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I have an older neighbor who is mostly all alone and lonely. She leaves home rarely, is ailing, on oxygen and is unstable. I try to call every day and I visit her once a week. I am a spark for her, and she is a spark for me. I believe we are God's gifts to each other.

My Spark involves working with people and support people who have terminal/dreaded diseases: Stage 4 bladder cancer, brain cancer and Parkinson's. I work at maintaining communication with the individual as well as with their close family members and friends assist with food, competing paperwork, etc.

I helped an elderly woman lift a heavy box of cat litter into her basket at the grocery store. She was so very thankful for the helping hand.

I left a nice note for someone, and they said it made their day.

I was driving along Parker Road and stopped by another driving singing with great joy. I gave him a thumbs up sign. He smiled and kept on singing.

I gave peaches to a friend. I helped an elderly person at the grocery store unload and pack her groceries. I received a rose from a four-year-old child as I was walking.

I brought coffee to a stranger.

I met a woman in the puzzle section at Walmart. We had a wonderful conversation about puzzles and why we work with them. Then I found out she had been healthy until three years ago when she had sudden lifesaving breast cancer surgery, which was followed by a heart attack and another lifesaving surgery a year later and now has a pacemaker. She has a 32-year-old son with the mind of a four-year-old child. Her husband has had five bike crashes in the past year. She works on puzzles that picture scenes where she would be happy. She feels blessed to be alive. She was so happy to share a happy conversation with a person who made her feel like an adult. Now, who was blessed?

I bought Starbucks gift cards and gave them to several Safeway employees. They were speechless and grateful.

I was going to work at Costco and saw a man having a seizure near the front door. Two women had walked past him. I notified Costco employee and asked them to call 911 for help. I believe God put me at the door at that time to get him help.



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I gifted lemon bars to the front desk administrators at the school where I volunteer.

One of my favorite spark stories happened at Safeway while picking up my ordered groceries. I had one of the Spark Joy gift cards for coffee. The person who put groceries in my car was an older lady. She was so pleasant. I asked her, "Do you drink coffee?" and she said, "Yes." I gave her the \$10 gift card and she was so thankful.

I received a "Spark" at the food court in the mall. I had been to an appointment there and stopped to get some food. I didn't have any cash or credit cards. The gentleman behind me paid for my food!

A person I know was suffering with shingles. I ordered a meal and a few essential groceries to be delivered to her front door. She was thrilled and grateful. We both were blessed!

I volunteer for the Town of Parker. I use my humor to brighten someone's day. I use my artwork to bring smiles to others.

I was in Starbucks. A person came in asking if anyone had a couple of dollars. I said, "Choose what you want." The best part was the kindness they showed back to me!

I greet someone new every Sunday, tell them my name and get their name. Be friendly, but not too overbearing. SMILE! Answer questions. Give directions to Sunday School, etc.

A few weeks ago, I went to the farmer's market after church. I love the farmer's market. I was busy picking out my peaches and pears. I went to pay for the produce, when the vender told me that a gentleman had paid, not only for my purchase, but also for four other people's produce. That was a great, thoughtful thing to do! I only wish I could have at least said "Thank you."

My spark story started 72 years ago. I was 12 years old and had a paper route. I was filled with the Holy Spirit and so happy after attending a "Camp Revival" meeting the previous night. As I was picking up m papers at the train station in Weeping Water, Nebraska, I noticed a drunk "tramp" sitting alone. I asked him if he loved Jesus and he said, "I do, but he doesn't love me." I replied, "Oh yes, he does! Come to the revival meeting tonight and see." He didn't show, but I knew Jesus loved him anyway. This was my beginning!