

Will I Ever Get Home?

By Molly Hegman

The first time I had a driving lesson I was about thirteen. I was riding in the car with my sister, Dolores, when she asked me if I would like to practice driving. This was not exactly a car but more of utilitarian station wagon that my dad used to haul furniture. It was big, bulky and not automatic. It was a very exciting but jerky experience. I never told my parents. My dad just thought that I caught on quickly when he taught me to drive.

I have taken many road trips since I was thirteen and was always thrilled when I began my trip. Nothing prepared me for my first solo drive to the distant area of Cherry Creek. I moved to Denver in October of 2013, and quickly became comfortable driving around my neighborhood. I had visited Cherry Creek a few times, riding with my sister-in-law, so I got bravely set out on my own.

The computer is a good source for getting directions, I thought, so I tried it and was successful. Directions in hand I started out. It was easy! I arrived at my destination, Bed Bath and Beyond, in about 20 minutes. My confidence level was making me smile all the way through the store. I was there for about 45 minutes when I finished my shopping. I left the store, still high from my successful journey. Before I started the car I read the directions for the trip home. It sounded easy enough as I just had to go back the way I came. I carefully followed the directions, or so I thought, but there was roadwork. This threw me off and I missed the correct road. I drove and drove through some sketchy areas that I have not seen since. Finally, I stopped and asked for directions. I followed what the man told me and guess what? I was back in Cherry Creek at Bed Bath and Beyond! How did that happen? I started out again and ran into roadwork again. Somehow I circled around and arrived at what used to be one of my favorite stores, BBB. This time I went inside and asked a salesperson for directions. As she talked I could tell that if I followed her directions somehow I was going to visit BBB for a third time. I went out to my car and tried to calm myself down by relaxing and talking to myself. I had driven through New York City, Washington DC, and Boston so I should be able to get home from Cherry Creek. While I sat there, bewildered, a man startled me by tapping on my window. He thought that something was wrong. Yes, I was lost. He gave me directions that made sense. After almost two hours of trying to get home I was really on my way. Windsor Gardens never looked so good but I still do not know how I found my home!

