

Coming Full Circle

On Thursday, I purchased my “new” car. As another of our tangenteers surmised it is indeed a 2002 Honda CR-V complete with slide out table in the back. I was informed that Edy would be at the shop and then she and “Big” John would go to the bank and sign the title over to me. After this, I took a trip to the DMV and paid the taxes. The lady at the desk looked up at me and said “Two seventy five” and I reached in my wallet and handed her a \$20.00 in all seriousness. She looked at me and said, “Nice try.” I had a good chuckle and made out my check for the correct amount.

A rather historic tale goes along with this purchase. Last week, I was informed that nearly 38 years ago I was driven home in a Firebird owned by the same couple from whom I bought the CR-V. On that day, my mom was ready to bring her third newborn son home. Instead of waiting for dad to come which would have added another day on our stay at the hospital, she called Edy and she took me on my first car trip.

Along with this purchase comes certain provisos:

- I am to inform everyone that it was previously driven twice a week (to church on Sundays and to the beauty parlor on Thursdays)
- It is to be waxed twice a year and all the chrome and interior looking like new.
- No alcohol (in my present state, I am forbidden to drink and even if I were not, I would not have it open in any car I own... and neither would passengers)

A nice little car... and it doesn't even feel like it is much different than driving my old Sunfire... may she rest in peace.

