



## *Eyes that see the good in things*

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Global Positioning Systems have changed my life! As a self-confessed, directionally challenged person, I was an expert at getting lost. I always eventually found my way home again but the many new luxuries make driving a lot less scary these days.

I remember one occasion, before the advent of cell phones or pay-at-the-pump gas stations. I had just moved to the area and was driving home again, after being gone for the weekend. Driving west on Highway 15 in the dark, I turned left on Highway 1, when I should have kept going straight. I found myself in Binford, ND. Yes, I got lost again. To make a long story short, I saw Binford three times that night as I watched the needle of my gas gauge creep closer to empty, knowing there was nowhere to fill at that time of night.

I now love the luxury of typing the address in to GPS and hearing a reassuring voice say "In 200 feet, turn left onto 67th Street." I had heard of GPS fails but hadn't experienced one personally, until this weekend. To be honest, it really wasn't a fail but it sure was interesting.

The person I was traveling with isn't as fond of GPS as I am; he likes to know where he is going, so he thought I should call and ask for directions. Knowing that my trusty GPS had it covered, I told him we could find it and showed him the little map on the phone.

So, we took every turn she directed. Unfortunately, our last road started appearing more and more like a prairie trail, with grass growing up in the middle with ruts from water running down to the steep ravine that was just on the other side of the trail.

It didn't take long before I was scared, holding onto the door handle on one side and the middle console on the other side. The ravine was getting deeper, the road was hilly and curving and the ruts were getting deeper. All things that send me over the edge, a statement easily backed up by anyone who's ever ridden with me in those situations!

Finally, I said I thought we should turn around. The response I got was, "I don't think we can." Not exactly reassuring words.

However, as I looked around, I realized he was right and we had no choice but to keep going. We came to a fork in the road that wasn't marked on my device, so he took a guess and turned right. It was the correct choice because we ended up on a nice gravel road.

We didn't drive much further, though, when the voice said, "You have reached your destination. Please walk the rest of the way." Seriously!

We haven't laughed so hard in a long time. Fortunately, by driving a little further, the road ended up in their yard, it just must not have been a Google recognized road. But that prairie trail had been???

We spent the rest of the afternoon celebrating the first birthday of the daughter of one of my daycare kids. It was a great afternoon of remembering, seeing old friends and catching up.

As the day wound down and people were leaving, the birthday girl and her mom came and sat down with me. I was so impressed with her as she talked about the goals she'd had for her daughter's first year, and the plans she had going forward. Although her daughter's birthday wasn't until Monday, she'd celebrated on Saturday and Sunday with family and friends. She'd arranged to take Monday off from work so she could spend the day just hanging out with her daughter.

On the way home, I was reflecting on the day, thinking about parenting and realized I'd received a life lesson that day. I hate to spout clichés, but as the saying goes, "parenting is the toughest job you'll ever love."

Sometimes, as parents, we use the knowledge or technology of the day and it works great. Sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes we make mistakes and there are times we need to ask for help. It's a balancing act but always a journey to treasure and to enjoy in the moment.

In this day and age, the negativity we find expressed toward parents who make mistakes can be overwhelming. I think about the parents from Nebraska whose child was killed by an alligator in Florida, and the hatred that was hurled at them from other parents.

I read an article that compared that event with Baby Jessica, the baby who fell in a well many years ago. The difference in how the two sets of parents were treated, was huge. The parents of the baby in the well were supported, encouraged and held up by the nation who watched and waited, in hope that she would be rescued alive.

Fortunately, she was. Her parents didn't have to go through the pain and the "what-if's" of the parents who traveled home to Nebraska, without their little boy. Her parents were never the villains in the story, because people realized her story could happen to any one of us.

Directions for parents are not clearly marked. There is no global positioning device that tells them each and every turn to take. No device that recalculates a new route after a wrong turn. No device that tells them, "you've reached your destination," when it is time to stand back and let go.

So, this year to celebrate Mother's Day, I will celebrate by making a promise to be more supportive, more helpful and more loving to mothers who are trying to make a difference in their children's lives. And to be thankful to all the loving, tender-hearted mothers who strive for close relationships with their children.

So, what is your story? Please let us know about the stories that help us see the good in the people, places and things around us.

Stop in to share your stories with us, give us a call at 947-2417 or e-mail us at [eyesthatseethegoodinthings@gmail.com](mailto:eyesthatseethegoodinthings@gmail.com). Or send a letter to Eyes That See the Good in Things, c/o Allison Lindgren, The Transcript, 6 8th St N., New Rockford, ND 58356.