

Lost Art in Teck World

By Eydie McDaniel

What did you do when you were the short kid reaching with all your might as the ball flew over your head amid gloating laughter in the keep away game?

To me the winning of the taller cheating kids seemed an impressive and long lasting trophy I would never get.

Today the tech world serves itself in such a cheaters rally. We pay our money. We play our roles as best we can. We ask for help and often hear:

“Help is only available on line, “It is very easy,” followed by a rattling rippling stream of indiscernible, useless words. There it goes again, that flying ball over our heads on the playground called modern progress.

Recently I won on that playground. I thought most everyone knew basic lay of the land. But with GPS leading the pack, that awareness is becoming a lost art.

A sweet friend drove us to a meeting at a horse ranch. Obvious to me, and probably you readers, a horse ranch would be out east of Denver. However, her GPS had no clue and pressed her to head west near Broadway. My pleading influenced her to point her car east. Her oblivion astonished me. My failure at numeric precision astonished her. Almost none of you would lose 15 second on the missing two zeros I left off the East Alameda address. She discovered my little mistake after she pulled up by the Aurora Mall and announced “We’re here!”

In December a delightful friend headed west towards our company’s holiday party. Her GPS gadget curved us around dinosaur ridge. Immediately after the forty feet long driveway she parked. We marched the 100 yard hill to the swanky venue and reveled in the festive occasion.

At party’s end we ambled to the car just next to the forty foot long drive way. I easily saw the road as we backed out. Certainly we’d exit with a simple left turn. But no, the idiot GPS took us to the right. We went back up the hill, passed the swanky venue, circled pleasant landscape of big rocks and quaking aspen. Then we travelled down a long arcing street lined with 20 -30 big houses festooned in holiday lighting. As commanded, we took a sharp left at the bottom and made a U-turn in a cul-de- sack. We climbed back out the dead end, circled the pleasant landscape where no doubt those quakies shook their heads at us. I tactfully mentioned we could have turned on the road next to where we parked.

Not all have sense of direction, or can get the connection of maps and earth. Why do the rest toss out their own location awareness and naively obey some cloud? Who is that cloud? Does it have ethics? Someday I may be run over by the tech world, but at least I will know where I am.