

Which Door IS It?

By Marilyn Reeves

'Marilynn Reeves! Come on down!' *Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!*

'Who me? Oh, my!' (I can't believe they called my name!)

Amid cheers and helping hands and atta-girls I am pushed toward the aisle, which I run down as fast as my two rubbery legs can carry me. The host – what's his name? (looks better on TV – up close his years are starting to show) – grabs my hand and spins me around ... to face the doors.

'Are you ready, Marilyn Reeves, to play *Which Door IS It?*'

'Oh, yes!' I hoarsely exclaim (nothing like this has ever happened to me before).

'You have exactly sixty seconds to pick the right door, Marilyn Reeves, and the time starts right now!' *Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick ...*

Oh dear, which door to choose? The one on the far left is a bright sunny yellow. It looks cheery and inviting, but would they hide the treasure behind the very first door? The one next to it is a lovely sky blue ... could that be like the doorway to heaven? Next to that is one painted blood red. Certainly attention grabbing and alluring, but could it be the proverbial red herring? And the one in the middle is green. Well, green is the color of money ... maybe that's the one. Or is it too obvious? How 'bout the purple one, or the orange one, or the white one down at the end? Oh, which one to choose? I don't know. I don't KNOW! Just pick a door, any door before your time's ... *Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!*

'Sorry, Marilyn Reeves, time's up, but thank you for playing *Which Door IS It?*! Please exit out the door on the far left. No, not that door, the other door ... the one marked EXIT.'

Embarrassed, disoriented and confused, I head toward the exit door as I hear the words: 'Sandy Brice! Come on down!' *Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!* And hope she has better luck than I did with all those doors.

Which door IS it, anyway?