{enclose http://dev.ksco.got.net/podcasts/2009-10-10.mp3} The following is a KSCO commentary. Here is Kay Zwerling:  This little gem has been floating around for a while. It is called 'sack Lunches?.I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment, and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight.Just before takeoff, a line of soldiers came down the aisle, and filled all the vacant seats totally surrounding me.I decided to start a conversation. ?Where are you guys headed?? I asked the soldier seated nearest to me. ?Petawawa. We will be there for two weeks for special training, and then we are being deployed to Afghanistan.After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for $5. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I decided a lunch would help pass the time. I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. ?No. That seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably would not be worth $5,? he said. ?I will wait til we get to base. And his friend agreed.I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane, and handed the flight attendant a $50 bill. ?Take a lunch to all those soldiers,? I said. She grabbed my arms, and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me, saying ?My son is a soldier in Iraq, it is almost like you are doing it for him.Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked ?Which do you like best ? chicken or beef?? ?Chicken,? I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of the plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from First Class. ?This is your thanks,? she said. After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the restroom. A man stopped me. ?I saw what you did,? he said. ?I want to be part of it. Here. Take this. He handed me $25. Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the flight Captain coming down the aisle. When he got to my row, he stopped, smiled, held out his hand, and said ?I want to shake your hand.Quickly unfastening my seatbelt, I stood and shook the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said ?I was a soldier, and I was a military pilot. Once someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot. I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers. Later, I walked to the front of the plane, so I could stretch my legs. A man who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another $25 in my palm.When we landed, I gathered my belongings, and started to deplane. A man stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned and walked away, without saying a word. Another $25.Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them, and handed them $75. ?It will take you some time to reach the base,? I said. ?It will be about time for a sandwich. God bless you all. Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers. As I walked to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers have given their all for our Country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seems so little. A Veteran is someone who at one point in his life wrote a blank check made payable to the United States of America for the amount of up to and including his life. That is Honor! And there are way too many people in this Country who no longer understand that, and it is so sad. May you have the strength and courage to pass this along to everyone you know. And kudos to you David Dunworth for sharing this beautiful little jewel with us. For KSCO, this is Kay Zwerling. copyright 2009