

**Chapter 1 : JUST THE WAY YOU ARE CHORDS by Billy Joel @ [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)**

*I just want someone that I can talk to I want you just the way you are. Billy Joel's official YouTube channel features music videos, live performances, interviews, TV appearances and more.*

September Click images above for larger view The rain beat relentlessly against the windshield as we sped down the highway to Mercer, Pennsylvania. Mother sat next to me in the front seat. Since leaving from Pittsburgh nearly an hour ago, we had barely said a word. It was , and Ding-Dong was dying. He earned his nickname years ago one sunny afternoon when he plunked me down on his sturdy lap to teach me the old nursery rhyme, "Ding Dong Dell. In recent months, however, his condition had worsened. I think we should visit him as soon as possible. In one sense, it was good to get out of the city. Lately it seemed that nothing had been going right. When I first graduated from college and arrived at NBC, I was a starry-eyed idealist -- bursting with enthusiasm for the potential I felt that television held not only for entertaining, but for helping people. So my goals seemed to be shifting -- and this bothered me. My self-confidence had sunk to near-zero. And never had I felt so far away from God. Mostly, I prayed for guidance. But I was still uncertain and confused You always have been, you know. Listening to the rhythmic sound of the windshield wipers, I let my thoughts travel back to childhood Surrounded by miles of winding stone walls, the rustic house and red brick barn provided endless hours of fun and discovery for a city-kid like myself. I was used to neat-as-a-pin parlors with porcelain figures that seemed to whisper, "Not to be touched! I could still remember vividly one afternoon when I was eight years old. My parents would never approve. The walls were old; some stones were missing, others loose and crumbling. All were chatting softly, sipping cups of tea and coffee. I cleared my throat. No one seemed to notice me. Then let the boy climb the walls! He has to learn to do things for himself. For the next two and a half hours I climbed those old walls -- skinned my knee, tore my pants, and had the time of my life. Later, when I met with Ding-Dong to tell him about my adventures, I never forgot what he said. I wondered if there was any way I could ever repay him The rain was letting up as we drove in the main drive to the neat clapboard cottage where Ding-Dong stayed. A white-uniformed nurse answered the door. He was sitting in a chair next to the bed. He was so tiny, so frail and bent. He lifted his head. This is Kate Smith. This is a fine show. Would you like to meet him? But that was all right with me. Wherever in time or place Ding-Dong was in his weary old mind, I just wanted to let him be. All I could hear were his own words echoing in my head: And I like you just the way you are. He sure cares a lot about you. He seemed very happy, but he was tired. He asked to be put to bed. The nurse helped him up from his chair. Mother and I tucked him in. We chatted a bit more and then sat quietly until he fell asleep. On the way home, we were silent. But I felt strangely happy inside -- somehow peaceful. Something very special had happened that afternoon. In a very personal way, God had answered my prayers. I was beginning to understand what it was He wanted me to do with my television career: He wanted me to offer children the same kind of reassurance, encouragement and sense of self-worth that Ding-Dong had given me. A few weeks later, I received an invitation to leave New York and join a small educational television station in Pittsburgh that was looking for a person to develop new programming. I jumped at the chance. That was 26 years ago. There have been changes over the years; characters and special guests to the Neighborhood come and go. But one thing -- my message to children at the close of every show -- remains the same. This site is best viewed using the most current version of Google Chrome. Corner image by Spencer Fruhling. Do not duplicate or distribute any material from this site without the consent of The Fred Rogers Company.

**Chapter 2 : Lyrics containing the term: just the way you are**

*Oh, you know, you know, you know, I'd never ask you to change If perfect's what you're searching for then just stay the same So, don't even bother asking if you look ok.*

**Chapter 3 : I Like You Just the Way You Are - The Mister Rogers' Neighborhood Archive**

