

# Love People First

Lolita



Miss Lucy, the closest friend of mine, always brought me life and energy. She respected people and focused her entire attention on the people whom she was talking to. She loved people and people loved her.

One cold afternoon, Lucy and I were chatting in our usual drinking area. Lucy was a great story-teller and I liked her stories. While we were laughing loudly, I noticed that one of my teachers was walking into the coffee shop. I told Lucy that I didn't want to run into my teacher. Lucy was so curious to know the reason. I made an instant explanation.

The teacher and I parted on bad terms last semester. I had taken offense at some suggestions she had made in class. In fact, I believed that my teacher didn't like me. Lucy stared at the passing figure and she gave me the warmest smile. It seemed that she understood the whole situation and knew exactly how I felt.

Lucy held my hand and said, 'People like people who like them. If you show an interest in them, they'll be interested in you. People are not friendly because they probably think that you don't like them.' I got her warmest message and I knew what to do. I approached my teacher, greeted her and started talking with her.

When I returned to my seat, Lucy explained to me a simple concept. 'Like most young people, you are lack of self-confidence and always worry about how others judge you. In fact, others also worry about how you judge them. So, instead of worrying about the judgment in the eyes of others, try learning to like others first.'

From that day onwards, I tried to make connections with people and had discovered a world of people I never would have known before. Each encounter became an adventure, each person a lesson in life. I was fully interested in their unique stories. I was so willing to listen to their dreams.

One day, I went home with an interesting adventure and was so eager to share it with Lucy. She gave me a big hug after the story and said, 'Yes, like people first. The light you shine on others will reflect back upon you a hundredfold.'

Tonight is my first night without her. I miss her voice, I miss her stories, I miss her smile. I miss her lessons in my life. I am thankful that God let me have her as my mother for 18 years. I am happy that I was able to let her know how much I loved her.

'I love you, Miss Lucy! I'll always remember your words, Mum!'