

Someone once said
“Whether I become the hero of my life, I do not know.”

I ask myself, ‘have I become the hero of my own life?’

I do not know.

I mean I never played in the NBA,
or any profession sport for that matter.

I never starred in a movie, sang on American Idol,
or danced my way to fame.

I have never saved anyone from a burning building
or rescued anyone from drowning.

I have never been asked for my autograph.

Have I become the hero of my life? I do not know.

I do remember when I was a child my parents taking in a young lady who was going through serious problems in her life. I remember crying for that lady all night. Didn’t even know who she was. I don’t know why I cried for her, but I did. She never knew that I did. But that doesn’t make me a hero.

I remember back in high school stopping some bullies from picking on a little boy. I remember the boy coming up to me later and thanking me. He didn’t call me “hero” though.

I remember buying a pair of shoes when I was in college. When I got back to my dorm room I noticed the man gave me \$5 too much in change. I remember sending it back. He sent me a pair of socks and a nice note. But he didn't say I was a hero.

I remember visiting a friend who worked at an elementary school. While sitting in the office waiting to see him, a 12 year old boy sat next to me. He was sent to the office for bad behavior. I remember talking to this boy, encouraging him to do better. Years later I received a letter from this person thanking me for my encouraging words and how they made a difference in his life. But he never called me a hero.

I remember getting a scholarship for a teenager living in poverty so he could go to a better school. He graduated, completed college, and now is a successful business person with a family. He not only didn't call me a hero, but I never heard from him to this day.

I remember visiting a nursing home for the elderly and seeing an old lady sitting in a wheel chair with her head resting in her hand. I remember her crying, looking lonely. I remember sitting down and talking to that lady. I also remember her smile when I left a half hour later. But she didn't call me a hero.

I remember seeing a man lying on the side of the road on my way to a business meeting. He was passed-out drunk. I remember a few cars in front of me passing him by. I remember I stopped, called in for help and waited until the police came to pick him up. The man never called me a hero. In fact he never woke up the whole time.

Have I become the hero of my life? Maybe not to other people.

But you know what? To me I have.

And that's all that really matters.
That's all that really matters to me.

Knowing that I try to do the **right thing**,
things that people will probably **never know about**,
is good enough for me.

It makes me feel good about myself and helps **define**
what kind of person I REALLY am.

In fact it's natural high that no one,

NO ONE,
can ever take away.

No One!

What about you?

Have you become the hero of your life?

Think about it.

When you get right down to it,
what you think of yourself **first**
is all that **really** matters.