

A noted surgeon offers a young girl a valuable lesson ...

## **LITTLE PEOPLE**

"Mrs. Kurle's her office, Doctor, she'll be out in a minute."

"Thank you, Alyssa. I'm a few minutes early anyway."

"If you give me a minute, ma'am, I'll finish setting up for you."

"Take your time, sweetheart."

Setting out the needed tools and finishing sweeping up around the salon chair, Alyssa indicates everything's ready.

"Tell me Alyssa, how's your course work coming at the University?"

"Good, ma'am. Thank you for asking."

"Well, I admire you, young lady. Interning here, and earning a degree at the same time. That's impressive."

"Thank you again, ma'am, I really appreciate that."

**Hi, Tony here. Today we find ourselves once again in the Kurle Up n' Dye; the neighborhood's finest Salon and day spa. It's Friday afternoon, and the head of Oncology at the University Medical Center is in for a session. Doctor Adrienne Falcone is Bobby Jo's last client of the day. Like so many of the Kurle's clients, she's a regular and is on a first name basis with everyone.**

**Getting things ready for the good doctor is young Alyssa Kossarides. The youngest daughter of Nick “the human tarantula,” Alyssa is studying cosmetology and styling at a local institute while simultaneously attending St. Ed’s; working toward a degree in business administration with an eye toward earning an M.B.A. To say the young lady is ambitious is an understatement.**

**Oh, I see Bobby Jo just emerged from her office. Looks like the good doctor is in for the full treatment this afternoon.**

*What do you say we listen in ...*

"Adrienne, so nice to see you again. Sorry to keeping you waiting ... had a bit of paperwork to catch up."

"Oh, no problem. Bobby; I was just chatting with Alyssa here. She’s a remarkable young lady."

Smiling, Bobby Jo nods her head. "We’re all very proud of her. I know her daddy is."

Blushing slightly, Alyssa smiles. "Thank you, Mrs. Kurle."

"Tell me Alyssa, why two different career paths?" Dr. Falcone asks. "That’s a lot of study at your age. Do you have any time for yourself, I mean, aside from studying?"

"Oh, a little."

"What made you choose such diverse ambitions. A stylist and a CPA, that’s an interesting combination."

"Well, it has to do with something I learned watching a movie a long time ago with my dad."

"Interesting ... tell me, what movie?"

"It was around Lent; it was a movie on television about the life of Jesus. My dad is a carpenter; he's good with his hands, and he really likes that movie, and especially one part in the beginning."

"When it comes to carpenters in these parts some would say the best," Bobby Jo chuckles; speaking of Nick.

"Yes, I agree, but then I'm prejudiced," the young girl laughs, winking at her boss.

"Anyway, in the beginning, Joseph is teaching some young boys, including Jesus, the trade of being a carpenter. And showing the boys how to smooth the wood, he says to treat the wood gently, and that only those who work with their hands are truly free."

"That goes without saying," Dr. Falcone interjects.

"Right. My dad actually reran that scene and told me to pay attention because what Joseph said is so true, and I should take it to heart. So, a business degree is what I want, but if something happens in the future, I can always work with my hands in a place like this."

"I'd hire you in a minute, sweetheart," Bobby Jo chuckles.  
"You're always welcome here."

"Thank you, ma'am, that means a lot," the young girl says, smiling at her boss.

"Having a job in the corporate world is nice, but given the economy nowadays, and how nothing seems permanent anymore, it's good to have something to fall back on," Alyssa says, continuing her thought.

"A wise observation," Adrienne says.

Adjusting the doctor's drape, Alyssa steps back as Bobby spins the chair for Adrienne to look in the mirror.

"Besides, what I do now, is nothing considering what you do, she says. I mean, compared to what you do, a shampoo girl and apprentice stylist is pretty unimportant."

Motioning to Bobby Jo to pause a moment, Adrienne sits up in the chair, a stern look in her eyes.

"Alyssa, no job is unimportant. You say your job isn't as important as mine. I beg to differ. There are times, not often mind you, but there are times I wish I had your job."

A look of amazement ambles across the young girl's face. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm serious. Let me tell you why."

"This past Wednesday, I had a patient in my office; a young girl, a little younger than you. She's been in my care for about four years now, ever since she was twelve. We've tried every treatment option available to us; going so far as to enroll her in an experimental government funded program. Nothing's worked and essentially, we're out of options. I had to tell her that ... tell her there's nothing left for us to try ... that short of a miracle, she probably has no more than six more months to live."

Looks of sadness alight on Bobby Jo and Alyssa's faces.

"That's terrible," Alyssa says quietly, while Bobby Jo closes her eyes and simply shakes her head.

"I agree; but it one of life's realities. And. what was amazing to me is that the young lady took the news rather calmly. I think deep down inside she kind of knew this was how things were going to turn out."

Pausing, Dr. Falcone takes a moment to reflect.

"Alyssa, it was the look on her mother's face; that she was going to lose her little baby girl that was absolutely devastating. That day I imagine you sent several people out of here with a smile on their face; looking their best and ready to face the world with confidence and anticipation. Me, I sent a mother home with a different kind of anticipation. I took away her hope for her baby's future. That's my wonderfully important job, giving people that kind of news."

A moment of silence ensues as Bobby and Alyssa ponder the doctor's words.

"That afternoon, I would have gladly traded my job for yours," Adrienne says after a moment. "To set up here for your next client; to put out that tray of coffee and those delightful pastries we all look forward to. To employ your unique skills, to work your magic and make your customers not only feel wonderful, but special, happy, and looking their best."

"Alyssa, there are no unimportant jobs."

"How do you handle such things like that, though, Adrienne? I know I could never do that," Bobby Jo asks.

"Neither could I," Alyssa says, softly.

"Well, it's part of being a physician. The ability to be objective; understanding life takes its own course and sometimes, try as we might and as much as we want to, we can't do anything about it. I know that sounds cold, but to keep things in perspective, I have to be objective. Every good doctor understands that."

Nodding their heads in unison, the two women say nothing as Dr. Falcone continues.

"Alyssa, you and Bobby are going to use your wonderful talents to insure I'll leave here looking my best; anticipating a thoroughly enjoyable evening with the man I love ... an evening I badly need ...

... and it is your "unimportant" job that is going to make that possible."

**You're going to Hawaii for a vacation; about to enjoy a week in the sun. Maybe some surfing, sightseeing, dining out, and even a round of golf or two. At the airport, looking through the terminal windows, you see the flight crew boarding the plane. And in the background; the control tower where people are busy keeping everyone safe.**

**So, of all those people, who is the most important?**

**Answer, none of them.**

**The most important people are the unseen men and women in their coveralls, with grease under their fingernails, making sure your plane is safe to fly. Those mechanics are the most important people in your world at that moment. Without them, your vacation might not be ....**

**Our Lord was a working man; an anonymous carpenter in a small village in the boondocks of the Roman Empire. Something to think about.**

**To our Heavenly Father, everyone is important. Remember the words of Genesis ... and God saw that it was good. Everything. It's a fact Jesus constantly emphasized; by His words, and most especially, His actions. He came not to the famous or the powerful, but to the little people of his time. To Him, they were royalty. Our Lord shows us all people are important to Him.**

**Shouldn't they be the same to us ...??**

**Thinkaboutit ... I'm Tony Baggz.**

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