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A Train Ride to Happiness

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Well Respected Man

Amy Holt

He's the kind of guy that would give you the penny in his pocket, even if it was the last one he had. It just didn't faze him. He didn't waste time on frivolous things like money. A man of faith need not worry about that.

Well, time moves me forward whether I like it or not, and I find myself at yet another crossroad. I wonder what he would do in my place. If humility and discipline are the way to go, he would always come out on top. Maybe if I act like him, I will get the same results. So I do every chance I get. If someone needs a ride, I don't hesitate to offer one. I once loaned two hundred dollars to a heroin addict in high school so he could pay his probation fines. I always try to listen to people before I speak. I try hard to put others first and sometimes I succeed. I don't know how he does it all the time. I wonder how naturally it comes to him, or if he's had to work hard to attain that ability.

Out of the many jobs he has had over the years, one was being a limo driver. I was about fourteen years old at the time. He was driving some rich, business men to the cowboy's game. Since he knew that I liked going to Dallas, he invited me along for the ride. I said yes because I knew that meant we could go out to eat at some fancy-shmancy restaurant downtown. We picked the limo up just as the sun was setting. We got to the hotel and the men came out of the front door with some ladies tagging along behind them. The moment they got in the car, I could smell the booze. They were already wasted before the game even started. After arguing with the men about the fastest way to get to the stadium (they weren't even from Dallas), we dropped them off at the front and one of them slipped us a twenty and told us to wait there.

I sat in the back of the limo, sipping soda and watching a movie on the small T.V. I fell asleep for probably half an hour before I felt a hand on my forehead. "Get up. They're coming back. I promise we will get something to eat after this." He sounded calm and collected but I can tell when he's really angry.