

## Your Car Tells Your Story

Just like your coffee mug pours out your life in a cupful, your car holds a special place, too.

That came to my mind in a flash after a friend posted on Facebook how her car with over two hundred thousand miles logged on it was biting the dust. Others were commiserating respectfully and offering condolences, and all the while the family was in mourning. Ah, the lovesick thoughts for Bessie, age 13, beloved and cherished part of the clan. May “she” rest in peace in junkyard heaven.

It’s true. Your car becomes part of your family as much as any one of your pets. Think of all the stories that you can share about your adventures – good, and not so good – seeing the USA... in your Chevrolet. (You have to be of a certain generation to get that phrase and tune.)

I trust that you talk to your car more than just yelling at it when it doesn’t perform to your requirements, and carry on decent conversations together.

You have that friend or relative – maybe it’s you – who is aiming to keep his car on the road until every last inch of it is squeezed dry. Cheer on.

Remember the road trips to soccer matches with the back loaded with teenagers, muddy sneaks and barrels of laughs. Now that car or van was a workhouse and died with many groans and grunts along with a ton of burger wrappers.

Think back on racing to the hospital for the birth of your first baby. Would you believe one of the best stories in my family is how my dad

ran out of gas on the way to the hospital for my birth, which fortunately held off for a few more hours on a snowy December morning? He had even borrowed a car from a friend as it was during WWII's gas rationing.

Not a one of you can forget your very first car. It was an amazing rite of passage having your own wheels and the responsibility that went with it, too. Mine was a 1964 two-door bright cherry red Chevy Bel-Air with black leather seats that took me to college and to my first teaching job. I racked up the miles, and I dreaded when "my babe" decided to call it quits.

My husband is always on the lookout for his 1966 Pontiac LeMans, and wonders if someone has restored it. In a way I hope he never finds the actual car, and enjoys the fantasizing instead.

Folks attend car shows and reminisce about how well-made and substantial older models appear...and bulky by our standards. Taking children on excursions to explain the past is so essential for their building an understanding of a world that is more than just now.

When I hop in my car in a few moments – this one I never named and I don't know why – I am going for its annual inspection for the year and hope it gets a clean bill of health.