

Bill Metz
Saint Antoninus School
Grade 8

While thinking about how I helped others this past year, a couple of things came to mind. I must admit that I didn't do anything absolutely outstanding. But I think that I did make a difference to someone, that someone being me and the residents at a local group home.

I am a member of the Boy Scout Troop 614. On Friday's during Lent, we hold a Fish Fry to help raise money to support our activities throughout the year. On some Friday's I would start setting up tables and equipment right after school. I did this so we would be able to start on time. This was something nice that I did, but my story is about what happened after the event, not before.

Let me tell you about my Aunt Kathy. She is about 58 years old, uses a wheel chair and loves to make pot holders. She lives in a group home on Westwood Northern Boulevard called the Tehan House. It is a home for adults who are mentally challenged. She likes it there because her friends live there and she is taken care of well. Well, after the first Friday Fish Fry there were lots leftovers, mostly deserts and breads and green beans. The leaders of the troop said that whatever was left over could be thrown away. Since my grandma always reminded me not to waste anything, I tried to think who would like this food. That's when I thought of Aunt Kathy and her friends.

When I asked the leaders about taking the food to the Tehan House, they thought it was great. My mom called them up and asked if it was OK to stop by so late, about 8:30 at night. They said it was fine, so we loaded up the car with all of the leftovers and headed down Glenway Avenue.

When we arrived. with the food, most of the residents were getting ready for bed. I gave my box to one of the supervisors, and some of the other residents were already digging in to see what kind of treats we brought. My Aunt Kathy was watching TV and working on a new potholder. When she saw my mom, she said "Hello Sister!" like she always does. Knowing that she has a sweet tooth, I gave her a piece of apple pie. Not only did I get a hug from her, but we got lots of thank you's and handshakes from the other residents and supervisors too.

From then on, every Friday that I worked the Fish Fry was followed by a visit to the Tehan House. I think that by visiting them and delivering the leftovers, I made them feel special, and it made me feel good too.