

Where Are You Today?

By Donna Bishop

The idea of missed connections generates thoughts of missing an airplane connection. I try very hard to fly straight through to my destination but on occasion it is necessary to change planes and make connecting flights. This experiences for me is very unpleasant. Once I got misdirected to the wrong gate and reached the correct gate just as my seat was being given away to another passenger. Another time I had checked in early. The plane was delayed. I left the boarding area to get something to eat only to discover on my return the gate had been changed due to the late arrival of the plane and I almost missed the connection.

Mother and I took a bus tour of Europe years ago. On the first day of the tour our bus load of 40 people was deposited at a cathedral in London with instructions that the bus would leave in an hour. A second bus was parked next to our bus when we arrived. Mother and I returned to the parking lot to find our bus gone. The second bus was sitting there waiting for two passengers but it was not our bus driver. He realized our bus had left with his two missing people. The missed connection was not our fault. Our bus had all forty seats filled and had left early. Everyone finally got on the right bus and we were on our way. Mother and I were very careful to return to the bus early after that experience.

Recently I was discarding some books I had accumulated. Two of them were huge University of Wyoming Year Books. Mind you, I graduated over 50 years ago! I glanced through the few pages of any interest to me. I was surprised to see the picture of a very old boyfriend of mine! We were in the seventh grade together in Casper, Wyoming. The community had a youth center where we danced every Friday night. Jim taught me to dance. He moved to Alaska after that year. My family moved to Billings, Montana about six months later. Over time we lost contact. Apparently we both came to the University of Wyoming at the same time but our paths did not cross. That is a missed connection I wish had not happened.

Missed connections happen every day when we allow our busy lives to isolate us from the people, places and things around us.