

**COMPASSION - WHAT A DAY****FOR COACHES**

## What a day

Chris was about an hour from completing his morning shift at the gas station when the phone rang. It was Diane. She was calling to tell him that she was sick and would not be able to come in to work. Chris had pulled off double shifts many times before, however, this day proved to be unlike any other. Pumps went out, deliveries were late, customers were irate. It seems like one thing after another. After what seemed to be the longest 16 hours of his life, he walked through the torrential rain to his pickup. He was exhausted.

It was late and he was only a couple miles from home when he turned onto highway 516. The long dirt road was usually deserted at this time of the night. Knowing that it would be a muddy mess, he slowly turned onto the road. As he did he immediately noticed a car pulled over on the side of the road with the hazard lights on. As he got closer, he noticed a woman standing next to the car attempting to wave him down. She was soaking wet and muddy. He rolled down his window to find out she had blown a tire and didn't know what to do.

At that moment it seemed like a hundred thoughts entered his mind all at the same time. Should I continue on home? This isn't my problem. Surely someone else would come along soon. Why did I stop? Why me? Simultaneously a series of completely different thoughts entered into the equation. What is the right thing to do? This woman could be out here for hours if I don't help her. It isn't safe for her to be out here at this time of night. The likelihood of someone coming along with good intentions any time soon was slim to none.

He knew what had to be done. He told the lady to get back in her car where it was warm and he would take care of the tire.

He worked for over an hour in the rain and mud but got everything fixed up. She was extremely grateful and seemed to be relieved he had stopped to help her. At the same time she seemed to be in a big hurry to get back on the road, but wrote down his address and thanked him again.

When Chris got back into his truck, he looked at the clock. It was 2:34AM. He was wet, exhausted and dirty. All he wanted to do was get home and get some sleep.

About a week later, he got a letter in the mail. It was from the young lady and said: "Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. I didn't tell you this, but I was on my way to see my dying father. He passed away at 6:00AM that same morning. Because of you, I was able to spend his last two hours on earth with him. Words cannot express my gratitude."

One of the most incredible things about COMPASSION is that it takes the focus off of ourselves. It requires us to put our priorities aside if even for a minute and elevate someone else's.

Take a minute and think about the following:

1. What are the lessons we can learn from this story?
2. How would you want someone to treat you if you were in a situation you didn't know what to do?
3. Is there a person who needs you to stop and help them? They may be drenched and muddy and have no clue what to do next. You may be their only hope.