
A Pit Stop on the Road of Life

I grab my bag by its reigns and pull it to a yielding halt. "Slow down," I say. "Let me see your ammunition." As I dump my life out on the table of examination, I question the contents. What role in this game of survival has each played? What significance does each possess? The objects' responses come rushing over me like running waves upon a shore. The seashell whispers of memories, childhood, and laughter past while the eraser, long since worn away, recounts lost mistakes and lessons learned. Throughout their vivid conversations, the puzzle piece sits silently on the table's edge. First glance might cause one to believe her strong and silent, yet she holds quite an important role within the bag. She is a misplaced but clearly significant cornerstone piece that fits within a grand puzzle created by a Being much superior than the clumsy hand which vainly tries to fit the game together; even the pair of glasses with its dirt-covered lenses cannot see the artwork this piece is to ultimately create. Perhaps it is not for them to see.

Next, I stumble upon the dice. Ah, old, consistent, and reliable Mr. Dice. Shiny and ancient, yet brand-new. He prides himself as full of opportunities, risks, and changes. One must not overlook the caution he warns; dice-users must beware of the consequences that may prevail upon usage. However, dice are necessary. They are important elements in the game of life. In my life, Mr. Dice is treasured yet usually forgotten and underused; consequently, he remains sealed, tightly bound like a pea hidden beneath a mattress only for the knowing to find and the rest to overlook.

The only other items visible to the eye that remain scattered on this table are the paintbrush and pipe cleaner. The brush's story quickly drowns out the latter and recounts his grand purpose in the life of mine. He proclaims, "I am your loud hand. I am your voice in a deaf world. I am your tool to creation, expression, and strength and your key to the door of reason and existence in a forever blind world. I am...." Crunch. Twist. Bend. The mute, crumbled pipe cleaner twists and turns, strangled by the weight of problems and ideas not yet understood. Just as suddenly as she is noticed she is overlooked.

And so my bag of life, having poured forth its contents and purposes, is complete. Or is it? Once again the frequently overlooked and perhaps most valuable item has been forgotten and covered by the rest: space or lack thereof. Is this bag half empty or half full? My life still has time left even

though time's voice cannot be heard through the dense paper of this bag. Or maybe this unidentifiable item called "space" is actually a breath of fresh air, a pathway to joy and freedom. Perhaps this "space" is none of the above; maybe it is simply an opportunity for change. Maybe a little extra room has been reserved to make necessary or desired alterations.

Within my bag more remains to be discovered and shared. Only few people have examined the true contents of it; even I do not know nor fully understand what my bag contains. Therein lies the great mystery of life. This mystery is a treasure only few recognize and even less strive to solve. Hopefully one day this mystery will share its story just as my other miscellany have done. As I glance up from my thoughts, my bag's ammunition has already secured its position within the paper's dark grasp. As to be expected, my bag suddenly dashes off into the unknown while I hold on tight for the ride of my life.

- Christine Weisenbach