

MR. GOOD

THE LIFE OF A MAN
WHO COULD ONLY DO GOOD



■ *Mr. Good: The Life of a Man Who Could Only Do Good*

By Romena Jonas

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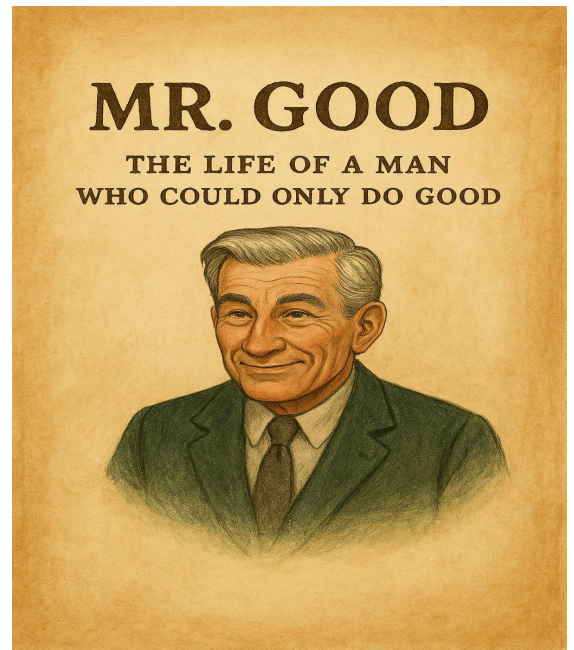
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This is a work of creative nonfiction.

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Dedication

To Mr. Good—who gave quietly, loved fiercely, and asked for nothing in return.

Your kindness lit the way for ten souls, who carried that light onward, each in their own radiant way.

This story, and the lives it touched, are a tribute to your legacy. May the echo of your goodness stretch far beyond these pages—into hearts, homes, and futures still unfolding.

Mr. Good: The Life of a Man Who Could Only Do Good

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Letter from the Author

July 18, 2025

Dear Reader,

Every story in this book flows from the quiet goodness of one man—a man who gave without expectation and loved without condition. Mr. Good didn't change the world with grand gestures. He did it through acts so small they often went unnoticed, yet their impact echoed through generations.

This book was born from a desire to honor that kind of life. To remember the humble hands that lifted others, and to share the legacy that continues each time we choose kindness.

I hope that as you turn these final pages, you're reminded of someone in your own life who gave good—who helped you grow, breathe, or believe. I hope you carry forward their light.

With gratitude and love,

Romena Jonas

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

My heartfelt gratitude goes to Ms. Megan Muirbrook for her thoughtful review of this story prior to publication. Her generous spirit and support brought this book to life in new and meaningful ways. I especially thank her for allowing us to film a beautiful reading with her children, Hunter, Mason and Madison Muirbrook — a moment that will be shared across social media, Assyrians for Education's website, and Attra TV, continuing the ripple of kindness and connection at the heart of this story.

I would also like to express my deep appreciation to my brother, Danees Abdypoor; my sister, Janet Younani; and my best friend, Dr. Friedoon Azizi. Their unwavering encouragement and heartfelt support throughout the writing of this book gave me the strength and inspiration to see it through. This story carries not only my voice but the love and belief of those closest to me.

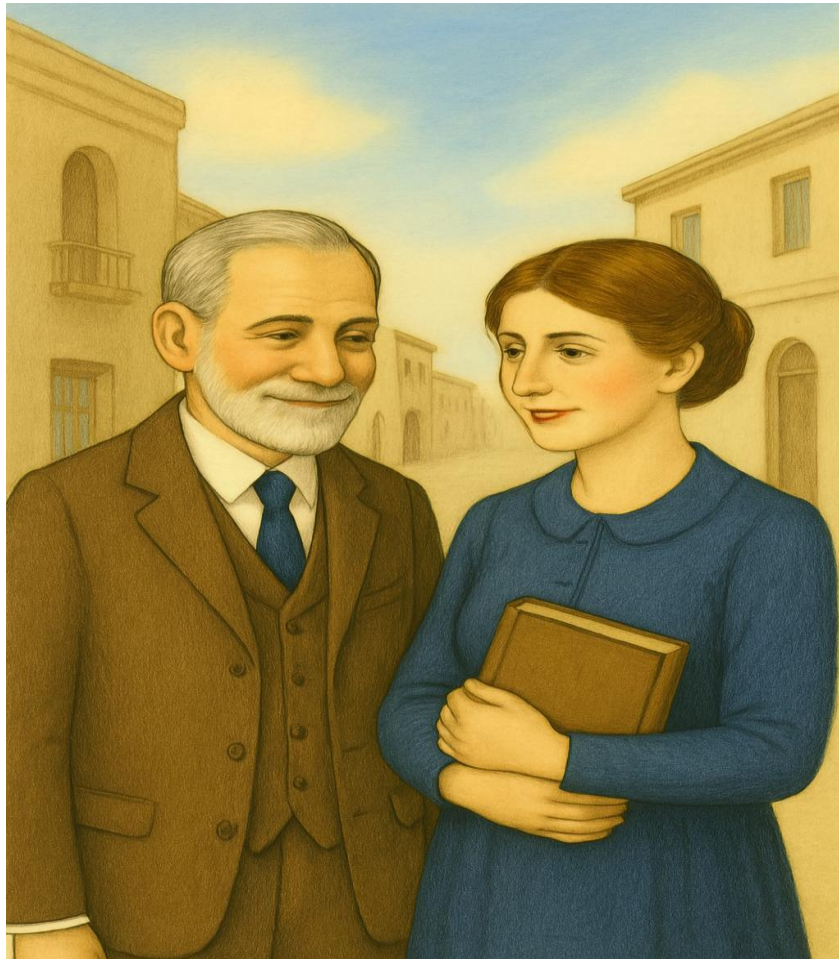
✦ Mr. Good: The Life of a Man Who Could Only Do Good ✦

1. Whisper of Hope

Long ago, in a quiet corner of Tehran where dusty streets whispered dreams, lived an American couple—Mr. Lambert Good and his wife, Betsy. Though they had no children of their own, their hearts were full, and their home glowed with warmth.

Mr. Good served as an electrical engineer with the United States Corps of Engineers, and Betsy worked as a respected school principal. Their days were filled with purpose, their presence gentle yet profound.

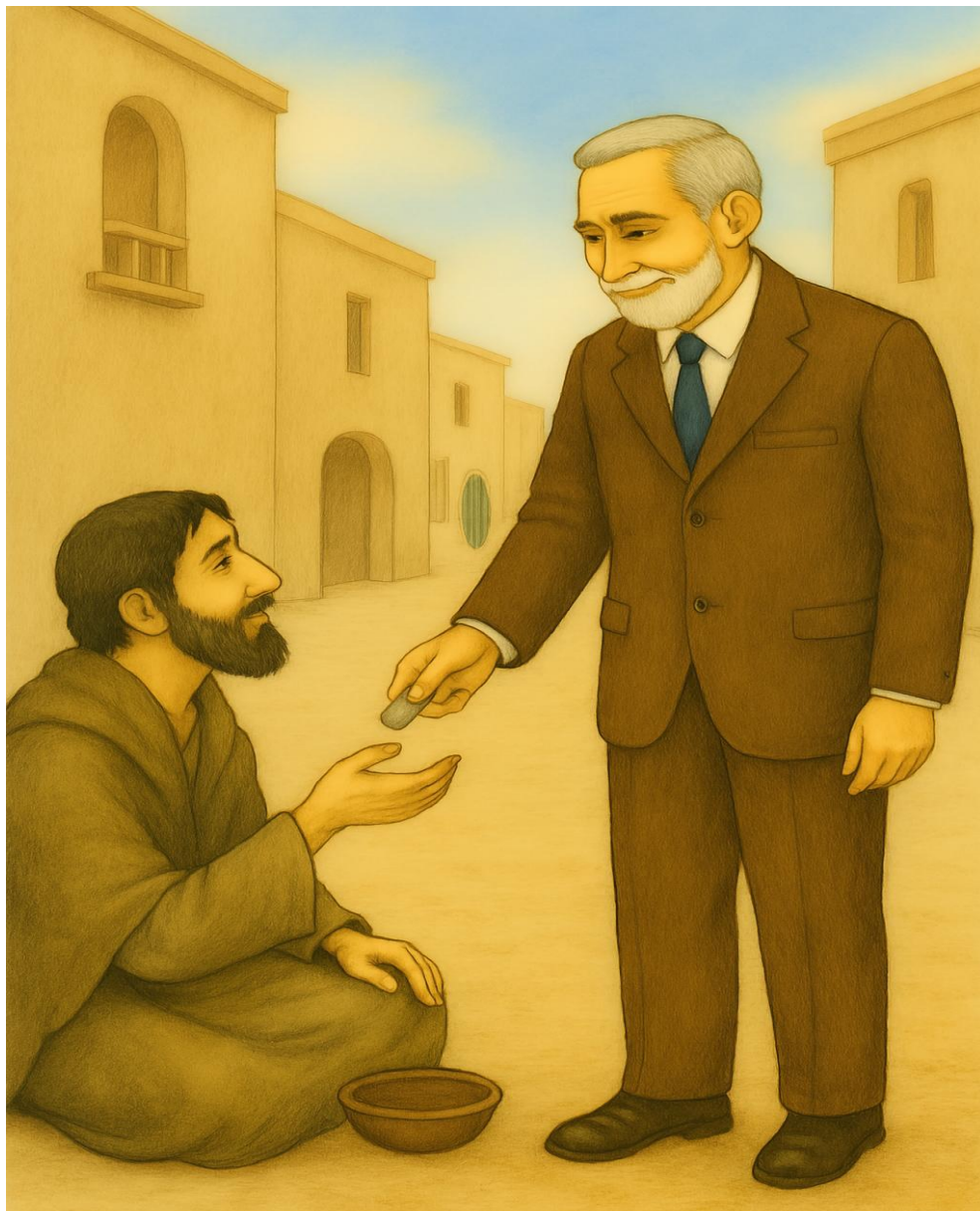
In a land of contrast and resilience, they became threads in the fabric of a vibrant city—quiet helpers, unnoticed by most, unforgettable to few.



2. When Kindness Came Home

Their home was modest, but its heartbeat was compassion.

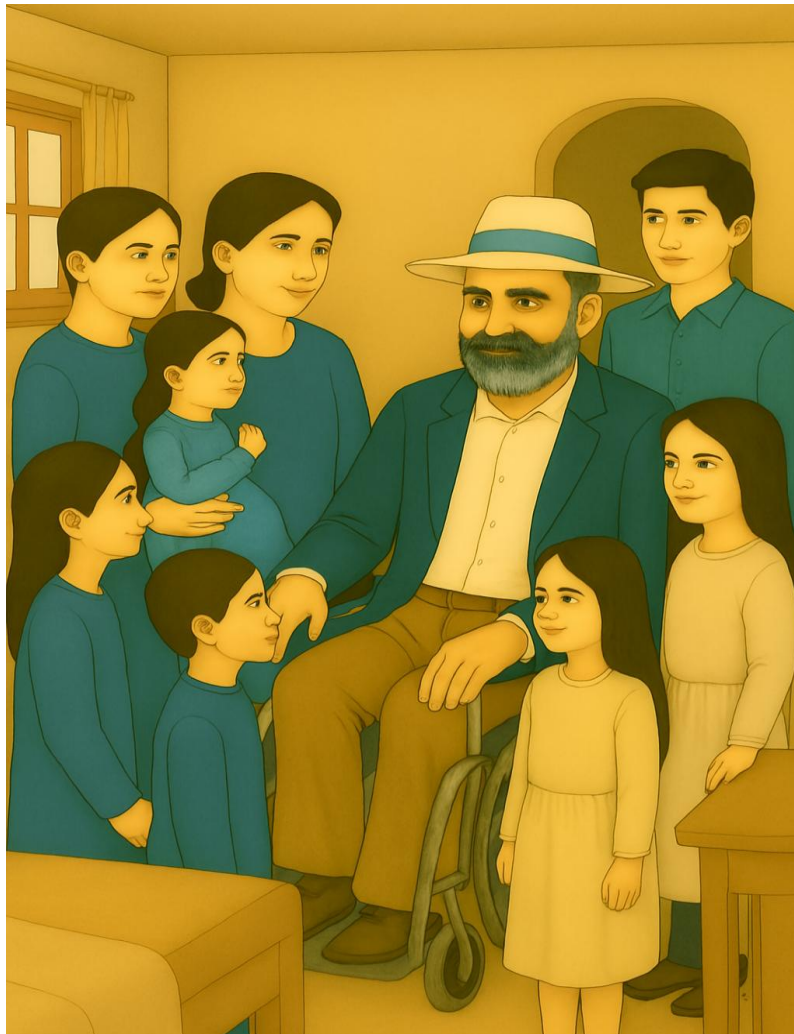
Mr. Good, born with a name that matched his soul, walked daily through Tehran's bustling streets—not to impress, but to uplift. His kindness was silent yet potent. He offered not gifts, but presence; not praise, but dignity.



In their second-floor apartment, Mr. and Mrs. Good welcomed two dedicated workers who became family in spirit:

- **Mary Younan**, a 35-year-old Assyrian woman who carried the weight of seven children and a paralyzed husband with grace and grit
- **Ahmad Golezar**, a Muslim butler, gentle and reserved, raising his son Bijan alone after losing his wife far too soon

Mary's adobe home—one room, cracked with time—overflowed with love. Anna, Eilrama, Sofi, Natalie, Alex, Gladees, and Alice lived shoulder-to-shoulder, surrounded by stories stitched into handmade linens and the comforting scent of lentils on the stove.

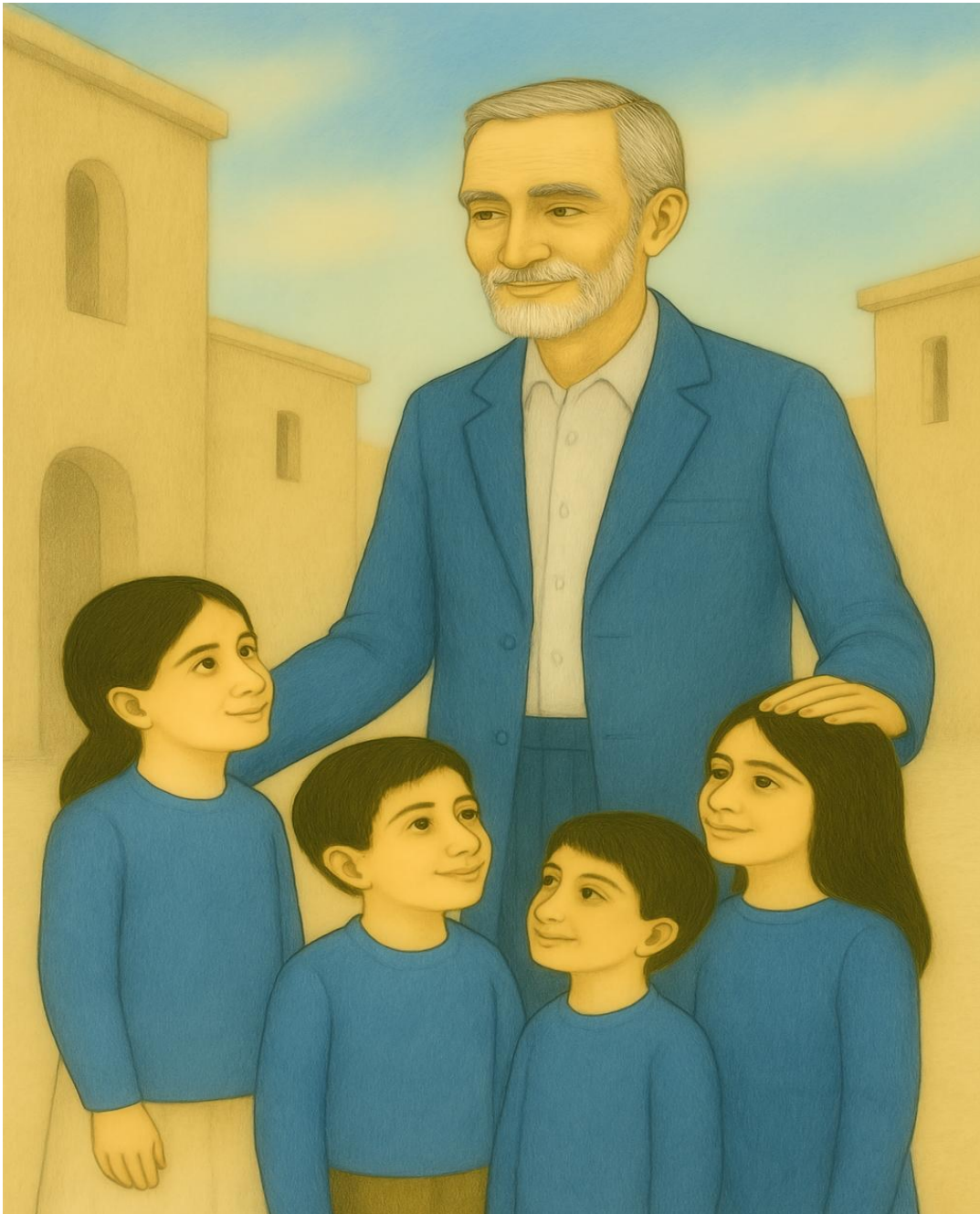


Ahmad lived next door to the Goods. Though quiet in his grief, he kept a steady rhythm of care. Bijan, at just twelve, mirrored his father's dignity in silence and service.



3. Lanterns of Legacy

Mr. Good stood tall—a slender man with salt-and-pepper hair, a gentle gaze, and a magnetic calm. Though he came to Persia to build structures, it was clear his true purpose was to build people. He cherished children most of all. They lit up when he passed, as if his presence made the air lighter.



The Goods lived on the second floor of a well-kept apartment, their home filled with cherrywood furniture, a hum of modern luxuries—a television and refrigerator—rarities in 1962 Tehran.



Each morning began at 7 a.m. Mary rose before dawn, took two crowded buses across the city, and arrived quietly, ready to scrub, simmer, and soothe. Ahmad, ever punctual, walked next door and began his daily tasks — sweeping staircases, gathering groceries, tending details with quiet grace.



Though from different faiths—Christian and Muslim—the families lived in harmony, their respect for one another steady and sincere.



4. A Christmas to Remember

As Christmas approached, Mary gathered the courage to ask Mr. Good a tender favor:

“May I bring two of my children to work? Just for the day.”

He smiled and said yes.

Alex and Gladees, thrilled beyond measure, woke at five in the morning. They dressed in their finest clothes — hand-washed, pressed with care—and boarded a crowded bus with their mother.



When they arrived, excitement surged through their little bodies. Up the staircase they raced, ringing the bell with giggles tumbling out. Mr. Good greeted them with open arms, warmth radiating from his chest.



He gave them candy—the kind they’d only imagined. He invited them to admire the tall Christmas tree, glowing with ornaments and wrapped in light.

Then, unexpectedly, he opened the window.

In his hand: a fistful of crisp dollar bills. “Throw them,” he whispered. “Let joy fall like snow.”



The children laughed as they tossed the bills to the people below. Cheers erupted from the street. Strangers looked up in wonder, their faces lit by laughter and surprise.

Mr. Good hugged the children tightly, anchoring the moment in memory.



That day, he introduced them to something magical — a television. For the first time, they saw people “inside a box.” The film was *The Invisible Man*. They watched with awe, absorbing every detail.

Before leaving for work, Mr. Good kissed them goodbye, leaving behind not just a decorated room, but a decorated memory.

The children, Gladees, Alex, and Bijan (Ahmad’s son) lingered, counting cars from the window, nibbling candy, and basking in the light of a man who could only do good.



5. Curiosity & Courage

In a humble adobe room, Alex and Alice shared a mattress with their mother. Michael, paralyzed from the waist down, slept just a few feet away — his silence filled with quiet strength.



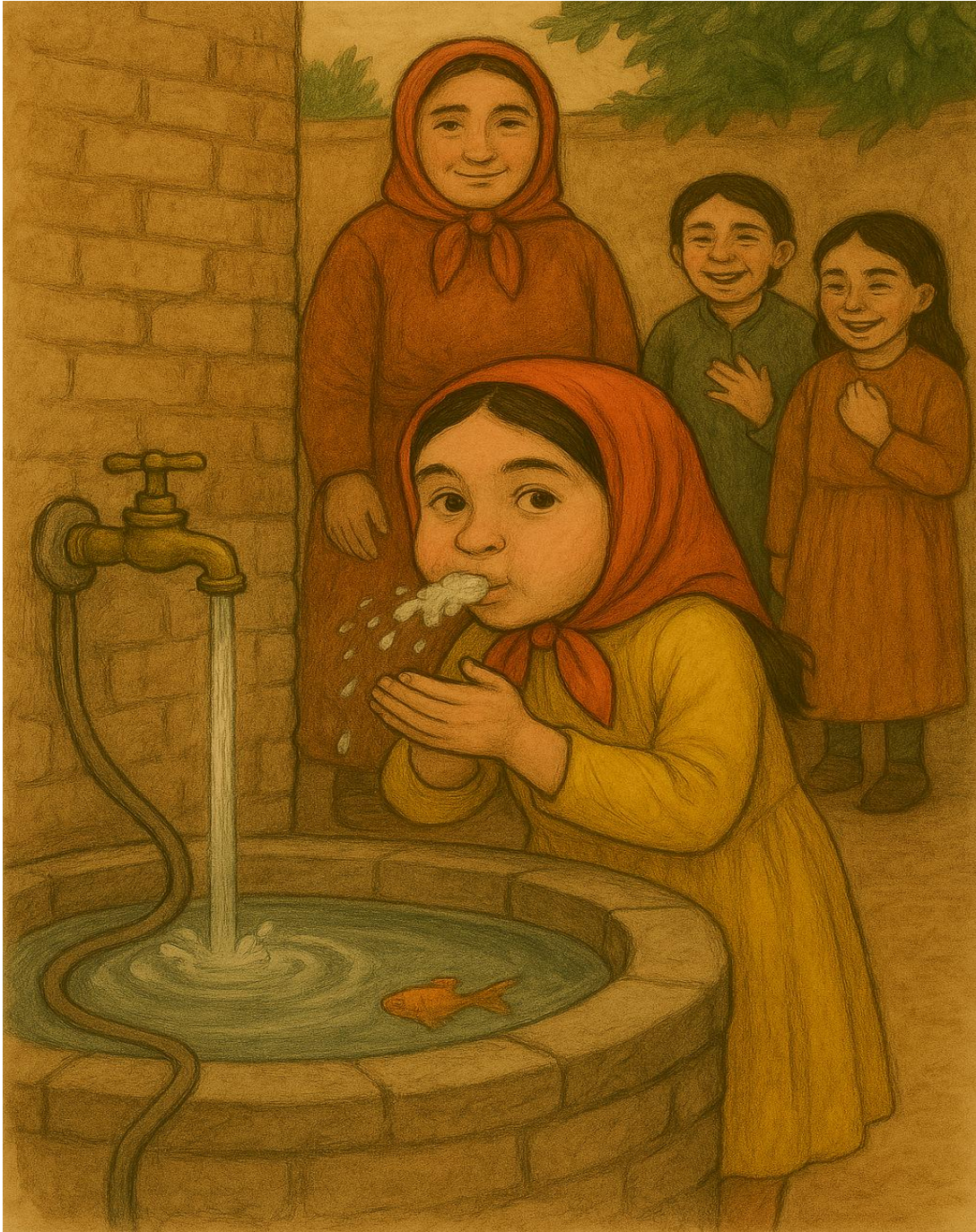
Even at four years old, Gladees began helping her father cook while her mother was at work. She wore her apron proudly, her small hands carefully washing vegetables. The courtyard echoed with her laughter as she fetched groceries, eager to contribute.



Evenings were sacred: prayers whispered in unison; meals savored with gratitude. Despite hardship, the family's love never wavered.



One afternoon, Gladees played alone in the dusty yard. She mimicked Mahien, their neighbor—brushing her teeth and gargling water. Her siblings teased her gently, amused by her curious ways.



Then came the accident.

On a brisk morning, clutching an empty Coca-Cola bottle, Gladees skipped up the concrete stairs. Her foot caught the edge—glass shattered. Pain and panic flooded the air. Her hands and face were cut; her nose broken.



A young doctor stitched her carefully, tenderly saving her nose and preserving her childlike smile.



6. Growth, Loss & New Beginnings

Time passed like wind through curtains — sometimes gentle, sometimes cruel.

One morning, Sorrow visited the Younan family. Little Alice, barely two years old, passed from meningitis. Her absence echoed in the one-room adobe home like a missing heartbeat.



Mary held her children closer. Their prayers grew longer, their courage, deeper.

But even amidst grief, growth bloomed.

Eilrama, lifted by Mr. Good's quiet generosity, graduated from electrical school. His hands, once small and searching, now shaped circuits with purpose.

Sofi pursued nursing, her touch becoming a balm to strangers just as Mr. Good's had once soothed her own family.

One by one, each child walked forward—books in hand, heads held high. Their dreams found footing in the soil of kindness.



Eventually, Mr. Good returned to the United States, his location unknown. Years drifted by. Then, in 1974, Mary and Eilrama—now living in Philadelphia—traced him to Canada.

His wife had passed. He was gravely ill.

Their phone call was brief but full—like a final hug across time.

“Thank you,” they whispered, their voices trembling. “You changed our lives.”



Before they could reunite, Mr. Good's nephew called with heartbreaking news—Mr. Good had passed away.



7. Legacy of Love

Though the reunion never came, Mary and her children carried peace in their hearts. They had thanked him — and that was enough.

Mr. Good's kindness had changed ten lives. And those ten carried his light forward, reaching ten more, and then ten again—until the ripples became waves.

Each act of compassion became a seed. Each seed grew into a tree. And each tree bore fruit that fed the soul of another.



Gladees, once a little girl tossing dollar bills from a window, grew into a woman of fierce empathy. She spent her days helping underprivileged families, always remembering Mr. Good and the way he made magic out of ordinary moments.



The Younan children carried his legacy into classrooms, clinics, offices, and homes. Their actions bore his imprint: quiet strength, dignified generosity, and boundless care.

And so, the chain of love grew. What began in a small apartment in Tehran blossomed into a forest of kindness—a living monument to a man who could only do good.



Statement:

Mr. Good's legacy was not built on titles or accolades—it blossomed through quiet acts of compassion that shaped generations. His generosity went beyond immediate help, inspiring a lasting sense of purpose in others. He gave not just help, but dignity, and in doing so, inspired others to do the same.



Though he's gone, the seeds he planted have grown into a forest of kindness. Each person uplifted by his care became a torchbearer of love, passing it forward with grace. The chain continues – proof that one life lived with purpose can echo endlessly.

Dedicated to Mr. Good,
with endless gratitude.

One man. Ten lives. A legacy of love.

In a city touched by hardship, Mr. Good lifted others with gentle hands and a generous heart. This true story is a tribute to quiet strength and lasting impact.

Author Bio:

Romena Jonas is an educator, nonprofit leader, and writer whose passion for storytelling preserves heritage and humanity. This book is her tribute to kindness that lasts.

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