WANDA'S WONDERINGS 1

AN ADVENTURE THROUGH MY SHORT WRITINGS

QUERY STORY ON INJUSTICE

QUERY STORY ON INJUSTICE 1

- PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FARM GIRLS LIKE ME LOVE TO SEE SPRING FLOWERS. IT MEANS IT'S TIME TO START PLAYING IN THE DIRT. NOW NOT ALL THAT APPEAR TO BE FLOWERS ARE WELCOME EVERYWHERE ON THE FARM. ONE SUCH FLOWER IS THE DANDELION FLOWER. THEY CERTAINLY SEEM TO MEET THE QUALIFICATIONS, ALL BRIGHT AND GLOWING YELLOW. BUT DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU. THEIR DEEP ROOTS CHOKE OUT WHATEVER ELSE IS NEAR THEM TRYING TO GROW.
- IN EARLY SPRING MY GRANDMOTHER AND I WOULD SET ABOUT RIDDING TWO AREAS OF DANDELIONS, OUR YARD AND THE FIELD WE CHOSE AS OUR TRUCKPATCH (OUR GARDEN) THAT YEAR, IN THE HOPES OF PREVENTING ANY DANDELION FLOWERS FROM APPEARING IN THOSE SPOTS ANYWAY. PLUS, WE WERE GATHERING THE LEAVES FOR DINNER WITH HOT BACON DRESSING. YUM!

QUERY STORY ON INJUSTICE 2

- THERE WERE PLENTY TO BE SEEN IN OTHER AREAS AROUND THE FARM, BUT NOT WHERE MY GRANDMOTHER KNEW THE WEEDS WOULD INTERFERE WITH WHAT WAS PLANTED PURPOSELY. ARMED WITH LONG BUTCHER KNIVES WE DUG UP EVERY SINGLE DANDELION PLANT WE SAW. WE PROBABLY LOOKED CRAZY TO PASSERSBY. IT WASN'T EASY TO GET DOWN DEEP, GETTING THE LONG ROOT OUT SO ANOTHER PLANT WOULDN'T RETURN. SOMETIMES WE WEREN'T SUCCESSFUL AND HAD TO DIG A FEW PLANTS THAT RETURNED ONCE AGAIN, BUT IN THE END WE WERE SUCCESSFUL. WHEN WE ADDED ANY NEW GRASS SEEDS OR WE PLANTED OUR PRECIOUS SEEDS OF VEGETABLES TO SUSTAIN US FOR THE YEAR, THEY HAD A CHANCE TO GROW WITHOUT THE DANDELION WEEDS THAT WOULD TAKE THEIR NUTRITION.
- MY GRANDMOTHER CHOSE TO DO HER WORK IN HER YARD AND HER GARDEN. DANDELION WAS HER FOCUS ON THOSE DAYS, SEARCHING IT OUT AND DIGGING IT UP WHERE IT WAS ROOTED. WHILE I STILL DIG OUT DANDELIONS, I HAVE ANOTHER FOCUS TOO – UPROOTING SEEDS OF INJUSTICE.

QUERY STORY ON INJUSTICE 3

QUERIES:

- WHERE DO YOU NEED TO DO THE WORK OF UPROOTING THE WEEDS OF INJUSTICE SO THAT THE SEEDS OF JUSTICE CAN GROW UNENCUMBERED? IN YOU? IN OUR MEETING? IN THE WORLD?
- WHAT CAN YOU DO TO MAKE OUR TESTIMONY OF EQUALITY A LIVING, WALKING WAY OF LIFE FOR US?

CURTIS' ELECTROCUTION

CURTIS' ELECTROCUTION 1

- FIRST, A DISCLAIMER. I WRITE THIS TO THOSE WHO KNOW ME. THOSE WHOM I HOPE KNOW I AM NOT TRYING TO BE ALL-KNOWING, A SPIRITUAL EXPERT OR ARROGANT, BUT RATHER SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO SHARE THE WANDERINGS AND WONDERINGS OF MY HEART, SOUL, AND MIND.
- MY DAUGHTER SHANNON TOLD ME A BIT ABOUT THE EXPERIENCE OF HER FRIEND CURTIS WHO WAS ELECTROCUTED, DIED, AND WAS REVIVED AFTER 6 MINUTES. TWO POINTS HE MADE REALLY STOOD OUT TO ME. THE FIRST FITS WELL WITH OTHER REPORTS I'VE HEARD FROM THOSE WITH SIMILAR EXPERIENCES. HE HAD A SENSE OF LIGHTHEARTEDNESS AND SAW LIGHT. THIS ALSO FITS WELL WITH MY QUAKER BELIEF THAT THE DIVINE IS A LOVING LIGHT. DIDN'T HAVE TO THINK OR WORSHIP ABOUT THIS VERY LONG OTHER THAN IN GRATITUDE FOR KNOWING THIS.
- HIS SECOND REVELATION DID CREATE A SENSE OF WONDER IN ME THAT I DID HAVE TO TAKE TO THE LIGHT IN WORSHIP. HE TOLD SHANNON THAT PEOPLE HE KNEW WHO HAD DIED WERE WITH HIM IN THE LIGHT AS WELL AS PEOPLE WHO ARE CURRENTLY LIVING. THIS GOT MY MIND AND HEART JUMPING AND PUMPING.

CURTIS' ELECTROCUTION 2

- FIRST CAME THE QUERIES, AS THAT IS WHERE I SEEM TO GO FIRST IN SUCH A SITUATION OF HEARING SOMETHING NEW LIKE THIS. QUICKLY I REALIZED THIS FITS WITH SOMETHING I ALREADY HOLD AS A BELIEF, A VISION OF BILL TABER'S PROPHETIC STREAM. FIRST YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I DON'T USE THE WORD STREAM, I KNOW STREAMS AS CRIKS, THAT'S CREEKS WITH AN "I" INSTEAD OF TWO "EES". FOR ME, WHEN I PICTURE BILL'S PROPHETIC STREAM IN MY MIND'S EYE IT'S THE POHOPOCO CRIK THAT RAN THROUGH THE FARM WHERE I GREW UP. THE CRIK THAT MY FRIEND PUNKY AND I DAMMED UP EVERY SUMMER SO WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE SWIMMING AREA WE'D LOUNGE IN FOR HOURS ON HOT DAYS. I PICTURE MYSELF THERE LEISURELY RELAXING AND TALKING OVER MY QUERIES WITH PEOPLE WHO HAVE PASSED. THE GROUP OF US VARIES DEPENDING ON THE QUERIES. APPARENTLY I MAY NEED TO BROADEN MY POSSE TO INCLUDE THE LIVING AS WELL, BUT THAT'S TO BE DETERMINED.

CURTIS' ELECTROCUTION 3

- I CALLED UPON ONLY ONE THIS FIRST TIME WRESTLING WITH THIS IDEA SO AS TO KEEP THE CONVERSATION AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE. I CHOSE MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND, JESUS. I FIGURED HE'D HAVE THE INSIDE SCOOP AND WOULD BE WILLING TO SHARE WITH ME. NOW, OF COURSE, IN MY EXPERIENCE HE OFTEN TALKS IN RIDDLES THAT I NEED TO THEN WORK ON, ON MY OWN, BUT I WAS WILLING TO DO THAT. WE SET UP THE MEETING ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND I THREW MY QUERY TO HIM. HE CAUGHT IT AND SMILED. I KNEW INSTINCTUALLY THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE RIDDLE ANSWERS.
- REMEMBER IN JOHN 8 WHERE JOHN IS DESCRIBING WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE PHARISEES BRING THE WOMAN CAUGHT IN ADULTERY TO JESUS AS A TRICK? JESUS IGNORES THEM AT FIRST AND WRITES ON THE GROUND AND FINALLY DOES ANSWER TELLING THEM, "HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE AT HER" BUT CONTINUES TO WRITE ON THE GROUND. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PEEVED AT JOHN FOR NOT MAKING NOTE OF WHAT THE HECK HE WAS WRITING ON THE GROUND, BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. THAT WAS SORT OF HIS REACTION TO MY QUERY. HE SWIRLS HIS HAND AROUND IN THE WATER SMILING THE WHOLE TIME. HE FINALLY SPEAKS AND TELLS ME, "YOU CAN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN, BUT YOU DO KNOW" AND OUR MEETING WAS OVER. WHATTTT? THOSE DAMN RIDDLES.

CURTIS' ELECTROCUTION 4

- TIME FOR ME TO WORK ON THIS. NOW I HAVE HEARD SOME ABOUT NEW TIME/SPACE THEORIES FROM DAN BUT I AM ESSENTIALLY UNSCHOOLED IN THIS AREA. BUT I DO HAVE ONE AREA OF THOSE WHO PASSED IN WHICH I HAVE SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. I RECALL MORE THAN ONCE AFTER ROD DIED THAT I WAS CRYING CALLING OUT THAT I NEEDED A HUG FROM HIM AND SURE ENOUGH I FELT HIS ARMS AROUND ME IN ONE OF HIS BEAR HUGS. NOW YOU CAN GIVE ALL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL/NEUROLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS YOU WISH, BUT I TELL YOU I FELT IT PHYSICALLY. IS THAT AN EXAMPLE OF MY KNOWING? FOR NOW, I SAY YES. WE'LL SEE WHERE IT GOES WITH THE LIVING COMING TO MY PROPHETIC CRIK. I'M TOLD I KNOW FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE.

(W)HOLY

(W)HOLY

- I TRY TO ENGAGE IN BOTH (W)HOLY LISTENING AND (W)HOLY SPEAKING. I THOUGHT I SHOULD EXPLAIN MY VISION OF THESE TWO TOPICS MORE FULLY. THIS IDEA TOOK HOLD BIT BY BIT, AS MANY GOOD IDEAS DO. IT BEGAN WHEN I TOOK PART IN THE SPIRITUAL FORMATION PROGRAM. THE IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING VERY CAREFULLY TO EACH OTHER WAS STRESSED. DOUGLAS STEERE'S QUOTE, "TO 'LISTEN' ANOTHER'S SOUL INTO A CONDITION OF DISCLOSURE AND DISCOVERY MAY BE ALMOST THE GREATEST SERVICE THAT ANY HUMAN BEING EVER PERFORMS FOR ANOTHER" WAS EMPLOYED TO ENCOURAGE US TO USE HOLY LISTENING IN OUR GROUPS.
- AS I SAT WITH THAT IDEA AND THEN EXERCISED IT, I REALIZED I NEEDED TO SUSPEND MY THOUGHTS TO PERFORM THIS TYPE OF LISTENING AND AT THAT POINT BEGAN THINKING OF IT AS (W)HOLY LISTENING. I TOOK THIS AND PUT IT TO USE FOR SPEAKING AS WELL. WHEN SPEAKING, MY AIM IS TO USE (W)HOLY SPEAKING.
- I USE (W)HOLY TO DESIGNATE MY DESIRE TO FULLY ENGAGE IN THE TASK BEFORE ME. TO DO THAT, I MUST USE BOTH MY MIND AND THE SPIRIT, HENCE THE TWO WORDS.

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART 1

- I REMEMBER THINKING, “WHEW! IF I’M GOING TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT AT THIS GRILL, I HAVE GOT TO OPEN THE BACK DOOR.” I HAD TAKEN A COOK POSITION AT THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER THE SUMMER BEFORE MY SENIOR YEAR AND THAT NIGHT IN JULY WAS HOT. NIGHT, I EMPHASIZE BECAUSE I WAS ON THE 11 TO 7 SHIFT. I HAD FALLEN INTO THE ROUTINE OF GOING HOME AT 7AM AND SLEEPING UNTIL ABOUT 2, THEN HANGING OUT, EATING DINNER, AND TAKING A 2-HOUR NAP BEFORE HEADING OUT AT 10:30PM FOR ANOTHER NIGHT AT THE DINER.

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART 2

- THE DINER WAS ACTUALLY MY THIRD JOB. FIRST, I WORKED AT A FANCY RESTAURANT IN THE POCONOS WITH MY FRIEND WHOSE MOM WAS A WAITRESS THERE. WE WERE THE BUS GIRLS. THE OWNER'S WIFE TOOK A LIKING TO ME FOR SOME REASON I NEVER REALLY FIGURED OUT. WE WERE SOOOO DIFFERENT. SHE WAS IN HER 30S, WORE LOTS OF MAKE-UP AND TIGHT-FITTING, OFTEN SHINY, CLOTHES AND SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN THE BAR AND DISCO ON THE PROPERTY. WHENEVER SHE SAW ME THOUGH, SHE WOULD COME OVER TO THE RESTAURANT AND HANG OUT DRINKING COFFEE, TALKING TO ME ANY CHANCE SHE GOT. I WAS 15 AND THE ONLY MAKE-UP I WORE WAS A LITTLE BIT OF MASCARA. AS I LOOK BACK ON IT, I GUESS SHE WAS DRAWN TO MY LISTENING SKILLS. SHE WAS IN A LOVELESS MARRIAGE TO A 50 SOMETHING LOUDMOUTH GUY WHO I ASSUMED MARRIED HER JUST FOR HOW SHE LOOKED ON HIS ARM. PROBABLY AFTER MENTIONING SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP AND IT NOT GETTING BACK TO HIM, SHE DEVELOPED A TRUST IN ME THAT SHE DIDN'T HAVE OF OTHER PEOPLE AROUND HER AND I BECAME HER CONFIDANT. HER "FRIENDS" THAT I SAW THERE WERE QUITE FAKE AND I GUESS SHE COULDN'T TRUST THEM.

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART 3

- MY SECOND JOB AT AGE 16 WAS AT A DAIRY MART. THAT'S WHAT AN ICE CREAM AND SIMPLE FOODS PLACE WAS CALLED IN THE AREA I GREW UP IN. THERE I LEARNED TO SWIRL THE PERFECT CONE, WHICH STILL GET OOHS AND AHHS AT BUFFETS AND COLLEGE CAFETERIAS WHERE THERE ARE ICE CREAM MACHINES. THE SKILL NEVER LEFT ME. ORIGINALLY, I WAS HIRED JUST TO WORK THE ICE CREAM, BUT AS THE SUMMER WENT ALONG I ALSO LEARNED TO WORK THE GRILL AND FRYERS.

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART 4

- SO THE NEXT SUMMER AT AGE 17 WHEN I WAS LOOKING FOR WORK, I HAD COOKING SKILLS AND DECIDED TO TAKE THE NIGHT SHIFT AT BOWMANSTOWN DINER. I LIKED THEIR FOOD AS A CUSTOMER AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN TO WORK THE OVERNIGHT SHIFT, KNOWING THERE WOULD PROBABLY BE SOME INTERESTING CHARACTERS THAT CAME TO THE DINER DURING THE NIGHT. I WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR STORIES AND EXPERIENCES OF OTHERS, EVER CURIOUS ABOUT MY FELLOW HUMANS. I, AS WELL AS THE NIGHT SHIFT WAITRESSES, HATED THE FIRST HOUR FROM 11 TO 12. YOU SEE, THE OWNER AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS WHO WAITRESSED ON THE 3 TO 11 SHIFT HUNG AROUND THE DINER UNTIL MIDNIGHT, WATCHING US AND SPOUTING OFF ORDERS. WHEN THEY LEFT THE ENTIRE MOOD OF THE DINER CHANGED. EVEN THE CUSTOMERS WERE AWARE OF THIS AND THE REGULARS ALL MADE NOTE OF IT, ONE EVEN COMING BACK INTO THE KITCHEN TO LET ME KNOW THEY LEFT IF I WAS HIDING BACK THERE, WHICH I OFTEN DID.

THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER HAS MY HEART 5

- THIS ONE NIGHT IN JULY AT THE BOWMANSTOWN DINER WOULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY LIFE. A BIT BEFORE 2AM, JUST BEFORE THE BAR RUSH STARTED, I WAS TALKING TO A GUY I KNEW FROM SCHOOL BACK IN THE KITCHEN. I WASN'T INTERESTED IN HIM IN A ROMANTIC WAY, BUT HE CLEARLY THOUGHT I SHOULD GO OUT WITH HIM. AT ONE POINT I HAPPENED TO LOOK OUT THE BACK DOOR AND NOTICED A GUY ON THE PAYPHONE RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR. ON FIRST GLANCE, HE LOOKED LIKE A NEW TEACHER FROM MY HIGH SCHOOL AND I SMILED AND SAID "HI!". HE LOOKED BACK AT ME AND GAVE A HEAD NOD AND QUICK WAVE. AT THAT POINT I REALIZED HE WASN'T THE TEACHER AND WENT ABOUT PREPPING FOOD AND SOMEWHAT TALKING TO THE GUY FROM SCHOOL. AFTER THE GUY FINISHED ON THE PHONE HE CAME STRUTTING INTO THE KITCHEN AND LEFT WITH A DATE FOR THE NEXT WEEKEND. AND THAT STARTED OUR 43 YEARS TOGETHER – A HOT NIGHT, AN OPEN DOOR, A PHONE CALL, A SMILE AND "HI", AND A BOLD GUY WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED AND WASN'T AFRAID TO ASK.

THE ROAD

THE ROAD 1

- HEADING TOWARDS TRACHSVILLE FROM THE FARM I GREW UP ON, IN ABOUT A QUARTER MILE YOU WILL SEE A ROAD TO THE LEFT. IF YOU TAKE THAT ROAD, IN ABOUT TWO MILES, YOU'LL END UP ON ROUTE 209 IN THE VILLAGE OF FOREST INN. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE ROADS.
- AS A CHILD I TRAVELED THAT ROAD OFTEN, AS THAT WAS THE ROAD TO TAKE TO GET TO THE FARM MY GRANDMOTHER GREW UP ON. WE'D GO THERE TO VISIT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, PAPPY HAHN. SOMETIMES IT WOULD JUST BE US WHO WENT TO TAKE HIM SOME FOOD OR OTHER NECESSITIES, BUT MOST OFTEN OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS WOULD BE THERE TOO AND I WOULD GET A CHANCE TO TALK TO AND PLAY WITH COUSINS. I WAS HAPPY TO SEE THAT HIS FARM IS STILL IN GOOD SHAPE WHEN I PASSED IT LAST WEEKEND, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS SOLD TO STRANGERS AFTER HIS DEATH MANY YEARS AGO. IN FACT, THE BEAUTIFUL RED WOODEN BARN IS IN BETTER SHAPE THAN IT WAS BACK THEN.

THE ROAD 2

- IF YOU KEEP TRAVELING ALONG THE ROAD, IT'S NOT LONG UNTIL YOU GET TO STROHLIE'S FARM. THEY WERE FRIENDS OF MY GRANDPARENTS AND THEIR LAND ACTUALLY ABUTS THE UPPER FIELD OF MY GRANDPARENT'S FARM. UNLIKE MY GRANDPARENT'S OR MY PAPPY HAHN'S FARM, THE STROHL'S HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP THEIR FARM IN THEIR FAMILY SINCE THE LATE 1700'S WHEN THEIR ANCESTORS GOT THE LAND THROUGH THE WILLIAM PENN LAND GRANT. TO DO THAT, THEY HAVE OPENED IT UP TO THE PUBLIC TWICE A YEAR, CALLING IT THE OLD HOMESTEAD FARM. THEY HAVE A FALL FESTIVAL COMPLETE WITH A PUMPKIN PATCH, HAYRIDES, A CORN MAZE, AND SO ON. THEY ALSO SELL CHRISTMAS TREES FROM BLACK FRIDAY TO DECEMBER 23RD.

THE ROAD 3

- A LITTLE FURTHER UP THE ROAD YOU'LL SEE A DILAPIDATED FARM. IT WAS AUCTIONED OFF ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO AND WE HAVE A FEW THINGS FROM THAT FARM. MY FAVORITE ITEM I PICKED UP THERE WAS A 55-GALLON DRUM THAT HAD CONTAINED PESTICIDE I AM USING IN MY SIDE WHIMSICAL GARDEN AS PART OF AN ART INSTALLATION. THIS FARM WAS THE PLACE WE GOT CIDER WHEN I WAS A KID. THEY HAD A BIG ORCHARD OF APPLE TREES AND A CIDER PRESS THAT I LOVED TO WATCH OPERATE. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE CRISP CLEAR TASTE OF FRESH PRESSED APPLE CIDER. THE STUFF I GET IN JUGS IN THE GROCERY STORE NOW CAN'T COMPARE.
- THERE'S ONE LAST FARM ALONG THE ROAD BEFORE YOU GET TO THE END, BUT I NEVER PAID THAT MUCH ATTENTION TO IT. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY CONNECTION TO OUR FAMILY AND BY THAT TIME I WAS CONCENTRATING ON WHERE I WAS HEADING WHEN I GOT TO 209.

THE ROAD 4

- OF COURSE I TRAVELED THIS ROAD MANY TIMES AS A YOUNG CHILD, BUT IT REALLY BECAME SPECIAL WHEN I TURNED 16 AND HAD A CAR AND A JOB. MY FIRST JOB WAS AT A DAIRY MART CALLED THE BEACON ON ROUTE 209 IN FOREST INN NEAR THE END OF THIS ROAD. DAIRY MARTS, IF YOU'RE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM, WERE PLACES THAT SOLD SOFT ICE CREAM AND SIMPLE FOODS FROM A GRILL AND FRYER, LIKE BURGERS, STEAK SANDWICHES (CHIPSTEAKS AS THEY'RE OFTEN CALLED THERE), AND FRIES. AT THE TIME, IT WAS ONLY OPEN IN THE SUMMER AND JUST HAD PICNIC TABLES, BUT NOW IT'S BEEN CONVERTED INTO A RESTAURANT.
- HOPPING IN MY CAR (A GREEN VW BUG I NAMED BUZZY), I FELT FREE DRIVING ON THAT ROAD TO THE BEACON. THAT IS UNTIL THE NIGHT DRIVING HOME FROM WORK THAT I HIT AND KILLED A POSSUM. I STOPPED THE CAR AND GOT OUT TO LOOK AT THE POSSUM AND I WASN'T CERTAIN IF IT WAS ACTUALLY DEAD OR WAS JUST PLAYING DEAD, BUT WHEN IT WAS STILL LYING THERE THE NEXT DAY I KNEW I KILLED IT. DRIVING NEVER FELT THE SAME AFTER THAT. WHILE I STILL LOVED DRIVING, I RECOGNIZED THE RESPONSIBILITY I HAD AND WAS MUCH MORE CAREFUL THAN CAREFREE.

THE ROAD 5

- THE OTHER SIGNIFICANT THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME ON A RIDE HOME FROM WORK IS EMBARRASSING, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ANYWAY. IT HAD BEEN RAINY THAT DAY AND WAS QUITE FOGGY. I GOT ON THE ROAD TO HOME. IT WASN'T RAINING ANYMORE, BUT I STILL HAD MY WIPERS ON FOR THE FOG. NO MATTER HOW FAST I HAD THE WIPERS ON THOUGH, I COULDN'T REALLY SEE OUT OF MY WINDOWS. WHAT A FOG I THOUGHT TO MYSELF. TALK ABOUT PEA SOUP. I WAS DRIVING AT A CRAWL. LUCKILY I HAD BEEN ON THE ROAD SO MANY TIMES, I PRETTY MUCH KNEW IT BY HEART. I HAD PASSED PAPPY HAHN'S FARM WHEN I SAW A CAR COMING AT ME. THIS WAS A RARE OCCURRENCE ON THE ROAD. IT TURNS OUT IT WAS MY DAD. HE STOPPED AND I PULLED UP NEXT TO HIM, TELLING HIM WHAT A PROBLEM I WAS HAVING WITH SEEING THROUGH THIS FOG. HE TOLD ME HE CAME LOOKING FOR ME BECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE IT WAS TAKING ME A LONG TIME TO GET HOME. HE GOT OUT OF HIS CAR AND CAME OVER TO BUZZY. HE TOLD ME TO TURN THE TEMPERATURE KNOB UP TO HOT AND TURN ON THE DEFROSTER. WHEN I FOLLOWED HIS DIRECTIONS, THE "FOG" MAGICALLY DISAPPEARED. IT WASN'T THE FOG OUTSIDE AT ALL, IT WAS THE STEAM COLLECTING ON THE INSIDE OF MY WINDOW. SO SILLY. I'M NOT SURE IF HE LAUGHED ON THE WAY HOME WHEN HE WAS BACK IN HIS CAR FOLLOWING ME HOME, BUT HE DIDN'T IN FRONT OF ME AND NEVER BROUGHT IT UP AGAIN.