

Jeff Around Town – November 4th, 2025

Jeff: It's Jeff Around Town. Recently, I was feeling pretty stressed out, so I did what I sometimes do. I went on a bike ride to, well, de-stress.

Before I go on, there's one thing I need to share. Some of you probably know this, but just in case, I have Tourette's syndrome. Not the cliché Hollywood kind of Tourette's, but rather the kind where my brain tells me to grunt and twitch and jerk my head and stretch my mouth. You get the idea.

And on this particular day, my stress is expressing itself in the form of a few of those aforementioned twitches. But this Jeff Around Town isn't really about Tourette's or even stress. More than anything, it's about humanity and kindness.

So, I'm heading off on my bike, heading to the field club trail. To get there, I'm going downhill on Vinton Street, approaching those grain elevators, you know, the ones you can see from the interstate. Except there's a lot of traffic, which isn't helping the stress. So, I tell myself for just a block or so, I'll take the sidewalk until I reach the trail.

I'm now soaring, imagining the wind in my long, dark hair, like when I was a kid and didn't wear a helmet. Sadly, I no longer have hair for the wind to flow through, but yes, I'm wearing a helmet, and thankfully so.

In spite of the joy I feel, the distressing part still hasn't taken hold. I'm still pretty twitchy. I jerk my head so hard it throws off my balance. So much so, I go flying, but not in a fun way. It's me and my bike, now tangled like a human and metal pretzel. When I land, I land on pretty much everything. Hands and arms and knees. My helmet takes a little scratch, but thankfully nothing to my face. Oh, but the handlebars right into my chest.

Now to jump ahead briefly, after a trip to an urgent care, I find out I've broken nothing, and I'm grateful. Back at the scene of the accident, when I land in that human metal pretzel, I'm only inches from traffic, which is also soaring down Vinton.

But I'm unable to move, and not to be too graphic, but there's blood. Yet no one stops.

Now look, I give them the benefit of the doubt. I'm pretty much flattened like a pancake, so it's likely they don't even see me. Still, a little help would be nice. And then a van stops, which makes all the other traffic stop.

And now a guy is standing over me, a green floss pick dangling from his mouth. Let's get you away from the street, he says, reaching out with his hand. I manage to reach back, but then stop, telling him I have blood on my hand, to which he replies, "I don't give a hoot", except that his language is more colorful and frankly more powerful.

He is emphatically insisting on helping me no matter what. And so, I agree.

In the grand scheme of this world, it's perhaps a small gesture, but in this moment, I'm vulnerable and touched by his kindness.

Now safely away from the street, I ask his name, because when kindness shows up out of the blue, you want to always remember as much as you can about the moment. Alfredo. Alfredo with the green floss pick.

In this world, we all have our challenges and obstacles. We all run into problems from time to time. My hope for you is that when and if you do, there's someone there to help you get up, no matter what, no matter the circumstances, and to remind you that kindness does indeed exist, even when you least expect it.

This has been Jeff Around Town.