

**By Joycelyn Russo
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How did I get home? I wondered groggily as I woke up on the sofa in my den, my husband, George, and my next-door neighbor by my side. I'd been Christmas shopping at the mall when I started to feel woozy. I'm diabetic, so I figured I'd better hurry home for something to eat. I went out to the parking lot, but before I even got close to my car, I felt myself falling. The last thing I remembered was my head hitting the concrete.

“An ambulance is on its way,” George said. Behind him stood a man and woman I didn't know. Both dark, her face covered so that only her eyes were visible, the couple appeared to be Middle Eastern. My neighbor tried to ask them questions, but the man only repeated, “I'm here to take care of her.”

When the ambulance arrived, the medics wheeled me out, George and my neighbor close behind. In the commotion, the couple slipped away.

At the hospital, when things had calmed down, George and I pieced things together. The couple must have checked my wallet for my address and driven me home in my car. Then they carried me inside and alerted my neighbor, who called George at work. What normal people would go through so much trouble for a stranger? I was eternally grateful.

When I returned home that evening, I spied my purse on the counter and picked it up. The clasp was still closed. Opening it, I was stunned to see that nothing was out of place. I keep everything a certain way, and my wallet was exactly where I had left it, my keys untouched. I was sure of it, no one had rifled through my purse.

For the first time, a thought struck me. Out of the hundreds of cars in that crowded lot, how did the couple know which was mine? How could anybody know?

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