

EAST VALLEY OPINIONS

A pair of simple words, for you ...

Hey, all you hard-working people who don't sit on your hands waiting for another \$450,000 before you'll deign to show up for football training camp ... Hey, you special-ed teachers who don't get custom-designed rings just for being good at your job ... Hey, you bedpan nurses who take care of people who can't take care of themselves ...

Hey, you road workers wearing your bright orange vests who stand out in the sun making sure our bridges are safe ... Hey, you people who check contracts to make sure your company is getting a square deal — when's the last time anyone asked for your autograph? ...

Hey, you airplane mechanics, you parachute packers, you FBO operators, you gas pumpers who keep us aloft Hey, you graphic designers who sit at the board or stare at a screen all day to help us enjoy what we see with grace and beauty ... Hey, you restaurant workers who don't go on strike just because you couldn't possibly keep working for a minimum wage of less than \$300 grand ...

Hey, you supermarket checkers



JIM VEIHDEFFER

Special for The Republic

who have to stand on your feet all day and watch the parade of food pass you by ... Hey, you, policeman at the airport telling me to move on — I know you're just doing your job ... Hey, you freeway driver who wants so badly to honk at me for cutting you off but resists the temptation — I honestly didn't mean to do it ... Hey, you lady who knew I was running late at a train station and let me cut in front of you ... Hey, you Web site developers who don't make the type so small I can't read it ...

Hey, you little girl playing hide-and-seek with me while I drink my coffee at the coffee shop ... Hey, you quiet elderly neighbor lady who offers me fresh corn on the cob — with explicit instructions on cooking time ... Hey, you tennis opponent who calls my ball "in" when

you could have called it "out" ... Hey, you tolerant lovers who take back your misguided, bullheaded and confused partners for one more chance (don't screw it up this time, hairball!) ...

Hey, you volleyball teammate who watches me make a bone-headed play and still gives me an attaboy ... Hey, you traveling businessperson sitting in your motel room checking e-mail late at night before you call your spouse ...

Hey, you friendly dog that wags your tail at me and gives every stranger unconditional love ... Hey, you limping guy in my apartment complex who always has a friendly word for me ... Hey, you insurance guy who trudges up my stairway in 112-degree heat to make sure I'm protected against my own stumble-footedness ... Hey, you shooting star that grants me a wish ...

Hey, you ... thanks.

Jim Veihdeffer is a freelance public relations writer living in Tempe. Author of the e-book, *Stories I Never Told My Family*, he can be reached at VeedsJ@aol.com.