



WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND...

His name was Flemming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself.

Farmer Flemming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death. The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surrounds. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Flemming had saved.

"I want to repay you", said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life". "No, I cannot accept payment for what I did", the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer.

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.. "is that your son?" the nobleman asked.

"Yes" the farmer replied proudly,

"I'll make you a deal. Let me take him and give him a good education. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to a man you can be proud of". And that he did. In time, Farmer Flemming's son graduated from St Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Flemming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterwards, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. What saved him? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Sir Randolph Churchill.

His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

What goes around comes around...