

James L. Holly, M.D.

If You Think There is Nothing Good in Life By James L Holly, MD

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Letter to the Editor
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This morning, I left the hospital at 4:30 AM, after making morning rounds and visiting one of my partner's children who is hospitalized. I had a traffic accident one week ago tomorrow and am driving my grandson's car. He is in Washington, D. C. at the Boy Scout Jamboree. Reports are that everyone wants to adopt him and take him home; he is a fine young man, strong, hardworking, decent and respectful. In fact, he exemplifies everything good that scouting stands for.

I needed gas this morning so I went to a freeway station and began filling up. There was a police car there and when I finished filling my grandson's tank, a police officer had appeared. He was the same officer who had worked my accident at 3:00 AM last Friday so I walked over. A man was sitting on the ground who was obviously homeless. When I walked over, rather than being under arrest, the homeless man was eating a sandwich and drinking a coke.

The officer and I shook hands and exchanged greetings. He said, "My friend here was hungry and I got him something to eat." Not to miss the blessing, I took ten dollars out of my pocket, handed it to the officer and said, "You guys do so much, let me pay for the food." He responded, "I can't give him the money, but I'll buy something else for him."

As I walked away, I etched the picture in my memory. Police brutality? Only if doing away with hunger and being kind to a stranger is brutal. But the clearest picture in my mind is that the homeless man is **Caucasian** and the police officer? He is **African-American**.

This picture joins an album of my lifetime which displays another picture, which became a metaphor for life to me. My wife and I had been married for a few months. We were driving and I stopped and got my camera out. It was 1965 and I wanted the picture of a black cow and

a white cow standing together enjoying the summer sun and a feast of alfalfa. I told my wife, "That's the way it'll be some day, black and white together with no differences."

The Beaumont policeman made an installment on that promise today, and, I thank him. I think he and his colleagues make unheralded installments every day. This officer's name is John and he is a credit not only to Beaumont but to humanity. Thank you, John.

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