

My father recently suffered a massive stroke and died two days later. As is customary, we communicated his passing to family, friends, and associates. My dad had worked for an automobile dealership for over 30 years, and like many people, he was defined by his job. He only missed one day of work that I can remember, and that was the day he was granted U.S. citizenship. He was the first one to arrive at work every morning, literally opening the doors every day and locking the service department every evening. He truly believed he was critical to the success of his company. After retiring, he constantly dreamt about his job, and he continued to wear his work uniform whenever he was at home or working outdoors. So I thought I would call the company to let them know he was gone. A woman answered the phone, and I began with "This is a bit of an unusual phone call, but..." I explained how long my father had worked there, and that though they now had hundreds of employees, my dad was one of the very first two hires. I explained that perhaps there were still some old timers who remembered him. "What department did he work in?", she asked. "Service", I answered. I heard a click, followed by a ringing, and finally an answering machine message. It all amounted to nothing, and it would have broken my dad's heart.

I share this story because it was such a sharp contrast to the wonderful support I received from my Lincoln Land Community College family. Countless phone calls, texts, messages, thoughts, and prayers. Beautiful flowers, touching cards, money, and food. This is a kind institution, filled with good-hearted people. Thank you all so very much. You are truly appreciated.

Judy Jozaitis