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IT'S ALL IN THE WRIST. MAYBE IT'S IN ATTITUDE INSTEAD.

by

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A woman was born with polio. Let's call her Dianne. (That's her name.)

She can still walk but it's becoming more of a chore. She uses a motorized wheel chair a lot now.



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Today Dianne went for an x-ray. Alone.

She pulled into the parking lot by the front door. Luck or her guardian angel or both were with her. She found a space right near the front door which opened automatically.

The x-ray office was down the hall near the back door to the building. The back door is not automatic. Neither is the door to the x-ray office.

Dianne waited by both doors until someone came through the back door. (It would have to be an able-bodied person, of course, since the back door does not open automatically.) Soon a woman entered the building through the back door. She had children in tow, one child holding each hand.

Dianne asked her if she could ask a favor.



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The woman said “Sure.” She may have had the back door in mind since a handicapped person in a wheelchair clearly cannot open it, and that’s what she had in front of her, namely, a handicapped person in a wheelchair. Although the back door had no sign on it one way or the other.

However the favor that Dianne asked was instead to open the nearby door to the x-ray office. The woman said “Of course,” and she did.

Dianne said to her then: “You see, you didn’t know when you woke up this morning that you were going to be an angel. But you were.”



The children beamed to hear this truth be told about their mom.

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