

Kendramama (re: \$1000 tip she received as a newspaper carrier):



Kendramama on Kendra: An Unexpected Blessing on April 06 at 9:25 p.m.

This was *such* a blessing, and so bizarre how it came about- as a motor carrier, I rarely see in person any of my Leisure Park customers. But this particular elderly couple happens to be the very last house on my route, and they being early risers, we had met several times; exchanged Christmas cards, and she'd left cookies, snacks, and recycled paper bags many times as well.

I'd received a nice tip from them Sunday night and so made a point to go out and purchase a thank you card to tuck in their paper- rather than the usual quick note I scribble on other occasions when I get left a few bucks. Later that day, the Mrs. called me and invited me over for coffee.

Since I had mentioned in the card that the tip was wonderful in its timing, what with Jameson's 4th b-day party coming up and our family struggling as usual to keep our heads above water, I had a suspicion that they were going to do something else super nice, perhaps give us a gift for him, or maybe even a whole 50 or 100 dollars.

But after an awesome visit with these amazing people, I finished my coffee and cookie, exchanged hugs, thank yous and promises to stay in touch, then headed home with my "goodie bag" they had handed me, huge smiles on their faces.

When I opened it, I was... stunned, overcome, ecstatic, and yes, even somewhat ashamed. Being a recipient of charity, no matter how well intended and whom it's from, is still a painful reminder of one's inadequacy, you know? But looking down at those two banded stacks of 500.00 each, I just felt so blessed and encouraged, like things could only get better from here. There was even a card and a small gift for Jameson, too. Once I could control my emotions enough to talk, I called them and thanked them effusively and repeatedly, begging them to let me somehow make it up to them, maybe through helping with housekeeping, errands, yard work... anything at all! And of course they were too gracious for words, saying they too had experienced hard times and were just so impressed by me they were overjoyed to be able to help.

I still am just on cloud nine. This not only restored my faith in humanity, it gave me hope. And not to borrow a line from AmEx, but *that's* priceless!