

# Saga of a Field Agent

When I'm having a rough day and the people I meet roll their eyes at me and say, "oh you sell life insurance." I remember what purpose I serve;

A life insurance policy is just a time-yellowed piece of paper until it is baptized with a widow's or widower's tears. Then it becomes a modern miracle. It is food, clothing, shelter, education and peace of mind. It is the sincerest love letter ever written. It is a new hope, fresh courage and strength to pick up the broken threads of life and carry on. It is an education for sons and daughters (a chance for a career, instead of the need for a job). It is a parental blessing to your children on their wedding day. It is the function of a parent's hopes and dreams for their family's future. Through life insurance, we live on. There is no death. Life insurance exalts life and defeats death. It is the premium we pay for the privilege of living after death.