

Dear NAAFA,

All we hear these days is negative stuff...how bad our indicators are, how close we are to “three-strikes and we’re out,” how we need to sell more, and in some cases, what terrible agents we are. Well, I want to pass this on to all agents. I hope it gives you the encouragement you deserve and incentive to please pass it on to others. IF WE DON'T SUPPORT EACH OTHER, NO ONE ELSE WILL. I think we all better join NAAFA.

One who hasn't been fired or retired...yet!

**One day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name.**

**Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down...**

It took the remainder of the class  
period to finish their assignment,  
and as  
the students left the room,  
each one handed in the papers.

That  
Saturday, the teacher wrote down  
the name of each student on a  
separate sheet of paper,  
and listed what everyone else had  
said about that individual.



On Monday

she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling.

'Really?' she heard whispered.

"I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!" and, 'I didn't know others liked me so much,' were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again.

She never knew if they discussed them after class or with

*their parents, but it didn't matter.  
The exercise had accomplished its  
purpose. The students were happy  
with themselves and one another.  
That group of students moved on.*

*Several years later, one of the  
students was killed in Viet Nam  
and his teacher attended the  
funeral of that special student.  
She had never seen a serviceman  
in a military coffin before.*

*He looked so handsome,  
so mature.*

*The church was packed  
with his friends.*

*One by one those who loved him  
took a last walk by the coffin.  
The teacher was the last one to  
bless the coffin.*



*As she stood there, one of the  
soldiers who acted as pallbearer  
came up to her.*  
*“Were you Mark’s math teacher?”  
he asked.... She nodded: “yes.”*  
*Then he said:*  
*“Mark talked about you a lot.”*

After the funeral,  
most of Mark's former classmates  
went together to a luncheon.  
Mark's mother and father were  
there, obviously, waiting to speak  
with his teacher.

"We want to show you  
something," his father said,  
taking a wallet out of his pocket.  
"They found this on Mark when  
he was killed. We thought you  
might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully  
removed two worn pieces of  
notebook paper that had obviously  
been taped, folded and refolded  
many times.

The teacher knew  
without looking that the papers  
were the ones on which she had  
listed all the good things each of  
Mark's classmates had  
said about him.

*"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said...*

*"As you can see, Mark treasured it."*



*All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home"*



Chuck's wife said,  
“Chuck asked me to put his  
in our wedding album.”

“I have mine, too,” Marilyn said.  
“It's in my diary”

Then Vicki, another classmate,  
reached into her pocketbook,  
took out her wallet  
and showed her worn and  
frazzled list to the group.

“I carry this with me at  
all times,” Vicki said, and  
without batting an eyelash,

she continued.

“I think we all saved our lists.”

That's when the teacher finally  
sat down and cried.

She cried for Mark and for all  
his friends who  
would never see him again.

The density of people in society is  
so thick that we forget that life  
will end one day.

And we don't know when that  
one day will be.

So please, tell the people  
you love and care for,  
that they are special  
and important.

And  
tell them before  
it is too late.

