Vignettes of Kindness

Vignette 1

Marie *(hearing a knock on her door)*: Hi, Denise.

Denise *(talking hurriedly)*: Hi, Marie. I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if I could borrow a stamp.

Marie: Sure, no problem. Come in out of the cold. I have a stamp right here.

Denise: Oh, that's great. After I wrote checks and used up all my stamps to pay bills this morning, that's when I remembered I had a personal letter to mail as well, and I was one stamp short.

Marie *(handing her a stamp):* Here you go.

Denise *(reaching out her hand)*: And here's the money for it.

Marie: Oh, forget about it. You can lend me a stamp when I run out.

As Denise lays the envelope on the table to attach the stamp, Marie peeks down at it, then exclaims: What! You're writing to that Rutherford guy in prison? He's the one who broke into both of our houses! Why would you write to him?

Denise: I just feel sorry for him. I found out his mother is very ill right now, so she isn't able to visit him.

Marie: He should have thought about that before he became a burglar. How did you find out about his mother?

Denise: Oh, I stopped by to find out which prison he's in, and there she was, sick from chemo.

Marie: Poor lady. What a jerk her son was to get in trouble and leave his mother in the lurch. Why are you writing to him?

Denise: I wanted to let him know I forgive him. I may even go visit him. He's barely out of his teen years. I thought he could use some encouragement.

Marie: Well, you're a better person than me. I say, "Good riddance to bad rubbish!"

Denise: Thanks again for the stamp. See you later.

Marie: Sure thing. Bye, Denise.

Vignette 2

Alonso *(waving hello)*: Hey, Derek. I'm trying to finish up snowblowing before I go to work, and I just ran out of gas. Do you have any I could borrow?

Derek: Sure thing. I got the gas can right here. My snowblower's all filled up, so help yourself.

Alonso: Oh, that's great. Thanks so much. I'll fill it up tonight and bring it back.

Derek: Sounds good. But why are you still snowblowing? Your driveway is clean as a whistle.

Alonso: Yes, but I always do my neighbor's driveway whenever I do mine. And he won't be able to get out if I don't finish.

Derek: You don't mean old man Jackson's driveway, do you? He's the grouchiest man around. I try to stay as far away from him as possible. Does he pay you to do it?

Alonso: Oh, no. I just do it to help him out. He's got arthritis real bad and can't do it himself. And he needs to drive his wife to dialysis several times a week.

Derek: Well, I hope at least he appreciates what you do.

Alonso: Whether he does or not, I know he needs the help. Got to dash. Thanks, Derek.

Derek: You bet. Bye.

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