

Keep on Driving

by Kenita Gibbins

My goodness, I've taken so many wrong roads during my lifetime before Siri I can't begin to report my paths. Directionally challenged people sometimes will go the wrong direction at least once a day. The conclusion must be simply women can't avoid this problem. They are born that way. If there is a choice, we will choose left instead of right. Indeed, it won't be correct. Is there an explanation as to why males have an inborn compass? Some women are luckier than others and can find their way. I try to make friends with them when going on a road trip.

We are blessed in Windsor Gardens because there are not many directions you can screw up. If you live up against the High Line Canal or the golf course, prepare to give your women friends maps. Another problem arises, many women don't like charts.

No problems arise when we go to see family in Oklahoma. There are two ways to get to our destinations, and I've driven them hundreds of times. I did get us lost in Stillwater. Darn it, we live in a vast metropolitan area, and I get lost in small-town Oklahoma!

A nightmare that lives with me is driving in Los Angeles. Never again will I attempt to drive in that gosh-awful city. Our directions were perfect, but the place I was to turn had two choices. To turn around and try again makes for a terrifying adventure.

One time the road from Wichita Falls to El Paso, Texas, became my worst time as a mother. I had two of our children with me who broke out with chickenpox. Anyone who might have looked at them would have known the pox when they saw it. They slept a lot, but when awake, they were hungry with a capital H. There was no choice but a Braums that didn't have a drive-through window. I rolled down the windows. No one in their right mind would've wanted to kidnap them, I reasoned. The three of us went down the road satisfied with our burgers and chocolate malts.

When we arrived in El Paso, my mother was happy to see her grandchildren, no matter how they looked.

When driving places now, I usually have my directionally savvy husband with me, and much to his disgust, I say, "Hey, Siri! Directions, please!"