

So, how was your Labor Day holiday weekend," I asked a bystander at the grocery store. "Mumble, mumble, you wouldn't want to know," was the response. He was right, I didn't want to know, so I turned my mobile cart down the aisle of the supermarket. Nearby was a hassled looking mother with several young ones clinging to her or the basket or to both. No need to ask her about her holiday, looks were telling her story.

The clerk in the dairy department cheerfully reached on the top shelf for the pint size of milk I wanted, but lacked the height to grab it. "Here you are, anything else you need?" he smiled and stood expectantly waiting to grant my every wish. Well, almost. Now his story might be worth listening to, but there were too many ears and eyes around, all wearing the red shirts of employees. No loafing on the job allowed much less spinning yarns for elderly customers.

Next I went to the postal counter. No one there. I waited and I waited. Finally I spotted a red shirt that looked official and asked him to fetch a postal worker for me. Meanwhile, a handsome looking male had come to the refund counter near, and a blonde floosie showed up at the lottery ticket section. The clerk came, and without asking, "Who was first?" she determined it was the blonde. She took care of her problem, and turned next to to the good looking male who was decorated from head to toe with tattoos. At least what skin was exposed was decorated, and since he had on shorts and a muscle sleeveless shirt, that was a lot of skin. While he was being helped, he turned to me, sitting in my throne on the mobile cart and apologized for getting ahead of me in line.

"No matter, I'm not in a hurry, for a change," I accepted his words and then complimented him on apologizing for violating one of the cardinal Rules He Should Have Learned in Kindergarten. Emboldened by his friendliness, I asked him about his tattoos which were wild and crazy to say the least.

"Oh, I had that done when I was a bad kid, took a lot of time and even more money." Then he proceeded to tell me how he started dating the tattoo artist, and she did it for free, and his story revealed he got pregnant and then married,(or vice versa?) and his wife straightened him up. Five children, three boys and two girls, no, the other way around; he is 40 and apologizing for "cutting in line." I again praised him for turning his life around and having five children, and by then the clerk returned with his money and receipt. " Duh," I asked myself.

Well, to end my story, a man seeing me dismount from parking the cart (I did a good job, I have to admit) offered to carry my groceries out. "No, thanks, I can manage but it was nice..." and off I drove to my parking spot at the apartment complex. My headlights blazed on a hand printed sign I had made earlier, saying "Thank you," for a small pot of roses sitting in the cart on my porch. I am the self appointed care taker of our eight remaining rose bushes, and get a lot of praise for their lovely appearance. Then someone had the audacity, or sense of humor, or gratitude- you decide- to give me two little roses in a pot for my own use. So, not knowing the donor, I made the "thank you" sign. Did I have a good Labor Day holiday weekend? You bet, and I wouldn't have traded it for any of the many other similar holidays in my lifetime. The End. Period.