car.” She realized that a colleague lived nearby, so she paid the colleague a visit. She said, “I asked if they had a bike I could use, because we weren’t that far from the surgery center—maybe a couple of miles. The colleague’s daughter had a pink bike that Ms. Baucom borrowed. Ms. Baucom also borrowed a helmet, and although she is six feet tall, she bicycled to work. She said, “It wasn’t too comfortable; my knees were hitting my chest as I pedaled.” She said, “I rode up [to the police checkpoint] on this bright pink Schwinn wearing a princess helmet. They probably thought I was a mental patient. I said, ‘Look, I’ve got to operate. Can you let me through?’” A police officer helped her. She said, “He got in a squad car and led the way for a few blocks, then took a picture of me as I passed him.” She arrived in time to perform surgery. Tom Lally, vice president of operations at B.R.A.S.S., said, “She’s obviously a very caring and compassionate doctor. One of our core values is providing excellent patient care, and she really demonstrated that by hopping on that bike.” Ms. Baucom said, “I’m just glad it worked out.” She added about the girl whose bike she had borrowed, “She was excited to hear the story and happy to get her bike back.”
“It Makes No Difference to Us Whether the Recipients Speak Arabic or Hebrew, Because Saving a Human Life is the Same”

In 2010, a Palestinian boy named Abdul Hayy Salhout, age four, died after falling from the balcony in his house in Jabal al-Mukabbir village in occupied East Jerusalem. His parents decided to donate his organs, which were transplanted into three critically ill Israelis. Abdul’s liver was transplanted in a seven-year-old Israeli boy. One of his kidneys was transplanted into an eight-year-old Israeli girl. His other kidney was transplanted into a 55-year-old Israeli man. Abdul’s father said, “My son arrived at the hospital in very serious condition, and it was impossible to save his life. But we’re so happy to see him alive inside other people. It makes no difference to us whether the recipients speak Arabic or Hebrew, because saving a human life is the same.” (101)

A Kidney Donation Chain

On 5 September 2012, Pastor Jeff Smith of the Living Word Lutheran Church in Petaluma, California, donated a kidney, sparking a kidney donation chain that resulted in seven patients getting a new kidney. Pastor Smith said, “When I first heard about it, it wasn’t like I immediately wanted to do it. I began investigating it and thought it sounded like something I might want to do—emphasis on the word ‘might.’” Someone may need a kidney and have a relative or a friend who is willing to donate a kidney, but that person’s kidney is not a good match for him or her. In cases like that, a kidney donation chain can result in a kidney for him or her. Pastor Smith donated his kidney to someone who has a relative or a friend who donated a
kidney, thus starting a kidney donation chain that resulted in seven kidneys for seven people who need one. Pastor Smith said, “Not everyone has the health to do this. I’ve talked to a number of other ‘Good Samaritan’ donors who say that they—like me—just felt compelled to do this.” He has had many doctor appointments for medical evaluations of his health, including psychological health. He said, “It’s been a very long process. Even my wife had to meet with a psychiatrist to make sure she was up for it and knew what the donation really involved.” What if his remaining kidney fails? Pastor Smith said, “I realize this is a possibility, but I have been told medically that the chances of that happening are very low, and I think the rewards outweigh the risks.”

“The Transplant was His Last Chance”

In April 2012, Germany’s first double living lung transplant took place at Hannover Medical University (MHH), as parents Lars and Anja Schneider each donated a lung to their 12-year-old son, Marius, who has cystic fibrosis. No other lungs were available to be transplanted. Lars said, “We were desperately waiting for an organ, waiting for a call every day.” Marius was forced to use both a ventilation machine and a heart-lung machine before the transplant operation took place. Dr. Gregor Warnecke, supervising doctor, said, “The transplant was his last chance. The hospital would not have operated on his parents if it had not been an absolute necessity.” Professor Dr. Axel Haverich, transplant surgeon, said, “Marius was already somewhere between heaven and earth when we operated. He was living in a state of almost perpetual anaesthesia. But he is a real fighter. We had a team of 40, and he came through.” Lars said, “If we had enough organ donors in Germany, the doctors would not have to resort to living donors. We are happy and thankful that we and the doctors were able to help Marius.” Anja said about her and
her husband’s decision to each donate a lung, “It was immediately clear.” (103)

“We’d have What We’d Call Our Queen Jam Sessions. We Would Blast Queen in the Car, and He’d Always Take Freddie [Mercury]’s Part, and Hit the High Notes”

On 21 August 2012, a car struck and killed Michael Cardwell Jr., age 19, of Liverpool, New York, while he was crossing Route 57. Although he died, he gave life to others because he was an organ donor. He loved superhero comic books and the music groups Journey and Queen. Marlena Cardwell, his big sister, said, “We’d have what we’d call our Queen jam sessions. We would blast Queen in the car, and he’d always take Freddie’s part [Freddie Mercury was Queen’s lead singer], and hit the high notes … hit ’em perfectly.” Julie Oldie, a high school friend, said, “He never hesitated to ask, ‘Are you ok?’ Or said, ‘Do you want to talk about it?’ He was just a really great friend.” One person got his heart; another person got his kidney. Marlena said, “It’s very warming. It puts us at ease to know that he’s helping so many people and that he’s the superhero he wanted to be.” All the members of the Cardwell family are organ donors. (104)

“Sometimes He Jokes About the ‘Good Wee’ He’s Just had, and It’s a Lovely Implicit Thank You”

In 2009, British citizen Katherine Kearns donated one of her kidneys to her husband, Simon. A year previously, he had become a “crash-lander”—someone whose kidneys stopped functioning suddenly and without warning. Sometimes, kidneys lose function slowly, giving time to get used to what is happening and time to decide what to do. Katherine said in a 2012 interview, “I was incredibly frightened. Simon was fading before my eyes—he became very frail and vague, confined to a hospital bed. He was so
vulnerable my protective instincts kicked in. I was losing my husband; something had to be done.” She thought of donating one of her kidneys to Simon, and as soon as she thought that, she began to think of the kidney as belonging to Simon—she was simply taking care of it until the transplant could take place. She said, “After I offered, Simon was hesitant; he felt I shouldn’t have to lose a vital organ, but he soon saw how determined I was. I was clear from the start—he shouldn’t feel any guilt, this was a gift, freely given. What’s more, it was a solution. I would get to bring my husband back to health.” A year after his kidney problems started, the transplant took place. It was a success. In 2012, she said, “Three years on, we’re both in our 40s, Simon’s kidney is still functioning well and we are back to normal life. As time passes, I am learning to relax a little. I realised the other day I hadn’t asked about the results of his latest check-up. We enjoy a private competition of dropping our story into conversation with strangers to see who can make jaws drop the lowest—I’m so glad it’s become something to laugh about. Sometimes he jokes about the ‘good wee’ he’s just had, and it’s a lovely implicit thank you. After the surgery, Simon bought me a ring and we call it my kidney ring, but I don’t expect endless gratitude—just seeing him healthy and happy is reward enough.” (105)

“We Just Wanted to Ride an Elevator and Let Him Boss Us Around. We were Not Expecting This! This is Amazing!”

On 27 September 2012, the Make-a-Wish Foundation made the wish of Alan Sander, a four-year-old who has pelvic cancer, come true. His wish was unusual: He want to go to a big building, get in the elevator, push every button so that the elevator would stop at every floor, and count every floor. He did all that at the Weston Centre in downtown San Antonio, Texas. Alan and his family rode the evening,
and at every floor, when the elevator stopped, they were greeted with cheers, balloons, streamers, cookies, and toys. Sponge Bob Square Pants even made an appearance. Alan’s mother, Judy Sanders, said, “We just wanted to ride an elevator and let him boss us around. We were not expecting this! This is amazing!” Alan’s wish was a “rush wish.” Amy Hone of Make-A-Wish said, “In some cases the doctor will call us and say this wish really needs to happen now. So that’s what happened here. And we put it together in just a few days and it has turned out just fabulous.” For one day in his life, Alan wanted to be in control instead of having his disease control him. That is why he wished for the elevator ride. His mother said, “Anytime we can do something he wants, if it means going to the 5th floor and pushing a button, that’s what we will do.” (106)

“I Only Have One Order for You, Jorge. Have a Good Time”

For over half of his life, Jorge Solis dreamed of becoming a United States Marine. He is five years old. On 10 August 2012, he was able to become a Marine at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, California, because he is a Make-a-Wish kid who has the rare type of eye cancer called retinoblastoma. Jorge wore a tan Marine Corps camouflage uniform during his day at the Marine base, which he spent with his parents and three brothers. Carmen Reyes, Jorge’s mother, said, “This is a dream come true for Jorge, and we’re so glad to be here. He’s loved the military since he was two years old—playing soldiers, yelling ‘move out, move out’ at his brothers, watching all the Rambo movies—it’s just in his blood.” Brigadier General Vincent A. Coglianese and Sergeant Major Derrick Christovale met Jorge. They promoted him to General and gave him a duffel bag of Marine Corps goodies. Brigadier General Coglianese said, “I only have one order for you, Jorge.
Have a good time.” Jorge saluted and said, “Yes, sir.” An article by Corporal Jovane M. Henry detailed all the neat things that Jorge was able to do at Camp Pendleton: “Throughout the day, Jorge and his family participated in various activities across the base: riding amphibious assault vehicles, shooting rifles and pistols at the Individual Simulated Marksmanship Trainer, learning a boxing lesson from instructors at the new Marine Corps Martial Arts Program dojo, eating lunch with Coglianese at the 24 Area chow hall, flying the helicopter simulator on Marine Corps Air Station Camp Pendleton, controlling an explosive ordinance disposal robot at the EOD Museum, taking photos in vintage military vehicles at the Mechanized Museum and watching a demo and petting the dogs at the K-9 kennels.” Sergeant Daniel Mullis, a formal marksmanship training course instructor, said, “He’s just a brave little guy, full of life and energy. We really enjoyed having him here with us today.” Jorge said, “I’ve had a lot of fun today. I like playing Mari-[name]es with my brothers, and we liked all the things we got to do.” Orange County and Inland Empire Make-A-Wish offices chief executive officer Stephanie McCormick said, “Never underestimate the smile of a wish child. That’s what it is all about. Jorge will remember this day for the rest of his life, and his smile today has transformed all our lives.” (107)

**What Does the Make-A-Wish Foundation Do When a Child Wants to Do Something Crazy Like Blow Up a Building?**

The Make-a-Wish Foundation grants wishes to critically ill and recovering children who want, for example, to go to Disney World. But what does it do when a child wants to do something crazy like blow up a building? It lets the child blow up a building. Maxwell Hinton, a seven-year-old boy from Fresno, California, said, “I got cancer, Neuroblastoma, and I went through treatment and they
made a wish for me. I watch *MythBusters*, and they inspired me to blow a building up.” A ConAgra grain mill in Huron, Ohio was scheduled to be demolished, and in January 2012 Maxwell got to blow it up. Doug Studer, who helped to make Maxwell’s wish come true, said, “It’s been a great experience for him, but it’s a great experience for this whole area.” An estimated 30,000 local residents witnessed Maxwell blowing up the silo. Maxwell said, “I had a great time.” (108)

“Then the Dog Started to Go Berserko”—and a Good Thing, Too

In August 2012, Jennie Warr of Nelson, New Zealand, broke her leg on a walking track at night when she stepped in a hole and fell. She said, “I fell over and heard a nasty crack, I couldn’t bear weight at all.” She was a long way from the main track and was worried that no one would be able to find her. She said, “I was lying there assessing the options really. There didn’t seem to be many apart from dragging myself up the hill to get a bit of shelter.” She saw the lights from two joggers and tried to shout for help—unsuccessfully. Fortunately, her border terrier, Georgie, barked and got help for her. She said that she lay on the ground “calling and calling and calling with all her oomph” but help did not arrive, but “then the dog started to go berserko.” The joggers were talking and did not hear the barking, but a woman heard the barking and stopped the two male joggers, and the three people investigated and after 10 minutes of searching found Ms. Warr, who said, “I was just so pleased when they found me.” They contacted emergency services and made a splint for her leg. The Nelson Marlborough rescue helicopter airlifted her to a hospital. Ms. Warr said, “It’s a great example of people being willing to stop in their lives and actually check something out; that it’s not a goat or it’s not kids playing around. I’m really grateful to those people.” She added,
“Loads of factors came into play. I feel really, really fortunate for all the help I’ve had. I would just like to thank everybody. I’m really lucky it’s all gone so smoothly.” (109)

“The Next Time You’re Out for a Country Ramble and Spot an Upside-Down Sheep, Just Give It a Shove”

In September 2012, Linda Whitwam, a columnist for the Huddersfield Daily Examiner in West Yorkshire, England, was riding a horse in Pole Moor when she saw something upsetting: in the midst of a flock of sheep, one sheep was lying dead on its back with its feet pointing up. At least, it seemed to be dead. Linda’s friend Mandy, who was riding with her, shouted, “It twitched—its leg’s just twitched!” It was alive. Linda shoved the sheep over on its side, and it got up on its legs and was fine. She wrote, “A warm glow of self satisfaction flooded over me. On the ride home we met farmer Harry Whitwam and relayed the story to him. Local farmers describe an upturned sheep as ‘cast’ and apparently they get stuck like that more often than you might think. Harry said that if left, the sheep will die. So the next time you’re out for a country ramble and spot an upside-down sheep, just give it a shove.” (110)

“WHACK!”

Whoever writes the WordPress blog “Keep It Simple Survival” did a good deed in September 2012 after a hummingbird slammed into a glass door and knocked itself unconscious. The blogger wrote, “WHACK! A humming bird slammed into the patio door and knocked himself out cold. Thought he was dead at first, but then I saw he was still breathing. So I gently picked him up off the floor and laid him on a pillow of clean rags on my work bench. He was breathing fast and heavy, and his eyes were closed. Didn’t know if he was gonna make it or not, but I left him there as comfortable as I could, and up off the ground so he
wouldn’t become breakfast for one of the roaming neighborhood cats.” The blogger then went to a store: “by the time I got back the little guy was standing up. As soon as I got near him, he took off like a shot. Guess he’s gonna be okay, as long as he avoids windows….” (111)

**Jill Beckett: Savior of Buster and Barley**

In October 2010 in Phoenix, Arizona, a German shepherd attacked two beagles, Buster and Barley, as Gene Ramos was walking them. He said, “Out of nowhere this … 125-pound German shepherd just started attacking them. He had Barley literally in his mouth, like a chew toy.” He tried to rescue his dogs, but he needed help. Jill Beckett was driving by, and she gave him the help he needed. She said that Mr. Ramos “was carrying [the beagles] upside down with their rear ends in the air, and they were bleeding everywhere—it was horrible.” Mr. Ramos and his two dogs got in her truck, and she drove them to a veterinarian’s office. The German shepherd followed her truck for a while before giving up the chase. Ms. Beckett also left money to pay the vet bill. She said, “I know that just walking in like that in an emergency situation, no one has that kind of cash. I just had extra money that day.” (112)

**“Just Me Being Me, Trying To Help People Out”**

In September 2012, UPS driver Hector Matta saw a dog that had gotten through a broken window on the second floor of an apartment building on the South End of Boston, Massachusetts, and was standing on the narrow ledge outside, wondering what to do. Mr. Matta rescued the dog. He said, “Just me being me, trying to help people out.” He added, “Just happened to make a delivery and look up and see this dog on the window shaking. I just tried to do the best I could with the dog because I felt bad for him.” He borrowed a ladder at a nearby construction site and climbed up to the dog. Mr. Matta said, “He was just in the window
and hanging for dear life, and I looked up and it was shivering.” He pushed the dog back inside the apartment. He said, “I love dogs—I love animals. It’s nothing for me; this is what I do.” The dog’s owner said, “Thank you, thank you so much. In fact, I was trying to figure out how to reach out to him. I really thank them so much for saving my baby.” (113)

“I Don’t Know How They Saw Her from Where They Were”

On 11 August 2012, Susan Ambrose took her six-year-old yellow Labrador retriever, Mabel, out for a walk on the trail above the Bow River in Bowness, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. She threw sticks for Mabel to retrieve, and as she has done hundreds of times before, she threw a stick into the river. This time, however, Mabel got snagged on an underwater branch. Susan did not know this, and she continued walking, thinking that Mabel would soon return and join her. Mabel did not return, and Susan began asking boaters if they had seen her. After an hour, a woman told her that a couple of boaters had found and rescued a dog. Susan went back to the place where she had thrown a stick into the river and found Mabel. The boaters—Pat and Andrew—had seen Mabel treading water and had rescued her. Susan said, “They were angels. I really do feel like somebody was looking out for Mabel and sent those two guys. I kept looking in that spot, and I couldn’t see. I don’t know how they saw her from where they were.” Mabel is well, and Susan said that she is forever indebted to Pat and Andrew. (114)

“After a Few Seconds, We Saw the Reason the Officer had Stopped”

In September 2012, S. Delene Thomas, who lives in Haines City, Florida, wrote in a letter to the editor of *The Ledger* (Lakeland, Florida) about recently being with her husband
in a vehicle behind a Polk County Sheriff’s Office vehicle on State Road 544. The Sheriff’s vehicle stopped, and the lights came on. The Thomases wondered what was happening, and soon they found out: “After a few seconds, we saw the reason the officer had stopped. A beautiful eagle flew up from the roadway and went safely on its way because the officer cared. I was impressed and wish I could thank him or her in person. I did not, however, have the presence of mind to get the number of the car. I hope that officer sees this letter and knows that the good deed did not go unnoticed.” (115)

“My Mommy Fell Down in the Backyard, and She Wouldn’t Get Up”

When the mother of five-year-old Rebekah Simpson had an epileptic seizure in the backyard of their home in Langford, British Columbia, Canada, young Rebekah knew what to do: She called 911. Rebekah cried and was out of breath as she told the dispatcher, “My mommy fell down in the backyard, and she wouldn’t get up.” The dispatcher asked, “How old are you, hon?” Rebekah replied, “I’m five.” Rebekah gave the dispatcher the information she needed to know, including information about her younger siblings who were with her. She said, “One of my brothers is one, and one of my brothers is three … my daddy is at work. [There’s] no blood on my mom. You think you can come here?” Emergency workers arrived and took Rebekah’s mother to the hospital, where she was treated and then released. On 15 August 2012, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police made Rebekah a special guest and gave her a teddy bear. West Shore RCMP Corporal Antonio Hernandez said, “She was able to meet the dispatcher, and the dispatcher was able to talk to her face to face and tell her how proud she was of the fact that she called and she answered the questions.” Rebekah’s grandmother had taught her how and when to call 911. (116)
“He Idolises His Dad, and He was Sure the Bull had Killed Him and was About to Trample Over His Body”

In May 2011, a 2000-pound bull attacked farmer Andrew Phillips, age 46, on his farm in Abergavenny, South Wales. His son, 10-year-old Tom, saved his life by driving a tractor and using it to push the bull away from him. After pushing the bull away from his father, Tom ran to his mother, Amanda, age 39, yelling, “Dad’s dead! Dad’s dead!” Amanda dialed 999 and ran to her husband. An RAF rescue helicopter flew Andrew to a hospital. Andrew had 10 broken ribs and internal injuries, but after spending two weeks in a hospital, he returned home. Amanda said, “Andrew only survived because of Tom’s amazing reactions to what must have been horrific for a 10-year-old boy to witness. He idolises his dad, and he was sure the bull had killed him and was about to trample over his body. We don’t let him drive the tractor, but he’s obviously watched Andrew behind the wheel often enough so he knew what to do. He drove towards the bull and managed to push it away from Andrew. I have no doubt that Tom saved his father’s life—Andrew would not be here now but for the way he acted. He’s my little hero, and I can’t tell you how proud I am of him.” She added, “I’ve told him that he did the right thing and that without using the tractor to push the bull away, his dad would not have survived. He said that as he was driving the tractor at the bull he was so worried about crushing his father’s legs under the wheels. It was a dreadful thing for a boy of his age to go through, and he’s had a few nightmares since. But he can be immensely proud of himself—he saved his dad’s life.” Tom said, “I was a bit worried about driving the tractor, but I just did what I had to do. I’m glad my dad is going to be all right.”

“I Feel Really, Really Happy that My Dad is Still with Me and that He can Now Teach Me to Play Soccer,
Because Without Him, I Never Could”

When her father, Daniel, suffered a heart attack in his Lewisville, Texas, home, eight-year-old Daniella Soto called 911 and probably saved his life. She said, “What was happening to my dad was pretty bad to me, so I knew that I had to call.” Her parents do not speak English, but Daniella was able to give—in English—the dispatcher the information necessary to send paramedics to their home. On 11 September 2012, the Denco Area 911 District recognized Daniella as a kid hero and gave her a medal and certificate in front of her Lewisville Elementary School classmates. Daniella said, “I feel really, really happy that my dad is still with me and that he can now teach me to play soccer, because without him, I never could.” (118)

“My Friends are Like, You’re a Star, You’re Going to be On TV”

On 13 July 2011, Cynthia Almendarez, age 10, called 911 and saved the life of her two-year-old nephew after she noticed that her nephew was having trouble breathing. She said, “I was a little scared because of seeing Christopher’s face purple.” At school, she had learned about 911, so she called the emergency service. She said, “I was a little bit scared, but I knew that I had to stay calm so I controlled it.” She translated the CPR instructions given in English by the emergency dispatcher into Spanish so her mother, Maria Isabel Almendarez, could follow them. With the help of the instructions, the two-year-old boy was breathing when emergency workers arrived. Cheryl Dean, the 911 dispatcher, said, “You don’t get a lot of children that are able to handle calls and be that exceptional when they call.” Cynthia, a fifth-grader at Franconia Elementary in Alexandria, Virginia, advised others in emergencies requiring a call to 911 that “when you call to not be afraid, to stay calm. It’s all going to work out.” An article by
Angie Goff stated, “Experts give advice on what to tell children to do in the event of an emergency: Tell them to call 911 from the house phone rather than a cell phone. This way, operators can send help even if the child doesn’t know the exact address. Also tell the child not to hang up the phone until they are told to do so. In most cases, emergency call takers will stay on the line until help arrives.” Christopher is OK. Other people treated Cynthia like a hero. She said, “My friends are like, ‘You’re a star, you’re going to be on TV.’” In fact, she did appear on NBC. (119)

“Thank You Very Much, Emporia, You Saved My Life!”

On 19 September 2012, a grandfather and grandmother were taking care of their two grandchildren in Emporia, Kansas. The grandfather (no name given) rode a bicycle to take one of the grandchildren to Timmerman Grade School. In a letter to the editor of the Emporia Gazette, the grandfather wrote, “On the way back, I started to have shortness of breath that eventually caused me to lay down in a person’s front lawn, not able to move, but still conscious. But this is not about me, it is about a caring person and a tremendous responder group. A man drove by and stopped and asked if I was OK. I replied that I needed help between gasps of air. I could not tell you his name, what he looked like, or even what vehicle he was driving. He called 911 and within a matter of a few minutes, the ambulance was there. He stayed with me until the Paramedics arrived. They began life support. The Paramedics were very detailed even to the point of picking up the bicycle and my cap. I arrived at the Emporia Hospital where Dr. Seberger and the Staff worked on stabilizing me. In a short time, they had the task done. During all that, they contacted my wife. Then with their help it was decided to transport me to Topeka to the heart
unit as it appeared to be a light heart attack. Again, they took care of everything. Off again, in the Emporia Ambulance to Stormont-Vail Hospital in Topeka. The Emporia staff had every detail taken care of, including taking me directly to my hospital bed. The Stormont-Vail Staff were aware of the situation and ready to go to work. From the person who found me (what a good Samaritan), to the paramedic crew of the City of Emporia, to the staff of Emporia Hospital; all took that extra special step. Truly, a professional effort from many who cared. Thank you very much, Emporia, you saved my life!” (120)

“Oh, Crap, This is Going to Hurt”

In September 2012, two emergency medical technicians in Northwest Florida won the HERO Award for a rescue in which they were repeatedly stung by yellow jackets. Tammy Franklin and Richea Driskell from the Niceville Fire Department responded to an emergency call about a man who had broken his leg. He was lying under a deck, and the firefighters tried to reach him, but as Ms. Franklin said, “The ground started to boil up.” Ms. Driskell ran to get a can of gasoline, hoping to use it to repel the yellow jackets. Ms. Franklin said that she thought, “Oh, crap, this is going to hurt,” as she went under the deck and dragged the injured man out. She said, “Those yellow jackets literally run you down and chase you. They chased us to the truck.” Ms. Franklin was stung approximately 50 times, and Ms. Driskell was also stung repeatedly. She said, “They bite and they continue to bite. They are wicked. They have a gift that keeps on giving.” Niceville Public Safety Director Dino Villani praised the two for their “challenging, rapid rescue in a most hazardous environment.” Ms. Franklin said, “We do extraordinary things on ordinary days. All this fuss, I’m not crazy about it.” She added, “We all do our jobs every day, and we all take risks and don’t take credit. It’s what we do.” (121)
“They Threw the Baby at Me, Screaming and Crying [and] Saying ‘Save My Baby! Save My Baby!’”

On 1 August 2012 at a McDonald’s in Mt. Druitt, New South Wales, Australia, manager James Hacker, age 21, became a hero when he saved the life of a choking baby girl. Mr. Hacker said about the baby girl’s parents, “They threw the baby at me, screaming and crying [and] saying ‘Save my baby! Save my baby!’” The baby was Vaokakala Nevaeh Mara Tere-Vave, who was 14 months old. Mr. Hacker said, “I had to put my hands in her mouth to get the food that she was choking on out. She was biting down on my fingers, but I knew it had to come out, otherwise who knows what would have happened—she was blue in the face and her eyes were rolling to the back of her head.” Vaokakala was recovering as paramedics arrived. Mr. Hacker said after the rescue, “I could feel my heart pounding—it was pure adrenalin. While we do first aid training through McDonald’s, you never really think about what it will be like to put it into action.” Vaokakala’s parents are 18-year-old Glory Mara Tere and 19-year-old Tevita Vave. Mr. Vave said, “We both panicked and were torn on whether to get help from the staff or run to the hospital. Vaokakala is back to normal now and just wants to play.” He added, “It could happen again, but we’ve both been shown what to do if it occurs. We’re just so thankful to all the people who helped—thank you, McDonald’s.” By the way, Australians refer to McDonald’s as Maccas. (122)

“If I Hadn’t Had that First Aid Training, I Probably would have Done the Wrong Thing”

Don-Bosco Rodgers, age 15, and his mother, Norma, were walking home following a parents evening at Harefield Academy in Uxbridge, Greater London, England, when they saw a man who had collapsed. Other people walked by the man, but Don-Bosco and Norma stopped to help him.
Don-Bosco said, “It went through my head, I can use my first aid. I remembered they told us to tap the person to see if they were conscious. Then I put him in the recovery position and kept talking to him. Later he came round a bit and asked to sit up, and we helped him while we waited for the ambulance.” Fortunately, Don-Bosco had taken a first-aid course at school. He said, “If I hadn’t had that first-aid training, I probably would have done the wrong thing. I probably wouldn’t have put him on his side.” Norma said, “If we hadn’t stopped, we wouldn’t have known what happened to him. Four people walked past him while he was lying there.” Don-Bosco said, “I felt really proud of myself afterwards. A lot of people say and I used to think so, too, that the things you learn in school don’t transfer into real-life situations, but this time it really did.” (123)

“As I Got Closer, He Told Me His Wee Girl was Dead, So I Realised She was in His Arms”

In May 2012 in Scotland, Police Constables Steven Lamb, age 33, and Gareth Henderson, age 35, saved the life of three-year-old Ellie Salmond. Her father, Henry, carried her into the street looking for help, and PC Lamb gave Ellie CPR. PC Lamb said, “We were on patrol, and I just remember Mr. Salmond running towards me. He was shouting, but I couldn’t make out what he was saying or what he was carrying. As I got closer, he told me his wee girl was dead, so I realised she was in his arms. I still get a kind of wee shake when I think about it. She looked blue; she wasn’t breathing and didn’t seem to have any vital signs. I took her from her dad, put her on the ground and gave her CPR. She was so small I only needed one hand for the CPR and that’s how I knew she was coming back—she squeezed my fingers. It was an indescribable feeling. It was part relief and part sheer joy.” The two Police Constables returned two days later to make sure that Ellie was all right. Henry Salmond said, “I told them my wee princess was
fine. Then Ellie and Henry Junior got excited because the policemen let them hear the siren and see the flashing lights on their car.” The night before Ellie almost died, she had a high temperature, but her father did not think it was serious. However, the next morning, Ellie appeared to be lifeless. Henry Salmond said, “She was still hot. Her eyes started to roll, and she was slavering at the mouth. I ran out of the house to shout for help. I thought she was going to die in my arms. I thought I’d lost her.” His wife, Leanne, age 22, knocked on neighbours’ doors, and Henry ran with Ellie to a nearby store. He said, “Then I saw the police and PC Lamb just grabbed her off me.” Ellis was rushed to a hospital, where she lay unconscious. Henry said, “Nothing would wake her up until wee Henry leaned close to his sister and said, ‘Ellie, Ellie, come on, wake up.’” He added, “The officers should get a medal for what they did. PC Lamb is a hero and deserves recognition. He saved Ellie’s life and should get something for that. The police do things like this, but you never hear anything. I want people to realise they do good things and save people.” PC Lamb said, “Nine times out of 10, we might not have got the same result. We were just in the right place at the right time.”

“He is a Better Person Than I Could Ever Be”

On 27 June 2012 in Denver, Colorado, Steve Entringer rode his bike to work and nearly died. He had a blocked artery and suffered a heart attack, and according to Denver paramedics David Dawson and Leigh Foster, “He was dead. Yes. Clinically dead.” Fortunately, Josh Ramos lived nearby, and he came to the rescue. He said, “I go outside. I immediately see a gentleman with his bike on top of him in the middle of the street. So I turn inside, grab my cell phone, and turn outside.” With the help of Mr. Ramos and quickly arriving paramedics, Mr. Entringer survived, but he said, “I’ve lost all memory from that day and the day
before.” Mr. Ramos said, “I feel good about it, but I feel like, you know, most people would do something like this.” Mr. Entringer said, “He got me out of my bike and he laid me down and made sure I wasn’t choking on anything and I thought, would I even do that?” He added about Mr. Ramos, “He is a better person than I could ever be.” (125)

**Hero is Owed Some Beers**

On 20 August 2012, while working in Christchurch, New Zealand’s red zone [heavily damaged by earthquakes], Stockman Builders carpenter Jericho Forest, age 21, did not feel well and so he went outside to get fresh air. Neal Rippey, a site manager for Leighs Construction, noticed that Mr. Forest was behaving oddly. Mr. Rippey said, “I thought he was dancing … He actually started walking round and round in circles. He spun around and hit the side of my ute [utility vehicle] and then hit the ground.” Mr. Rippey ran to Mr. Forest. Mr. Rippey said, “Before I got there, he was in full muscle spasm and frothing at the mouth. I got straight in there and cleared a bit of room for him to move and basically just held him close to me. I checked his airways and he wasn’t breathing. That’s when he started going pretty blue. I tried finding a pulse, but couldn’t.” Mr. Rippey gave him CPR. Mr. Rippey said, “It felt like half an hour [doing CPR] but it must’ve been two or three minutes. I was dreading the worst. Then I just remember him starting breathing on his own. I was just so relieved. His eyes just came alive.” An ambulance took Mr. Forest to Christchurch Hospital, where he was diagnosed with epilepsy. Mr. Forest said, “I can’t remember much of what happened. I thought I was going to have a seizure, my vision was going weird, then I woke up and the ambulance was there.” He had had a seizure in the past, but epilepsy was not diagnosed then because tests came back negative. He said, “I thought I’d got lucky and it was a one-off thing in the past. But it could be worse. It could’ve happened
under worse circumstances like at height.” Mr. Forest said that now he owes Mr. Rippey some beers. (126)

“This is the Reason I Became a Nurse, and Thank You for Helping Me Remember That”

In 2012 while driving in the Southwest Side of Chicago, Illinois, Gerald Boekeloo suffered a heart attack. A motorist who was a nurse stopped, gave him CPR until paramedics arrived, and then drove on. Later, he searched for the person who had saved his life, and they met in July 2012. Mr. Boekeloo said, “I held up pretty good today ’cause I’m kind of a sissy. I cry when I watch *Rin Tin Tin.*”

Dawn Busone-Gazda, a nurse at Christ Medical Center, is his lifesaver. She said to him, “I realized he had no pulse and he was in cardiac arrest so I started doing CPR and a couple times, you did have a pulse.” Later, she walked into his hospital room and realized that he was the person to whom she had given CPR, but she did not tell him that out of modesty. Later, after he had tracked her down, she told him, “I have to thank you. This is the reason I became a nurse, and thank you for helping me remember that.” Ms. Busone-Gazda won Christ Medical Center’s MVP award because of her lifesaving action. Dr. Geetha Bhat, cardiologist, said, “If Dawn had not been there and resuscitated him, it’s unlikely that he would have survived.” (127)

“Don’t Die. Don’t Die. People are Trying to Save You. Don’t Die”

In February 2012 in Port Coquitlam, British Columbia, Canada, 42-year-old Mikhail Morokhovich felt strange and decided to take a walk, during which he suffered a heart attack. New Democratic Party Port Coquitlam MLA (Member of Provincial Parliament) Mike Farnsworth and his partner found him lying unconscious. Mr. Farnsworth said, “He was breathing really oddly with spittle coming out his
month, and I was thinking, you know, it’s not like he was drunk. There’s something really wrong here.” Mr. Farnworth and his partner drove fast to find some street signs so they could give an ambulance the location. Meanwhile, James Smith, age 34 and a good man in an emergency, came across the unconscious Mr. Morokhovich. Mr. Smith called 911, checked for a pulse, and began giving him CPR. Mr. Farnworth returned and held Mr. Morokhovich’s head to keep it from hitting the pavement while Mr. Smith continued CPR for 20 minutes until paramedics arrived. At one point, Mr. Morokhovich stopped breathing. Mr. Farnworth said, “You’re just like, ‘Don’t die. Don’t die. People are trying to save you. Don’t die.’” Paramedics took Mr. Morokhovich to the hospital, and he spent three weeks in a coma. He suffered some brain damage from the lack of oxygen, but is recovering well and is speaking. His wife, Melina Morokhovich, said, “I’ve been told that his heart attack is called the widow maker, so it could have been so much worse. It’s very lucky.” (128)

“He Not Only Saved Me When the Public, as Usual, Stood Around Gaping, But He Also Went Back in and Hunted Around Looking for My Wife”

On 19 September 2012, Godfrey Evans, a commercial pilot who flies helicopters in Papua New Guinea, was given a Royal Humane Society bravery medal for a daring rescue he performed on 20 September 2009 when he saw a burning house in Rangiora, New Zealand, as he was driving home. Married couple Jack and Mary Jean Chaston were inside the house. Mr. Evans stopped his car and ran to the house, jumping a fence to do so. He heard Mr. Chaston (aged 92 in 2012), yelling for help. Mr. Evans removed a metal security door from its hinges and reached inside and dragged Mr. Chaston out of the house. Mr. Chaston pleaded, “Get Jean out.” Mr. Evans returned to the burning house, where windows were exploding, but he was unable
to get Mrs. Chaston out, although he entered the house, crawled on the floor, and shouted her name. Firefighters found her, but she died in a hospital. Mr. Evans said about the reward, “It brings back a lot of emotions.” After his rescue, he said—like many heroes—that he is not a hero: “No, I’m not a hero. I just did what you do, don’t you? I was just Johnny on the spot. It’s all about helping people.” Mr. Chaston, who recommended that Mr. Evans get the bravery citation, said, “He deserves all accolades he gets. It means a lot to me. He not only saved me when the public, as usual, stood around gaping, but he also went back in and hunted around looking for my wife. It was three years ago, but I still think about it every day. My wife and I got on so well, and I’ll never forget her. It was a terrible tragedy what happened.” (129)

“If It Wasn’t for Him, All My Children would have Died”

On 12 September 2012, Aisea Volavola, a 17-year-old student at Swami Vivekananda College, saved two young children from a house fire in Baro settlement near Korovuto in Fiji. Unfortunately, he was unable to rescue a one-year-old baby. Mr. Volavola said, “I just wish I could have saved the baby, too. I tried my best, but the fire was too hot and I could not save her.” He was at home, resting, when his younger siblings informed him about the nearby fire. He said, “I ran out of the house and went towards the burning building. Thick smoke was coming out from under the roof, and the sitting room was completely on fire. The baby was in a sari hammock, and the flames were all over it. I tried to open the front door, but it was locked. The heat was unbearable, and the roofing iron was very hot. Then I heard children screaming, and when I ran to the bedroom window, I saw the baby’s brother and sister on the bed, trying to get away from the flames that were getting close to them. I broke the louvre blades and managed to pull the
little boy out, but the girl was scared and moved back into the room and that’s when her hand got burnt from the flames. Finally, I managed to get hold of her and pull her out, too. But I could do nothing to save the baby. It was too late.” The boy and girl were two and four years old. Mr. Volavola said, “When the mother arrived, she was glad that I had saved her son and daughter, but she cried when I told her that I could not rescue the baby. The father, Mohammed Iqbal, a cane cutter, said, “If it wasn’t for him, all my children would have died. I thank him from the bottom of my heart—he is a hero.”

“I’ve Been Told a Few Times that I was Crazy, But I Can’t Stand By and See Someone Burn in a Fire. My Conscience Won’t Let Me”

On 8 April 2009, the neighbor of retired police officer Harry Fraser of Trenton, Nova Scotia, Canada, knocked on his door and told him that her house was on fire. Mr. Fraser said, “I walked across the room to get the cordless phone and looked over and she was going back into the house. When I got to her house, I went in the front door and the living room was in flames. She was upstairs trying to get the dog to come out from underneath the bed.” Although the house was filled with smoke, he went after her to get her out of the house. He said, “I could hear her, but I couldn’t see anything. I tried to follow her voice, but I couldn’t detect where it was coming from.” Eventually, she came out of the bedroom and as they exited the burning house, the living-room window blew out. Mr. Fraser said, “We didn’t have 30 seconds to spare.” In September 2012, he was awarded a Nova Scotia Medal of Bravery. He said, “My head is just spinning. […] I never expected anything like this.” He added, “I’ve been told a few times that I was crazy, but I can’t stand by and see someone burn in a fire. My conscience won’t let me.”
“He is in My Eyes a True Hero”

On 24 September 2012 in Troutdale, Oregon, fire broke out at the house of the Ma family. Cody Ma, age eight, locked himself in a second-floor bedroom. Neighbor Marcos Ugarte, age 14, used a ladder to climb to the bedroom and rescue the boy. The boy’s father, Alex; mother, Suzanne; grandmother Yim; and brother Nathan made it out of the burning house safely. Suzanne Ma called 911. The operator asked, “Can you get your son out?” Suzanne replied, “Yeah, we tried to, but he locked the door. He won’t open it.” Marcos and his father, Eduardo, were in their home four doors away; they heard screaming. Eduardo said, “As soon as we realized it [the screaming] was coming from the house down the street, I assumed they were just arguing. I said to Marcos, ‘Let’s just leave them alone.’ But Marcos said, ‘No, Dad, look at the glow behind the house.’” Eduardo added, “When I arrived at the door of our neighbor’s house, he [Alex Ma] was stumbling down the stairs because he had been completely engulfed in flames. He had soot coming out of his nose and his mouth; he had just ingested so much of it.” Eduardo ran into the house, but eight-year-old Cody had locked himself in a bedroom. Gresham Fire Battalion Chief Mark Maunder said, “The boy has ADD [attention deficit disorder], and he decided to run into another bedroom on the second floor and locked the door so whether he was scared or just trying to hide from the fire we’re not sure.” Marcos grabbed a ladder from the backyard and climbed to the second floor to the bedroom Cody had locked himself in. He broke through the window and rescued Cody. Marcos said, “I took the ladder, and I propped it up on the window, and I crawled up the window and punched the screen out and grabbed the seven-year-old boy—about seven, he looked seven—and grabbed him and carried him down the ladder.” Eduardo said, “There was just so much adrenaline going on. This doesn’t
surprise me that he just takes initiative and gets the job done. He is in my eyes a true hero.” Alex Ma said that the Ugartes are “my heroes. They’re my son’s heroes forever.” Except for some smoke inhalation that was treated, no one was hurt in the fire. Gresham Fire Battalion Chief Maunder said, “You just don’t see a 14-year-old kid have the composure that Marcos did in order to attempt that rescue.” Eduardo said about his son, “I think it’s awesome. I hope that he would perhaps through this recognize that God has a purpose for him.” Marcos said, “Just glad I got him out, too, and you guys are all safe and weren’t hurt.” (132)

“I Jumped Up to Look, and It Looked like There were 50 Spotlights in the Window in My House”

In September 2012 in Swinney Switch, Texas, volunteer fire fighter Alton Wright and his wife woke up at approximately 1 a.m. when their pet dog, Baby, began barking. Mr. Wright said, “It was just going crazy and going crazy. And I jumped up to look, and it looked like there were 50 spotlights in the window in my house.” The trailer next door was on fire, and inside the trailer was 78-year-old Ruth Keene. Mr. Wright gathered his fire gear and ran to Ms. Keene’s front door. He said, “I just kicked as hard as I could, and I kicked. I used my right foot, and the door just fell in like normal.” He added, “And the smoke was just boiling and boiling. I’m yelling ‘Ruth!,’ and I can’t hear nothing.” He crawled inside and saw Ms. Keene’s arm. He said, “And I pulled and I pulled, and I couldn’t do it. So I had to take as deep a breath as I could, and I pulled and got her around the corner.” Outside the trailer he gave her CPR, and she began to breathe. He said, “I saw a paramedic, and I just kind of laid down and passed out.” Mr. Wright was treated for smoke inhalation; Ms. Keene is expected to recover. (133)

“I Realized I Couldn’t Get Him Up. So Then I Picked
Him Up, Threw Him on My Shoulder, and Brought Him Across the Street to My Neighbor”

On 3 September 2012, fire broke out at the home of 10-year-old Samantha Christian in Apache Junction, Arizona. A portable air conditioner in her room had begun sparking and caused a fire. Samantha said, “I was screaming, ‘THERE’S A FIRE IN MY ROOM! THERE’S A FIRE IN MY ROOM!’ and my mom was just shocked.” Her mother poured water on the fire, while Samantha woke up her eight-year-old brother, Brendan, and took him to a neighbor’s house. She said, “I started coughing a lot. Deep coughs because I inhaled a lot of smoke.” She returned to the burning house to get Mikey, her youngest brother. He was still asleep. Samantha said, “I realized I couldn’t get him up. So then I picked him up, threw him on my shoulder, and brought him across the street to my neighbor.” Then she went back for her mother. Samantha said, “I wanted her out. I would not leave the living room, I was just screaming trying to get her out.” Eventually, they got out. Her mother, Labecca Christian, said, “She’s my little girl scout. She’s pretty brave. I am pretty proud of what she did.” The house was a complete loss. (134)

“They Really Put Themselves in Harm’s Way. They were Really Heroic and Put Aside Their Own Safety to Save the Three People that were in that House”

In August 2012, six police officers responded to a fire in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and rescued three residents from a smoke-filled house. Cambridge police officer Nicholas Mochi said, “You’re coughing in there. You can taste the metal, the soot in your mouth. You can feel the burning in your lungs.” Another police officer said, “We were actually updated by our dispatch that there were multiple people trapped inside, and we could also see people hanging out of the third-story windows screaming.”
Officer Mochi said, “It just so happened just by luck when I went in there I grabbed blindly. I felt something, I grabbed a woman, I grabbed her upper shoulder and just pulled.” In the second story of the house, officers Frank Lange and Steven Murphy found a sleeping resident. Officer Lange said, “We opened the door, and he was actually sleeping on the floor. We yelled at him. I think we scared him and he jumped up and we told him to get out. He kind of just stood there looking at us.” Officer Murphy said, “He was very disoriented. He didn’t know what was going on. I think he was very shocked to see us.” Resident Peter Moulthorp said, “You could see three-foot flames through the windows. The porch was just up in flames. And since three this morning, we’ve basically watched it jump from porch to porch to roof. And it just cleared the whole top floor.” Police Commissioner Peter Haas pointed out that the officers were not wearing protective gear for combating fires; instead, they were wearing their regular cloth uniforms: “They really put themselves in harm’s way. They were really heroic and put aside their own safety to save the three people that were in that house.” Resident Brendan Burns said, “It’s just incredibly kind and very, very thoughtful. And they don’t have to do this. They put their lives in danger going back in there. You can see they’re still putting water into the building.” (135)

**King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia Rewards Teen Heroes Who Rescued 11-Year-Boy**

When a house caught fire with an 11-year-old boy inside in March 2012 in the western Red Sea port of Jeddah, the second largest city in Saudi Arabia, two teenagers rescued him. The teens climbed a ladder up to the second floor of the building. One teen smashed in a window, and they got the boy out of the apartment and down the ladder. King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia awarded the two teen heroes—Mohammed Omar Al Shamma, a Saudi, and Mustafa
Ahmed Mohammed, a Chadian—SR1 million, or $266,660 US. (136)

“There was Heavy Smoke Coming from the Home. That’s When Sarah Arrived”

In August 2012, fire started at a house in Lafayette, California. Sarah Falconer, a 22-year-old graduate of Bentley School in Lafayette and a recent Stanford graduate, saw the smoke from a house where she was working. She climbed three fences—one of which was electrified—and ran down a hill to get to the burning house. Contra Costa County Fire Protection District Battalion Chief “Morgan” Savacool said, “Sarah bravely picked up a disabled resident and carried him from danger, taking him to arriving firefighters.” The disabled resident was 71 years old and had suffered burns. Mr. Savacool added, “The heroic efforts of a Good Samaritan made the difference of life and death for the victim.” Another resident in the house had gotten the 71-year-old man just outside the burning house and had started calling for help. Mr. Savacool said, “There was heavy smoke coming from the home. That’s when Sarah arrived.” Sarah declined to comment on her heroic actions, stating that she wanted to respect the privacy of the family of the injured man. Sarah’s father, John Falconer, said, “As you may imagine, I am very proud of her and I believe she is quite appropriately humbly proud that she was able to help out.” (137)

“I Hope They Live—the Ones We Got Out. I Hope They Don’t Ever Drive like that Again”

In December 2012, Jaime Campos witnessed a horrific crash that killed two young women in El Paso, Texas. He said, “We saw a car speeding like 100 miles per hour. More than 100 miles per hour.” The car went off the road and hit a tree. Mr. Campos said, “When I looked through my mirror, there was a huge fire, and we just heard a huge
“We Won’t Leave You Here to Burn. We’re Gonna Get You Out of Here”

On 16 August 2012, Giovanna Demonte, age 36, crashed her car on I-10, just past the Mississippi side of the Louisiana-Mississippi line. In the back seat was her sister, Felicidad Demonte, age 39, who uses a wheelchair. The car caught on fire, the driver was trapped inside and had head injuries, and 15 to 20 people, including a photographer for the Associated Press, rescued both women. Photographer Gerald Herbert said that the disabled woman was rescued first, and the rescuers had great difficulty as they tried to free the driver. He said, “No one had fire extinguishers. We were all sure she was going to perish. The sounds of her screams and the sight of the fire inching closer to her, that was the most horrible and helpless feeling I’ve ever felt in my life.” The rescuers kept flagging down vehicles in hopes of getting water or fire extinguishers. Truckers were a good source of fire extinguishers that were used to keep the fire from reaching the driver. Petty Officer Melissa Estes, who is stationed at the Naval base in Gulfport,
arrived early on the scene. She said, “I noticed the smoke. I saw only one person, so I stopped and ran down there to help. Others also stopped and a couple of guys broke the windows to the back passenger seat and were able to pull the girl out and her wheelchair. We got her to the road safely. The woman kept screaming, ‘My baby! My baby!’ I really thought the car was going to blow up.” Zach Miller, of Hurley, Mississippi, said that the trapped driver was screaming. He said, “I kept telling her, ‘We won’t leave you here to burn. We’re gonna get you out of here.” A cement truck joined the rescue effort and sprayed water on the burning SUV. Harold Catha Jr. of Hurley said, “She was so blessed that mixer had a water hose. I know that saved her life.” Mr. Catha used a fire extinguisher to beat back the fire. He said, “But the flames would abate for a second or two, but then blaze back. The mixer was able to put water inside the vehicle when the flames were trying to get to her. While the water was being poured on her and the fire, they were able to pull the car up out of the woods and get her out. It all took maybe 10 to 12 minutes, but it felt a whole lot longer.” The rescuers used crowbars to get the driver out. Mississippi Highway Patrol spokesman Ben Seibert said about the driver, who was airlifted in stable condition to Gulfport Memorial Hospital in Mississippi, “She had serious head trauma. Anytime that happens, injuries are considered life-threatening.” Mr. Seibert added, “We greatly appreciate those who stopped because sometimes there are accidents when nobody stops.” (139)

“No Sooner did We Get Him Down on the Ground, It was Just Seconds, and the Car was Fully Engulfed in Flames”

On 15 September 2012 at approximately 3 a.m., a fiery crash occurred at 22 Mile Road and Ritchie Avenue Northeast in Sand Lake, Michigan, after a car failed to stop at an intersection and crashed into a tree. Mike Baczewski,
who heard the crash from his home, said, “The guy kept hollering for help in the car. I got my right arm around him and kind of hoisted him up backwards and got him sitting on the window ledge. A passerby, he stopped his pickup and he jumped out of his truck and he came over and helped me get him down on the ground. No sooner did we get him down on the ground, it was just seconds, and the car was fully engulfed in flames.” (140)

“The Next Thing I Know I am Lying in the Road and Screaming Blue Murder Because the Pain was Horrendous”

On 23 July 2012, on Uxbridge Road in Uxbridge, Greater London, England, a person riding a mobility scooter knocked down old-age pensioner Beryl Bradshaw. She broke her hip, bruised both arms, and needed an emergency operation. Ms. Bradshaw, who is age 76 and uses a walking frame, said, “The cars were stopped at a red light, and I was just about to step into the road when I felt a shove in my back. The next thing I know I am lying in the road and screaming blue murder because the pain was horrendous.” She was unable to move, and John, her 78-year-old husband, directed traffic around her. Two Good Samaritans helped look after her. Ms. Bradshaw said, “I vaguely remember these two young blonde ladies standing over me, and one of them said she was a carer, I think. They could have even been twins. They were so brilliant, and so caring. They looked after me and kept me calm and covered up. John was doing everything he could, but there was so much going on. I don’t know how either of us would have coped if it wasn’t for them.” The two women stayed with her until the ambulance arrived. Ms. Bradshaw added, “Most people just wouldn’t want to know, but they were so gentle. I just want to show them my appreciation, and if I knew who they were I would at least send them a thank-you card.” (141)
“We Slid Along on the Roof for a Very Long Time”

In August 2012, a multi-vehicle accident occurred on Barwon Heads Road in Geelong, Victoria, Australia. Adrian Erb rescued his partner (Jackie Ainsworth) and five children from his upside-down Toyota Tarago. Mr. Erb said, “It was like a horrible dream. I stayed in the car to help get [my partner] Jackie out and then the baby and the other kids. They were all screaming. I just remember seeing a car hit the car in front of us before it drove into us, but there was nothing we could do. We slid along on the roof for a very long time.” Ms. Ainsworth said, “I’m still in shock and cannot believe it happened to us. We’ve all got a few scratches from climbing out the window, but we all got out, including my six-month-old boy, Oliver. It just goes to show you get in the car in the morning and off you go to do the school trip and it’s not you that you have to be worried about on the road—it’s other drivers as well. Adrian was amazing. Here we were hanging upside down, and he went into survival mode and got us all out safely—he’s my hero.”

Doctor John Prowse, from Ocean Grove, stopped and allowed the children to get and stay warm in his car until emergency workers arrived. Ms. Ainsworth said, “It goes to show there really are saints out there. The accident came completely out of the blue; we still don’t know what happened. We were hit out of nowhere quite severely and everything went into slow motion as we slid on to our side and skidded for a while before the car flipped on to its roof. I had the most terrible image in my head and thought, ‘Oh, my gosh’ and didn’t even want to look at the kids.”

A 44-year-old man was trapped in a white Holden Rodeo ute (pickup truck, aka utility vehicle) and had to be cut out of it and transported to Geelong Hospital. Sergeant David Magher, from Bellarine Police, said, “It took quite a bit of work to get the trapped man out of the ute, but we can’t believe the young family were able to get out of their
overturned vehicle OK.” Visibility on the road was limited because of heavy fog. Sergeant Magher said, “This is a really busy road, and on foggy days like this people need to put their headlights on and parkers [parking lights] aren’t enough. Cars that are silver, grey, and charcoal colours are most at risk in bad weather, so turning headlights on is incredibly important.” (142)

“Your Tax Dollars at Work”

Robert Thomson, aka Dr. Gridlock, writes about transportation for the *Washington Post*. A former *Washington Post* colleague, Jane Ashley of Arlington County, Virginia, wrote to him in September 2012 to give credit to Lemenuel Dungey of the Virginia Department of Transportation for his help in changing a flat tire on a risky stretch of Interstate 95. Ms. Ashley and Emma, her 12-year-old daughter, had seen *The Hunger Games* in a movie theater and were heading home in a small truck when the left rear tire disintegrated. With all the traffic, they had a hard time getting off the highway. A Good Samaritan helped them. Ms. Ashley wrote, “After what felt like about two excruciatingly long minutes, a driver in the left lane put on flashing emergency lights and slowed down to a near-stop to let us pull over. The truck limped off the highway.” She called state police, and they sent help. The truck was close to the quickly moving vehicles on the interstate, so she and Emma stayed well off to the side to avoid being hit. Ms. Ashley wrote, “After about 20 minutes, a Virginia Department of Transportation truck with its yellow lights flashing pulled up. Lemenuel Dungey got out of the truck and told us in a calm and reassuring voice that he would fix our tire and that everything would be okay. Thanks to him and the VDOT (at no charge—‘your tax dollars at work,’ Dungey told me), the spare tire was on. ‘Mom, I feel like we were in *The Hunger Games,*’ Emma said to me as we drove away unscathed.” Dr.
Gridlock gave credit to Mr. Dungey and “the performance of the motorist who set a pick, protecting her from the oncoming traffic and allowing her to ease the truck to the shoulder.” He added, “The VDOT’s Safety Service Patrol, which operates on the interstates in Northern Virginia, can do a variety of things to help stranded motorists, including providing jump starts, some emergency gas, water for the radiator, some limited first aid and of course, a tire change.” (143)

“If You are Able to Help, then You Should Do What You Can”

When Chanelle Minnaar became stranded after her car broke down in South Africa, Isabel Mpedi came to the rescue. Ms. Minnaar said, “I was standing there waiting for the tow truck on Friday afternoon, when this young, vibrant, beautiful girl knocked on my window and offered to help push my car.” Ms. Mpedi said, “I know what it feels like to break down—I used to drive an old Golf.” Ms. Minnaar’s car was towed, and Ms. Mpedi drove her to where she was going when her car broke down: Ms. Minnaar needed to pick up her giant boerbul (a huge dog) from a hydrotherapy session that helped strengthen the dog’s hindquarters. Ms. Mpedi is afraid of dogs, but she helped load the dog—named Blade—into her car. She said, “When I saw Blade, my eyes went wide, but I thought: let’s just do this thing.” She then drove Ms. Minnaar and Blade to Ms. Minnaar’s home. Ms. Minnaar said about Ms. Mpedi, “She’s a tiny little thing, but you can’t believe the energy—she’s like a ray of sunlight.” Ms. Minnaar left her laptop in Ms. Mpedi’s car, and the next day Ms. Mpedi returned it to her. Ms. Mpedi is one of the two daughters of a policewoman, who taught them, “If you are able to help, then you should do what you can.” (144)

“Eighteen Cars Passed Me on My Walk. Phil [Shepard]
Lindell Kay, Senior Reporter for the *Daily News* in Jacksonville, North Carolina, says that he is an idiot because who else would run out of gas when he has money in his pocket. This happened in 2012, just as it started to get dark. His cell phone did not work and he would not have been able to get reception in that area anyway. He got out of his car and started to walk, and lots of cars passed him, and he remembered all the murderers and other bad people he had written about as a reporter and he remembered way too many horror movies that he had seen. Just then, an SUV slowed down and the driver shouted, “Mr. *Daily News*!” The man was Phil Shepard, a Republican politician and the preacher at Lighthouse Baptist Church. Mr. Kay wrote in a September 2012 column for the *Daily News*, “My turn to preach a little. Eighteen cars passed me on my walk. Phil was the only motorist who stopped. He had no way of knowing who I was when he did. He just saw someone in need and helped.” (145)

“I Can’t Believe My 12-Year-Old Saved the Family. It’s Just Unthinkable What Could’ve Been”

On 8 September 2012 while driving on Interstate 95 in Peabody, Massachusetts, the father of 12-year-old Patrick Canney had a seizure. Patrick said, “When we started slowing down, I knew something was wrong.” His nine-year-old special-needs sister was in the back seat. Patrick said, “I grabbed the steering wheel and pulled it to the side, and when we were really slow I turned the key off. I tried to put it in park. I took his phone out of his pocket and called 9-1-1.” Patrick’s mother, Debra Canney, said, “I think he’s an amazing little boy.” Patrick was prepared because of his mother. His father has had seizures before, and his mother had told Patrick what to do if his father suffered a seizure while driving. Debra said, “I can’t
believe my 12-year-old saved the family. It’s just unthinkable what could’ve been.” Patrick’s father was taken to a hospital but released the same day. Because of his heroism, Patrick was given a plaque from the city of Peabody and a $200 gift card. Massachusetts Lieutenant Governor Tim Murray said, “This is something that’s a great story that no one was hurt.” Patrick told emergency responders, “I’d just like to say thank you for all that you’ve done. I couldn’t have done it without you.” (146)

“I was Nervous and Scared. I Didn’t Know What Happened. A Lot of Kids Cried. I was Really, Really Scared”

In September 2012 in heavy fog in Ontario County, New York, a school-bus driver pulled out in front of a pickup. The vehicles collided, and the school bus rolled onto its side. The 26 children on the school bus ranged from third-graders to high-school seniors. The older kids took care of the younger kids. Marcus Whitman fifth-grader Abbey Mantz said, “I was nervous and scared. I didn’t know what happened. A lot of kids cried. I was really, really scared.” She added, “A lot of the older kids opened the hatches and helped us smaller kids in the front.” Luigi Rosato, a senior, was one of the older kids who helped the younger kids. He said, “They were crying and panicking. They are all around the exits trying to get out. I was trying to calm them down so I could get them out in an orderly fashion.” Luigi also cut the bus driver out of her seat—she was hanging by her seat belt sideways in the air. Michael Chirco, the Marcus Whitman Central School District superintendent, said, “The older students really took a hand and did what they knew they had to do. It all ended all positive, and we have young heroes.” Several students suffered bumps and bruises, but no injuries were severe. (147)

“I’m Just Glad the Kids are Okay and the Only Thing
that Needs Repairs is Some Twisted Metal”

On 31 August 2012, Darrell Krushelnicki, age 36, from Taber, Alberta, Canada, was stopped at a red light in Edmonton when he noticed that four kids, aged three to 16, were in danger of being hit by a driver as they legally crossed the intersection. To stop a car traveling at high speed from hitting the children, Mr. Krushelnicki drove his 2006 Hummer in front of the speeding car, which crashed into his Hummer and not into the children. Mr. Krushelnicki said, “I could just tell it was a bad scenario that was going to take place. The driver did not see the crosswalk, the amber light flashing, nor the posted speed limit, and he appeared to be on a hand-held device of some sort talking.” Mr. Krushelnicki got a loose tooth, but was otherwise uninjured. He made sure that the children, who were 15 to 20 feet away, were OK. He said, “They were all shaken up. I couldn’t see any visual injuries. I asked them to go sit on the lawn of the church on the corner.” Some of the children were crying. Police spokesperson Scott Pattison said, “These children potentially could have sustained serious injuries and/or death. Obviously, it’s not something we want to see people do, but certainly his spontaneous actions may have saved the lives of four children. It’s a miracle he wasn’t hurt himself.” Mr. Krushelnicki said, “I’m just glad the kids are okay and the only thing that needs repairs is some twisted metal.” The driver of the other vehicle was charged with dangerous driving. (148)

“This Guy Left the Scene, and I Never Got to Thank Him!”

Arden Sakin of Basalt, Colorado, sent this April 2012 letter to the editor of the Aspen Times (Colorado): “On April 7, while driving on Highway 82, I was inadvertently cut off by a pickup truck, which resulted in a major car rollover
with me behind the wheel. Fortunately, no one was in the car with me. However, I have cerebral palsy and was physically unable to free myself while dangling upside down. A guy about my age bravely climbed through the broken back windshield, over my adaptive equipment, to come to the front of the car and release me. He kindly stayed with me and comforted me until the EMS arrived on the scene. I would just like to thank him for his nice actions and for helping to keep me calm. I am writing this letter because this guy left the scene, and I never got to thank him! I also would like to use this opportunity to commend local and state emergency services, police and fire departments that were wonderful to me. At 18 years old, to be cut out of a car and rushed to the hospital is a very traumatic experience. The staff at Valley View Hospital could not have been kinder. My sincere thanks to everyone who helped me!” (149)

“Just to be Able to Help Another Person—There’s Nothing in the World like It”

For over 30 years, Walt Brinker, a 68-year-old retired Army Lieutenant Colonel, has been helping motorists who need assistance. The first time he helped someone was on Christmas Day, 1980, near Leavenworth, Kansas. He said, “Back then, I was just like everyone else on the road, in a hurry to get from Point A to Point B. But it was Christmas and these folks were stuck, so I stopped to see what I could do.” All they needed was a battery jump. Mr. Brinker had jumper cables, so he was able to quickly and easily help them. Mr. Brinker said, “It felt really good to have helped someone else. It got me thinking about all the cars, all the people I had passed in such a hurry to get to work or back home. How many of them could I have helped?” Thereafter, he made it a priority to help motorists. He estimates that he has helped 1,500 motorists in the three decades he has been doing this. For example, on 13
September 2012, Sergio Navea ran out of gas while driving on N.C. 87 to Fayetteville Technical Community College in North Carolina. Mr. Brinker stopped and gave him enough gas to get to a gas station. Mr. Navea said, “I don’t know how to thank you. You’re a lifesaver!” They shook hands. Mr. Brinker once helped a van full of people who could not speak. They had a shredded tire, and because they could not speak, they could not telephone for help. He said, “We wrapped up the tire in an old sheet and drove to a tire store, communicating by writing on strips of paper.” Most of the problems he fixes are common problems that he sees over and over. He said, “I’d say 75 percent of the people stuck on the roadside had lost a tire. A lot of times, their tires weren’t worn out. They were under-inflated, and just shredded.” He added, “I don’t worry about money, or even thanks. I just want them to pay it forward. We all know how many stranded cars we pass on the highway. How many people could we help? I’d love to see something like this become an organized group, though I’m guessing liability insurance issues might scare corporations from doing it. As for me, I don’t think I could quit providing assistance to people who need it. When you help someone out of a spot like that, the high stays with you all afternoon. Just to be able to help another person—there’s nothing in the world like it.” (150)

CHAPTER 4: Stories 151-200

“Jackson [Tennessee] Continues to be a Great City to Live in Because of People like These”

Bruce D. Little of Jackson, Tennessee, wrote this for the “Hearts and Darts” column of The Jackson Sun: “Hearts to Niabori Shaw, the kind young woman who assisted me on Sept. 1 [2012], and to Jackson Police Department Officer Dennis Schrupp, who also rendered aid. I unexpectedly found myself stranded on the Highway 45 Bypass, the
victim of ‘transmission trauma’ to my vehicle. It was hot, my cell phone was at home, and it was a long walk to any business that would be open. Shaw, realizing my situation, went to a phone and notified my wife. She returned to tell me she had made contact and that help was on the way. All turned out well thanks to this good Samaritan and the later assistance of Officer Schrupp who also rendered aid. Jackson continues to be a great city to live in because of people like these.” (151)

“It was His Quick Thinking that Saved the Young Girl Because if the Car had Veered Any Further, It’s a Blind Bend and It Would have been Hit by Something Coming Round the Corner”

In August 2012, Seamus Buckley, a 14-year-old St. Bernard’s High School student, was walking out of Dalton Youth Centre, near Rotherham, South Yorkshire, England, when he saw a screaming four-year-old girl banging on the window in the back of a driverless vehicle as it rolled towards a busy road. The girl’s mother had gone into a pharmacy briefly. Seamus rescued the girl, lifting her out of the car, and then he jumped into the car and pulled the handbrake, stopping it before it reached the busy road. Seamus said, “I’d been playing football when I heard this screaming. I tried to stop the car with my hands at first but couldn’t. So I opened the door and told her to undo her seatbelt. Then I carried her to the kerb, ran back and got in the car to put the handbrake on. I think it’s something anyone would have done.” Centre leader and witness Shaz Maxwell said about Seamus, “It was his quick thinking that saved the young girl because if the car had veered any further, it’s a blind bend and it would have been hit by something coming round the corner. The mum was so upset, but she did give him a hug.” (152)

“Thank You, Valerie”
In May 2012, Purdue University (West Lafayette, Indiana) engineering student David Rankine was severely injured in an accident on I-65. Mr. Rankine said, “I didn’t remember the accident, but I always thought I had this dream of everything that happened, that transpired, and again the last thing I remember is holding someone’s hand. I kept telling someone that I felt someone was there, I knew someone was there … but everyone told me no one was there.” Actually, someone was there. She held his hand. Valerie Dunn, a nurse, stopped her car after she saw the accident. Ms. Dunn said, “Being a nurse, I felt so helpless. There was nothing I could do but hold him and talk to him.” Mr. Rankine met her later. He said, “I just can’t believe it, I really can’t. I’ve been crying the past couple of days because I didn’t know how I would act coming to see you today. Thank you, Valerie.” (153)

“I’d Help Anyone That Needed It. I’d Like to Think Most People Would”

On 11 September 2012, Anthony Padilla saw an elderly woman drive off the road on Highway 6 in Clear Creek Canyon in Colorado. Mr. Padilla said, “I just saw her hit the rail, then I saw a cloud of dust. I saw it twist like a helicopter going down. I slammed on my brakes, turned my car around, ran as fast as I could down there.” The car had flipped once, gone 85 feet down, and ended up on some rocks in Clear Creek. Mr. Padilla said, “I didn’t think twice about it. My first thought was just to make sure she was OK. I was glad she was talking. I was afraid she was dead or something or severed. It was a big fall.” The elderly woman was injured: “She had glass shards in her hands, in her face. And her hands were bleeding. When I got down there, I saw blood and I didn’t know where it came from.” The driver-side door was stuck, so Mr. Padilla waited for emergency crews. He said, “I was talking to her, just trying to keep her from going into shock, keep her mind off what
was going on. Just keep her conscious. With that kind of hit, I didn’t know what was going to happen to her, just trying to keep her focused.” He added, “Once upon a time, I was a sheriff deputy in Los Angeles [California], Explorer [Scout] in high school. I do have some training. It’s been a long time, but it came back to me real quick. I would’ve done it 100 times out of a hundred, just the way I was raised. I’d help anyone that needed it. I’d like to think most people would.” The driver of the car had lost control because she was swatting at an insect. (154)

“I Don’t Know How Long I would have been Out There if He Didn’t Stop to Help Me. I could have been Stuck There All Night”

On 6 August 2012, Pennie Clark of Rotorua, New Zealand, was driving back along State Highway 5 from a trip to Auckland when she had car trouble. She said, “There was nothing on the accelerator. I noticed a little gravel driveway and pulled in. I turned the car off and tried to turn it back on but got nothing. It wouldn’t move. Then it just started bucketing down.” The area was bad for cellphone reception, and she was unsure what to do. She said, “I sat there for some time and cars were just whizzing past me. I decided to get out of the car with my umbrella and shortly after this young guy pulled up and asked me what was wrong.” The young man asked who he should call to get her help, and he promised to call as quickly as he could get cellphone reception. About 30 minutes later, a tow truck arrived. This was the second time recently that her car had to be towed. Ms. Clark said, “The car was brand-new. My husband died about 10 weeks ago and this was supposed to be something which would last and it just keeps breaking down. To be honest, I get a bit nervous on my own now.” She said that the young man was like a hero: “He was such a lovely young guy. I don’t know how long I would have been out there if he didn’t stop to help me. I could have
been stuck there all night. I feel awful that I can’t remember his name, but I am so grateful for his help.” (155)

“I am Going to Indonesia Scuba Diving to Celebrate a Year of Being Alive”

On 9 September 2011, Anna Murcar, age 32, was run down by a motorbike as she crossed the street at Seven Sisters Road and Finsbury Park Road in London, England. A Good Samaritan—passerby Jose Fernandes—comforted her. Ms. Murcar, who works for the BBC, said, “I really want to say thank you to Jose for being the kind of person who looked past all the blood and saw someone who needed help. It’s easy to be scared when you see someone screaming and covered in blood, but he was very calm. I can’t remember what he did, and I don’t know if it will ever come back, but it’s comforting to know there are people like that in the world—it makes me believe in people.” She was given only a 10 percent of surviving. She said, “I’ve been told I was bleeding from my nose and ear and my eye was very swollen which is a sign of brain bleed. They put me in a medically induced coma on the spot and flew me to hospital. I had a punctured lung and internal bleeding, so they sliced me open down the middle and found my kidney was bleeding.” A year later, she had recovered from the accident and attended her sister’s wedding. She said, “The wedding originally got cancelled so my sister could be at my bedside. The other person I wanted to contact was the guy who hit me. I tried to send him a Christmas card because he did stop and I feel sorry for him. I can just walk away, but he will remember it forever. I would like to say to him, ‘Don’t worry, a year on and I’m all right. I can fly again and I am going to Indonesia scuba diving to celebrate a year of being alive.’” (156)

“We Knew the Car was Going and We Needed to Get
Them Out. If We Waited, They would have Drowned”

On 15 August 2012 in Queens, New York, three friends—Sister Claudia Bradshaw, age 86, and married couple Joseph Laurence, age 81, and Mary Laurence, age 79—got trapped in a sinking car following a flash flood. Mr. Laurence said, “The rain came down like a waterfall. I could barely see.” They ran into water under the 76th St. overpass and the car engine stopped. Mr. Laurence said, “I thought it was a puddle. It turned out to be a lake.” They called 911, and Sister Bradshaw prayed. Mr. Laurence said, “We floated for a while and then the water started pouring in through the air-conditioner vents. It was up to our shoulders in no time.” Ms. Bradshaw said, “We were praying, believe me. We thought we were going to drown and then all of a sudden they were there to save us. God bless them.” “They” were two Fire Department New York EMTs: Jimmy Guailacela, age 28, and Marilyn Arroyo, age 45. Mr. Guailacela said, “We could hear them yelling, ‘Help us! Help us!’” Ms. Arroyo said, “By the time we got there, three quarters of the car was submerged.” She added, “We knew the car was going and we needed to get them out. If we waited, they would have drowned.” They got Ms. Bradshaw out first and then the two Laurences. Moments after they saved the three people, the car sank. Ms. Arroyo said, “This was the craziest thing I’ve ever done.” Sister Bradshaw said, “God was with us.” (157)

“You’re Going to Get in There, and You’re Going to Help”

On 1 September 2012 in Carver, Massachusetts, Adam Johnson, an off-duty firefighter, and some other people rescued a man whose pickup truck had ended up upside-down in a pond. The cab of the truck was underwater. Craig Weston, chief of the Carver Fire Department, said, “He had to remove that person from the window that was
underneath the water, approximately three feet under the water, and that person was unconscious at the time.” Mr. Johnson pulled the unconscious driver out of the truck and gave him rescue breaths. Mr. Johnson said, “You work on instinct; we train real well. There were other people there. He was just about out of the truck when I arrived. We just brought him back on shore and brought him back.” Mr. Johnson has been a firefighter only since April 2012. He said, “It’s just about staying calm and doing what you need to do. Anybody would’ve done it. Anyone of us firefighters, it doesn’t matter who you are, you’re going to do it. You’re going to get in there, and you’re going to help.” The unconscious man began to breathe again, and he was taken to a hospital. Mr. Weston said, “We have 75 officers and firefighters, and they all live in our community, and we’re very proud of that.” (158)

“It was My First Time I had a Chance to Really Save Someone’s Life like that. So, It Made Me Feel Really Good About Myself. I was Glad to be Able to Help”

On 23 August 2012 in Gloucester, Massachusetts, parking enforcement officer Timothy Migneault, age 31, heard shouts coming from the Manchester Harbor. At the edge of the dock, an 80-year-old man in the water was clinging to another man, also elderly. Mr. Migneault said, “I was jotting down the license plates of some cars, and I just dropped it and ran down there.” He grabbed the 80-year-old man, who had fallen off a boat. Mr. Migneault said, “My adrenaline was pumping at this point, so I just reached down and pulled him out. I was like ‘OK, let’s go.’ Everything just happened so fast.” He radioed police headquarters. Police Chief Glenn McKiel said, “We are extremely proud of officer Migneault.” He added, “The outcome could have been worse without the efforts of officer Migneault.” Mr. Migneault said, “I don’t want to suck up the glory. I like helping out people. It was my first
time I had a chance to really save someone’s life like that. So, it made me feel really good about myself. I was glad to be able to help.” Mr. Louf said about Mr. Migneault, “He just finished his rounds. He didn’t even realize everything he’d done. That’s how humble he is.” (159)

“The Waves were Crashing and Sending Whitewater Everywhere. We Didn’t Have a Hope”

On 28 August 2012 in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, four of the children of Roy and Tania Te Moni found themselves stranded on some rocks by rough seas at Opape Beach, near Opotiki, when an incoming tide cut them off from the mainland. A Coast Guard helicopter rescued them. The children were Honey-Pearl, age 18; Jesse, age 12; Billy, age 11; and Danni-Boy, age 10. They had decided to walk from Opape Beach around the rocks towards Morrison’s Bay. Ms. Te Moni said, “It was something they have done hundreds of times. Each of them knew they had a three-hour gap in which to get home.” When she realized that they had not returned, she got what she called an “indescribably horrible” feeling: “Their dad, Roy, immediately set off in their footsteps but knew straight away he couldn’t walk around the rocks. He then tried to kayak around, but that was no good either. We took the four-wheeler up to the top of the track above the rocks to see if we could hear them, but the waves were crashing and sending whitewater everywhere. We didn’t have a hope.” She telephoned the local Coast Guard. She said, “I would have paid thousands to get my children back.” Chopper pilot Alex Loughlin quickly located the children and took them home. He said, “They’d made a hut and were quite comfortable, but once daylight had gone and the tide had pushed them further and further up the cliff face, I think they would have been in real trouble.” He added, “We dropped them right into their backyard where a very anxious but also angry mother was waiting for them.”
Eastern Bay of Plenty Search and Rescue coordinator Sergeant Bruce Jenkins praised the four children: “They realised they couldn’t get to shore safely and did the right thing by staying where they were and awaiting rescue. Attempting to swim ashore would have been very dangerous due to the strong currents within the rocks as the waves surge and retreat.” Ms. Te Moni said, “This had already happened to Honey-Pearl once before, not long after we shifted here, but she and her sister decided to swim out. They both got pretty cut up, and we thought they had learned a lesson. Since then we have driven home the importance of staying put and waiting to be rescued.” Honey-Pearl kept her younger brothers calm on the rocks. Ms. Te Moni said, “The emergency crews were all amazing; we called at 3pm and had our children back home at 4pm. You couldn’t ask for anything more. People need to know that in situations like this, phone for help straight away.” She said what the children did the next morning: “They got up and did their chores, but they’re still grounded.” (160)

“All The Water Safety That We’ve Done—You Know, ‘Be Careful. Pay Attention’—It All Paid Off”

On 2 July 2011 in Lebanon, Indiana, a two-year-old girl named Kenslei Mathews nearly drowned in the family swimming pool. Fortunately, her brother, third-grader Christopher Mathews, rescued her. Their father, Darren Mathews, said, “I had went inside, noticed it was quiet out here, looked out, didn’t see her. I yelled for Christopher: ‘Where’s your sister?’” Christopher knew where to look for her. He said, “I looked in the pool, and I saw her, and I jumped in and saved her.” His father said, “I was watching out the window when I seen him bee-line for the pool and jumped in. My heart dropped. I knew something was wrong.” Lebanon Fire Department Lieutenant Tim Davis said, “When the first crew got here, the little girl was
breathing on her own.” Christopher had had swimming lessons for two years. His father said, “All the talking, all the water safety that we’ve done—you know, ‘Be careful. Pay attention’—it all paid off.” (161)

“You Couldn’t See Any of the Other Kids in the Water, So I was Just Kind of Reaching Down Trying to Grab Whatever I Could”

On 15 September 2012 at Hagg Lake in Gaston, Oregon, people attending a family reunion rescued eight children, aged six to 13. One child got into trouble in deep water and called for help, and other children tried to help, but because of a drop-off into deep water these children also got into trouble and were in danger of drowning. The water was murky, and the children were difficult or impossible to see. Eric MacLean said, “You couldn’t see any of the other kids in the water, so I was just kind of reaching down trying to grab whatever I could.” Michelle Rushing said, “I had tripped over a couple of them, so I was trying to get down and I brought one of them up.” Ken Bilderback, a spokesperson for the Gaston Fire Department, said, “One of the rescuers stepped on the hand or the leg of one of the other children who was at the bottom that they had not seen. When she felt the child, they were able to pull that child out as well.” Two children were not breathing at first after being pulled from the water, but they started breathing on their own before emergency personnel arrived. Some people watched and did not help. Evan Gibson said, “I ran by a picnic table full of people. I ran by other people sitting on the beach on towels and nobody was responding.” The children were not wearing life jackets, although they could be borrowed free at the lake. (162)

“The Message of Loving One Another—He Didn’t Ever Preach It, But He Lived It”

On 2 September 2012, Karl Schmidt of Freedom,
Wisconsin, drowned in Lake Michigan after helping to rescue his grandson. His wife, Fran, said about the 60-year-old, “He loved life.” The family had an outing at Sheboygan’s North Beach, and after eating lunch, family members went into the water. Fran said, “And the kids went ahead of us, and they were all excited to go swimming, and the water was beautiful blue.” Unfortunately, one of Karl and Fran’s grandsons, Aiden, drifted too far out. Karl swam to the boy, and a man with a surfboard also reached the boy at the same time. Karl helped his grandson get on the surfboard. Fran said, “And the surf guy that came out to help Aiden said to Karl, ‘Are you OK?’ Karl said, ‘I’m OK,’ and so he helped Aiden in.” But then Karl got caught in a current. Fran saw her son heading into the water. She remembered, “I said, ‘Why are you going so far out, Andrew? Those waves are going over your head,’ and he said, ‘That’s Dad out there.’” Fran added, “I hollered to people on the beach, ‘Somebody is drowning out there. He needs help!’” Some surfers raced out to Karl, but he had drowned. Fran said about Karl, “He loved the Lord, he loved his family, and he loved America.” In the days since Karl’s death, people have supported Fran. She said, “Such beautiful people that have called me or sent messages on Facebook, ‘Our prayers are with you.’ And believe me, those prayers are what’s holding us up. Even people that don’t know Karl have responded and said, ‘I don’t know him, but his story touched my heart.’” She added, “The message of loving one another—he didn’t ever preach it, but he lived it.”

“I Tried to Swim with Her Grabbing Onto My Shirt, But I Couldn’t Do It at All”

On 22 August 2012, Alexa Lessard, age 15, and her younger sister, who are from Oshawa, Ontario, Canada, were caught in a strong riptide off Shoal Cove beach near
St. Lawrence. Alexa’s younger sister made it safely to shore, but Alexa was still caught in the riptide. Brian Murphy of Montreal was preparing to leave when two girls ran toward him shouting that a girl was drowning. He saw Alexa about 50 meters away from shore, and he—fully clothed—swam out to rescue her. (Other heroes in similar situations have pulled off some of their clothing to avoid being weighed down by it.) Mr. Murphy said, “I initially just tried to swim her into shore. I tried to swim with her grabbing onto my shirt, but I couldn’t do it at all. I needed her to swim also so I just tried yelling at her, ‘You’re going to have to swim also.’” She began to swim on her own. Mr. Murphy said, “I was so tired. I had gassed myself with her trying to swim with her dragging on that I worried myself even about drowning because I was so tired, so I just started swimming and I was just yelling at her that she had to come.” They reached some rocks, and bystanders, including two of Mr. Murphy’s friends, got a rope and then got as close to Alexa as they could. Mr. Murphy said, “They were kind of coaching her on, yelling at her to get in. And they had thrown the rope out there and they were yelling at her to come in and she made it in. She grabbed hold of the rope and they just pulled her in.” Alexis and Mr. Murphy made it to shore safely. (164)

“If He’d Gone Under, I Don’t Think He would have Got Out Alive”

On 10 August 2012, a little boy at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, England, fell into the water and nearly drowned. Fortunately, a hero was nearby: James Short, who was at Burnham-on-Sea with his two children. Mr. Short, age 22, said, “He was leaning right over the edge trying to fill up his bucket when he fell straight forward. I could see his face just out of the water and jumped in. I was carried away from the jetty by the current, towards the boy. The current was strong and it was a bit of a struggle to get back to the
jetty but I made it and lifted him out with my left hand.” Mr. Short added, “I think I got to him just in time—he was panicking and if he’d gone under I don’t think he would have got out alive.” Another little boy had tragically drowned there recently. (165)

Hero: A Woman Tourist with Binoculars

On 10 August 2012 off Five Fingers Strand in Inishowen, County Donegal, Ireland, a man was swept two kilometers out to sea. The Lough Swilly inshore lifeboat was able to rescue him with the help of a woman tourist, who stood on an elevated viewpoint and used binoculars to guide the lifeboat to the man in the water. The man suffered from hypothermia and was taken to Altnagelvin Hospital in Derry. Lough Swilly Lifeboat spokesman Joe Joyce said, “A person got into difficulty and was swept out to sea. Luckily a member of the public saw it and they had binoculars and could keep a watch on the person as he was swept out to sea. They were fit to guide the lifeboat to the exact location.” (166)

“They were All on There, Screaming Their Lungs Out”

On 29 August 2012, Hurricane Isaac struck Plaquemines Parish in Louisiana. The Parish flooded when ocean water burst over the Mississippi River levee and forced thousands of people up to their attics or onto their roofs. Jesse Shaffer, age 25, and his father, also named Jesse Shaffer, age 53, used boats to rescue people in Braithwaite, Louisiana. The older Mr. Shaffer said, “They’d call me and didn’t know the water was coming up until it was late, and they’d call me to come get them. We had to scramble and try to find a boat 'cause none of the sheriff’s department or anybody could come to this end of the parish.” He added, “We rescued a lot of people, saw a lot of things you never thought you’d see.” The two men saved 120 people in 12 hours. Their first rescue was at a local auditorium, where
they broke through the attic ventilation system to reach and rescue 10 people, including a baby and an elderly man. They also rescued a family of five, including three children under the age of six, who had climbed onto the roof of their trailer home. The older Mr. Shaffer said, “They were all on there, screaming their lungs out.” Water overtopped the trailer minutes after the family was rescued. The older Mr. Shaffer said, “There were a lot of houses we saw that were in spots that we know where they’re supposed to be and they were maybe a half a mile down the road, floating down the highway.” The younger Mr. Shaffer said about the rescues, “I guess we were just going on adrenaline.” The Shaffers’ own home was flooded. (167)

“I have Angels on My Side”

In August 2012, while waiting for a D train at the 71st St. station in Brooklyn, New York, Alexa Conto, a 20-year-old fashion student at the Laboratory Institute of Merchandising College, felt dizzy and fainted and fell onto the subway tracks. Some train passengers saw her and jumped on the tracks to help her, and a train operator saw her and stopped the train before it hit her. When she felt dizzy, she closed her eyes and rested her head on a support beam. She said, “Once I closed my eyes, I think I fainted. I was on the train tracks, and I remember people getting me up.” She would like to meet the people who helped her. She said, “I’d like to thank them for everything. I wouldn’t even be here if it wasn’t for them. They’re just genuinely nice people. You don’t see that a lot.” Her mother, Alicia Conto, said, “We don’t know how many, we don’t know who. I wish I did know who because they did such a great thing. This is like a miracle.” Her sister, Crista Conto, said, “There was a whole bunch of people there just concerned about my sister. It’s good to know there are good people out there.” Alexa broke her foot in the fall, but she is happy that nothing worse happened. She said, “I have angels on
“It’s Extremely Important. It Saves So Much Time. It’s Your Best Chance to Surviving if You are on a Vessel in Distress”

On 9 September 2012, U.S. Coast Guard Pilot Chris Courtney and his helicopter crew of three, who are based at the Air Station near San Francisco International Airport in California, rescued a 77-year-old father and his adult son from a downed airplane off the Monterey County coast. Another helicopter crew from Los Angeles as well as rescue boat crews from stations in Monterey and Morro Bay joined them. The father and son were forced to make an emergency crash-landing into the Pacific Ocean when their single-engine Cessna stalled about 30 miles south of Big Sur. On 10 September 2012, Mr. Courtney said, “We did a direct hoist, with a quick stop recovery of a 77-year-old man, pulled him up and went down and got his son. We pulled him up as well and just as we pulled him off the aircraft, it rolled over to left and sank just shortly thereafter. If we’d been there any later, it’s very possible that those two would’ve died last night.” As they made the rescue, they were running out of fuel. Mr. Courtney said, “We had literally less than three minutes to get this done, and we were able to save those guys and get them back to [the] airport so your adrenaline’s definitely kicking in.” Mr. Courtney said that the father and son helped save their own lives by equipping their aircraft with a 406 Electronic
Position Indicating Radio Beacon or EPIRB, which acts like a GPS [Global Positioning System]: “So when they ditched aircraft, they were able to send a signal out to a satellite. That signal basically goes to a rescue coordination center. It lets rescue authorities know who owns that particular beacon, the aircraft, a phone number to call, and confirm there’s an aircraft or vessel in distress. It’s extremely important. It saves so much time. It’s your best chance to surviving if you are on a vessel in distress.” (169)

“I’ve been Told that I Carried Her 500 Yards. I Thought It was 20 Feet”

On 26 August 2012, while driving home from his job in Wainscott, New York, bread baker Craig Schum saw a protest against the noise made at East Hampton Airport and stopped to investigate. He was barefoot, as he likes to be after work, and he saw something. He said, “My first thought was, ‘That was a plane crash,’ and that was pretty much my last thought.” He ran to the site of the crash. Mr. Schum said, “I did not make a conscious choice to help. That crappy cartoon stuff is really true. I was just going. I was running barefoot through the woods.” Steven Bochter, age 51, and his female passenger, Kim Brillo, had just taken off from East Hampton Airport when they crashed in the woods just beside the airport about 100 yards east of Daniels Hole Road. Mr. Schum had to climb a deer fence that was 12 to 14 feet high to get to the crash site. He said, “One of the only thoughts I remember having was at the top, thinking, ‘You shouldn’t jump over this.’ But then I jumped.” The front of the plane was engulfed in fire when he got there. Mr. Bochter, the pilot, was covered in blood and stumbling outside the plane. Ms. Brillo was still inside. She was unconscious, and she was covered in blood. Mr. Schum said, “I believe[d] her to be dead.” He pulled her out of the plane just before the rest of it caught on fire. He said, “I’m covered in her blood and she’s just covered in
blood and [Bochter]’s aware enough to recognize that she's hurt, and he says her name, ‘Kim, Kim.’ So I hold her hand, and I’m sort of holding her head and saying, ‘Kim, you’re going to be OK. Everything’s all right.” Ms. Brillo moved her head, and they then knew she was still alive. Mr. Schum held her and ran back to the deer fence. He said, “I’ve been told that I carried her 500 yards. I thought it was 20 feet.” Another man was at the deer fence, and he and Mr. Schum pulled the stakes out of the fence and pushed both Mr. Bochter and Ms. Brillo through. The two plane crash survivors were airlifted to Stony Brook Hospital. East Hampton Town Police Chief Ed Ecker said, “Thank God there was some immediate response from people at the airport.” Mr. Schum’s mother, Donna Fraser, said that she was proud of her son: “I kind of wish I were there to give him a big hug. He does tend to be somebody who will help someone in distress, you know? Animals, people, whatever, but certainly not ever anything like this. But he’s got that about him.” Mr. Schum said, “I’m going to the hospital, because I want to give this girl a hug. That’s all I want, to give this girl a hug and make sure she’s OK.” (170)

“I Had Such an Emotional Reaction to This—to Finding This Little Boy in that Environment. It Was So Out of Place to Find a Little Lost Boy There, and He was So Scared and So Cold. It was Quite Emotional”

On 10 September 2012 some climbers from Toronto, Canada, were climbing Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania when they came across a lost six-year-old boy and rescued him. Dr. Bjug Borgundvaag, one of two emergency department physicians from Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, said, “We encountered him at an elevation of over 13,000 feet on the fourth day into our climb. He was wandering on the mountain. He was wearing torn pants, a T-shirt and light sweater, and open-toed sandals, if you can believe it. It was surreal.” Dr. Borgundvaag and his
emergency-department colleague, Dr. Howard Ovens, examined the boy, who said his name was Emmanuel, and discovered that he was suffering from hypothermia and dehydration. Dr. Borgundvaag said, “He had been lost for three days and two nights. He had been sent by his family to cut grass for their cattle, so he had a little knife with him. He got lost and had been wandering since.” The boy did not have supplies or shelter, and the temperature had dropped to minus 10°C the night before the expedition found him. Dr. Borgundvaag said, “If that boy had not been found then, he would be dead for sure. He couldn’t survive another night.” Dr. Borgundvaag said about Mount Kilimanjaro, “It looks a bit like the moon. There is no vegetation; it is barren, rocks, stone, all lava rock. It is a dormant volcano.” After seven hours of care, the boy was strong enough to be taken to a police station, and police officers were planning to reunite him with his family. Dr. Borgundvaag said, “I was so pleased that we found him when we did because he certainly would not have lasted the night. I’ve been an emergency physician in an Ontario hospital for 17 or 18 years, but I had such an emotional reaction to this—to finding this little boy in that environment. It was so out of place to find a little lost boy there, and he was so scared and so cold. It was quite emotional.” (171)

“I had a Real Encounter with God as I Thought, ‘Hey, I could be Seeing You Later Today’”

Even a very experienced hunter can make a mistake. On 18 July 2012, Garry Moar, a 55-year-old hunter from Pohangina, New Zealand, was gutting some deer he had killed in the Waiwepa Ranges when he accidentally stabbed himself. He lost a lot of blood and needed the services of a Palmerston North rescue helicopter to save his life. Despite the accident, he vowed to keep hunting—safely. He said, “I will never be making that mistake again.” He and his son
(Simon) had been using a helicopter to hunt deer. He had shot two deer, but they were in a location where the helicopter’s grapple would not work, and so he dropped to the ground to gut the deer. He said about one of the deer, “I grabbed its back legs, and I had my knife in my right hand. I usually throw it on the ground, but I had a new knife and I always lose them so I decided to hold it. I grabbed the deer and pulled it back, and as I did that the knife went straight into my thigh.” He said that the cut was 100 millimetres in length and about 150mm deep. Mr. Moar said, “I pulled my knife out instinctively and I whipped off my belt and wrapped it around my leg tightly to try and stop the blood. I tried to walk to get into the clearing so Simon would see me. As I tried walking, the muscle popped out. I knew I was in serious trouble. I had a real encounter with God as I thought, ‘Hey, I could be seeing You later today.’” He got to a clearing and used a rope to help slow down the bleeding. He said, “I got pretty cold and shaky. We still didn’t know if I’d caught an artery, and there was a s***load of blood everywhere. I lost about three litres, which is about half my body’s blood.” His son called for the rescue helicopter. Mr. Moar said, “They [his son and a friend] thought I was going to die, so when I heard the chopper … oh, it was a bit emotional. I thought, ‘I may actually have a chance [of staying alive].’” Palmerston North rescue helicopter pilot Chris Moody said, “There was no time to get squeamish.” He added, “When we got there, Garry was definitely going into shock and had lost a lot of blood. It was just a slip of a knife, and I bet Garry looks back on it now and thanks his lucky stars.” Mr. Moody spent a couple of hours later cleaning the blood out of the helicopter. Medical personnel at Palmerston North Hospital gave Mr. Moar three blood transfusions. He said, “They said I only just missed the artery and femur. It was close. It could’ve been all over.” He added, “What it makes you do is create a bucket list. It’s about getting your priorities
right. I’m just lucky I made it.” (172)

“I Told Him Rather Loudly and Rather Strongly that He Wasn’t Going to Hit Her Anymore and He Wasn’t Putting Her in the Car”

In January 2010 in Kernersville, North Carolina, DeJuan Jernigan, a middle-aged man, saw a man beating a woman and trying to drag her into a car under the lights at a gas station at The Pop Shoppe on Highway 66. He took action to rescue her. Mr. Jernigan said, “He was definitely beating her—her jacket was ripped. I was not gonna let her get into the car.” He drove to the gas station and tried to block in the car. Mr. Jernigan said, “I told him rather loudly and rather strongly that he wasn’t going to hit her anymore and he wasn’t putting her in the car.” He physically restrained the man until police showed up. Other drivers probably saw what was going on, but Mr. Jernigan was the only person to stop and help her. The woman said that she was grateful for his help. (173)

Speaker of Hebrew Does Good Deed

Ehab is the person behind the Good News ... ONLY blog at Blogspot. Ehab wrote about a good deed that he had been able to perform on 30 April 2011 because he speaks Hebrew: “Oh yeah, I saved a woman yesterday from a criminal and potential rapist in Hebrew! I overheard her saying that she is from Israel. She was on a blind date with this street-thug at the Barnes and Noble I hang out at, and I couldn’t help but overhear that he was a gangmember, been in jail, and lost his license due to drunk driving. I started speaking to her in Hebrew and warned her that he was a dangerous person and that he only wanted sex from her. She hadn’t understood a lot of the slang he was using, so she hadn’t known how bad he was until I told her right in front of him!” (174)
“Then I See Her Beating on the Windshield, Crying, as I Get Close. She’s Begging Him to Pull Over. Not Only will He Not Look at Me, But He’s Not Even Paying Attention to Her”

A man and a woman had an argument, and the man ended up driving on Interstate 85 in Gwinnett County, Georgia, at 70 miles per hour with the woman on the hood of his Jeep SUV. Motorists called 911, and four cars boxed in the Jeep SUV and forced it to slow down and then stop. The woman was not physically injured—or dead. Witness Adam Marlatt said, “I did almost a quadruple take, to be honest with you.” He called 911. He added, “Then I see her beating on the windshield, crying, as I get close. She’s begging him to pull over. Not only will he not look at me, but he’s not even paying attention to her.” He paced the car, and other drivers did the same thing. Mr. Marlatt said, “We start motioning to each other, like can you believe this. One guy is showing me he’s taking pictures. He can tell I’m on the phone. And, I kind of mouthed to him, ‘I’m on with 911.’” After four cars boxed the driver in, they stopped the Jeep SUV. Mr. Marlatt said, “We went from 70, to 55, to 30, to 25 and we finally got him to pull over right at the Mall of Georgia headed toward Lawrenceville.” Police arrived and arrested the driver. Mr. Marlatt said, “It was like watching an episode of Cops right out your windshield. It was the craziest thing I’ve seen.” (175)

“She Just Clung Onto Me and Kept Saying, ‘Please, Don’t Leave Me. Please Don’t Leave Me. I Want to Go Home. I Want My Mum’”

On 25 March 2012, Elliott Mannix, age 18, came across a naked 17-year-old rape survivor in Nottingham, England. He helped her, but other people had ignored her despite her pleas for help. Mr. Mannix said, “I could just hear her screaming. She was in the middle of the road, and I
watched a group of five people pass by and not even acknowledge her. She screamed again, and I thought she was a mental patient. Then I got closer and saw she was naked and then I saw him [the rapist, who was later convicted] behind her. I just ran over and gave her my jacket; he saw me, and he fled. Instinct just took over. I didn’t know what to do at first, so I just started looking for more help. She had nothing on. She was so cold and she was bleeding and her lips were purple because it was so freezing. She just clung onto me and kept saying, ‘Please, don’t leave me. Please don’t leave me. I want to go home. I want my Mum.’ It was so upsetting. I couldn’t believe no one had helped her.” The rapist had stolen her cell phone, and Mr. Mannix did not have one, so he searched for help for the rape survivor. He took her to the Salvation Army hostel to call for help. Mr. Mannix said, “I desperately rang the buzzer at the hostel, but the guy on the intercom just said, ‘We only help men here.’ We were still passing people, and I said, ‘Please help me. This girl has just been raped,’ but they all ignored us. Taxi drivers just pretended they didn’t hear me right.” He added, “All the time I was just so frustrated I couldn’t ring her mum like she wanted me to, but of course her phone had gone. Luckily I found a big residential set of flats in Lower Parliament Street that had a 24-hour reception, and I desperately asked the guy to help us and ring the police. They arrived five minutes later and made sure she got to hospital. It was such a relief when we were able to find help. I just remember trying to go through as much as possible with the police about what I could remember about him.” The rapist, an illegal immigrant from Sudan, was sentenced to 10 years in prison. The court gave Mr. Mannix, who is from Sneinton and who helped with the police investigation, a reward of £500 and a commendation. He said, “I just feel really sorry for her. What she went through was horrific. I’m glad I could help catch the guy. I feel good that I was there to help
her. I would do it again, but I hope I never have to help anyone like that, in that position, again. No one deserves to go through something like that. I see myself as a supportive guy who would help anyone, but I hope more people don’t just ignore someone if they sense something isn’t right.” Dawn Pritchard, the prosecutor in the case, said, “Some people had ignored her and passed by her. Elliott Mannix had been out in the city centre. He was sober and walking home to Sneinton. It is clear the victim was doing extremely well academically and hoping to go to Oxford University. But as a result of this, she hasn’t achieved great grades in her AS-levels and is taking her lower sixth year again.” Detective Chief Inspector Louise Jordan of Nottinghamshire Police, who led the investigation, said that the rapist “targeted his victim after finding her alone in the street. He took advantage of her vulnerability, dragged her into an alleyway out of view, and subjected her to a horrific assault. He then left her lying in the street, semi-naked, taking with him her mobile phone—her only means of contact. She has little recollection of the ordeal, but found the bravery to face her attacker in court today where justice was done and [the rapist] was handed a lengthy sentence. I hope that his sentencing will signal an end to this difficult and painful chapter of the victim’s life and she can in some way begin to look forward to her future.” (176)

“I Just Can’t Get Over that She was Able to Drag Herself that Far and Wait for a Car to Come Along. Her Will was So Strong. I Just Know that Now She’s Out of Pain and in a Better Place”

On 28 August 2012, Celeste Fronsman, age 29, of Canton, Ohio, died at Wexner Medical Center at Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. She had been beaten, raped, choked, and set on fire. She dragged herself a quarter of a mile to a road. A motorist saw her lying naked in the road. He stopped, called 911, covered her body, held her hand,
and prayed with and for her. After she died, he erected a cross by the side of Ohio 208 where he had found her on August 26. The man, who remained anonymous, said, “She was screaming that they were trying to kill her. At first I thought it was someone playing a joke. I looked around to see if anyone else was there, but couldn’t see anyone. That’s when I made the first 911 call.” Before he saw her, everything was peaceful. He said, “I was thinking what a good life it is. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and I was on my way home picking up my family in time for church.” But then he saw a horribly burned woman. He said, “It was like something out of a horror show.” He added, “I caught her and picked her up in my arms. I told her I was going to lay her in the grass and knew then that God had put me there for her.” She kept crying for help. He said, “I assured her that I wouldn’t leave her, but I wanted to get the blanket out of the truck to cover her with. She didn’t want to let go of my hand, and she was gasping for air. Her skin was just hanging off her.” He also gave her a drink of Gatorade. He said, “She was still gasping for air, and I noticed that she had a 2-inch strap wrapped around her neck that had burned into her. I told her that I was going to loosen the strap so she could breathe better, but knew not to take it completely off because I knew the police would need it.” She told him that that she was “burning up,” and she asked him why she was so hot. He said, “I told her she had been on fire and that was just her body telling her that. I told her that’s why her skin was feeling so tight.” She told him that she was going to be ugly. He said, “I told her she was beautiful. Now and forever, she was beautiful.” He made another 911 call because of the pain she was in. He said, “I just kept holding her hand and soothing her. I kept telling her there was no way I’d leave her and then we prayed together.” He stayed with her for over 20 minutes, until the Adamsville Volunteer Fire Department and EMS squad arrived and tried to place her on a stretcher. The
Good Samaritan said, “She was so badly burnt, her skin kept coming off, and they couldn’t get her on. But, God bless her, her will to live was so strong she picked herself up off the ground and placed herself on the stretcher.” They waited for MedFlight. The Good Samaritan said, “Everyone who came to the scene that day was so professional. The EMS crew, the deputies, and the crew from MedFlight. They were so kind and good to her. I’m so thankful for all of them. I just wished she hadn’t been in so much pain. I’m very sorry she passed away.” He does not consider himself a hero: “I did what God directed me to do. The sheriff’s office and EMS people, they’re the heroes. They serve us every day.” He added, “I just can’t get over that she was able to drag herself that far and wait for a car to come along. Her will was so strong. I just know that now she’s out of pain and in a better place.” (177)

Good Samaritans See an Attempted Abduction and Say, “No, Not Today”

On 17 March 2011, a registered sex offender tried to abduct a young female at the Avalon Metro Green Line Station in South Los Angeles, California. Metro Green Line passengers stopped the abduction by fighting the would-be abductor, who was arrested. Steve Whitmore from the Los Angeles County Sheriff’s Department said about the arrested suspect, “He’s a registered sex offender. He has a criminal history.” He added, “The passengers, the commuters, bystanders, people like you and me, said, ‘No, not today,’ and so it all worked out. And this individual, by the way, is behind bars on $100,000 bail. And we are looking at other cases that he may be connected to—a possible one that happened in February where it was an actual attempted rape.” On 17 February 2011, a man abducted a 14-year-old girl from the Metro Green Line in Hawthorne and tried to rape her in a nearby condo. She fought him and escaped. Kyra Woodan from Southgate
said, “I’m glad the community stepped up. That’s really good, because he shouldn’t do that.” (178)

“She could have Easily been in the Majority and Kept the Brutal Assault to Herself, But …”

In August 2012, a 31-year-old man and four teenage boys allegedly gang-raped a 15-year-old girl aboard a four-day Carnival cruise from Miami, Florida, while the girl’s friend, who was also 15, was locked in a bathroom. The 31-year-old man had bought alcohol, and the 15-year-old girl said that she was intoxicated. The details are horrifying, but the girl heroically informed on her alleged rapists. She went to the ship’s doctor and told the doctor what had happened, and Carnival contacted the FBI, which investigated the alleged rape. Lindsay Mannering wrote, “When 54 percent of sexual assault cases go unreported, it’s encouraging to hear that this brave girl stood up for herself. She could have easily been in the majority and kept the brutal assault to herself, but I’m so happy, for her sake, that she did the right thing and sought aid.” By reporting the alleged gang rape, the 15-year-old girl is helping to protect other girls and women. To its credit, Carnival said in a statement that it is “fully cooperating with law enforcement officials as the investigation continues.” (179)

All Three Children Escaped and Ran Home; None of the Children was Injured

On 22 August 2012 in Atlanta, Georgia, a seven-year-old girl walked home with her 12-year-old sister and a nine-year-old friend. A man in a truck tried to kidnap the seven-year-old girl. He slowed down and asked the girls where they were going, and when they continued walking, he jumped out of the truck and grabbed the seven-year-old girl and covered her mouth. The other children came to her rescue. The mother (who did not want to be identified) of the two sisters said, “My oldest daughter and the other kid
pulled her arm to keep her from getting in the car.” All three children escaped and ran home; none of the children was injured. Neighborhood resident Sylvia Warren, who has a nine-year-old son, said, “I was really shocked because it’s really close to school and a lot of kids walk home.” (180)

“He Thought Nobody was Going to Do Anything. Well, He was Wrong and We Got Him”

In September 2012 in Modesto, California, a convicted sex offender allegedly accosted a 15-year-old girl on a bus; fortunately, five Good Samaritans—all disabled and all homeless—held the convicted sex offender down for three blocks until police arrived. One of the Good Samaritans, Curtis Mitchell, said, “I just wanted to get him away from the children.” The 15-year-old girl was on her way to school. Mr. Mitchell said about the convicted sex offender, “He had made a verbal gesture to the young lady about ‘have you had sex yet’ and the girl was freaked out.” He added, “All of the sudden, he just lunged out of his seat and grabbed her crotch area.” The Good Samaritans came to the rescue of the girl. Mr. Mitchell said, “One of the gentlemen had his neck. Joe had the body. He got there first, and I got the legs, twisted the legs and sat on his legs.” Police made the arrest. Mr. Mitchell said, “He thought nobody was going to do anything. Well, he was wrong and we got him.” He added, “I’m not no hero. I’m a regular person. I have kids, grown up now, but I would hope someone would help my kids if they needed it.” (181)

“I Fell, and Fell, and as the Water Rushed Closer, I Thought, ‘I Might be Going to Die, But I Can Fly!’”

In November 2009, four men abducted high school teacher Kavisha Seevnarain and decided to kill her by throwing her off the bridge over the uMkhomazi River just south of Durban, South Africa. She fell 67 meters into the water.
And she survived. Ms. Seevnarain said, “It was not my time. There was a reason I survived, and I am determined to find it.” She was wearing a padded anorak, and she believes that it may have trapped air as she fell and slowed her descent. She said, “I fell, and fell, and as the water rushed closer, I thought, ‘I might be going to die, but I can fly!’” She hit a sandbank that was covered by shallow water, and she lay quietly, afraid that if the four men saw her moving they would climb down from the bridge and kill her. After lying still for a while, she tried to stand but was unable to because of serious injuries. She knew that the tide would come in and she could drown, so she used her elbows to drag herself to one of the bridge supports. It was covered with sticks and other debris. She said, “I hauled the top of my body onto the mound, but my legs were still in the water. I knew there was no hope anyone would find me in the dark, and if I could sleep, the night would pass faster. ‘Please, God,’ I begged. ‘The water is too cold.’ And at once it warmed around me, and I closed my eyes and slept.” When dawn came, she could see trucks. She screamed, but the noise of the truck engines drowned out her screams. Then she saw a man with a blue umbrella. He was on foot. She screamed. She said, “The blue umbrella would stop a moment, and then start moving again. I screamed louder and louder, and then the umbrella stopped again, and began moving back towards me. Bongani [Duma] had come to save me. I was going to live after all.” She said, “I call him ‘The man with the blue umbrella.’ I will remember and thank Bongani Duma until doomsday.” She had a fractured pelvis and broken ribs, and she spent weeks in the high-care ward of St. Augustine’s Hospital. She provided information to police, and the four men were given sentences ranging from 12 to 40 years of imprisonment. She said, “I want them to serve their full sentences. Perhaps in time they will realise what they did.” By Christmas, she was wearing a body brace and walking
with a cane. For a while, Ms. Seevnarain suffered psychic damage: “At first I couldn’t drive alone, and definitely not in the dark. The first time I got behind the wheel again to visit my folks in Pietermaritzburg, I was partway there when the light started to fade. In my paranoia I thought everyone was watching and following me. I called my father and said, ‘Dad, I can’t do it. They’re going to get me.’ He spoke to me like when I was a child, very gently. ‘Just keep going, and phone me every five minutes. You will be fine, my darling,’ he said. ‘Keep calm. Keep driving.’” (182)

“He was saying, ‘Please. I can’t breathe. I can’t breathe.’ And I said, ‘You should have thought about that when you tried to rob that lady’”

In May 2012 at a gas station in Cleveland, Ohio, a man asked a woman for the use of a lighter and then grabbed her purse and tried to run away. The woman and a female gas-station employee stopped him and tied him up until police could arrive and arrest him. Lexanna Sullivan, the gas-station employee, sat on his head to keep him from running away. She said, “He was saying, ‘Please. I can’t breathe. I can’t breathe.’ And I said, ‘You should have thought about that when you tried to rob that lady.’” The two women tied the suspect’s hands with caution tape and his feet with a phone charger cord. Gas station owner Linda Greene said, “When you come to my station, I want you to feel safe and know that if anything happens, the people who own and work at the place are on your side.” (183)

**Stopping Two Pickpockets**

Chris Ryan, an American living in Paris, France, did a good deed when he saw a team of two pickpockets trying to steal from a woman’s purse in the Paris Metro. In his blog, he wrote on 4 October 2012, “There seemed to be a bit of a traffic jam because the guy in front […] was following
close behind a woman as we headed for the exit. As we came to the heavy door to exit (not one of the automatic double-doors, but the full-sized door that does require some pushing to open), I thought I noticed the guy ahead slip his hand into the woman’s purse. She had one of those large purses that is open at the top, the kind that everyone says are easy to rob. As we turned the corner I could see that the guy, now two people in front of me, had something. So I yelled loudly in hopes of making a scene. It worked.” He was able to stop the theft, but he did worry about his safety. Perhaps the pickpockets should have worried. The woman they were trying to steal from slapped one of them hard. She thanked Mr. Ryan; her purse contained cash and important papers. Mr. Ryan wrote, “The first thing an English friend said, when I told him about it, was that while it was a good deed, he was stabbed doing the same in London years ago. In the US, where a lot more people carry guns, I suspect it could be even worse.” (184)

**Paying It Forward, 27 Years Later**

In 1985, Scott Read, age 12, and his friend Robert Sousa spotted a brush fire, got off their bicycles, and put out the fire with water. While they were doing their good deed, someone stole their bikes. Years later, Mr. Read said, “It was a terrible feeling. A feeling of loss.” Fortunately, an anonymous member of the community learned about the theft and gave each boy a check for $25 as a donation toward getting them new bikes. John Howell, editor of the *Warwick Beacon* (Warwick, Rhode Island) also invited the boys to dinner. Mr. Read said, “It made me feel important. It turned something negative into something positive.” Twenty-seven years later, in August 2012, the go-kart of nine-year-old Charlie Kebarian was stolen from his backyard. Charlie said, “I didn’t feel good.” A man named Tim Bedard gave an old go-kart he had to Charlie, who said about it, “It was pretty nice.” It needed some repairs. His
parents replaced the brakes, and Mr. Read sent a $100 check to the *Warwick Beacon* asking that it be sent to the Kebarians to help pay for Charlie’s go-kart repairs. Charlie, said, “I think this is very nice.” His mother, Caryn, said, “It makes you feel so nice that people really care. I’m so grateful. What a nice, good person.” Mr. Read said, “You’ve got to keep a positive outlook. Certain things are going to happen to you; you have to look for the good in people.” (185)

“Wow!! Words Just Cannot Express My Happiness and Gratitude to the Phoenix [Arizona] Police Department”

A thief stole the two bicycles belonging to the granddaughters of Joanne Shoup in Phoenix, Arizona. Police officer Mike Taylor started searching for the bicycles. He saw a man with a girl’s bicycle that matched the description of one of the stolen bikes. The man fled. One of Ms. Shoup’s granddaughters had her bike back, but the other did not. Mr. Taylor and two other police officers pooled their money and bought the other granddaughter a new bike. Ms. Shoup wrote on her Facebook page, “Wow!! Words just cannot express my happiness and gratitude to the Phoenix Police Department.” (186)

“It’s a Really Humbling Feeling When Pieces of Someone’s Brain Fall into Your Hand”

In late August 2012, Rain Dove, a 22-year-old unarmed woman, saved the life of a man who was being savagely beaten in Oakland, California. Several men attacked a man and his female friend. Ms. Dove said, “There were about 40 people around, so at first I didn’t think anything horrible would happen.” But two men slammed the female friend against a wall, and the other men attacked the man and kicked him in the head several times. Ms. Dove said, “I asked the guy next to me why no one was helping, and he said that ‘there’s an unspoken policy in Oakland that we let
things happen and clean up afterwards.’ Right then, I ran across the street and pulled two of the guys off of him who were kicking his face in.” She applied pressure to try to stop the bleeding, and some of the men fled. She said, “It’s a really humbling feeling when pieces of someone’s brain fall into your hand.” Some of the men yelled at and sexually harassed Ms. Dove. Witness Damien Hazel said, “She told them, ‘You’ve done enough. You can either keep threatening me, a defenseless unarmed woman trying to provide medical services to a dying man, or you can go get this guy some water like a decent human being.’” One attacker got water for the victim. Mr. Hazel said, “I was really proud of him for helping out and trying to redeem himself.” Police arrived, but by then the attackers had fled. Ms. Dove said, “I don’t know if I’m going to meet [the victim]. I just hope that he and his girlfriend are OK and that they get to go on another date.” (187)

“He was Running and Looking Back. He was Definitely Running From Me for a Reason”

On 13 September 2012, a man attacked and robbed a woman in East Spokane, Washington. Joshua Gahl, a maintenance worker, heard the woman and came to the rescue. He said, “One of the other staff heard the same thing, so we went out to the trail. There was a lady holding her head, screaming, ‘Help me! Help me!’” She was bleeding. Mr. Gahl said, “When I saw her, she had blood running down the back of her head and she was holding it. I asked her if she was all right, and she pointed down the trail to this guy and said, ‘He just attacked me!’” Mr. Gahl started running after the alleged attacker. He added, “I was running down the tracks, and I was dialing 911 as I was going. I was just kind of too busy to think about anything else that was going on—just catching the guy. He was running and looking back. He was definitely running from me for a reason.” Mr. Gahl chased the alleged attacker right
into the Spokane River. Mr. Gahl said, “He had all his clothes on, so he was about to drown and asked me to jump in and save him. I told him he could swim back to shore if he wanted to. He took his clothes off. I ran across Mission Bridge and caught him on the other side.” Mr. Gahl added, “I didn’t give a second thought to chasing him down because we can’t have that around here.” (188)

“He was Trying to Protect One of His Friends Who was Pushed by Some Hoodies that had Gatecrashed the Party and were Trying to Take People’s Phones”

On 8 September 2012, Jay Whiston, age 17, was stabbed and murdered at a party in a £450,000 house in an affluent suburb in Colchester, Essex, England, after a number of partycrashers found out about the party on Facebook. His father, Stafford, a pawnbroker, said, “He was my hero. If you could pick any son, you would pick him. No one should ever have to go through this. I am devastated. When did kids in nice places like this start carrying knives?” Jay’s uncle, Clifford Hill, said, “These kids carrying knives has got to stop. He was a great kid, always someone that would send you a birthday card. It just ruins decent people’s lives. Everybody loved him. The word ‘tragedy’ doesn’t do it justice. It is just awful. They should throw away the key for the people that did it. I just hope that you can get something good out of it. I am 52; we have never, ever had anything like this happen to our family. When crimes like this touch normal people like us, you know that something has to be done about it. I just hope that something good can come from this.” Jay was murdered as he tried to stop troublemakers from stealing his friend’s mobile phone. Jay’s mother, Caroline, said, “We are not supposed to be here [mourning], not today; my son is supposed to be at school. He was kind, loving, honest, an A-level student studying law. He had his whole life mapped out. He was going to get married. He was going to have two girls. He
worked ever since the age of about 13, every Saturday with his dad, and it’s just gone. It’s just all gone. We protected him so much, but obviously not enough.” She added, “Jay went out with his hopes and his dreams and his friends and he was stabbed by a weapon or, we don’t know, in the heart because he had such a big heart they couldn’t have missed it. That was the last. The police came and they took us to the hospital, but we were too late.” Jay’s stepfather, Michael Shearer, said, “All we know is we saw Jay on Saturday night, just before he went out the door. My wife turned around to him and said, ‘How tall are you?’ They stood back to back and measured each other.” Caroline said, “That was the last time I saw my son.” She added, “He was trying to protect one of his friends who was pushed by some hoodies that had gatecrashed the party and were trying to take people’s phones. Jay went up and asked them to leave him alone.” She added, “He was an absolutely gentle lad who was kind and had no enemies. It’s any mother’s worst nightmare. He was loved by everyone and so caring. My son had never been in trouble with the police before. He hated bullies and hated people being unfair. I still feel numb, but I’m starting to feel angry now. How can thugs ruin innocent lives at their will? There’s no rhyme or reason to it.” Jay’s aunt, Debbie Hill, age 48, said, “You used to be able to stand up to bullies but you can’t now. They’re walking around carrying knives like a badge of honour.” Caroline said, “It doesn’t matter how good your son or daughter is—there is always a bad one around the corner. I knew where my son was last night, but today I am grieving for him. It isn’t right that parents cannot send their children to a party without fearing for their safety due to these knife-wielding thugs. Judges need to be given the powers to give punishments that are equal to the crime.” Police arrested four people: two 18-year-old men and two 17-year-old boys. (189)
“The [Suspect] had a Knife in His Hand and the Kid Might have been Hurt”

On 22 June 2012 in downtown Guangzhou, capital of Guangdong province, China, a man with a knife attempted to kidnap a four-year-old boy. Huang Zhaojing, a security guard who has worked in Guangzhou’s Haizhu district for the past seven years, said, “I had to survey the terrain and come up with a plan [to rescue the boy]. I mean, the suspect had a knife in his hand and the kid might have been hurt. His life might have even been in danger if I rushed in to rescue him without thinking things over.” Mr. Huang was off duty that day, but he witnessed the attempted kidnapping while he was walking to a bank office. He said, “I saw that the [suspect] was pretty thin, and I didn’t think he was much stronger than I was.” He added, “I found that the [suspect] was not being vigilant at all when several pedestrians were walking across the crosswalk to get past him.” He casually walked toward the kidnapper, winked at some police officers who had arrived, and then grabbed the kidnapper’s knife and got it from him. A police officer handcuffed the kidnapper, and the boy’s father took the boy away. A senior police negotiator said, “If Huang had [made a hasty decision to rush to the boy], the boy might have been hurt by the [suspect], who was on pins and needles.” The boy’s father, Mr. Liu, said, “I really do not know what would have happened to my son without Huang’s brave and quick-witted intervention.” Wang Chongyan, an office worker in Guangzhou, said, “Everybody in the city should learn from Huang’s example.” The Guangzhou city government awarded Mr. Zhaojing 10,000 yuan ($1,600 US) and a certificate of appreciation for his heroism. Mr. Zhaojing is modest and did not tell his family and friends about the rescue; they learned about his heroism after local media tracked him down at the request of the police. (190)
“I was Giving Information to Police, and the Whole Time He Didn’t Know This was Going on at All, that I Could See What He was Doing”

In 2012 in Boston, Massachusetts, someone stole graphics designer Fran Harrington’s Macbook Pro—it was the third computer that thieves had stolen from him. But this time he had installed security software on the computer so that he was able to see whoever was using it. That person was a teenager who watched cartoons on it. Mr. Harrington said, “I watched for about four days. I was giving information to police, and the whole time he didn’t know this was going on at all, that I could see what he was doing.” The security software even helped identify the computer’s location, and police found it in the South End’s Cathedral Public Housing Complex. Mr. Harrington said, “I found out it was bought by a family living in the projects, and that they had no idea they were buying a stolen computer.” The computer was a gift for their college-bound son. Mr. Harrington added, “I went from a high to a low pretty quickly. I felt bad for the family.” He then raised money online to buy the teen a computer. In three days, his friends had donated $900. He said, “I just felt that I should help them out.” But he still hopes that the police will catch the real thief. (191)

John Ross: Hero and Good Person

On 14 August 2012, African-American motorman John Ross was pulling his Franklin Shuttle train out of the Brooklyn Botanical Garden station in New York City when he saw a helpless kitten on the tracks. Its head was stuck inside a Sun Chips bag. Mr. Ross said, “I’m saying, ‘What happened here?’ I figured it may be a cruel trick by some kids—or the cat might be trying to get some food.” He pulled the hand brake, and the train came to a stop just a few feet from the kitten. Mr. Ross said, “Decapitation, that was a possibility.” He looked closely at the kitten: “I saw
he was alive—he was moving. I actually petted him.” Then he pulled the bag off the kitten’s head. How did the kitten react? Mr. Ross said, “He looked at me for a minute like, ‘Wow, I don’t know where I’ve been.” Then the kitten ran down the tracks. Mr. Ross said, “He took off like a bandit. He seemed to be fine.” Does Mr. Ross have a cat? Does that explain his kindness? He said, “I don’t have cats. I have a little dog.” On Valentine’s Day 2009, Mr. Ross did something much more heroic. A convicted robber from the Bronx boarded Mr. Ross’ train, a southbound A train at Fulton Street, saw passenger Thomas Richard, who was holding a bouquet of flowers, and got angry because the flowers reminded him of a girlfriend. The convicted robber asked Mr. Richard, “Do I know you?” Mr. Richard replied, “No.” The convicted robber started to turn away, but then turned back and repeatedly stabbed Mr. Richard. Many people ran away from the attacker, but Mr. Ross, who was off-duty, ran toward the attacker. Mr. Ross said, “He just started stabbing the guy out of the clear blue.” Mr. Ross and another man tried to pull the attacker off Mr. Richard. Mr. Ross said, “I was trying to grab his coat. He kept swinging the knife, and I was trying to avoid getting stabbed. It was chaos.” Some riders wanted to pull the emergency cord, but Mr. Ross ordered them not to. He did not want the passengers to be stuck in a tunnel on a train under the East River with a madman who was stabbing people. The train reached the High Street station, and the attacker ran. Mr. Ross chased him and brought him down. He said, “It was almost like a football tackle. I roped my arms around him and brought him to the ground. That station is in a desolate part of Brooklyn. All I could think of was this guy stabbed someone. If he got away, and the other guy died, I couldn’t live with that on my conscience. I thought, ‘This shouldn’t have happened in the first place, and he shouldn’t get away with it.’” Mr. Ross held the attacker down until police arrived and arrested him.
Metropolitan Transportation Authority Chairman Joseph Lhota said, “John Ross stands out as a true hero. His selfless act of putting himself in harm’s way and protecting our riders demands our respect and admiration.” The attacker pleaded guilty to assault and was sentenced to at least 12 years at Sing Sing, the maximum-security prison 30 miles north of New York City. Despite being stabbed multiple times, Mr. Richard survived. (192)

“Get the Guy in the Gray Suit! He Just Murdered Somebody!”

On 24 August 2012, a gunman outside the Empire State Building in New York City shot and killed a man. Brian Dillon, a construction foreman, witnessed the murder and did not want the murderer to get away. He said, “He could’ve gotten away real easy. He was getting away. That couldn’t happen.” He added, “Someone like that isn’t supposed to walk the street.” He followed the murderer and when he saw a police car, he shouted, “Get the guy in the gray suit! He just murdered somebody!” When the police officers confronted the murderer, he raised his weapon. Mr. Dillon said, “He spun around with the gun in his hand coming up to shoot, is what it looked like.” The police officers shot and killed him. Mr. Dillon is happy that the murderer did not get away. Mr. Dillon said, “There are some things in life you just got to do, you know?” (193)

“I Hate It When Bad Things Happen to Good People”

Michael Kerr has worked at Roberts Market in Woodside, California, for 36 years. The store manager likes to commute from his home in Palo Alto by train and bicycle, and he chains his bike to the building at Roberts. Unfortunately, on 17 May 2012, during Bike to Work Week, his bike was stolen. He said that, ironically, his bike “is the only one I’ve ever heard of getting ripped off from this store, and every day there are hundreds of bicycles
leaning up against the building that are much nicer than mine.” He mentioned the bike theft to customer and Woodside resident Betty Irvine, who said, “I hate it when bad things happen to good people.” She decided to raise money for a new bike for Mr. Kerr. She sent friends an email asking for donations, they responded, and she was able to give Mr. Kerr a $1,500 gift certificate to a bike shop in Palo Alto. Mr. Kerr said, “I was surprised, and moved.” He now has a new specialized hybrid and is careful to keep it inside the store when he is not riding it. (194)

“It Just Feels Good Doing Good Deeds for Other People. … I Want to be a Little More Helpful, a Good Samaritan”

In February 2010 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, teenager Rahagee Burns and his two cousins—13-year-old Rasheed Harris and 12-year-old Koran Harris—shoveled snow at their grandmother’s house and then kept on going, shoveling snow for free at other houses in the neighborhood. The boys said that they had fun; they also helped many older people. Koran said, “Some people at these houses are old … and they can’t get out here and do it, so we just go to their houses and do it.” Rahagee said, “It just feels good doing good deeds for other people. … I want to be a little more helpful, a good Samaritan.” The boys attend the Lutheran Special School in Milwaukee. Their teacher, Judy Schultz, said, “We’ve been studying miracles and about making a difference in this world, that everyone has something to offer. … We talked about the good Samaritan, and who is your neighbor.” One of the residents, Venessa Brown, was happy to find the snow shoveled at her house: “I found my walkway shoveled! I think it’s great—you don’t see a lot of kids out working.” Another recipient of the boys’ good deed, Thomas Moorland, said, “They basically did everything for me. They’ve got really good hearts.” (195)
“Kindness is Always in Style”

Burt and Joan Johnson of Sun City, Arizona, sent this 30 September 2012 letter to the editor of the Prescott Daily Courier (Prescott, Arizona): “This letter is to thank the person who helped my husband, Burt, back to our rental house on July 5, after he fell just a block from the house while on his morning walk. The man who found him was on his way to work and stopped to help him. We didn’t get the man’s name, but we want him to know that we are grateful for his help. I took Burt to the Yavapai Regional Medical Center and it was found that he had a broken arm. We were very pleased with the care he received there. Even though we had just begun to settle into the rental house, we decided to come home to Sun City. The owner of the house was good enough to release us from our contract. Burt’s arm has healed and he is now in therapy for several weeks. Again, we would like to thank the kind person who walked with Burt back to the house that morning.” On 1 October 2012, “The Rev” posted this comment on the letter: “Blessings to the unknown man and you, Burt and Joan, for letting others know kindness is always in style.” (196)

“A Taste of the Good Life”

Derek C. Weightman is both an American who works as a transport coordinator of B.H.P Billiton in Australia and a Good Samaritan to impoverished children in the Philippines. For years, whenever he has gone to the Philippines, he has taken along extra suitcases filled with clothing for children. He also takes food items and products for good hygiene. Mr. Weightman said that he wants to “give children a taste of the good life.” He does this by giving them good clothing and by teaching them good grooming. Mr. Weightman said, “It makes me happy, and no amount of money can match the smiles on the faces of the children.” (197)
Dashrath Manjhi: The Man Who Moved a Mountain

In August 2007, Dashrath Manjhi died of gall-bladder cancer at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences (AIIMS) in New Delhi, India. From 1960 to 1982, Mr. Manjhi used a hammer, chisel, and nails to build a 360-foot-long, 30-foot-high, and 25-foot-wide passage through rocky Gehlour hills, thus becoming known as “Mountain Man” and “The Man Who Moved a Mountain.” The passage made it much easier for people in the area to travel. After he constructed the passage, the distance between the Atri and Wazirganj blocks of Gaya district was just one kilometer instead of 75 kilometers. Mr. Manjhi said in 2007, “This hill had given us trouble and grief for centuries. The people had asked the government many times to make a proper road through the hill, but nobody paid any attention. So I just decided I would do it all by myself.” He made what was once a one-foot-wide passage into a passage big enough for motorcycles and bicycles. Children used to walk eight kilometers to get to school, but now they walk only three kilometers. According to an article at Oddity Central, people from over 60 villages use Mr. Manjhi’s passage every day.” (198)

50 Good Deeds in 50 Days

On 7 October 2012, Tami Vanderwilt, a mother of four in Austin, Texas, became 50 years old. She was not happy about it, but she decided not to curse the calendar. Instead, she decided to do 50 good deeds—one per day—in the 50 days leading up to her 50th birthday. Ms. Vanderwilt had heard about a shortage of blood following the July 2012 shooting rampage in a movie theater in Aurora, Colorado. She said, “It came to my attention that they really were in need of blood, so I thought, ‘I can do that.’ I persuaded my friends to donate. And it just snowballed into thinking about all of the other deeds I can do.” She did such things
as visiting nursing-home residents who get few visitors and
gave away flowers and hugs in downtown Austin. Ms.
Vanderwilt documented her project at <50deeds.com>. She
said, “If I can do 50 in 50 days, maybe they can take a
moment and just do one. Pay it forward.” (199)

“My Birthday was AWESOME!”

In May 2010, for her 35th birthday, the blogger behind
What a Ride! took her children out into the neighborhood
so that together they could do 35 random acts of kindness.
Among the good deeds were these: “1—We left our
mailman a yummy box of girl scout cookies and a note
thanking him for bringing us our mail!” and “28—We
picked up trash everywhere we went (even the trash our
waitress stepped over at lunch!”) The blogger wrote, “My
birthday was AWESOME—I promise you that this was the
BEST birthday I have ever had!” (200)

CHAPTER 5: Stories 201-250

“I Always Leave My Paper on the Train”

Joe Kane knows an easy-to-do but effective good deed: “I
always leave my paper on the train. It’s like my good deed
for the day. Giving someone a slightly less boring
commute.” (201)

Men Who Do the Right Thing

Novelist Charlie Carillo knows a man who had the inside of
his car cleaned after years of neglect. A team of Mexican-
Americans labored for hours to get the inside of that car
clean and shiny. The cost was $100, but the owner of the
car said, “That wasn’t enough, for all they did. So I took
out another 50 bucks and gave it to the head guy, and told
him to spread it around.” The head guy took the $50, and
he handed the owner of the car an envelope and said, “We
found this in the car.” The envelope contained five $100
bills—money that the owner of the car did not remember ever misplacing. He gave the head guy a $100 bill and said, “Here, take this, too.” (202)

“Grapefruit, a Hot Dog, Baked Beans, Spiced Pears, Green Salad, Potato Chips, Coconut Cream Pie and Tea”

Pat Hunter, aka Dave, archivist for River Falls Journal (Wisconsin), writes about some long-lost books in a 6 September 2012 column: 1) When he was a seventh-grade boy, he borrowed Jack, the Young Ranchman from the Whitehall Public Library in Whitehall, Wisconsin. He lost the book, and so he never returned it. Instead, he felt guilty and avoided the librarian. Twenty-five years later, he found the book while cleaning out his parents’ basement. Figuring that he owed over $2,500 in overdue fines, he did not return the book. More time passed, and one of his classmates became librarian. He confessed to her that he still had the book, and she said, “Oh, Dave, we have amnesty days every year. Drop it off, and I’ll see that it gets back on the shelf—unless it’s too moldy.” 2) Years ago, he lent his copy of Max Shulman’s Barefoot Boy With Cheek to a student who never returned it. He calls it “a comic novel about the misadventures of Asa Heartrug, a country boy who attends the University of Minnesota and suffers under its weird mismanagements back in the 1940s. (Apparently things haven’t changed.) Here’s a sample: ‘St. Paul and Minneapolis extend from the Mississippi River like the legs on a pair of trousers. Where they join is the University of Minnesota.’” Unfortunately, the book was out of print. In an article that he wrote for the magazine Grit, he mentioned the loss of the book. A woman named Elaine Elstad Pope sent him a first edition of it. She also sent him this note: “Dear Mr. Wood. Here’s my copy of the Shulman book. You may be interested to know that I am also from Whitehall.” 3) In September 2012, he received a package
from Jane Garny Rau, a woman he knew 30 years ago and who now lives in Spring, Texas. Ms. Rau, who used to live in Minneapolis, Minnesota, wrote him, “Dear Dave: I feel just awful! I thought I had mailed this book to you years ago and, much to my chagrin, I found it while packing up our house of 25 years to move to a new home. I am so, so sorry! And I can only imagine what my mother is thinking. Please accept my profound apology. It is a fabulous cookbook. I know Mom would have loved it, too.” The book was a favorite cookbook that he had loaned to her. The late Minneapolis Tribune columnist Will Jones had written the cookbook, which is titled Wild in the Kitchen. Here is a short excerpt: “Just so you know my heart is in this matter, I want to tell you what I had for breakfast before sitting down to write this chapter: Grapefruit, a hot dog, baked beans, spiced pears, green salad, potato chips, coconut cream pie and tea. Breakfast is an institution that needs some jazzing up.” (203)

“The Best of the City, Quietly Rising to the Occasion”

On 1 September 2012 in Portland, Oregon, at the Via Tribunali restaurant, two couples met and talked. One was a Portland couple, and the other was a German couple. The German woman had lost her eyeglasses while shopping, and she was worried about getting them back. After eating, the Portland couple left on bicycles. Around 20 minutes later, they returned, and they gave the German woman her glasses. For 20 minutes, the Portland couple had visited shops that the German couple had visited and they had found her glasses. Oregonian columnist Steve Duin used these words to describe the good deed: “The best of the city, quietly rising to the occasion.” (204)

“I Was Met by This Lovely Person Who Radiated Goodness”

From New Zealand, Gravey Dice wrote on 2 September
2012 about a person who changed her life—or at least about a person who convinced Gravey to change Gravey’s life. Several years ago, Gravey was depressed and in a bad mood while shopping: “I eventually made it to the checkout and was prepared to deal with the usual (in my worldview) surly checkout operator. Instead I was met by this lovely person who radiated goodness. At the end she genuinely smiled and wished me a nice day. It changed my life. Literally.” So how did this person change her life—or convince her to change her (Gravey’s) life. Gravey explains, “Not only was I transformed from that dark thing, but I made a commitment at that very instant. As far as possible (there are still genuine arseholes in the world), I would do the same thing to others. You know, simply be nice to them. Be nice to strangers.” She put this new attitude into effect and was amazed by the result. What’s more, the checkout operator continued to amaze her: “What amazes me is this one person, this ‘lowly’ checkout operator almost certainly has no idea what she has done. She has changed my life. She has changed almost all the lives I have since come into contact with. With a tiny act of kindness, she changed the world. I feel immensely proud and privileged to have been part of that particular chain of events. And it drives me on. A single word, a single act, can change the world. For better or for worse. Try to choose the better. But remember there is no shame in failing.” (205)

“No Matter How Great or Small the Act of Kindness is, It is What the World Needs More Of”

In August 2012, Kelli Jones was buying groceries at Trader Joe’s in Annapolis, Maryland, when she realized that she was $40 short. Fortunately, a woman in the line paid the balance due and simply told her, “All you have to do is pay it forward.” Kelli thanked her, and seeing her later in the parking lot, thanked her again. The woman showed Kelli a
bouquet of flowers that the cashier had given her for her good deed. In a letter to the editor of the *Capital Gazette*, Kelli wrote, “This woman that crossed my path that day has forever left an impression on my life that reinforces the understanding of how important it is to be kind to one another. Whether it is someone you know or not, no matter how great or small the act of kindness is, it is what the world needs more of. There were two good Samaritans who exhibited acts of kindness that day—the generous and kind woman who paid my balance due and the generous and kind cashier who followed her lead. You never know who is paying attention to the examples that you set. I also would like to take this opportunity to say thank you to both of these kindhearted souls who turned an uncomfortable situation into a beautiful one. I will forever be looking for my opportunities to ‘pay it forward’ and do my part to make the world a better place.” (206)

**Good People Live in Utah**

Utahns do good deeds for others, as is evidenced in a 24 August 2012 article by Paul Rolly in the *Salt Lake Tribune*: 1) A woman named Terri has a son who had the misfortune of a pack falling off his motorcycle in the eastbound lanes of I-215 near Union Park Avenue in Salt Lake City, Utah. Dollar bills floated in the air. Two anonymous young men chased the dollar bills, gathered the contents of the pack, found a driver’s license with an address on it, and delivered everything to Terri, who did not want her name printed in the *Salt Lake Tribune* because her son “is a little embarrassed.” 2) Janalee Tobias was in Sweet Tooth Fairy in Draper, Utah, to get something really, really sweet, when she realized that she had no cash and no credit cards and that the shop does not take checks. A male customer told her to get what she wanted and he would put the purchase on his credit card. She declined at first, but she really does have a sweet tooth, and so she ended up getting a chocolate
cookie “with about an inch of frosting on it.” 3) Each morning an elderly man and woman walk on the sidewalk on Murray Holladay Road across from the Holladay Lions Recreation Center near 1600 East in Salt Lake City. He uses a leaf-blower to blow grass off the sidewalk, and she uses a reaching tool to pick up litter. 4) Gary Broadhead of Midvale, Utah, left his bag containing personal items, his wallet, and his keys on a platform of the TRAX light rail system, which is run by the Utah Transit Authority. A young man from Provo, Utah, found the bag, looked up Mr. Broadhead’s address on his driver’s license, and delivered the bag and contents to him. (207)

**An Act of Kindness from a Good Samaritan**

On 15 July 2012, the son of Drs. Lori and Tony Cannistra of Cumberland, Rhode Island, suffered a bicycle accident and was thrown from his bike when he hit an uneven storm grate in a road in Lincoln, Rhode Island. Fortunately, a Good Samaritan helped him. The Cannistras wrote in a letter to the editor, “This nice woman stopped and took him to the nearby Lincoln Urgent Care and then went back and brought his bike there also. Our son was in and out of consciousness for a brief time and suffered a concussion despite wearing a helmet. He also split his upper lip. Thanks also to the staff of the Lincoln Urgent Care and the Lincoln Rescue personnel who evaluated and cared for him and rushed him to the trauma unit at Rhode Island Hospital. Our son is now fully recovered and thankfully did not suffer any long-term consequences.” The Cannistras recommended that the uneven storm grates in the road be fixed as they are a hazard to bicyclists. (208)

**Fairy God Plumbers**

Ana Samways writes an entertaining daily humor column titled “Sideswipe” for the *New Zealand Herald*. Often, readers write in with accounts of good deeds. For example,
in August 2012 Megan (no last name given) wrote about the morning she left the plumber in her house so he could fix the dishwasher: “When I got home I noticed someone had been in my garage and had fixed my automatic garage door which had dislodged itself from the brackets on the wall. I was a newly single mum and going through a bit of a rough time. I now refer to Glen as my Fairy God Plumber … he will never know how much his efforts meant to me on that day.” A couple of days previously, a reader had written Ana with this account of a good deed: “My partner and I got home from work and noticed our old, crooked, wooden gate looked different. Someone had taken the palings off, straightened them and nailed them back on, lining all the new nails up nicely. The only person who had been near the house was our plumber … so I emailed him and—mystery solved. A big thank-you to Paul from Chris Ryan Plumbing, Cambridge, for his MacGyver moment! A lovely surprise (especially for new home owners whose tools so far consist of an axe and a spade).” Here, unfortunately, is a plumber who went too far in services rendered: Joanne Foster wrote, “I’m a bit of a jigsaw puzzle freak and was looking forward to finishing my 1000 piece puzzle I had laid out on a card table in the lounge with only 20 or 30 pieces to go. He’d completed the repair job but also my jigsaw puzzle!” (209)

A Kindness to Pass Forward

On 19 August 2012, Nicholas D. Rosen of Arlington, Virginia, wrote about being the grateful recipient of a good deed: “When I was making some purchases at the farmers’ market today, it began drizzling. As I headed home, the rain intensified, and was soon coming down in buckets. I took shelter for a few minutes at a gas station, where the island with the gas pumps had a bit of a roof, but then I decided that the rain wouldn’t let up anytime soon, so I continued my walk home, getting soaked. Then a passing
car stopped, and the driver kindly asked where I was going. He took me the remaining two and a half blocks or so, and I thanked him for being so neighborly. That’s a kindness one should try to pass on.” (210)

“The Good Lord Sent an Angel”

On 14 August 2012 in Montclair, New Jersey, Victoria Gunn’s aunt fell on some front stairs. Bushes broke her fall and so she was not injured, but Ms. Gunn was unable to help her stand up. Fortunately, as she wrote in a letter to the editor of Montclair Patch, “The Good Lord sent an angel in a passerby who immediately came across the street and helped me get her up. He knew exactly what to do to position her so that together we could get her up effortlessly. It was amazing to me as I was already prepared to call the EMT’s and police even though she was not hurt, but her inability to maneuver herself to a position that would have helped me, help her, would have been nearly impossible without this angel to help me.” Ms. Gunn did not get his name, but she learned that he is a teacher at Montclair High School, and she wrote the letter to thank him. Ms. Gunn wrote, “Truly there are good people out there as he could have easily walked by us unnoticed.” (211)

“Peace and Harmony are What We Possess from Our Grandparents; They have Helped Us to Live with Great Moral Values”

On 5 June 2011, a man with a handicap had difficulty boarding a boat at Khoo Pheng Loong Wharf on the Malaysian part of the island of Borneo. Two Good Samaritans—Ajai Jambun, age 43, and Bujang Natan, age 60—helped him board the boat by carrying him and his wheelchair. The man in the wheelchair was grateful but wished to remain anonymous. Mr. Jambun said, “From the time of our forefathers, friends are made from simple kind
acts. That’s what we do everyday. We should help others, regardless of who they are. Peace and harmony are what we possess from our grandparents; they have helped us to live with great moral values.” Mr. Natan said, “We should not just be spectators or walk away in times of need.” He added, “Never ask for return after doing a good deed, for we are already blessed in our living environment. That should be our reward already.” (212)

“Dear Mom”

Some children are incredibly nice. A boy named Jacob made his mother a glass of strawberry-flavored milk. He left it in the refrigerator along with this note: “Dear Mom, This is for you, I understand how hard you work, and I know you love strawberry milk so, I made this for you. :) Jacob.” (213)

“The World Needs More Skip Horns”

Sherry Shaw of Cleveland, Ohio, often drives to Athens, Ohio, because she carts her sons back and forth to school. (Athens, Ohio, is home to Ohio University.) In August 2012, she was moving a son from one apartment to another, a move involving heavy items. She was having trouble finding a rental truck, and money and time were both tight. She wrote in a letter to Terry Smith, the editor of The Athens News, “I spotted Skip Horn in a huge red truck on College Street. I approached him. Would he possibly have an hour to help with the move, I asked. He said sure, and we decided to meet at 5 o’clock. I told him I would pay him $25. After an hour of heaving and sweating, I tried to give him the money, and he refused. His only payment? That I do something nice for someone, too, and I will. What a gentleman. The world needs more Skip Horns. Skip, if you read this, I took your advice. As I said to you, if everyone felt the way you do about giving gifts of one’s self, the world would be a better place.” (214)
“There Really is Something to that Good Karma Stuff”

If you want to catch a big fish, maybe it helps to do a good deed. In October 2009, while Andy Miller and his father, Chuck, were fishing in Lynnhaven Inlet’s Long Creek in Virginia Beach, Virginia, they saw two dogs running around and barking on a dock. One dog bumped into the other dog, pushing it off the dock. The dog managed to hold on to something under the dock. The dogs’ owner was powerwashing his boat and was not aware of the mishap. Andy and Chuck motored to the dock in order to alert the dogs’ owner that one of his dogs was in danger. Andy said, “But we didn’t want to get too close, and we put the motor in neutral. We didn’t want to get that prop too close to the dog if it slipped away from the dock. We couldn’t see it.” They alerted the dogs’ owner, and he jumped into the water while holding a fishing net and rescued his dog. Andy said, “I don’t know if he got the dog in the net or found it and grabbed it … all I know is that he managed to get the dog in his arms and back on the dock. He went from powerwashing his boat to panic in a matter of seconds. I’ve got a big Newfoundland, so I understand what he was going through.” The dogs’ owner thanked Andy and Chuck and wished them good luck in their fishing. The Millers then headed to the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel to fish. Andy said, “My dad looked at me and said, ‘That’s our good deed for the day. Now let’s go get a big one.’ It was almost like he knew what was going to happen.” Andy caught a big one: “It was the biggest flounder I’ve ever caught.” The flounder weighed seven pounds, 12 ounces. Andy said, “I guess if you’re going to only catch a few, this one was the one to catch. And I guess it shows that there really is something to that good karma stuff.” (215)

Hot Dog

In August 2012, Nathan Duszynski, age 13, became
homeless in Michigan after the hot dog stand on which he spent his savings to help support his parents was shut down because he did not have the proper permit. Nathan said, “I basically had to stop before I even got started.” His mother, Lynnette, who has epilepsy, said, “Nate and I are now in a shelter.” Her husband and Nathan’s stepfather, Doug Johnson, has multiple sclerosis. She said, “Doug can’t stay with us because he takes prescription narcotics to deal with his pain and the shelter does not allow him with those kinds of drugs.” Nathan’s hot dog stand was located in Holland’s downtown commercial zone. Food carts not associated with restaurants are not permitted in that zone in order to protect restaurants, which pay property taxes. Food carts do not pay property taxes. City of Holland Assistant Manager Greg Robinson said about Nathan, “This is a great opportunity for him, and it would be great to work with him and we can in many commercial areas of the city. This just happens to be one where he can’t.” After the hot dog stand was shut down, Nathan put up his hot dog stand for sale. Fortunately, an anonymous businessman bought the stand and is allowing Nathan to use it rent-free to sell hot dogs to support himself and his family. (216)

“The Incident Made Me Feel Good for Jamaica”

In February 2004 in Kingston, Jamaica, Billy Hall witnessed a good deed that was performed by bus driver Kevin McDonald. A blind man on the bus needed to get off at the stop near the Matilda’s Corner Police Station, which is by the institution for the blind. Mr. McDonald assisted the blind man off the bus, escorted him across the street, and took him to his destination. Mr. Hall wrote in a letter to the editor of the Jamaica Gleaner, “On his return to the steering wheel, the passengers expressed their pleasure. One near to me said, ‘That is the work of Christ.’ Silently I agreed. The incident made me feel good for Jamaica. Thank you, driver Kevin McDonald.” (217)
“What are Your ‘Good Samaritan’ Stories?”

People often post stories about Good Samaritans on Reddit. For example: 1) An anonymous person posted this: “I was the ‘in need of help person’ in this one = Car wreck, head on collision. A woman hit me head on going 55. My car slid into a ditch and started smoking. The trans-axle blew out the back of my car along with the 2 rear wheels … it was a bad wreck. I tried to climb out of my car but couldn’t. A random guy, 40-50, ran over and pulled me from the car, dragged us to the street and pulled my watch from the palm of my hand (where it embedded itself in the meat of my palm). He said he called the cops and an ambulance, but he had a warrant out and had to leave asap. Just as the cops showed up, the cabin of my car caught fire. He said his name was Darryl. I’ll never forget it. Never found out who he was or what he did, but I’m glad that guy was driving by.” 2) Almost-famous wrote this: “I forgot my debit card in the ATM machine at the bank. I got a call from the bank telling me they had it. When I got there, the girl told me a guy had walked up to the machine and had just gone ahead with what he was going to do and then noticed he wasn’t on his account. He had taken my card and the $200 he had mistakenly gotten from my account inside and given it to one of the tellers.” 3) Queerineveryway wrote this: “I found a wallet lying in a puddle (it was raining) next to a car. I looked at the driver’s license so I could recognize the person, and went into the restaurant. I figured that even if I couldn’t find the guy, I could give it to the restaurant and he might come in and find it. The guy ahead of me in line was the one who had lost his wallet! I returned it, and he paid for my dinner.”

“I Want to Find Out Who His Mom and Dad Are. They’ve Done a Fabulous Job Teaching This Young Man Honesty”
On 29 August 2012 at the Molalla Safeway in Molalla, Oregon, a 16- or 17-year-old boy did a major good deed. Harold Hall, owner of Hall’s Barber Shop in Molalla, walked into his home, and his wife told him that someone had called to say that he had lost a moneybag at the Safeway. He was sure that the moneybag would be missing money, but everything was in the moneybag. Mr. Hall said, “I opened it up and every single penny was there. My checkbook was there—nothing was missing.” He said to the Good Samaritan who had turned in the moneybag, “I really want to thank you because you saved me a lot of trouble.” He tried to give the teenager a $20 gift card for McDonald’s, but the teenager said, “I can’t take that. It was your money, and you worked hard for it. You deserve to have it back.” The teenager’s first name was Gus, and he was Hispanic. Mr. Hall said, “I want to find out who his mom and dad are. They’ve done a fabulous job teaching this young man honesty.” (219)

“It Makes You Feel Much Better About Society in General. There are a Few People Running Around that Actually Have a Good Heart”

On 20 August 2012, Nick Wesenberg lost $2,500 in cash in the Napco parking lot in Hopkins, Minnesota. He got it back. Mr. Wesenberg said, “I didn’t tell everybody in the world. How dumb am I? I lost all this money.” He had wanted to buy a van. Mr. Wesenberg said, “The guy said, ‘You need to bring cash.’ All I had was my little emergency cash. Brought it with me to work—ran to meet the guy, and he said, ‘Oh, sold it to the first guy who came along with the money.’” Mr. Wesenberg added, “I didn’t think about it [the money] until the next day when I couldn’t find it, and then you feel sick. I’m tearing through each house—my mom’s house, the other house. Everywhere, I looked. I thought maybe I threw it in the trash by accident.” A man found the money and turned it in
to the police. Hopkins Police Sergeant Mike Glassberg called FOX News in Minneapolis. Mr. Wesenberg said, “I told my boss about it two days after it happened. I just mentioned it to her in passing, and she just shook her head. […] Monday of this week she came running into my office and said someone in the lunch room was talking about a news program they had seen.” Approximately six people called the police and said that the lost money belonged to them, but only Mr. Wesenberg was able to give the police key information that had not been broadcast. In addition, Hopkins Police checked Mr. Wesenberg’s bank statements and are sure that he is the rightful owner of the money. Mr. Wesenberg said, “It makes you feel much better about society in general. There are a few people running around that actually have a good heart.” (220)

“After All the Crime and Horror Stories You Hear, It’s Good to Hear of Such Honesty Again. I am Truly Impressed”

In April 2010, Geanne Forte’s handbag felt lighter after she visited her optometrist and returned in a taxi to her home in the Essenwood Home frail care centre in Durban, South Africa. She said, “I had just arrived back in my room and was about to sit down when I noticed my handbag was much lighter than before. I thought to myself, ‘What have I done?’ and when I opened my bag I saw that my purse was not inside.” She had left her purse in the taxi. Ms. Forte, age 87, said, “My eyesight is poor, and I didn’t know that, in returning my purse to my handbag after paying the driver, my purse had missed my handbag completely and landed on the floor of the taxi.” She called the central office of Eagle Taxis and said that in one of their taxis she had left her purse, which contained R100 (approximately $12 US). Nhlanhla Mkhize, the driver of the taxi, said, “I got a call from the control room asking me if I had found a purse. I looked around and saw it at the back, and kept it in the
cubby. I said I would return it when I was in the area again.” He returned the purse to Ms. Forte later that day. 
Ms. Forte, who gave him a small reward, said, “I am so grateful for the honesty. They offered to bring the purse back to me, which was wonderful. After all the crime and horror stories you hear, it’s good to hear of such honesty again. I am truly impressed.” (221)

Two Honest Pakistani Taxi Drivers

In September 2012 in Dubai, United Arab Emirates, a man from Saudi Arabia left a bag containing Dh36,000 (approximately $9,800 US) in the taxi driven by Pakistani Shaaban Ali, who tracked down the Saudi man and returned the bag and money to him. Mr. Ali said, “The bag contained Dh36,000, the man’s passport, and some other documents.” As a reward for his honesty, Mr. Ali received the small sum of Dh10 (approximately $2.70 US). Mr. Ali said, “He told me thank you and handed me Dh10.” He added, “I have to admit I felt a little bad because I spent a lot of time trying to track the passenger down and even spent more than an hour waiting at our office for him to come and collect the money. But I would have returned the money with or without the reward, so it doesn’t matter.”

Another Pakistani driver, Sajjad Arif, who works for the same taxi company, demonstrated impressive honesty when he returned valuables left in his taxi on 20 September 2012 by a Nigerian businessman. Mr. Arif said, “A laptop bag with 106,500 Nigerian Naira (Dh 2,480; $675 US), passport, laptop, blackberry, cheque books, and watch was left behind in my cab. We are here to earn our money by working, and not to make easy money. No matter what I would not even consider for a second about holding on to someone else’s belongings.” Mr. Arif said, “When I informed my company, I was told that no one complained about a lost bag. After several attempts by the company to reach the man over phone, we decided to hand over the bag
“With One Good Deed, He Portrays a Proud Face of Pakistan”

In September 2012, in Dubai, United Arab Emirates, a passenger from Saudi Arabia left a bag containing cash worth 123,000 Saudi riyals ($32,000 US dollars) and jewelry in the taxi of Pakistani Omar Hayat Ajmal Khan, age 27, who returned it to its rightful owner. Mr. Khan said, “As the news spread, I started receiving calls and my cell phone continued ringing with calls not only from the UAE but also from Pakistan appreciating and lauding my honesty.” Many people and organizations, including the Dubai Police, have sent him letters of appreciation. Jamil Ahmed Khan, Pakistan’s Ambassador to UAE, said, “With one good deed, he portrays a proud face of Pakistan. He dissolved the unjustified opinion of people that people from Khyber Pakhtunkhwa do not have any positive identity.” Mr. Khan said, “I am thankful to everyone who showed great admiration to me and awarded me certificates and cash prizes.” He added, “I want to share these beautiful moments with my family while I will be on leave during Eid in Pakistan.” The Pakistan Professional Wing (PPW) awarded him Dhs10,000 ($2,722.50 US) in cash and a certificate of appreciation while one of the sponsors, UBL Fund, awarded him Dhs 5,000 ($1,361.25 US). (223)

Karma is on Marta Hipple’s Side

Matt Harrington of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, sent this April 2012 letter to the editor of the Aspen Times (Colorado): “I would like to express my heartfelt and most sincere ‘thank you’ to Marta Hipple. Hipple found my most
prized possession, a 1941 Bulova watch, in the parking lot at Willits, and instead of keeping it, she turned it in to the store. As a 30-year resident of the valley, I have seen a lot of changes, some for the good and some for the not so good. Hipple represents to me the reason I live here, and that’s the quality of person that adds to the beauty of the Roaring Fork Valley. Thank you from the bottom of my heart, and karma is on your side!” (224)

“Have You Got My Reading Ticket?”

In England, Charlie Heard, age 17, from Swansea, left his ticket to the Reading Festival on a train. Fortunately, on 22 August 2012, Warren Beasley, age 42, and his son Max, age 14, from Caversham, found a plastic wallet with a £190 festival weekend ticket on that train. They talked to a police officer, and after watching the sports event they had traveled to attend, they brought the ticket back to Reading. Walking through the train station, they saw Charlie, who was holding a sign that said, “Have you got my Reading ticket?” Warren asked Charlie for his name, it matched the name on the ticket, and he handed the ticket and plastic wallet to a very happy Charlie. Warren said, “We grabbed hold of each other and had a bit of a man hug. My son said he’d never seen somebody look so happy—it was a lovely feeling. I’m so glad the poor little lad did not miss the festival.” (225)

“She was Just Shaky. She Couldn't Believe It was Returned. … She was So Glad to Get That Back. That Looked Like That was All the Money She Had”

On 1 September 2012, a woman in her 30s left a purple Coach wallet containing money in a portable toilet at the Frankfort Fall Festival in Frankfort, Illinois. Festival communications co-chair Bette Bulmer said, “I asked if it was like a hundred in cash. The girl said it was more like a thousand.” Shortly afterward, a woman in her 50s handed
in the wallet to festival volunteer Sue Wolf. The woman declined to leave her name, saying that she did not want recognition for her good deed, although Ms. Wolf said, “I told her that [the woman who lost the wallet] will want to thank you.” The woman who had lost the purse picked it up, looked inside, and said that it looked like everything was there. Ms. Bulmer said, “She was just shaky. She couldn’t believe it was returned. … She was so glad to get that back. That looked like that was all the money she had.” She added, “I had goose bumps. I can’t believe that it was turned in.” In a comment on a story published in Patch (Mokena, Illinois), Sue Wolf wrote, “I was in the information booth when the lady frantically asked if a wallet had been turned in. I felt so bad for her and immediately prayed there is nothing lost with God. It gives me goose bumps as I write this. When that lady came up to me and said, ‘I found a wallet,’ I was overjoyed. I still have faith in people. I thank God every day for the blessings he does everyday.” (226)

“She Never Asked if We Could Keep It—Not Even Just in Passing. It was All About, ‘Whose is It? Where are They? How can We Find Them?’”

In the spring of 2012, Abbie Jacobson, age eight, found a small, green purse overflowing with money near Sam’s Club in Scarborough, Maine. What was her first thought? She said, “We need to find who dropped it. Because I wouldn’t want to lose all that money and have someone take it. It was a lot of money!” In the purse were many $100 bills, a debit card, and several pieces of heirloom gold jewelry. Who lost the purse? Ra Rim, a Cambodian woman, who had come to Maine a couple of years ago. She intended to use the money in the purse for a trip for her and her husband back to Cambodia, but she had lost the purse—which contained $4,202—doing some last-minute errands. Ms. Rim said, in Cambodian, with her daughter,
Chansatha Meas, translating, “I felt like I was going to faint. I felt like there was no hope I would ever get it back.” Were Abbie’s parents tempted—even a little—to keep the money? Jenn, Abbie’s mother, said, “I spent it 30 times over [in my imagination] in about 10 seconds.” John, Abbie’s father, said, “Hey, we’re human like everyone else.” He added about Abbie, “She never wondered, even in fantasy, what she or we would do with the money if we kept it. It just never crossed her mind.” He added, “She never asked if we could keep it—not even just in passing. It was all about, ‘Whose is it? Where are they? How can we find them?’” Abbie said, “I just felt sad for the people who lost it.” John looked inside the purse and saw the debit card; it was from University Credit Union and bore the name “Ra Rim.” They told Jenn about the purse and money, and then the Jacobson family called the Scarborough Police Department and handed the purse and money in. Of course, the family felt empathy for whoever had lost the money. Jenn said, “We were all sick to our stomachs that somebody had lost so much. I couldn’t sleep—I was up all night.” Abbie said, “I was worried.” The police quickly located Ra Rim and returned her purse and money to her. The Jacobson family and the Rim family met for lunch at the Minami Japanese Grill in South Portland, Maine, before Ra Rim and her husband, San, returned to Cambodia for a visit. Ra Rim hugged Abbie. The Jacobsons learned that the Rims had survived the horrors of the Khmer Rouge before coming to America. After the Rims returned from Cambodia, the two families met again for a meal. San said about Abbie and his wife’s purse, “I will keep this purse as a memory of her. Even though there is no money in it anymore, the memory of Abbie will always be inside.” After Abbie’s heartwarming story appeared in the Portland Press Herald, John Everets, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of The Bank of Maine, bought tickets to a Justin Bieber concert for
Abbie and members of her family, and the Marriott Residence Inn in Boston donated the use of a suite for Abbie and her family to spend the night after the concert. (227)

“She may be a Lowly Janitress, But [Mary Jennifer] Doroga Towers Above All with Her Integrity and Work Ethics”

On 26 April 2012 at the Customs arrival area at the Ninoy Aquino International Airport Terminal 1 in Manila, Philippines, cleaning lady Mary Jennifer Doroga, age 32, found a clear plastic pouch containing foreign currency worth P1.2 million ($28,345 US). The money would pay her mother’s medical bills, which were growing. But Mary Jennifer Doroga turned in the money to the airport’s Lost and Found. Ms. Doroga said in Filipino, “It would’ve been wrong to claim something that wasn’t mine. That would not be good karma.” When she found the money, she immediately thought about its owner. She said, “It did not cross my mind to keep the money. I was concerned for the person who lost it.” Manila International Airport Authority (MIAA) General Manager Jose Angel Honrado called Ms. Doroga one of the “silent heroes in our midst.” Ms. Doroga said, “All I want is to help my family with honest pay from honest work. That’s my simple joy.” Ms. Doroga said that she was paying forward an act of kindness that someone had done for her: MIAA finance division general manager Herminia Castillo, about whom Ms. Doroga said, “It was her who helped me find this job.” The Manila Bulletin (Philippines) wrote, “She may be a lowly janitress, but Doroga towers above all with her integrity and work ethics.” Manny Dy, honorary president of the Federation of Filipino Chinese Associations Foundation Inc., rewarded Ms. Doroga for her honesty with a P50,000 cash award. (228)
An Honest Airport Employee

In September 2012, Ronald Gadayan, a 27-year-old cleaner at the Ninoy Aquino International Airport, aka the Manila International Airport, in the Philippines, found a Burberry clutch bag that had been left behind by a traveler. Its contents, including over P600,000 in foreign currency and jewelry and other valuables, were worth over one million Philippine pesos ($23,950 US). He handed in the clutch bag and money, which were returned to their rightful owner. (229)

This Good Deed Gets Rewarded

On 20 July 2010, Denise Manrique, a senior student studying Hotel and Restaurant Technology at the City College of Manila, Philippines, found a wallet containing P4,000 ($96 US) while getting on-the-job training at the Old Spaghetti House in SM City Manila. She turned over the wallet to her superior, Jomalyn Estrada. The lost wallet belonged to and was returned to Ana Bernabe of the Bureau of Customs in Manila. Ms. Bernabe was impressed with Ms. Manrique’s honesty and sent an appreciative email to the Manila Media Bureau. This email was forwarded to Manila Mayor Alfredo S. Lim, who promised Ms. Manrique a job after she graduates. Ms. Bernabe said, “Considering that this age group is considered as happy go lucky, irresponsible, and unmindful, this person has set an example for her age and also for others. This proves that the Filipino has good morals. I can imagine what the Philippines would be like if every person has the same morals and values like her.” She also expressed her appreciation of the management of the Old Spaghetti House in SM Manila, saying that they set an example of integrity. (230)

Ray Leuthauser and Other Members of Plasterers’ Local #3: Good Samaritans
On 13 August 2012, Ray Leuthauser was driving home from work. A woman in the car ahead of him turned onto the entrance ramp for westbound I-44 from Murdoch Avenue in St. Louis, Missouri. An envelope on the car flew into the air, and then cash spilled from the envelope—lots of cash. Mr. Leuthauser said, “I honked at her a couple of times, trying to get her to stop. She didn’t stop, so I pulled over as quick as I could and started picking money up off the side of the highway. A lot of it went out into traffic, which I couldn’t go out there and get.” Mr. Leuthauser gathered $330 in cash; unfortunately, this was less than half of what had been in the envelope. Mr. Leuthauser did recover the woman’s ID card and contact info. She was Jane Corbett, a 77-year-old volunteer for Peter & Paul Services, and the money was intended to be used to buy food for the homeless. Mr. Leuthauser said, “She was beside herself because she didn’t know what she had done with the money. She told me she was going to have to make up the difference by taking it out of her own bank account.” Mr. Leuthauser is an employee of Niehaus Construction Service and a member of Plasterers’ Local #3, and he talked with his co-workers about the woman and how she was going to make up the difference. His co-workers passed the hat—or hard-hat—and collected money to make up the difference. Mr. Leuthauser said, “She needed $475 and we got her back $505.” Is Mr. Leuthauser a hero? He said, “Well, I don’t see that. I just happened to be the one behind her and decided to do the right thing.” Ms. Corbett and the Peter and Paul homeless center made thank-you signs for Mr. Leuthauser and for all the union workers who donated money. (231)

“There are So Many Honest and Good People in This World”

Eleanor Zimmerman of Sciota, Pennsylvania, is an optimist, and she has reason for being an optimist. In a 17
February 2011 letter to the editor, she wrote, “There are so many honest and good people in this world. One of them returned my purse, left in a cart outside of Kohl’s Department Store in Stroudsburg [Pennsylvania] on Monday, Jan. 17. How can I thank this person? I am in my 70s, on disability and hadn’t missed my purse until Wednesday. I called the store and found that it was returned complete with money, credit and medical cards, driver’s license and check book. I cannot tell you what a wonderful person this was; this person already knows. May God bless this individual always.” (232)

“The First Thing I Did was Give Him a Big Hug and Gush, ‘Thank You, Thank You So Much!’ Then I Grabbed Him Again and Gave Him Another Hug and a Kiss on the Cheek”

On 19 August 2012, Australian artist Danielle Hatherly Carroll lost her wedding ring while teaching an outdoor art class in Battery Park in New York City. Fortunately, New York City Parks Department employee Gary Gaddist, an African-American, found the diamond ring for her. Ms. Carroll said about the outdoor art class, “It was really, really busy, and we were wiping our hands frequently and throwing rags and towels into a large clear trash bag that one of my students had brought along. Normally I’d be so conscious but it was so busy.” Later, she woke up in the middle of the night with the feeling that something was wrong. She said, “At 3:30 on Monday morning, I woke up and felt my left hand right away and just thought, ‘Oh, my God,’ because I knew I hadn’t taken [my wedding ring] off. I didn’t have one doubt in mind that it was down in Battery Park.” Actually, this was the second time that she had lost her wedding ring. This particular wedding ring was a replacement gift for the first one that she had lost. Her husband had given it to her in 2011 on their 10th wedding anniversary. She quietly got out of bed and dressed, trying
not to wake up her husband. He woke up, and she told him that she wanted to have a police officer escort her into the park so she could search for the ring. Her husband told her, “You can’t go alone. Are you crazy?” The two took a cab to the park and searched through trash bags. They saw a city truck filled with trash, and Ms. Carroll left a note for the driver: “Hello, I believe my wedding ring is in this truck. […] It is 5 a.m. and I came down to the park to look for it. […] Please call me to tell me where the truck is going. I will come ASAP.” She also left a telephone number. Mr. Gaddist, who was working overtime on his day off, found the note and called them. Ms. Carroll said, “He [Mr. Gaddist] said that he saw the note and asked questions about where we left the trash and what exactly we were looking for. When I told him … it seemed like it was going to be a monstrous task and he didn’t think he’d be able to find it. I had already pulled out our insurance policy to file a claim and start looking for another ring.” Mr. Gaddist searched the trash, and 45 minutes later, he called Ms. Carroll, who said, “Gary called back and said, ‘I think I found the ring.’” She told him that it was a gold band with eight or nine diamonds on top. Mr. Gaddis then said, “Yup, I found it.” Ms. Carroll screamed into the phone, “Thank you, Gary!” She went to the park to meet Mr. Gaddis. She said, “The first thing I did was give him a big hug and gush, ‘Thank you, thank you so much!’ Then I grabbed him again and gave him another hug and a kiss on the cheek. He knew how happy I was.” The Carrolls gave Mr. Gaddist a $100 reward. Ms. Carroll said, “He was so modest about it, but we saw that bag. It was filthy. He would have had to peek through a lot of paper towels and rags to find it.” (233)

“The Crying Started, and It Lasted 187 Hours”

On 2 September 2012, Nikki Russell and Rex Edwards attended the football game in Louisville, Kentucky,
between the Kentucky and Louisville football teams. Ms. Russell said, “My boyfriend and I met through football, and we both have a passion for football.” While tailgating and despite the pouring rain, Mr. Edwards proposed to her. Ms. Russell said, “I was messing with some Hors d’oeuvres at our table, and I turned around and he was literally on one knee and proposed to me.” She said yes, and he gave her a beautiful $8,000 ring. Ms. Russell said, “I walked around showing everybody whether they wanted to see it or not.” But then …. She said, “When we got home, I looked down and the ring was missing.” She added, “The crying started, and it lasted 187 hours. I couldn’t deal with the fact that I had lost something that I knew not because it was a material object, we still had each other, we had our kids, we had such a great life together. But, he had spent so much time picking it out and waiting for the perfect occasion.” She filed a police report, and she went on Craigslist and offered a $500 reward to anyone finding the ring. She said, “I’m going to say within 10 minutes of posting it I got a phone call. Calling her was Marilyn Patterson, who said, “I was like, ‘Oh, my God, honey, it’s her. We have to call her right now.” She had seen something sparkly near Gate 1 and picked it up—it was a ring. She filed a report with the University of Louisville and then checked Craigslist. Ms. Russell had her ring back. Ms. Patterson said, “I was not interested in the reward. I just hoped someone would do the same thing for me if I was in that situation.” She added, “I don’t think it’s anything heroic or anything like that. I just [think] if everybody [went] by the do-onto-others rule I think the world would be a better place.” By the way, Louisville defeated Kentucky, 32-14. (234)

A Tramp Gets Hula Hoops

Indss and @FelixFarrell did a good deed in August 2012. Indss wrote on Twitter: “Mine + @FelixFarrell good deed of the day was leaving a packet of hula hoops next to a
sleeping tramp.” What would a tramp do with a hula hoop? Uh, not that kind of hula hoop. Hula Hoops are a snack made mostly of potato, sunflower oil, and rice flour; they are shaped like short, hollow cylinders. (235)

The Couponator

Rodney Osborne of Sunbury, Ohio, is the Couponator. He is a master at using coupons in such a way that he pays little or nothing for food and for personal-care items. He uses his skills at using coupons to pay it forward. In October 2012, Mr. Osborne said, “Instead of letting the coupons and deals go to waste, I get the items since they don’t cost me anything, or just a small fee, and I donate to organizations that can help out other families that were in the situation we were in.” One place he donates to is the Common Ground Free Store, which allows people to shop for free. Mr. Osborne used to shop there when he and his family were hurting financially. Lori Falk of the Common Ground Free Store said, “It is just the most wonderful feeling to know the community supports the community and that our shoppers become our volunteers and sometimes our volunteers become our shoppers.” The Osbornes had unloaded a van full of about $1,500 worth of food, personal-care items, and school supplies for the Common Ground Free Store. How much did Mr. Osborne have to pay in money? About $50. (236)

Anonymous Does a Good Deed

Reddit is one great place to read stories about good deeds, often in the comments about other people’s good deeds. For example, “When I was little, I played a claw machine at a bowling alley and usually won a couple of stuffed toys each time I played (I swear they put them in there in a way to make it as easy as possible). Anyway, I never really wanted the toys, I just wanted the challenge. Around that time, my grandma used to always take me to a Blimpie sub place
nearby where there was a lady who was always working there (Julie or Judy was her name I think … this was around 10 years ago so I can’t remember). My grandma brought me in there enough that this lady always remembered what sub I ordered, so as soon as we walked in she would start to make it. She was one of the most genuinely nice people I’ve ever met. One day, after [I won] a couple of things at the bowling alley, my grandma brought me to get a sub. I had won a little stuffed dalmatian toy which I brought in with us. After she made me my sub, I handed it to her as a gift. Her eyes were instantly filled with tears, and she came around the counter and gave me a hug. Come to find out, she didn’t have much family around anymore, and she rarely received gifts. She also worked at that Blimpie for a boss who just sat in the back all day watching TV and telling her what to do. To this day I remember giving her that toy, and my grandma still brings it up every once in a while.” (237)

“Here, Buddy, You Need These More Than I Do”

On 18 September 2012, Denise Campbell was riding a Winnipeg (Manitoba, Canada) Transit bus when she witnessed a remarkable good deed. At the corner of Portage and Main, the bus driver pulled over and jumped off the bus to talk to a homeless man, but the bus driver did more than that: The homeless man had no shoes, and the bus driver took off his shoes and gave them to the homeless man. Ms. Campbell wrote, “The bus was dead silent. I think we were all stunned and speechless. As we proceeded to our next stop, one of the passengers got up and said to the driver, that was the most amazing thing she had ever seen; and then she asked him, why did he do that? The bus driver answered because he couldn’t stand the thought of that poor man walking without shoes. Wow! No judgement; it was just, ‘Here, buddy, you need these more than I do.’” (238)
“Kevin, You are Getting that Young Man a Playground”

Detroit, Michigan, has had a hard time financially, so Joshua Smith, an African-American, raised thousands of dollars for it with his lemonade and popcorn stand. For his 10th birthday, he received good news. Playworld Systems will build a $50,000 playground structure—that was scheduled to open 29 September 2012—at a nearby park. Kevin Cook, an executive from Playworld Systems in Pennsylvania, and his wife learned about young Joshua when the child appeared on World News With Diane Sawyer. Mr. Cook said, “My wife was sitting on the couch with me and looked at me and said, ‘Kevin, you are getting that young man a playground.’” Joshua said about receiving the good news, “I really feel great!” Mr. Cook told him, “Happy Birthday, and we wanted to give this to you as part of your vision and for your birthday.” Activo Playgrounds will create the playground structure. Rhonda Smith, Joshua’s mother, said, “I thought about what Joshua did and always wondered, ‘Lord, how can we make this lasting? Not just a week in the summertime.’ And so when Kevin called and said that they were actually going to have a playground for the children, I said, ‘Wow! This is something that’s lasting,’ and so I was just pleased and overjoyed.” (239)

“Honey, Please Don’t Scare Us like That Again!”

In September 2012, a 13-year-old girl named Beth stole her brother’s car and attempted to drive from Texas to Kentucky to meet an 11-year-old boy whom she had met while playing Xbox Live online. In Arkansas, she met a Good Samaritan who gave her some money to help her on her journey. Of course, the Good Samaritan did not know that Beth was only 13 years old. The Good Samaritan, whose first name is Tammy, came forward after a state
trooper stopped the girl and the girl’s story became widely known. Tammy wrote in a letter to KHOU (Houston, Texas), “I want to share with you my role in Beth’s journey to clarify any concerns that you may have about me and my encounter with Beth. I am in my mid 50’s and friendly.” Tammy and Beth had smiled at each other at a gas station, and then Beth asked her for help. Beth lied and said that she was traveling to Kentucky because her father had died. Tammy gave her $20. Tammy wrote after Beth’s story and age became widely known, “Even as I look back and try to recall our encounter and anything that should have raised a red flag, I can’t find anything. To me, she appeared to be younger than 20, but I still have a problem believing she was only 13. I figured her to be about 17 or 18. Perhaps, I just assumed she was older because she was driving and I knew she was from out of state so the thought never entered my mind that she was so young. I felt I had done the best I could to help a grieving daughter that was doing her best to get home because her father had died.” Tammy does have some words of wisdom for Beth: “She needs to take the advice from an old lady. ... The boys will come soon enough so don’t rush it. Take your teenage years and your early twenties to discover who you are first. Develop good relationships with girlfriends that make you laugh and are there to support you through the good and the bad. Talk to your parents about anything you want to know. They love you more than anyone ever will. And ... Honey, please don’t scare us like that again!” Tammy wrote that Beth owes her $20, but it’s OK as long as Beth pays it forward. No one was physically hurt during Beth’s escapade. (240)

A Check for $703,833

In September 2012, bullied New York bus monitor Karen Klein, age 68, from Greece, New York, received a check for $703,833. After video of Ms. Klein being bullied by
seventh-grade boys went viral, Max Sidorov, a Toronto, Canada, Good Samaritan, raised money for her. He had hoped to raise $5,000 to send her on vacation, but obviously people—more than 32,000 people worldwide—were very generous in helping Ms. Klein. As a child, Mr. Sidorov moved from Ukraine to Canada. He had himself been bullied as a child. He said about the video, “I couldn’t even watch until the end. I couldn’t even finish watching it. I felt so sad for her, and I felt compelled to do something. I couldn’t believe someone could do that to another person, let alone a nice lady like Karen.” The 10-minute video, taken with a cellphone, shows the boys mercilessly taunting her: “Oh my God, your glasses are foggy from your freakin’ sweat, you fat a**.” A student also pokes her while jeering, “Look at all this flab here.” At least one of the students’ bullying comments reminded her of her son’s suicide. During the bullying, Ms. Klein cried. (241)

“I Want to See You a Surgeon One Day”

In August 2012, a hit-and-run driver struck 20-year-old Branden Whitehead, a student who was forced to walk 15 miles—each way!—to Georgia Technical College in Coweta County, Georgia, because he did not own a car. The accident punctured one of his lungs and broke some of his ribs. He said, “All of a sudden, out of nowhere, I felt a sharp pain and I blacked out. When I woke up, I looked down at my arm—there was a puddle of blood.” Vanessa Peebles saw his story on the local news and gave him her 1990 Cadillac Fleetwood. Ms. Peebles said to Mr. Whitehead, “I want to see you a surgeon one day.” Mr. Whitehead said, “I’m thankful to be alive, and that makes me want to be a surgical tech even more.” Now getting to school takes Mr. Whitehead only 15 minutes instead of hours. Ms. Peebles is African-American; Mr. Whitehead is Caucasian. (242)
“I Don’t Want to Say It’s All Because of Me, But It’s All Because of Me”

Peter Drakos, who is from Detroit, Michigan, is excellent at winning large stuffed animals at carnivals. At many places, including the Cedar Point amusement park in Sandusky, Ohio, game operators have placed a limit on how many stuffed animals one person can win. Mr. Drakos said, “I don’t want to say it’s all because of me, but it’s all because of me.” At age nine, he began playing carnival games, and he gave every child—nearly 200 of them—a stuffed animal. At Circus Circus, he amassed so many stuffed animals that he had a problem: “We couldn’t walk around the animals. It was wall-to-wall animals.” What does a 64-year-old (in 2012) man do with the stuffed animals? He said, “I give them away—everyone of them. Mr. Drakos estimated that he has donated almost a quarter of a million toys to over 50 different charities. He said, “Sometimes it brings tears to your eyes because you know that they’re [the children are] really happy.” (243)

“Are You Kidding Me? No One Just Gives You a House”

Wildfires burned the house of Cindy Laws and her family in Mannford, Oklahoma. They had no insurance, and they set up tents as shelter. Cindy said, “We’ve lost a lot.” Cody, her 16-year-old son, was optimistic: “Everything is going to be better; it can only go up.” But Cindy said, “We literally don’t know what we’re going to do right now.” Fortunately, a woman who wishes to remain anonymous gave them a $40,000 house. The anonymous Good Samaritan said, “They were living in tents. I just wanted to give back.” Cindy said, “They said, ‘We want to give you a house.’” The anonymous Good Samaritan said, “She kind of thought it was, the way I took it, ‘Are you serious?’” Cindy said, “And I said, ‘Are you kidding me? No one just
gives you a house.”” But the anonymous Good Samaritan said, “Aren’t we supposed to [go] by what the Bible says, maybe I’m not supposed to talk about religion but, help our fellow neighbor?” Cindy said, “Is it weird to look through [the window] and see the tents that you were just living in? Yeah, it is, ’cause you look at it empty now and it’s like, I was really sleeping in that little thing?” Cody said about the good deed, “There’s no way to understand or explain it.” Cindy said, “That just blows my mind that someone could be that nice to me.” (244)

“Death Better Get Out There and Start Taking Care of These People”

If you are a homeless person in Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside in British Columbia, Canada, you may have experienced Death appearing before you and asking, “Hey, how are you doing? Would you like a pair of socks? They’re free!” The man in the Death mask is Thanatos, a 63-year-old professional who named his superhero character after the Greek god of death and passes out clothing, blankets, and food to the homeless. In 2012, he had been doing this for five years. Thanatos said, “I don’t come from Krypton and wasn’t bitten by a radioactive spider or anything like that. I was working downtown, trying to help out on the streets and noticing a lot of things happening … people living and dying on the streets. I was told by a police officer that some people on the street had nothing better to look forward to than death. That really stung. That really hurt me. So I said if that’s the case, then death better get out there and start taking care of these people. I developed this persona to go out there and help.” Thanatos is famous, having appeared in the 2011 HBO documentary Superheroes, which is about some of the 400 people who dress up like superheroes and do good deeds throughout North America. Part of what he does is get publicity about the needs of the homeless. He said about his
superhero persona, “It gets the attention where it’s needed. By using this persona, I’ve been able to spread the word about what’s going on down there. I’ve been able to get more aid in the area. I’m asked by reporters if it actually works and it’s like, ‘Well, you’re here talking to me right now,’ so it’s obviously working.” He added, “I’m an average person that just wants to do something and make a difference. People want to know what real-life superheroes are all about. Apathy is the biggest killer out there. That’s what we do: We fight apathy. We get people involved and we inspire them.” (245)

“Mom, You’re My Hero for Sending Him My Essay”

Shortly before astronaut Neil Armstrong died on 25 August 2012, he did a good deed. Max Boddington, who lives in San Rafael, California, and who is a fifth-grader at Sun Valley Elementary School in San Rafael, had written an essay titled “When I Look at the Moon” a couple of years earlier. In 2012, it won best of class in the junior creative writing/short essay category at the Marin County Fair, and his mother, Janet Boddington, sent a copy to Mr. Armstrong, the first human being to walk on the moon, who replied with this kind email: “Thanks for sharing Max’s essay with me. It is very poignant and surprisingly erudite for an 11-year-old. … Tell Max I send him my very best wishes for good luck and success.” Max saw the email: He said, “I jumped up and down. I was excited. It made me happy.” Max’s biological mother died in 2005, and his biological father died in 2008. In his essay, Max wrote, “Sometimes when I look up at the moon, I wonder if my mom and dad are watching me.” He ended the essay with this sentence: “My dream is to meet Neil Armstrong, the world’s Number One space hero.” Max had a hard time because of losing his biological parents; he was a foster child until the Boddingtons adopted him. Simon Boddington, Max’s adoptive father, said, “He has been
diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder. He’s dealing with it pretty well. He is a tough little guy and that is to his advantage.” Janet said, “We were all just overwhelmed that Mr. Armstrong would take time to answer a little boy’s letter and just so touched that he did that. Yesterday [27 August 2012], Max told me, ‘Mom, you’re my hero for sending him my essay.’” (246)

“You Go in that Room and You Lie to My Dad and Make Him Believe It, or I’m Going to Hit You as Hard as I Can”

The father of Penn Jillette of Penn and Teller fame never took money from him although by all accounts Penn and Teller have done rather well financially—and artistically. When Penn and his father went out to eat, his father paid. When they went to the county fair in a limo (Penn’s idea, I’m sure), his father gave him $2 to buy a candied apple. When his father became ill and needed constant nursing care, Penn got to give something back. On Christmas Eve, his father was in a hospital, and a social worker gave him the news that he needed to go to a nursing home on Christmas Day. Penn took the social worker aside and told her, “I can afford for him to have that [constant nursing care] in his home.” She said, “No home-care agency will ever start a new account tomorrow, on Christmas Day.” Penn told her, “I can make them an offer that’ll make it worth their while to start tomorrow.” Then he said that he wanted her to lie for him: “I need you to go in there and tell my dad that there’s a government program that will pay for him to have nursing care around the clock and he can stay home.” She did not want to lie, so he told her, “I’ll make this simple. You go in that room and you lie to my dad and make him believe it, or I’m going to hit you as hard as I can. I’ve never hit anyone in my life, but I’m two hundred and eighty pounds and I’m pretty sure I can do some damage to an intense New England salt-and-pepper-haired
social worker. You’ll call the police and I’ll go to jail, but I won’t let you ruin our family without a fight.” She lied to Penn’s father, and Penn’s father died at home. (So, later, did his mother.) By the way, Penn calls the people who care for the dying at the end of their lives “astronaut heroes at a low wage.” (247)

“This Heart is Amazing. It’s Given Me Life So I Can be with My Wife and Boys”

On Christmas Day of 2011, Caleb, the 16-year-old son of April and Owen Beaver of Gulfport, Mississippi, died. No one knew that he suffered from arteriovenous malformation—defects in the circulatory system—until he became ill on December 23. He had two strokes, fell into a coma, and was declared brain dead. His parents decided to donate his organs: heart, kidneys, liver, lungs, pancreas and skin tissue. Chuck Shelton, a psychiatrist in Lexington, Kentucky, who suffered from an inflammatory disease, received his heart on December 26. The Beavers and the Sheltons met in August 2012. Chuck told the Beavers, “Thank you for this gift.” The Beavers were able to listen to their son’s heart beating in Chuck’s chest. April said, “I can’t even describe it. I can’t even put it into words. I recognize it. It’s such a strong heartbeat.” Chuck said, “This heart is amazing. It’s given me life so I can be with my wife and boys. Caleb still lives through me. Caleb’s in heaven, but he’s still here.” Amy Shelton said, “It’s kind of like the dream meets the nightmare. It’s hard for them, and I can see their pain.” Sandra Laird, Caleb’s maternal grandmother, said, “It’s hard because the heart is still beating, but it’s not beating inside Caleb.” (248)

The Forest Guitar

Pedro Martín Ureta’s wife, Graciela, wanted to create a visible-from-the-air design into their fields in the flat agricultural areas of Argentina’s Pampas. Unfortunately,
she died suddenly at the age of 25 from a brain aneurysm. To honor her memory, Mr. Ureta created a design: a huge guitar stretching 2/3 of a mile that can be best seen from an airplane or helicopter or hot-air balloon. Graciela had loved guitar music. He used mostly cypress trees to create the outline of the guitar, and he used blue eucalyptus trees for the strings on the neck of the guitar. Mr. Ureta is afraid to fly, and he has seen only photos of the guitar taken from overhead. (249)

“I Brought Flowers and Placed Them at Her Gravesite”

On 1 September 2012, a person who posts online using the name “Divanurse” posted this on Helpothers.org: “Four years ago, my 26-year-old son took his life. I visit him often at the cemetery and always bring fresh flowers to place at his grave. After a series of visits, I noticed that the woman next to him never has any flowers. So on my last visit, I brought flowers and placed them at her gravesite, from my son and me.” (250)

APPENDIX A: SOME BOOKS BY DAVID BRUCE

Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature

*Dante’s Inferno: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante’s Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante’s Paradise: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante’s Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose*

*From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna’s Posthomerica*

*Homer’s Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*

*Homer’s Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose*

*Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of*
Apollonius of Rhodes’ Argonautica

Virgil’s Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s The Taming of the Shrew: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s The Tempest: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night: A Retelling in Prose

Children’s Biography

Nadia Comaneci: Perfect Ten

Anecdote Collections

250 Anecdotes About Opera

250 Anecdotes About Religion

250 Anecdotes About Religion: Volume 2

250 Music Anecdotes
Be a Work of Art: 250 Anecdotes and Stories
The Coolest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in the Arts: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes
Create, Then Take a Break: 250 Anecdotes
Don’t Fear the Reaper: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Dance: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 4: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 5: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 6: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Neighborhoods: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Relationships: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Sports, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Television and Radio: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Theater: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
Maximum Cool: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Politics and History: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Religion: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
Reality is Fabulous: 250 Anecdotes and Stories
Resist Psychic Death: 250 Anecdotes
Seize the Day: 250 Anecdotes and Stories

**Kindest People Series**

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 1*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 2*

**(Free) Kindest People Volumes**

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 3*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 4*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 5*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 6*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 7*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 1)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 2)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 3)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 4)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 5)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 6)*

*The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volume 7)*

*The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volume 1)*
The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volume 2)

The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volume 3)

The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volume 4)

The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volume 5)

Free Philosophy for the Masses Series

Philosophy for the Masses: Ethics

Philosophy for the Masses: Metaphysics and More

Philosophy for the Masses: Religion

Free Discussion Guide Series

Dante’s Inferno: A Discussion Guide

Dante’s Paradise: A Discussion Guide

Dante’s Purgatory: A Discussion Guide

Forrest Carter’s The Education of Little Tree: A Discussion Guide

Homer’s Iliad: A Discussion Guide

Homer’s Odyssey: A Discussion Guide

Jane Austen’s Pride and Prejudice: A Discussion Guide

Jerry Spinelli’s Maniac Magee: A Discussion Guide

Jerry Spinelli’s Stargirl: A Discussion Guide

Jonathan Swift’s “A Modest Proposal”: A Discussion Guide
Standing in the garden in front of the house of Leonato, the Governor of Messina, were Leonato himself, his daughter,
whose name was Hero, and his niece, whose name was Beatrice. Also present was a messenger sent to Leonato by Don Pedro, the Prince of Aragorn. The messenger had just given Leonato a letter about a battle fought between the forces of Don Pedro and his illegitimate half-brother, Don John. Don Pedro’s soldiers had won the battle, and afterward, Don Pedro and Don John were reconciled.

“I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon is coming tonight to Messina,” Leonato said.

The messenger replied, “By this time, he is very near. When I left him, he was not nine miles away from Messina.”

“He has just fought a battle,” Leonato said. “How many gentlemen — men of the upper classes — did he lose in the battle?”

“Few of any rank,” the messenger replied, “and none of any great importance.”

“A victory is won twice when the victor brings home alive nearly all of his soldiers,” Leonato said. “I read in this letter that Don Pedro has bestowed much honor on a young Florentine named Claudio.”

“Claudio much deserved the honor, and Don Pedro has properly rewarded him for his actions in the battle. Claudio performed deeds in battle that no one would expect such a young man to do. Despite having the figure of a lamb, he performed the feats of a lion. Claudio indeed exceeded all expectations of him so much that I cannot tell you all that he did.”

“Claudio has an uncle here in Messina who will be very happy to hear of his heroism.”

“I have already carried to Claudio’s uncle letters that made
him very happy,” the messenger said. “The uncle felt so much joy that he broke out in emblems of what sometimes expresses bitterness.”

“Did he break out into tears?” Leonato asked.

“In great measure. He cried much.”

“That was a kind overflow of kindness as expressed by kindred. No faces are truer than those that are so washed by tears. How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping! It is much better to cry with happiness than to rejoice at someone’s unhappiness.”

Beatrice asked, “Please tell me whether Signior Mountanto has returned from the wars or not.”

Beatrice thought, *The messenger will not understand my joke, but Hero will. I am referring to Benedick. A montanto is an upward thrust in fencing — it starts low and goes upward — and a stallion mounts a mare. Benedick is a ladies man, and he and I have a history.*

The messenger replied, “I know none of that name, lady. No one of any rank in the army bears that name.”

“Who is he whom you are asking about, niece?” Leonato asked.

“My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua,” Hero replied for Beatrice.

“Oh,” the messenger said. “He has returned, and he is as pleasant and amusing as he ever was.”

“Benedick once set up public notices here in Messina to announce that he was challenging Cupid to an archery contest,” Beatrice said. “He claimed to be a better lady killer than Cupid. My uncle’s fool, reading Benedick’s challenge, responded on behalf of Cupid, and competed
against him in the archery contest. My uncle’s jester used bird-bolts in the contest — blunt arrows used to stun birds. Bird-bolts are given to children and to fools. Cupid is blindfolded, but his golden arrows have a great impact when they hit someone — that person instantly falls in love. By claiming to be superior to Cupid in archery, Benedick was claiming that he would never fall in love — and that he would make more women fall in love than Cupid could.”

She added, “Please tell me how many soldiers has Benedick killed and eaten in these wars? Better, just tell me how many he has killed. Benedick is a braggart who boasts about his prowess in many kinds of hunting, and so I promised to eat all of his killing. I do not think that he is enough of a soldier to kill anyone.”

“Truly, niece,” Leonato said, “you criticize Benedick too much, but he will find a way to get even with you, I am sure. Benedick can give as good as he gets.”

“Benedick has done good service, lady, in these wars,” the messenger said.

“You had stale food, and Benedick has helped to eat it. He is a very hearty eater; he has an excellent stomach.”

“He has an excellent stomach for battle,” the messenger said. “He is a good soldier, too, lady.”

“He is a good soldier compared to a lady, but what is he compared to a lord?” Beatrice asked.

“He is a lord compared to a lord, and a man compared to a man. He is stuffed with all the honorable virtues,” the messenger replied.

“You speak truly, indeed,” Beatrice said. “Benedick is no less than a stuffed man — he is a dummy — but what is he
stuffed with? He is full of—shh, I ought not to finish that sentence. We are all mortal.”

“You must not, sir, mistake my niece,” Leonato said to the messenger. “Signior Benedick and she wage a kind of merry war. They never meet without engaging in a skirmish of wit between them.”

“Benedick performs poorly in those skirmishes,” Beatrice said. “People have five wits: memory, fantasy, judgment, imagination, and common sense. In our last skirmish, four of his five wits went limping off, and now the whole man is governed by one wit. If he has enough wit to keep himself warm in cold weather, let him know that it is what differentiates him from his horse. Human beings are the only rational creatures, and Benedick’s one wit is what allows him to be known as a reasonable creature.”

She added, “Who is his male friend and companion now? He has every month a new sworn brother for life.”

“Is that possible? You must be exaggerating,” the messenger said.

“No, it is very possible,” Beatrice said. “He pledges his faith to each new friend just like he changes the fashion of the hat he wears. With each change in fashion, he wears a new hat.”

“I see, lady, that the gentleman is not in your good books—he is not in your favor,” the messenger said.

“No, he is not,” Beatrice replied. “If he were, I would burn my library. But please tell me who is his new male friend? Is there no young hooligan now who will make a voyage with him to the devil?”

“He is most often in the company of the right noble Claudio.”
“Benedick will hang upon Claudio like a disease. Benedick is more contagious than the plague, and the catcher of the Benedick illness becomes immediately insane. God help the noble Claudio! If he has caught the Benedick illness, it will cost him a thousand pounds before he can be cured.”

The messenger thought, _This lady really is clever. The Benedickine priests are exorcists and attempt to cure madness. She made a good pun on “Benedick.”_

“Lady, I will take pains to always be friends with you and so avoid becoming the victim of your tongue,” the messenger said.

“Do so, good friend,” Beatrice replied.

“You will never catch the Benedick disease and run insane, niece,” Leonato said.

“No, not until there is a hot January in Italy,” Beatrice replied.

The messenger heard a noise and looked around. He said, “Don Pedro is coming here now along with some other people.”

Don Pedro and Don John, his illegitimate half-brother, with whom he had recently quarreled but then been reconciled, approached, along with Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar, a singer and attendant who worked for Don Pedro.

Don Pedro said, “Good Signior Leonato, you are meeting your trouble. The fashion of the world is to avoid expense, but by hosting us you are encountering it.”

“You are never a trouble to me,” Leonato said. “Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace. Trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow stays and happiness leaves.”
“You embrace the burden of my visit too eagerly,” Don Pedro said. He nodded at Hero and said, “I think this is your daughter.”

“Her mother has many times told me so,” Leonato said.

“Were you in doubt, sir, that you needed to ask her?” Benedick joked.

Leonato joked back, “Signior Benedick, no. I knew that I was the father of my daughter because when she was born you were only a child. If you had been an adult, I might have had my doubts.”

“Your joke has been answered, Benedick,” Don Pedro said. “All of us know that you are a ladies man. But truly the lady fathers herself. All we need to do is to look at Hero to know that Leonato is her father. Be happy, lady, because you resemble your honorable father.”

Don Pedro and Leonato then went aside and spoke privately.

Benedick joked, “Even if Signior Leonato is her father, she would not want to have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is. Signior Leonato is bearded and has grey hair.”

“I wonder that you are always talking, Signior Benedick,” Beatrice said. “No one is paying attention to you.”

“What, my dear Lady Disdain!” Benedick replied, “Are you still alive? I would have thought that you had died by now.”

“It is impossible for Lady Disdain to die while she has such suitable food to feed it as Signior Benedick. Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come within her presence.”

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**APPENDIX D: ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy—me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine’s brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka “The Joker,” decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name—David—ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn’t been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don’t often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for “sounds like” and “two words,” then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn’t let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to
major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor’s degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a master’s degree in English and a master’s degree in Philosophy. Currently, I publish a weekly humorous column titled “Wise Up!” for The Athens News and I am a retired English instructor at Ohio U.

APPENDIX E: FAIR USE

This communication uses information that I have researched from the WWW and a few books. I will not make a dime from it. The use of this information is consistent with fair use:

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