

Where you Should Be

I believe in signs. Not tea leaves or tarot cards or anything like that... To me that's like finding your future in the shapes of the clouds. But sometimes when I need to hear something, I see or hear something that strikes a chord, and I take it as a warning or instructions. This has happened a few times at key moments in my life.

I came across a key chain a number of years ago and bought it as a reminder. Because I need reminding. Frequently.

It said, "*You Are Right Where You Should Be.*" Simple as that.

I didn't always believe that, so I bought it. But the more I think back, it's absolutely true.

I'm going to take a teaching page from my Driver's Education instructor, and dazzle and mystify you with horror stories. That seems to be how I learn best.

While in college, I was on the Fire Crew. I'd taken what is now known as the Basic 32 Instruction (Introduction to Wildland Firefighting), and after that was qualified to join the Fire Crew to do some choreographed local prescribed burning and pile burning for folks. We had a prescribed burn set up around Madison, Wisconsin, that was cancelled because it had rained. I was supposed to drive there, but instead decided to head home for the weekend. My drive was about half interstate and half two-lane. 65-70 mph on the interstate going north and 55-60 on the 2-lane highway headed west. I was a quarter mile from home and had just maneuvered a 15 mph corner when I heard a *POP!* and my car dropped about 8 inches on the front passenger side and grinded to a halt.

That can't be good, I thought. I got out to inspect and found my front passenger wheel cockide, trying to escape the wheelwell, and my car resting its frame on the pavement like I literally ran it into the ground.

I put my flashers on and walked home.

"I didn't hear you pull up," were the first words from Mom, ironing in the dining room.

"There's good reason for that," I countered.

We called Good Old Uncle Dennie and he did indeed have time to take a look at it. Turns out I'm a lucky lady. I had 1 completely rusted-through U-joint, and 3 more that could go at any second.

Right where you should be.

Driving home from college in a fall rain; College being south and east of Home and it being fall, traffic was smooth until I got to the highway. Just enough curves and hills that I couldn't pass the slow poke in front of me. I gritted my teeth and impatiently tapped the steering wheel to the beat of the music I wasn't listening to. The car in front of me crested a blind hill and slowed to a crawl. Eventually I saw the end result of what he witnessed. The warm rain at College turned to freezing rain the farther north I traveled and into black ice on the highway. A little coup of a car had been split in two from the

passenger side; the roof was on top of the minivan that hit them, the frame of the coup had been driven over by the minivan. Glass covered the highway. This had JUST happened. It could have been MY impatient butt being carted to the hospital and pronounced dead.

Instead, *Right where you should be.*

Another driving experience in college; I was driving home crazy late (or crazy early, depending on your point of view). I had been Designated Driving for a Fire Crew party and decided to head home after it was over. I had exited the interstate and was travelling west on the 2-lane highway. The highway was a no-stops bypass straight to Minnesota. It had a few roadside taverns off of it, a lot of driveways, tons of side roads, swamps, lakes... I was looking out for the tell-tale red deer eyes when an old-boat-of-a-car blew through its stop sign less than two seconds in front of me, crossed the highway fast enough to get some air under the tires and kept going.

Two more seconds and I'd have been T-boned at probably 75 miles an hour.

Right where you should be... down to the second.

Stuck alone at a Pilot gas station in Carlin, Nevada, with antifreeze oozing from under your car? *Right where you should be.*

Slow guy pull out in front of you at night on your way home? Don't tailgate; let HIM find the deer for you. *Right where you should be.*

This doesn't just apply to driving, but it's easiest to see in the stories about driving.

"This" by Darius Rucker, is a song I like that makes my point.

Make no mistake; I'm here for a reason and God has repeatedly reminded me that I could be a memory now. Instead, He keeps his pinkey-finger on my truck, like I ask him to every day.