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NOMINATION AFFIDAVIT  
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S HOSPITALITY AWARDS

Recently I was driving south from Indianapolis to Bloomington on a business trip. It was lunch time, so I pulled off in Martinsville and went in to eat at the Kentucky Colonel Fried Chicken on Burton Lane, just off Highway 37. It was there, in the short time that followed that I encountered a counter server who not only turned my day around... from not so hot, to unforgettable.... but also, as I look back, embodies the very spirit of "Hoosier Hospitality."

I was hungry. So were many others in line. She was busy taking orders, making change, answering interrupters' questions, and, in short, making short order of what was obviously her job. I noticed she was going about it lightheartedly and that she was wearing a name tag that said "Diana." I remember I admired the way she handled a couple who wanted to take home enough food from the buffet for another meal. Without making them feel small (or cheap and tacky, as I probably would have) she explained the need for them to keep their buffet dining inside. Then she quietly helped them wrap a couple of cooled drumsticks for their trip home.

When it came my turn to order, I decided I'd have the buffet. Looked like the best deal. However, when it came time for me to pay, I discovered I was out of cash and only had a credit card. Diana explained they didn't take the card and then, without hesitation, told me not to worry; she'd spot me the money and I could repay her on my next time through. She didn't know me from Adam, nor did she know if I'd ever pass through Martinsville again. Before I could respond she was headed for her purse where she took out over \$5.00 to pay the register. She was not giving this out of the Colonel's till and it was clear to me and the people in line behind me that she was about to make a personal loan to me -- a total stranger. Maybe to her, I was just another hungry customer.

I remembered I had a checkbook in the car and offered to get it. She assured me there was no need to hurry or worry about it right then. She suggested I eat first. I did.

All through lunch I couldn't get over this lady's trust and kindness. After I ate, I went to the car and brought her a check made out for the amount of the buffet. I also brought her a newspaper I work for to show her how to reach me in case there was any trouble with the check... also to verify my name and address. You know what Diana did? She laughed. Then she thanked me for what must have appeared to her as a silly gesture; and again, she thanked me for coming to KFC.

In all my travels throughout this wide world, especially during the ten years I lived in New York City, I've never experienced such kind, blind faith in humanity, other than my own mother. It's people like my dearly departed mom and this lady named Diana that make me proud of my Indiana heritage, and, jaded as I may be from city life, a believer in the quiet power of good old Hoosier Hospitality.

Sincerely,

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