

## Ropeyarn Sunday “Sea Stories” and Open Trackbacks

### Description

First of all, mea culpa for not getting this up as the sun went past the yard arm. My apologies. Hammer up those great trackbacks and get some readership from my small stable of transient visitors!

During most weeks, I load up the old mental VHS tapes and surf thru them and see which story tickles my fancy (and hoping it will do the same for your fancy), but I was a little preoccupied.

Just at this moment, I recalled the end of a Combined Federal Campaign on my second ship. There’s a story here about sacrificial giving that fits the theme:

It was the last day and the goal wasn’t met, but it was not much more than propbaly \$100 away from a successful mark in my “Fitness Report” (FITREP). Back in those days, such things were “challenges” to be faced and defeated, where,. later in life, I have come to understand it’s about us actually considering much more about the comfort of our fellow man.

AS I stood up on the bridge (we were inport), one of the operations specialist’s came up the centerline ladeer from Combat Information Center (CIC). I knew he was one who’s name wasn’t on the division’s envelope, so I asked him if his “division representative” (the division’s chief petty officer in his case) had given him the chance to donate. He started tap dancing, and I knew the Chief was anything but a supporter of the CFC campaign and had grudginly taken the assignment, but I could tell he didn’t really want to give anything because of something the Chief had said. I was crest fallen, so near, yet so far from a third campaign of my career going in the “Collected 100%” column on the next FITREP. Then he asked a question:

“Does the money go where you write on the card?” “Yes, Didn’t the Chief tell you that?” “No, he said they let you do that to feel good, but they send it where they want to.”

I assured him the money went as designated. I said it with a false confidence then, but found out later I was correct.

He took a card and filled it out, indicating a pretty good sized dollar amount, particularly for an E3. He turned the contribution card over and wrote one charity for the approved listing, and handed it to me. I met goal. He put his money to something he knew was a good place. Win (Command looked good), win (I looked good), win (for his conscience) and for the charity and those it served, a win, too.

### Category

1. "Sea Stories"
2. Humor
3. Military
4. Open Trackbacks
5. Supporting the Troops

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