

# What a way to end an afternoon...

Nice afternoon at the theater, and nice company. All was well until my drive home. Some jerk in a old white pickup decided he didn't need to pay attention to the local road signs. Apparently the red octagonal signs mean to speed up and go faster instead of stop.

I ran through many things as I came to that intersection. I was traveling somewhere near the double nickel speed, and I had a choice of stopping very fast, or trying to get through the intersection quicker than the other guy. Funny how fast you think in those situations. I hate being in them, but I am glad that I have been blessed with a fairly quick mind.

I decided to speed up, a collision was avoided by a few feet. I'm not sure the other guy really ever saw me until I passed him on the road. And he blew his horn at me. Hmmm.

Other thoughts passed through my head during those tense moments. Time spent with family and friends. Time that I should have spent with them. Flashes of the past, thoughts for the future. Strange how fast you can think of things.

In thinking back to that event, I was wondering why I decided to speed up instead of slow down. All the years of driving experience, past Physics classes, Statistics/Probabilities all rushed to my head. A vehicle even the size of my truck does not stop on a dime. But thanks to a feisty little five cylinder, the truck accelerates just fine. I knew this, and was proven correct. (Thank goodness!!!)

I'm very glad to say that I had a wonderful afternoon. I'm glad I have the chance to enjoy more of my life.