

Yesterday's Pet Peeves

By Donna Bishop

Lane ends merge right. Lane ends merge left. Or better still no sign just an arrow in fading paint to alert one to move over now! Those are some of my favorite pet peeves. On roads I frequently travel I know the routine and adjust my driving lanes accordingly. That brings up my next pet peeve. The driver in the car next to me who doesn't know the routine and is now going to need to move into my lane! We are both stopped at the red light. Immediately my mind is anticipating the struggle for possession of the lane ahead. Should I race ahead and let the merging cars jockey for a space behind me or should I acknowledge my fellow traveler and allow space for a smooth merging of traffic which is what I assume is the intention of those that designed the roads. At this intersection I'm reminded of the expression "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

The specific intersection of my story is eastbound on Alameda at Quebec just around the curve towards Windsor Gardens. Several cars had already passed a small brown car moving slowly in that soon-to-end lane so I decided to slow my speed to allow for a smoother merge. It turned out to be a very slow merge as the driver appeared to be too afraid to move into the flow of traffic. Now here is my next pet peeve: once the car moved in front of me the driver proceeded at a speed never to exceed 25 on a road marked 40. Wow! Now I had to do some fast adjustment of my attitude as another of my pet peeves surfaced. Should I pass the driver on the left and quickly return to the right lane in preparation to turn into my home at Windsor Gardens or patiently drive 25 miles an hour behind the little brown car? I settled for a little patience and assumed an attitude of protecting this slow moving hesitant driver and the car down Alameda. Much to my surprise the rather long line of cars behind us also stayed in the right lane and accepted the slow speed limit. The left lane was open but no car passed us by. Of course as you might guess the little brown car turned on Clinton and entered into our Community Center parking lot.

Smiling to myself as I proceeded to my garage I realized my pet peeves are no more than how I choose to view my world in my thoughts and I can change my thoughts at any moment.