

CALABOGIE ALIVE! (A Mini Driver goes to Driver's School)

Parting words from my Zen Master driving instructor, Professor Lee Miller, "You have homework." "Homework" I quip? "Yes. I want you to do this: Sit down with your eyes closed – stop watch in hand. Visualize yourself coming out of the pit lane (stay to the left of the blending line – no more black flags please!). Start the watch. Drive yourself through the course. Look ahead. Anticipate. Remember every turtle (not the one that met its demise – *cry of dismay!*). Be one with your car. After the front straightaway stop the watch. Do it again. Get better. Get faster."



Each day after Calabogie I do my homework. But also each day my 'real' life creeps into my vision – no FLOODS – into track memories threatening to sink them tragically like the Edmund Fitzgerald. There is my 9-5 in constant flux, 40 piano students to schedule and plan for. Volunteer church school teachers to pull out of the woodwork. 8 pieces of music to select and prepare for and a Christmas musical to organize and get rolling. Not to mention four children and a husband to love and care for.....How do I keep my track life real?

Something inevitable happened at Calabogie. Dan, my husband, and I made friends – car friends – fellow lunatics (loonietics? *Sorry*) – some more crazed than others (you know who you are...). There was Lynne and Jonathan from Brockville ON – another husband and cheer amongst club members. (Guess how I got to submit this letter?) Tom and Amanda – a young couple willing to spend a dinner out with two old people like Dan and me. Swatting mosquitoes and sharing stories was something we suddenly realized we'd been missing must stick together (see next blurb)! A tool primer (must haves and stuff to put on the Christmas list), tire talk, education and driving tips. They had it all. Even the backbone crew; Dave, DJ, Tom, Ron, Matt et al smiled genuinely. It really was OK for me & my Mini to be there.

Thank you Patroon Chapter for your help, your organization, your professionalism, and most of all, new friends to keep track memories alive. I'll see you at Limerock.

Cheerio!
Little Red Mini

Lime Rock Park

