

Larry, all of us are at one time regular heroes.

My brother, a Jones grad. passed away during the 80s and I just want to share his situation with the rest of you.

Fon graduated from Jones, not outstanding, but like a lot of us, lost not sure about his life, so with everything else, he went to college, majored in PE, English, pharmacy, but could not really find himself, so he dropped out and was supporting a family of 5 kids and one on the way. So he was supporting himself working at a supermarket as bag boy at the counter. One day he came home and asked my mom how she would feel if he bought home another baby. My mom was not too sure what he meant, but she felt that with one more kid it would be the same as my mom's family of 9 kids, he would make it somehow. By the way, my brother mentioned, the kid that he would bring home is a black child. Not sure how to answer, my mom mentioned that having black child in his family would cause discord, which is really her way of disapproving of the situation.

As a consequence, my brother acquiesced and did not talk about the situation again.

Later, at the funeral of my brother, a black lady appeared and we were curious about her presence there, so we asked her about the relationship with my brother. As it turned out, she was the cashier while my brother was the bag boy/person there. She had been having issues with her husband/boyfriend and she did not know what to do with her kid, so she offered him to my brother to raise. And for a mother to give up her child was a great sacrifice.

Now after 20 years, all of my brothers' kids are doing ok. #1 went to med school, did not finish and now is a Dr. of optometrist, #2 is doctor in internal medicine, #3 is an IT person working at Rice, #4 is a doctor, #5 grad from UH and is working there, #6 is working for the city and going to grad school.

Life has a way of balancing situations for the ordinary heroes.

Listen to the quiet thunder and remember.
Peace starts with communication.

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