

The Coffee Table Gazette

Finally some good news!



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Finders Keepers.

As a child I was taught that "finders keepers" was not always the case. Just because you find something, doesn't mean it's yours or that it's right to keep it.

That could not have rang more true one day, in the spring of 1983 when I was walking home from school. I had about two blocks to go before reaching home and looked down only to spot a \$20.00 bill laying in the grass. I thought I had struck it rich! I proceeded another block, turned the corner and noticed a young lady with two kids walking rather fast, while looking down as if she had lost something. I stopped her and asked if she had lost something? She replied that she had lost some money and was looking for it. I then pulled the \$20.00 out of my pocket and asked, "Is it this it?" She immediately exclaimed, "Yes!" and started to cry. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and continued towards town all the while repeating, "Thank You, God Bless You, Thank You, God Bless You." I never saw that lady or those kids again, years went by I grew up and moved away. Then in 2012 my dad called me and said, "Do you remember when you found \$20.00 and gave it back to that lady many years ago?" I replied, "Yes I do, it was the best \$20.00 I never got to keep, because getting a kiss from a pretty lady for a boy that age was a moment to remember." My dad chuckled a bit and replied, "I ran into her the other day and she wanted me to tell you, that she never forgot you and to let you know that you are a hero in her eyes. When you two met that day, her husband had just been killed in a car accident a week prior and that was her last \$20.00. She had dropped it on the way to get food for her kids. She doubled back to find it, but didn't see it, she was about to give up and go home with no food." As I got a little teary eyed from hearing the "rest of the story" all I could think was, that's the best \$20.00 I never got to keep, but now for a whole different reason.

Anonymous

NSF At The Grocery Store.

I was at the grocery store one day and when the cashier gave me the total she told me my debit card was declined due to NSF. I was mortified and embarrassed, as I had obviously made an error in my checking account somewhere. Then out of nowhere this guy came up, pulled my debit card out of the machine, handed it back to me, and put his own in. He then told the casher to check me out and input his PIN. He turned to me and said, "Have a nice day Ma'am and pass it forward someday." He then took his card, turned around and left. By the time I got out to the parking lot I looked, so I could thank him for his kindness, but he was gone and I never did find out who he was and have never seen him again.

If you happen to be reading this, "Kind Sir" I want to say thank you very much, you have restored my faith in humanity.

Jackie ~ Iowa

They Dropped A Truck.

I used to work for a Chevy dealership and I remember a lady who ordered a brand new truck. When the truck arrived and was being unloaded from from the top level of the vehicle carrier, they dropped it onto the pavement. Then they sent the truck to the body shop and fixed the outside damage, but didn't fix any hidden damage. When I mentioned to my boss that it wasn't right what they did, he told me to "shut up or get fired". Having two kids I was raising on my own, and really needing the job, I complied, but it bugged me and I couldn't sleep at night. Finally I had enough, and when the lady brought her truck in for the second time due to "issues" I told her what happened. I was immediately fired and it was so worth it in the end. At least I could live with myself and sleep at night and the only regret I have is, I wish I had said something sooner.

Anonymous

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A Cast And A Signature.

One day as I pulled up to a friends house and getting out of my car, I heard what sounded like a little kid crying. So, I walked down the sidewalk to investigate, only to find a little girl laying in the street between two parked cars and her bicycle. I immediately noticed that her arm was injured and asked her where she lived. She pointed to a house down the street, which thankfully wasn't that far, so I stabilized her arm the best I could, picked her up and headed to her house. When I arrived at the destination her dad came out of the garage with an understandably very protective and scared look on his face. I immediately explained what happened and that I wasn't the one who hurt her. He thanked me, took his daughter in the house and I continued on my way.

About a week later when I was once again at my friends house I heard someone calling, "Hey mister!, Hey Mister!" I turned around and here was this little girl running towards me with a cast on her arm and a sharpie. She wanted to know if I would sign her cast and I obliged.

She thanked me and was on her way smiling all the way, proud as a peacock that I signed her cast. I don't know who got more out that whole situation, her or me? She thought the cast was cool and was tickled that I signed it, I was glad I was able to help when needed.

James ~ Oregon

Hitchhiker

Growing up on a farm was always interesting with new and different experiences associated with caring for the cows, chickens, and pigs. Later we added skills associated with operating the farm equipment in the fields and fixing broken equipment. Needless to say, we developed a lot of work skills and a strong work ethic. This has been a major building block for my success in college and in my 52 year career in aerospace and quality engineering.

When I graduated from Embry-Riddle in April of 1967, I was offered a position as a Propeller Project Liaison Engineer at Hamilton Standard in Windsor Locks, Connecticut. Immediately upon graduation, I returned to Parkersburg, Iowa to see my family and to pick up a car that I had ordered. It was my "first car"- a bright red 1967 Chevrolet Camero with a 4 speed manual transmission – 350 HP engine, a white bumble bee strip around the front with headlights that became concealed by pivoting covers. Think back to your first car. I bet you too were proud of her! I immediately drove my dream car back to Connecticut to start my first job.

With my new car, I loved driving through Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut to discover my new found home. Those were the days when road maps were your only clue as to where you were. GPS has almost made it too easy for us today - we really don't have a sense of where we physically are. In those days, I embraced an attitude that the road has to lead to some place that I would be able to figure out later – I could always ask someone or tell them that I am lost. I loved to meet people and would often pick up hitchhikers. (It's not recommended today!!!!). On one lovely Saturday in the late spring, I was driving near Amherst, Massachusetts and there was a young fellow on the side of the road thumbing for a ride. I picked him up and began a conversation with him. He was a college student who was heading in the direction of his home. He told me he lived on a farm, a dairy farm and he was going home for the weekend. Having no schedule, I told him that I would drive him home. On the way I learned that we had a lot in common with our farming backgrounds. When we got to the farm, he showed me the barn - they were in process of milking the cows. I offered to give them a hand and they were agreeable, so I did. When we were done, he invited me to join them for supper. It was an enjoyable evening with his family,

How times have changed, sadly for the worse. It has been decades since I chanced to pick up a hitchhiker – I wouldn't do it today! In the late 60's it was something I did to extend a bit of humanity to a stranger who needed a ride and in return, to have a chance to view their world.

Lincoln ~ Connecticut

The Humorous Side Of Life.

I found a radio at a garage sale the other day, the seller told me the volume button was stuck and he only wanted a \$1.00 for it. I bought it, because I just couldn't turn it down.

Have you ever received a bill or publication with a notification, "This page intentionally left blank"? Do they not realize that by printing, "This page intentionally left blank" it is no longer blank?

Cats are just as good as dogs at learning. They're just not as keen to show their owners what they have learned.

Why did Paul Revere ride his horse to Lexington? Because it was too heavy to carry.

A note from the editor.

We rely on stories from readers to spread the word far and wide. If you are interested in submitting a story, or a joke you can do so at coffeetablegazette.com. I personally want to thank you for taking the time to read this publication and kindly pass it on, who knows it may just brighten someones day.

If you submitted a story or joke and it didn't make it in the current issue, that doesn't mean it won't be published. We only have so much room per issue. Be sure to look for it in future issues and keep the submissions coming.