

ALL'S WELL THAT DOESN'T END WELL... by Nancy Cramer

It started out to be a nice morning for a retired couple. Sleeping until 8 a.m., leisurely breakfast, laundry in the washing machine, you know what I mean, if you are retired, that is. But then it started. "It" being my nemesis, my dark lord, my malicious other being. I spent two hours on the phone to the insurance company about my car accident. Why had the agent never called me during the three plus weeks since the accident? Why didn't he encourage me to include "Collision" when I increased my "Property Damage" in October? Why no word from his boss about the nicely worded but still scathing review of his agent's deficiencies?

Then we are disconnected. My land line acting up again, static, low volume, you know the problems you call the carrier and they are supposed to fix them but the fixes are never permanent. The only thing permanent about my phone is that it will act up far too often. Then a meeting I have to attend. Was it for 11:30 or 1 p.m. ? And where is that restaurant located where the group will meet? I call the restaurant and ask the sweet voice at the other end of the line if she would check the tables to see if a small group from my church is having lunch here. No problem. Silence. More silence. I am about to give up when she returns. "No, it doesn't look like a group is meeting here."

I wonder, "What does a group look like that is meeting." I had asked her to inquire specifically if there was a church group there. Never mind. Time is passing. My friend arrives with his car and off we go. He takes Highway 40 instead of Interstate 70 from which my directions are made. Never mind. We will find it. Noon hour in a suburb with 6 lanes of traffic going in 9 different directions (well, maybe only 5 or 6). He takes the wrong turn. Never mind again. Drive west far enough and we will find a connecting street. We do. Mock Street. Well, that was a mockery as it led us to a wrong, no turn traffic light, and well, the rest is some sort of history.

We give up, turn around and arrive safely home, minus the mail he was going to deposit at the post office and still minus the extra cushion for the front seat so I can see over the dashboard. The mail and cushion are nowhere to be found. But the car is safe. We are safe. The rest of the world is spinning and doing its thing without us and, that's OK with me.