

## NICKI THE GARBAGEMAN 193

When I was 5 & 6 years old I remember Nicki the Garbageman pulling his truck up behind the condo where my family lived, we lived at 193 Selvin Knowls Rd in Stamford Conn. This is why I add 193 to my writings and to my activism activities.

Nicki was my father's friend and when his crew pulled up at my house and Nicki hopped out of the truck and came up the steps to my house for coffee, I thought it was the coolest thing ever. Nicki even let me sit in the truck and check it out.

I wanted to be a Garbageman like Nicki, one time I organized all the kids in the condos to put all the garbage cans back that were left out by the street for pickup. There was only one problem with my plan, after we returned all the cans, we learned from my Mother that we returned all the garbage cans to the wrong condos. You see back east at the time everyone bought their own cans from the store so they were mostly different, they were not all the same.

The organizing skills God had given me in life would one day be used in prison to glorify God in many ways. O I almost forgot why I'm writing this story. Think about your Garbageman who picks up your garbage each week. Do you know his name? Have you ever stood outside by the curb to offer him a bottle of cold water or a devotional and prayer or some homemade cookies or a breakfast bar?

A kind word showing appreciation for his service goes a very long way. Some of the best blessings of God come through the blessing of others.

John 15:12 And this is My commandment that you LOVE one another as I have LOVED you...Amen



