

Travelling Life's Road

A sharp curve was on an entrance to the bridge. One day the road was free of traffic and dry, Glenda driving at moderate speed when in the middle of the curve the car suddenly spun in a complete circle, Glenda frozen as her world whirled. She gently braked, the car stopped. She was unharmed but whenever she re-entered that curve, she slowed. (Spinning helpless in a circle was burned into her.)

Maps show what you drive towards. There are always traffic jams when too many people travel the same road, accidents, roadblocks and detours, appealing side-trips, unable to know if they will help you. There are road signs: **Get Off Here. Gas Station: Last Chance To Fill Up. Watch For Deer.** Pit stops with outhouses and places to rest. (Not that many rested, there was little time on their journeys.)

Driving life's road could be a dream, under sunny skies or thundering rainstorms, believing you were in control because of all weather tires (and careful driving.) Perhaps it is a dream, controlling wild skids. But life is not about backing up, it is about plunging ahead (knowing the road held rewards, dangers and more than enough disappointments.)

Plus you have no choice about travelling (the road disappears behind you.)

Glenda drove steadily, eyes on the road ahead, listening to her thoughts (which changed little about where she drove.)