

The 24th was a typical October Friday in our household. Up early for school, coming home and asking me every 10 minutes if it was time to go to the fall festival, dressing up in costumes, snapping pictures and chasing the boys around. We returned home past the normal bedtime, bathed, got into jammies and then a wail! "I FORGOT BOO!" The scream was followed by uncontrolled sobbing – my 7-year-old had left his beloved Boo in the library at Athens-Chilesburg Elementary School. He was inconsolable. I explained to Jaxon that it was late Friday night, and we might not be able to get Boo until Monday. Jaxon just crumbled in a pathetic hiccupping mess. My heart just broke for him, so I went to my computer and did the one thing I could think to do: mass e-mail! I cut and pasted the PTA list of parents and teachers into an outgoing message (at 9:13 p.m.) that read: Does anyone know of any reason that someone will be at ACE tomorrow, Saturday? Jaxon seems to have left Boo in the library. Boo is a tattered old bear given to him when he was 18 months old and has slept with him since then. He is sobbing and just can't imagine sleeping without the bear. It is going to be a very long weekend! So if anyone knows of any meetings or anything going on, then that would give me the opportunity to swoop in to get the bear. I would be forever grateful. At 9:45 p.m. my cell phone rang. It was ACE! I answered and heard, "Mrs. Cagle? This is **Peggy Henderson**. I am in the library, and I have a bear. Can you describe Boo?" I told her he was a plain ol' ratty thing ... most of the stuffing loved out of him, eyeballs all white from scratches. She said this might be him and asked where we lived so she could bring him by. I told her that was nice, but I could meet her in the time I gave her directions. I hollered at my husband to grab the keys, and we rushed to the school. I guess I half expected some meeting to be going on or some signs that Mrs. Henderson had been working late when she read the e-mail, but no. Her car was pulled at an angle to shine the headlights on the school, and she stood next to a car still running with her husband and our beloved Boo. It was evident that they had dropped whatever they were doing when they read the e-mail and rushed to our aid. She was only there to help, saying, "We had a little one attached to a Boo, so we understood what you were going through." At that moment she was more than just a principal in our eyes. She was our hero. She definitely went the extra mile on a late, cold Friday night. If ever an employee proved to be service-minded as to the well-being of our children, it was Peggy Henderson answering the late-night call to soothe a second-grader's fear of spending a night separated by a mile from his beloved Boo. I will forever thank her for her selflessness.

-- Submitted by Dori Cagle, parent