

A Day of Reflection

Charles Keller

November 7, 2014 started out like most week days. Got up and made breakfast and packed Ana's breakfast and lunch. After she left for work, I feed the cats and I had my breakfast and read the newspaper.

I started out for Eustis for my annual eye exam. Maybe I was a little anxious because I had a blood vessel break in my left eye only a month prior.

As I proceeded down route 48, I noticed a white vehicle was parked to the side of the road, and glancing down at the speedometer, it read about 55 mph, looking back, I saw the white car pull out and light up like a Christmas tree. Thinking, *he got me*.

I pulled to the side of the road and stopped; and began looking for my driver's license. I saw him go to the passenger side of the car, so I lowered the window. I handed him my driver's license and began looking for my insurance card. He asked if I were related to Steven Keller of the sheriff's office. I said, "No, but I wished I were." He now asked to see my vehicle registration. I must have had a bewildered look on my face, as I looked at the several cards I took from the car manual case, which had been in the glove department. Taking his hands, he said it was a piece of paper about this size. There it was tucked in next to the original car window sticker describing the not so new Honda with 50,000+ miles parked on the side of the road with a sheriff's department officer growing on the window.

Relieved that I found the registration, I handed it to him. Relief was short lived, when he informed me that it was two years old.

He then asked me if I had any accidents or tickets in the last 3 years. Was I out on parole, or murdered anyone? "No" I replied. He said he was going back to his car to check me out, but keep looking for the current registration.

Now the minutes seemed like hours. OH, here he comes.

"Did you find the registration?" he asked. He said he knew I had gotten it, because I had the current year's stamp on the license plate.

Now I am going to issue you only a warning. You were going 57 miles an hour in a 45 mph zone. That would have cost you \$206.00, and no registration, that would be another \$123.00, or a total of \$329.00. He handed be the written warning, and ripped in two the out dated registration. Now have a nice day. I thanked him, and shock his hand and said "Have a nice day too."

Now it is still November 7, 2014 about 6 PM. It's time to start dinner.

The phone rang. I thought it was Ana checking in that she would be home in minutes and for me to have dinner read. Nope. It was Ana all right, but said she stopped to help a stranded person at the Turnpike exit. RED FLAGS!!! Before I could say anything, she said it was an elderly lady,

standing alongside her car. She was lost and wanted to know how to get to Winter Haven. I said it was south of Legoland. I would look it up and get back.

After looking it up, I called Ana. I gave several routes the lady could take. Ana said no to all. Here is the story. The Lady traveled from Canada. She did not want to take BIG roads. She was going to Polk City near Winter Haven. Ana had said she went there when working for Cornerstone. I changed my map to get more detail. There was route 33, running from near our house straight to Polk City. Ana said ok she knew what to do. I had my doubts, but my thoughts turned to dinner. The ravished worker from Ocala would soon be coming home and would mean and hungry. Well, not really mean. When she is hungry and the get sugars low, you get the picture.

Minutes passed, now I'm thinking, it's late, the woman was traveling Route 33 which did not offer much. That is about 50 miles to Polk City. It's dark and she drives slow. I was about to call Ana, when I heard the garage door go up. Ana is home.

In she comes. "Everything OK?" I asked. "You could have asked the lady to have dinner with us". Ana was way ahead of me. Ana said she asked the lady if she would have dinner with us and even to stay the night, but she declined. The lady just wanted to be on her way. She recognized Route 33 once she was on it. Ana had offered her our old GPS, but this she declined also saying she would not know how to operate it. She now knew where she was and how to get to Polk City. I asked Ana how old was this lady? Her reply was, "about 75, 80 or more".

I told Ana how proud I was of her. She helped a lady in distress. She offered her guidance, food, and shelter. I could see Ana was pleased with herself and I was proud of her. We both wondered if the lady reached her destination. She made it all the way from Canada, and now recognizing the road she was on and was nearing the end of her travel.

After all this, I now told Ana about the sheriff's officer and my narrow escape with only a warning. Was it a coincidence that both happened on this date, November 7, 2014?

It makes a person wonder. Are we responsible for our own destiny, or are we only a part of a much bigger picture. Who is pulling the strings that make up our daily lives?