

Diary of a Road Warrior Vol. 2

Brace yourself, this will be a long one. Not even sure where to start. Honestly, I'm still a bit off balance. So those who know me might know that I'm fascinated with numbers and probabilities, almost to a religious degree. What I mean by that is, it constantly amazes me how things come together despite the odds against those specific things ever happening. Let me give you a simple example, look across the room at your spouse, or your best friend, or even your dog. On some level, you know that person (or pooch) was supposed to be in your life. You can't imagine life without them. Yet they were born on a different day, in a different place, on a very big world cluttered by about 7,000,000,000 other people. Mathematically it is pretty much impossible for the two of you to ever meet. In fact, if the two of you were searching for each other (without names of course) the math tells us it would take about 3000 years of searching to have any real chance of a rendezvous (way more if they're hiding from you). Yet despite the math, there they are.

I think this kind of thing is the obvious sign that there is something kinda guiding things along. Call it God, the universe, Bart the great manipulator, whatever, it just becomes apparent that we are not alone (also not completely in control). But surely these things can be chalked up to coincidence, right? Chaos theory, Quantum mechanics all predict stuff like this will pop up at times. True, and most of the time we can choose to ignore these little events and continue through life in blissful denial. However, once in a while, life drops all pretense and smacks you in the face with a brick. In a nutshell, that was my day.

To appreciate the gravity and the size of my personal brick, I'll start at the beginning. About 10 years ago, a dear friend (Rinny) introduced me to a band called Stone Sour. I was initially impressed with a couple songs so I downloaded a few onto my iPod or pc or whatever I was using at the time. Years go by and I realize this band is not the replacement for Pink Floyd I've been hoping for so the few songs I had fell into obscurity in the dusty, unused portions of my play list. Fast forward a decade or so. A dozen phones or devices have come and gone, many a lonely night spent cleaning my playlists. Marriages, jobs and homes all change.

Current day, I'm invited to my niece's wedding in Santa Barbara, so I cleverly manage to coordinate work and vacation time and head from Colorado to sunny California. Here's where it gets weird. I'm driving on I-15 between Baker and Barstow. Normally I listen to audio books, but I had to answer a text or two so my phone has resorted back to my playlist. Not one I picked mind you, just something the phone does in whatever order apple has determined to be most profitable. A song comes on I don't recognize so I look down at the dash display to identify the tune (see the 1st picture). I think to myself, that's odd, I don't know this song, but I know I've seen that street name on a map before. About that moment I look out the windshield (a good idea to do when driving) and I see the item in picture number 2. It took me a moment to really register what was happening. I thought maybe I was just transposing what I saw on the dash to the sign or maybe my mind was playing tricks (brains can only take so much damage before things start getting a little unpredictable), but no, it was quite real.

Needless to say I was stunned, confused and frankly not at all comfortable for a few minutes. Think about all the variables, literally zillions of them. Any one thing changes in the last ten years, and this doesn't happen. Had I hit one more red light, the timing would have been off, a little slower, a little faster. What

about the texts that came in and put my phone on music instead of the book. What if I'd never met Rinny? What if my niece had decided not to invite weird uncle Jim or what if she'd never met the man she's going to marry. The list could go on forever. But the result is best illustrated by the two photos below.

Really put your mind to it and you'll start to see what I mean. If you're too lazy for that or educated by our public school system in the last 30 years, (that mathing thing am hard). I'll explain. What happened to me yesterday has roughly the same chance of happening as winning the lottery while being struck by lightning and attacked by a polar bear at the same time. In a bouncy castle, on a submarine. I have no idea what the Universe was trying to tell me but it sure as hell got my attention. My apologies for droning on so long and I promise I'll try to be funnier next time. Safe travels everyone.

