

LOOK AT WHAT'S INSIDE
The People News

HEALTH.... B J Armstrong
PUBLIC SQUARE.... J C Bowman
TONYA'S TALES.... Tonya Brantley
SPECIAL REPORT.... Alexandra Edwards
MOCKINGBIRD.... June Griffin
IT'S A PERSONAL VIEW.... Mel Griffith
HUMOR COLUMNIST.... Ned Hickson
SPORTS.... Jerry Keys
COLUMNIST.... Joe Kirkpatrick
MATTER OF FAITH.... Joel Lawler
JENNIFER'S CORNER.... Jennifer Martin
FEED BAG.... Pauline Murphy
WW II SECRETS.... Cecil Owen
READ ALL ABOUT IT.... Pettus Read

plus
JOKES
CROSSWORD
EDITORIALS
HUMOR
LETTERS
LIVESTOCK PRICES
POLITICAL CARTOONS

Advertising Design - by Greenrain Graphics



Managing Editor Tonya Brantley



Publisher Pete Edwards

Editor's note: The views expressed by the independent columnists or letter writers in this paper are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of *THE PEOPLE NEWS* publisher-editor, staff or our advertisers. Any comments "for or against" should be addressed to -

The PEOPLE News P.O. Box 3921
Cleveland TN 37320-3921

(423)-559-2150

FAX 559-1044

e-mail: Thepeoplenews@aol.com
website: www.thepeoplenews.com

For ADVERTISING
Information Call

559-2150

2008 Copyright

— The Sack Lunches —

The following was sent to The People News by a reader. The author is unknown.

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. "I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap," I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation. "Where are you headed?" I asked the soldier seated nearest to me. "Chicago - to Great Lakes Base. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Iraq."

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached Chicago, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time. As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. "No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five bucks. I'll wait till we get to Chicago." His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to

the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. "Take a lunch to all those soldiers." She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. "My son was a soldier

take this." He handed me twenty-five dollars. Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Flight Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but

was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm. When we landed in Chicago I gathered my belongings and started to de-plane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. "It will take you some time to reach the base. It will be about time for a sandwich. God bless you."

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers. As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little.

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life wrote a blank check made payable to "The United States of America" for an amount of "up to and including my life." That is honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it."



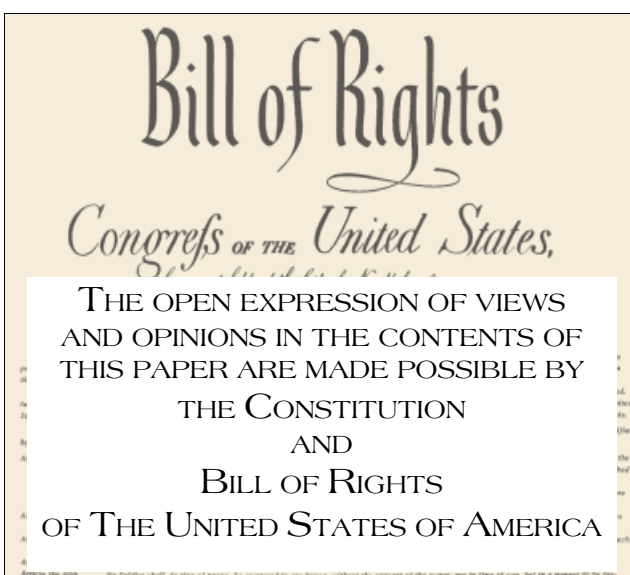
in Iraq; it's almost like you are doing it for him."

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, "Which do you like best - beef or chicken?" "Chicken," I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class. "This is your thanks."

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. A man stopped me. "I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here,

noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand, and said, "I want to shake your hand." Quickly unfastening my seatbelt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, "I was a soldier and I was a military pilot. Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot." I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A man who



**The People News
Gives You A Voice!**
Talk to us via e-mail.
Tell us what you like and what you don't like. All your comments will be appreciated, but if you want them published you will need to identify yourself. So talk away, we'll be listening.
Visit us on the web
www.thepeoplenews.com