

## Aries: Action

Lisa was daydreaming again as she walked slowly home, gazing reflectively into the store windows she passed. She did a great deal of daydreaming, and often planned this, that, or the other ambitious project in her mind. Rarely, however, did she do anything to carry out these schemes.

She saw some material that would be ideal for the dress she had been planning for weeks to make, but decided that she could wait until the next day to buy it. No need to begin the dress immediately. Only that afternoon, for no good reason, she had let the deadline for Drama Club tryouts pass without reading for the part she had visualized for herself, but consoled herself with the thought that there would be other plays and other tryouts "later." A display of greeting cards reminded her that she had long planned to design an elaborate card for her grandparents' 50th wedding anniversary, only two days away. "Well, I guess I won't get to that after all," she said to herself. "I'll buy them a card tomorrow."

When she got home, her mother was mixing the ingredients for a new recipe. "Oh, I was going to bake that yesterday so we could have it this evening," said Lisa.

"I know, dear, you said you were," said her mother resignedly, "but since you didn't get to it I'd better do it now."

Lisa started downstairs to the recreation room, and paused as she heard her sister's voice on the phone. "*I* know she promised to collect the donations in this neighborhood, but *you* know we can't depend on her. She's always saying she'll do something and never does it. The drive will be over Friday and she hasn't even

started. Mrs. Marshall told me she has a whole pile of old clothes but she's going to give them to her church group if we don't collect them soon."

Lisa's sister was president of the girls' service club at the high school, which was sponsoring a clothing drive for children overseas. Lisa, with her usual enthusiasm, had said, "Sure, I'll pick them up in our neighborhood. Just a few houses each day, and I'll have all the clothes in a couple of weeks." Now she remembered the skeptical look on her sister's face as she had said, "Are you sure you'll do it?", and her own miffed rejoinder of "I said I would, didn't I?"

"I guess Sis is right," thought Lisa, stung. "People haven't been able to depend on me very much. Well, I'll show them. I'll get the stuff now even if it is almost too late."

Mother at first was reluctant to let Lisa borrow the car, but when Lisa explained that she wanted to make amends for her previous idleness and collect all the clothing donations from their rather large neighborhood that afternoon, and when she saw the rare, determined expression on Lisa's face, she relented.

Several hours later, the family was sitting down to supper when Lisa burst into the house. "The back seat and the trunk of the car are full of old clothes," she said, as casually as possible, to her sister. "If it's OK with Mom, I'll drive them to school tomorrow."

"You mean you made the collections after all?" her sister asked, astonished.

"Yes, I did," said Lisa. "From now on I think people can start depending on me a little more. Oh, that's all right," she smiled as her sister's face grew red. "I heard what you said on the phone, and it did hurt at first, but now I'm glad I heard it. I guess a lot of people have gotten disgusted with me for not keep-

ing promises, but all that is going to change. It's about time I reformed."

"You have no idea how happy I am to hear you say all this, Lisa," said her mother. "We were beginning to wonder what we were going to do about you and all your plans that never got translated into action. I guess we won't have to wonder any more."

"You won't have to wonder, or worry," said Lisa, smiling. "And from now on, when I say I'm going to bake something, I really will bake it!"

Lisa ate thoughtfully for a few minutes and then said, "You know, I think it's more fun to *do* things than it is just to think about doing them. I really feel as though I accomplished something important this afternoon. Guess that's what people call a 'sense of satisfaction.' And there's something else people say that I'm going to start remembering: 'actions speak louder than words'."

"Well, that's quite a dose of philosophy we're getting this evening," Lisa's father chuckled. "I know a few people at the plant who could use some of this erudition. Would you care to come down and give us a lecture on action?"

"Maybe I'd better wait till I've practiced it a little more," Lisa said, smiling. "Meantime, if you'll excuse me, I want to make an anniversary card for Grandma and Grandad. I can fix up a really nice one if I get busy right now!"