



Dessert with Rick and Judi



Judi Cleghorn



Gouged telephone pole



Where we dived across a ditch



Car that missed us



Jean's slightly injured leg

IT HAPPENED ON A SUNDAY EVENING

This is an eye-witness report of a scary moment.

We were walking back to our cabin after a nice evening with Rick and Judi. We had walked only 100 yards when we heard a loud speeding vehicle. It came up the hill, swerved across the road at Rick and Judi's and crashed its way along the west side of the road toward us. It hit a telephone pole which trashed the car's left front corner but it kept plunging on in our direction. Dust and gravel flew.

We dived across the ditch into brush and grass as the car suddenly swerved left into a wide driveway. We jumped up and ran the few yards back to the driveway where the car had sheared off a stonework entrance gate post and left the driveway to plow through a manicured lawn for 100' feet or so before coming to rest back on the driveway.

I met the driver coming up the driveway and checked to see if anyone was hurt. I was both surprised and glad that no one was injured. I had already called 911 without an answer so continued down the driveway to tell the people what happened to their nice entrance way. Pauline ran up the hill while her husband, Will, followed driving his small tractor.

911 called me back. I was able to report that there were no injuries. I would leave it to the property owners to make any further reports.

Meanwhile, Jean had called Rick and Judi. Judi called the Sheriff. The driver of the wrecked car had called a tow company. Another neighbor, Laura, had heard the crash and also had called the Sheriff. Still another neighbor, Lance, heard the noise all the way from his house in the trees up the hill from the road joined the growing crowd of nearby neighbors which now included Dan and Greg.

We were the only witnesses to the accident but it was not hard to follow the track of the wreck as it progressed. The driver seemed alert and not visibly impaired as far as we could tell. He was apologetic, but I never heard his side of the story.

Someone noticed some blood on Jean's leg. The abrasions did not appear deep. She was the only person hurt in the accident. We attributed our stiffness the next morning to our dive into the bushes.

We went on back to our cabin talking about "what if" ...like what if we had been on the road 15 seconds later. Or "what if" the car had not made its sudden left turn off the road? We calculated that it was about 3 seconds from where we were across the ditch at the time and probably not far enough off.

It is all too common for people to write God into such stories. We believe that rain falls on the just and unjust alike and that bad things happen to good people and good things happen to bad people.

Such experiences remind us how unpredictable and tenuous life is. It reminds us to be more grateful for the precious wonder of life and relationships.

We'll remember this as a nice evening with good friends. We'll remember the presence of good neighbors.

It all happened on a Sunday evening.

Oh, did I mention that the raspberry ice cream dessert was delicious?

— Art Morgan

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