

Glen Fishback

By Jon Satrum

Many years ago on a bitterly cold winter day while doing some consulting in Minneapolis, it was lunch time, I was unfamiliar with my surroundings, and didn't know where to go for a meal. Most of the people had "brown bagged" and were simply going to eat lunch at their desk.

"I'll take you to lunch", said a man across the room sensing that I needed some help. And so Glen Fishback and I started a journey that took us through the building, down an elevator into an underground parking garage, and through a series of interconnecting facilities so we didn't have to go outside.

Eventually we went up in another elevator, through a building and finally to a small restaurant where someone called out - *"Hi Glen"*! Evidently known to these people, perhaps he was a "regular". We had a nice lunch and then headed back, reversing our journey until we were in the original building where we started. I don't believe I could have found my way back without Glen's help.

When you travel, especially when you travel alone, you appreciate those who take time to help you and make you feel more comfortable in unfamiliar surroundings.

And so it was with me that day - a stranger went out of his way to help.

And now as Paul Harvey would say, here is the "rest of the story" - Glen Fishback was blind.