

Greggs....in a Taxi.

It's Monday. Not most people's favourite day of the week. To me, Monday is a travel to work kind of day. That being by bus, then train and sometimes a taxi (if my boss doesn't collect and deliver me) to get to my final weekday destination of work. To sew. And so...

As I make my way to work, I remind myself that it's not just work, it's a means to an end...or a need (at the moment anyway) and it's my chance to interact with the world. To listen and observe. This is my universe.

The most pleasant part of my workdays is the journey. Each day offers me something new and interesting, if I look for it. Through the same dirty bus and train windows, I look out and around. I notice new things every day. My interactions with willing and sometimes unwilling travel companions, gifts me with thoughts, insights, viewpoints, inspiration and stories. I am a happy traveller. I smile often and strike up conversations with strangers.

"Sorry I went out last night. Can you get a taxi from the train station (again) and I will be there later?" That was my boss.

"Hello Heidi" That was Greg. I am at Greggs. Well in Greg's taxi.

We both smile as we do whenever he collects me from the train station. Yes, today is Monday, not my favourite day of the week either (as I count down in my head that I have only 4 more days to sew. Like the take-off of a rocket ship count down 10,9,8,7.....Note to self: Get a new job!)

Greg knows my destination, almost better than me. Internally I want to say NO don't take me there...but I know that I must go to fulfil my daily routine and quota of sewing. So, Greg and I begin to banter, as we do.

"Well, it's obvious that neither of us won the Lottery last Saturday?"

We begin our usual out of the box, lively conversation. That life is good but could be better. Sarcasm and inside jokes reign supreme. I once shared with him that I wished I was young enough to reinvent myself as a well-paid female escort and I educate Greg that yes, there is such a thing as a male escort. To which he responded, jokingly that he would have to pay his clients. I tell him that all I could offer him would be a cup of tea. We both laugh internally, to keep the banter going. Appreciating the ease and quickness of the humour of each other. We both decide that now in our youthful mid yearswe both missed our chance of those career changes.

But there is always the lottery. I share that I have 2 free tickets for Wednesday, and he shares that he doesn't know if he won last Saturday because he hadn't checked

his numbers. I tell him that he should check them. But he seems in no hurry to do so. I smile internally. We should all check our numbers everyday..

I hope that one day Greg wins the lottery. (I hope that one day I win the lottery). But then again, if he won, I probably would never get to have another morning at Greggs...taxi again and enjoy our out of the box banter. With a thank you and a smile for a £3.90 taxi ride.

I think in a lot of ways we both already won the lottery. I think if I asked him, he would agree. The lottery of life, that is. To have a positive outlook and engage with life and one another as we are all fellow travellers on this planet, we still call earth. If you embrace every moment of it for what it is or can be, even on a Monday, the lottery of life is priceless.

Speaking of Greggs.....after arriving home from my Monday travel, I am hungry, with only 1 hour before I retire and try my hand at Tuesday's lottery of life.

I will win that too. I already won Monday's.

Life is a lottery. Play it to win it every day. With a smile.