

# Turning an Interest into a Cause - Three Scenarios

**Hi my name is Jose.** I am 27 years old, a husband as well a father. Our little girl, Natalie, is two years old and our son Rene turned five in March. He's quite excited because he is signed up to play tee-ball in the city recreation program this fall. My wife and everyone who knows me, knows that I am a baseball fanatic. I guess you could say that my "passion" for the game began when I was about Rene's age when my father took me to see my first big league game. I don't remember who was playing who on that day, in fact about the only thing I remember was the hotdog and coke dad bought for me during the seventh inning stretch.... what I do know though is that sometime between then and now, I got hooked. Someday I hope to coach my son's, and perhaps even my daughter's ball teams, but right now I'm so busy at work and at home, I'll have to be content to just be a fan in the stands... oh, by the way, my wife reminds me that even though I'm not able to coach just yet, that we do contribute money to the City Recreation Program and in that way perhaps I'm already helping to coach... if you get what I mean.

**Hi I'm Karrie.** I'm a junior at Milford High. Someday I hope to be a veterinarian. Now you probably are thinking I'm a brain from a wealthy family, but let me assure you, I'm not. I am the oldest of six children and my parents both hold down jobs and work hard to keep food on the table and a roof over our heads. But if you were to ask my parents, they would tell you that my decision to become a vet became pretty well cemented in my mind eight years ago. You see eight years ago, Toby (I like to refer to him as my dog) was hit by a car driven by my best friend's mom, who had just dropped me off at our house from a Girl Scout meeting. As she was backing out of the drive, Toby ran to greet me from across the yard taking no notice of the moving car. I screamed and started to cry. Dad came running from the back yard, saw what happened, and carefully lifted Toby from the driveway while calling to mom to bring him the car keys. Dad told me to get in the front seat and when I did he carefully laid Toby across my lap and taking the keys from mom, he started the car and we headed to town to see Doc Winters. Well, my story has a happy ending. Toby survived, thanks to Doc Winters. Toby's two broken legs eventually healed and except for a little arthritis that would set in when there was a lot of moisture in the air, he eventually was as good as new. I can't even begin to tell you how excited and happy I was that day when Doc Winters took Toby and assured me that he would do everything possible to see to it that Toby 'would chase squirrels again someday with the best of them'. Right then and there I knew that I wanted to be like Doc Winters and work to save pets for little boys and girls like me. That 'passion' hasn't wavered a bit. In fact, twice a month I donate two hours on a Saturday to clean animal cages at our local Humane Society. It gives me a good feeling and I know that it's good practice, because. . . well, did I tell you I want to grow up to be a veterinarian?



**Hi, my name is Sister Martha.** I'm what you might call a 'done nun'. I'm 87 years old and decided at the age of eighty-two to retire from the church rectory and live in Florida or some such place warm for the rest of my life. Well, I didn't make to some place warm. I still live here in town with my younger sister (she's 85 and looks a lot older than I do). I guess I finally realized that my heart is right here in our little town. I grew up here, went school here, and probably will die here...but not for a long time yet, I hope. Which reminds me, the other day I met with a lawyer and he and I drew up my will. Both my sister and I decided to honor the memory of our parents and leave some of our money to the local Community Foundation. You know that's where people donate money and those working at the Foundation invest it in stocks and bonds and other stuff and then they use the interest earned to fund grant request that come in from non-profit organizations, churches, schools, individuals, etc. Since I never married, I also decided to leave some of my money to the local Area Arts Center. This is a nonprofit organization as well, and one that often receives grants from the Community Foundation. But because there is a special place in my heart for the Area Arts Center, I also including it in my will. Since I was a child, I wanted to be an artist and while I could always appreciate the work of other artists, I never really got the chance to study and paint professionally. While my parents early on, sensed I had some artistic ability, they could not afford to finance an art education for me. Despite that, they always made a point of taking me to art exhibits and shows whenever one came to town. As an adult, I've come to appreciate this fact more than I did as a child, and so when it was explained to me that I could specifically designate some of my money to help other young aspiring artists, I jumped at the chance. While I didn't have an opportunity myself to pursue my art, I could certainly give others an opportunity. By the way I still attend art shows and exhibits when I can.... and yes I did leave some money to my church as well.

