



St. John the Baptist Catholic School

4B News

Mr. Nguyen's Classroom Newsletter



St. John the Baptist Catholic School

1021 Baker Street
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

November 22, 2009

The Cab Ride

I arrived at the address and honked the horn. After waiting a few minutes I walked to the door and knocked...

'Just a minute', answered a frail, elderly voice.

I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 90's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said.

I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness.

'It's nothing', I told her. 'I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated'.

'Oh, you're such a good boy', she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?'

'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly...

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice'.

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening.

'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice. 'The doctor says I don't have very long.'

I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. 'What route would you like me to take?' I asked.

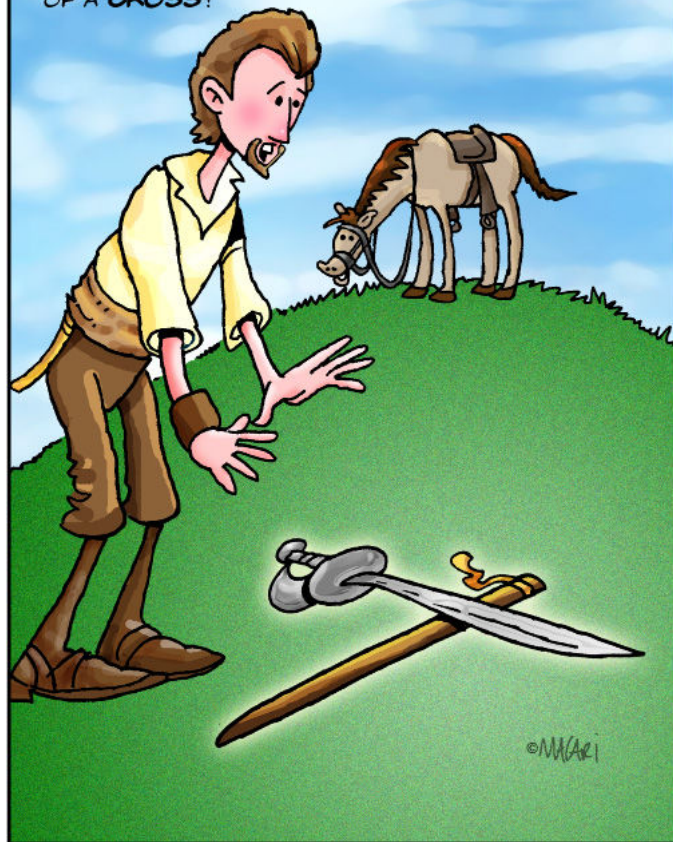
For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood

Continued on back...

SAINTS FUN FACTS

by mario d. macari

WHILE OUT RIDING ONE AFTERNOON, GOD MADE IT QUITE PLAIN TO SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES THE ROAD HE WAS TO TAKE IN LIFE! SAINT FRANCIS FELL FROM HIS HORSE THREE TIMES! EACH TIME HE FELL, HIS SCABBARD FELL FROM HIS BELT AND HIS SWORD FELL FROM HIS SCABBARD! EACH TIME, THE SWORD AND THE SCABBARD LANDED IN THE SHAPE OF A CROSS!



Upcoming Events

- Tue., Nov. 24: All School Mass 10:00 AM
- Wed. 11/25 - Fri. 11/27: Thanksgiving holiday
- Mon. 11/30: Health Screening
- Thu. 12/3: Confession for 4th & 6th grades
- Fri. 12/4: NOON DISMISSAL
- Mon. 12/7: Spirit Attire Monday
- Tue. 12/8: All School mass 10AM
- Wed. 12/9: Winter Play 7PM in the hall
- Tue. 12/15: Christmas Sweatshirt and Jeans
- Thu. 12/17: Jan. lunch orders due

The Cab Ride -continued from front page-

where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's go now'. We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

How much do I owe you?' she asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing,' I said

'You have to make a living,' she answered.

'There are other passengers,' I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said. 'Thank you.'

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light.. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life..

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away? On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life. We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware-beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

People may not remember exactly what you did or what you said, "but" they will always remember how you made them feel.

You won't get any big surprise in 10 days if you send this to ten people. But, you might help make the world a little kinder and more compassionate by sending it on and reminding us that often it is the random acts of kindness that most benefit all of us.

Thank you, my friend...

Congratulations!

... to the following students who earned an A+ on the following tests.

Little House in the Big Woods Ch. 9

Katherine Emily	Marissa G Kayla	Zachary	Vicky
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Spelling 13

Michael Daniel Julia	Katherine Zachary Kayla	Kyler Tiffeny	Marissa G Vicky
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Vocabulary

Josh Charlie Nathan	Katherine Zachary	Jeremy Andrew	Hope Emily
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Upcoming Tests

Religion	Liturgical Year	TBA
Reading	Little House Ch. 10	Wed 12/2
Spelling + Vocab		Friday 12/4
Math	Ch. 3, Section B	Tue. 11/24
Language	Pronouns	TBA
Science	Unit A, Ch. 4	TBA
Social Studies		Check Planner
Spanish, Music, Computer		Check Planner

Weekly Giggle

Which Way to Heaven?

Reverend Billy Graham tells of a time early in his ministry when he arrived in a small town to preach a sermon. Wanting to mail a letter, he asked a young boy where the post office was. When the boy had told him, Dr. Graham thanked him and said, "If you'll come to the Baptist Church this evening, you can hear me telling everyone how to get to heaven."

The boy replied, "I don't think I'll be there... You don't even know your way to the post office."

