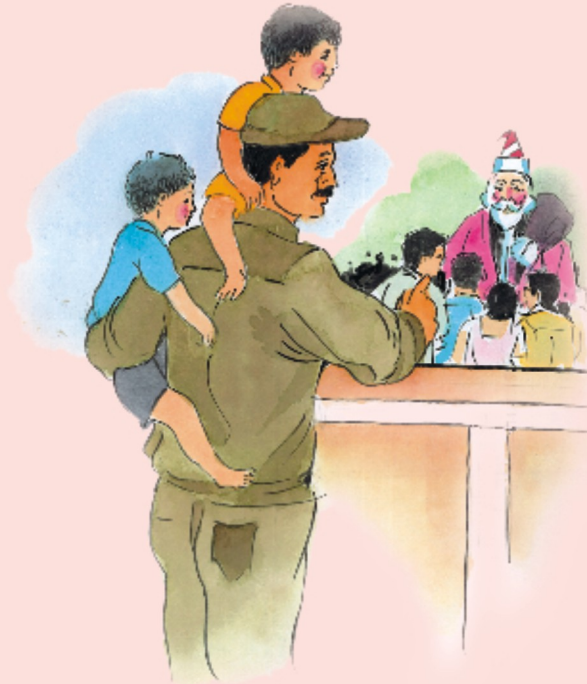


Step ^{By} Step CARE



a professor was invited to speak at a military base and was met at the airport by an unforgettable soldier named Ralph. As they headed towards the baggage claim area, Ralph kept disappearing; once to help an older woman with her suitcase; once to lift two toddlers so that they could see Santa Claus; and again to give someone directions. Each time he came back smiling.

“Where did you learn to live like this?” the professor asked.

“During the war,” said Ralph. Then he told the professor about his days in Vietnam. His job was to clear minefields, and he saw friends meet untimely ends, one after another, right before his eyes.

“I learned to live between steps,” he said. “I never knew whether the next one would be my last, so I had to get everything I could out of that moment between picking up my foot and putting it down again. Every step felt like a whole new world.”

Begin at once to live, and count each day as a separate life.
– Seneca