

## Stepping Up My Kindness

*By Kenita Gibbins*

I think I have the habit of being kind. I hope I'm genuine. Given the circumstances our world is living, I've decided maybe I need to rethink my routine of kindness. My neighbor across the hall brought us soup. I made enough banana pudding for her and her husband. We used to exchange goodies and got out of the inclination. She wasn't feeling up-to-par. I ran out to our car daily to go to a meeting. Perhaps this forced caring for our neighbors has become a blessing. Give your neighbor a list of telephone numbers of your family and expect her/him to do the same. Then if that person needs help that you can't provide, you can make a phone call on her behalf. Hopefully, we will never have to call her loved one.

Email is my best way of communicating. I can write what is on my mind at 4:30 a.m. Perhaps in this age of confinement, I'd better up my telephone calls at a decent time despite the fact I don't like the device. This grudge developed with receiving so many unwanted rings. My block system is full. Yesterday a friend called. It was such a pleasure to hear her voice. She gave me a gift of kindness.

Yesterday I went to King Soopers at 7:00 a.m. The business plans to open early three times a week just for senior citizens' well being. A young man greeted us with a smile. I know I'm supposed to stay put.

If we need groceries, I will try a delivery next time. Our daughter has also offered to shop for us.

If you dwell in a four-story building and walk your hallway 11 times back and forth, you will have walked one mile. Maybe we will have more sunny days soon. I know the gardeners can hardly wait to start digging for exercise. Maybe my vegetable man won't plant turnips and oodles of radishes this year. Oh dear, I just forgot my new, better habit of kindness!