

One of those *days...*



Lorraine with Lynda Pogue, Columnist and Feature Editor

The snow, then the rain had fallen all night. I knew I had to give myself extra time to clean off my car, but had no idea what the universe was going to send my way. It was one of those days...

The windchill factor was fourteen degrees below zero and the wild winds were blasting me at 30 kilometers an hour when I ventured outside all wrapped up in layered clothing.

Darn! My car door was frozen shut. Gently I pulled on the handle and with a little prayer it opened. Stepping inside I brushed my head against the top edge of the doorframe and whoosh... a huge glob of snow fell on my startled face and found its way down my neck.

Brushing the snow off my glasses and noticing that the warmth of my snuggled, warmly dressed body had already melted the snow on my neck, I half sat on the cold seat, and with frozen gloved fingers I was able to find the key and say another little prayer that the engine would start. When it did, I turned on the defroster and turned the dial to the highest setting to ensure that when I got back into the car it would be toasty warm.

Back outside again, I observed my situation and quickly came up with a plan of action.

1. Brush off all loose snow. 2. Get in car. 3. Drive off to first appointment. Wrong!

Under the fluffy stuff there was a sheet of ice. Not just a coating but a blanket. It was at least three inches (ok, 8 cm) thick over the windshield wipers. Snowbrush in hand, with the plastic jagged edge up, I attacked the massive iceberg. Eyes watering and mascara running down my checks I took the challenge. Bit by bit I chipped away. A half hour later I had managed to release one windshield wiper.

Thinking I better call and cancel my first appointment I quickly pulled out my cell phone. Oh look. The door. Did I forget to mention that my car door lock was frozen and the door wouldn't close?

I propped a ski pole against the door to hold it closed while hoping the warm interior would filter through the door jam and de-ice the frozen lock. What did I know? Wrong again!

As I chipped away at the second windshield wiper I thought about the little things in life that are sent to us for no reason at all but to stop us in our tracks and detain us from moving forward. A smile came across my face as I realized that all the setbacks in our life's journey are the lessons to be learned: second by second, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day. You get the picture.

Finally I was ice-free! After an hour and twenty minutes I was on my way. Only problem was I still had a frozen door lock that would not let me close the door. Great, another challenge. How do I get to my next appointment with a door that wouldn't close? I know it was dangerous, but I admit that I drove with one hand holding that door shut while still hoping the warmth of the heater would de-ice the lock.

While sitting at my second appointment (I obviously missed the first!) an angel arrived. He had recognized my car and had seen the ski pole propping the door shut. To cut a long story short he took a blowtorch and de-iced the door lock and once again I was cocooned inside a safe vehicle. With clean windows I was off to appointment number three.

Now I have a car cover to protect my car from poor weather conditions and a pocket lighter for frozen locks. What more could a single gal buy for one of those days? Thank heaven for lessons and angels.

Lorraine Leslie
Founder/Publisher

Nominated for  **2005 & 2006**

The feature women about whom I write, have traveled a long, winding road to success – each woman on her own journey; a journey that sometimes hasn't been smooth. These women open their hearts to inspire and motivate other women, of all ages, to follow their dreams and passions...