

Jesus, Honest Abe, Old Lady Had Same Ideas About Life

By The Rev.
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EAU GALLIE— The little lady at the counter in the store must have been at least 75 years old. It seems the day before she had purchased a small book for 25 cents and now wanted another for a friend. As the clerk wrapped the small book the lady noticed the price was 35 cents. The little old woman said she was sure she had only paid a quarter the day before,

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but if the correct price was 35 cents she would pay it.

She dug deep into her old handbag and came out with the correct change. As the clerk handed her the package the old woman smiled and said, "Thank you, I'm sorry I was such a bother." She turned to leave.

THE CLERK turned her

attention to me but suddenly the little old lady reappeared. She looked at me and apologized saying, "I'm sorry to interrupt you, but there is one more thing I must discuss with this young lady." I was in no hurry so I stepped back and waited.

The old woman laid her handbag on the counter, unsnapped the top and began to rummage around inside. Looking up she smiled apologetically and said, "I hate to be such a bother." The clerk looked at the long line that was forming behind the cash register but said graciously, "That's all right, Mam, take your time."

The old woman laid her pocketbook on the counter and then removed her shawl and laid it on a chair. Very gingerly she began to remove the items from her purse. I stood there, fascinated. I had always wondered what old women carried in those huge purses. Now I was finding out.

THE CROWD around the cash register had grown larger. The clerk looked helplessly at me. Finally the old lady reached the bottom of her purse and came up with a single dime. Turning to the clerk she said, "I forgot I only paid you 25 cents for the booklet yesterday — when I should have paid you 35 cents. I owe you another dime."

The clerk was shocked and tried to refuse the extra dime. The old lady was insistent saying, "It's the only honest thing to do."

A gruff looking man who had been waiting patiently spoke up with surprising tenderness and said, "You're right, little mother. It always pays to be honest."

"OH NO," the little lady answered looking up at him as she stuffed the items back into her old purse, "It costs to be honest. It just cost me a dime." And then she added, "But Jesus is honest and I try to be like Him."

She turned and hobbled out. The whole store seemed to brighten up a bit because she had been there. And unless I am mistaken, I saw the clerk wipe a tiny tear from her eye.