

Road Construction Season

Written By: Harry Gribnitz

Winter (also known as hockey season) is over so it must be Road Construction Season. Most mornings, my commute to work takes about 15-20 minutes. I enter 131 at West River Drive, turn onto I-196 just north of downtown then exit at 44th street. Compared to my previous commuting routes in Chicago, Houston and Dallas it is a breeze. Compared to the Dan Ryan Expressway, 131 is like a pleasant drive in the country. Today morning traffic reminded me of those old commuting days. While we merged into one lane, many drivers were waving, gesturing and generally showing their displeasure at those that raced down the left lane to try to merge near the head of the line.

When I finally got to work, I received an e-mail from an old Proviso East High School friend that helped bring back the old commuting memories. I know Woody would not mind if I shared the story with you.

Two cars were stopped at a traffic light. The man in the first car didn't notice when the light turned green. A woman driving the second car is watching traffic pass around them. She begins to go ballistic inside her car, ranting and raving, pounding her steering wheel and blowing the horn. As the light turns yellow she "waves", screams profanity and continues to curse the man. The man looks up, sees the yellow light and accelerates through the intersection just as the light turns red.

The woman is beside herself, screaming in frustration as she misses her chance to get through the intersection. As she is still in mid-rant, she hears a tap on her window. Looking up, she sees the barrel of a gun and a very serious looking police officer. The officer tells her to shut off her engine and keep both hands in sight. She complies, now speechless at what is happening. The officer orders her out of the car and to put both hands on the roof. As backup arrives, she is quickly handcuffed and hustled in a patrol car. She is too bewildered by the chain of events to ask any questions and is driven to the police station. At the station she is fingerprinted, photographed, searched, booked and place in a cell.

After a couple of hours, an officer approaches the cell and opens the door for her. She is escorted back to the front desk where the original arresting officer is waiting with her personal effects. While handing her the bag containing her things, he says, "I'm really sorry for the mistake. But you see I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping the guy off in front of you and cussing a blue streak.

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Then I noticed the "Choose Life" license plate holder, the "What Would Jesus Do" bumper sticker, the "Follow Me to Sunday School" sign and the chrome plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. So naturally..... I assumed you had stolen the car."

Thanks,

Harry Gribnitz

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PS: If you would like some help dealing with Road Construction Season, please go to www.WestMichiganMortgageHelp.com. Look in the West Michigan Community Information section under General Information, and GVMC-Road Construction.