



*With career education calling my name, I had to make a trip to Omaha. I love the city, just hate to drive in it. The traffic, the construction, the people on their cell phones, it is enough to ruin my day. I knew about the trip for three months but thought if I ignored it, it would surely go away. It didn't.*

*Two days before the dreaded event, my boss asked me if I had a car reserved, my hotel booked, and the paperwork for the conference I was to attend. At that moment it became apparent neither ignoring the problem, nor divine intervention was going to save me, so I went to plan B. I whined to my husband.*

*At first, he was not eager to help me. He even went so far as to say "Have a good time. See you on Thursday." After a dinner of tuna casserole and a lecture on where my life insurance policy was stored in case I did not make it back, his attitude changed. Because my husband could be sainted after 25 years of marriage to me, he did not roll his eyes and accuse me of being melodramatic. He just rearranged his schedule and loaded the vehicle.*

*Now that my husband had decided to join me on the trip, coerced if he is telling the story, I was looking forward to the conference. It is always nice to be around like-minded people and learn new ways of doing things. Even more exciting was the adventure of wandering around "Old Market" looking at old buildings and eating somewhere that did not ask "do you want fries with that?"*

*Due to careful planning, we hit Omaha at rush hour, in the rain. With the sky gray and overcast, the rain falling steadily, visibility was iffy at best. This was not a particular concern to my husband who approaches freeway driving as a challenge. At first, I admit, I was a little bit snarly as we whipped in and out of traffic on a song and a prayer. It wasn't until my husband looked at me with glee in his eyes and said "get's your adrenalin pumping, doesn't it?" that I realized I was riding with a mad man. Since I have a strong sense of preservation, I decided to help him drive. I shut my eyes, kept up a steady chant of "Hail Mary's" and offered helpful suggestions - "honey, real men brake." "It is okay to use the pedal on the left." "I don't think we are allowed to play bumper cars in a rental."*

*Laughing maniacally, he changed lanes, shifted gears and whipped around a car the size of child's toy. Gunning the motor, he flipped on his signal and sped down our exit. Patting me reassuringly on the shoulder, he uttered those words women through the ages have come to dread "trust me; I know what I am doing".*

*After he pulled into the parking garage, I got out; fell to me knees and kissed the ground. I am not certain, but he may have rolled his eyes and muttered "drama queen".*