

Things Happen
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We live in a wonderful world, but things happen. And when they do, sometimes we're the bug, and sometimes we're the windshield.

One night Taylor watched a huge female turtle heave herself up the beach to dig her nest and lay her eggs into the sand. The next day while trying to find the nest, Taylor found tracks showing the female turtle had gotten confused and headed into the dunes away from the sea. Following the trail, Taylor found the turtle exhausted and all but baked. After pouring water on her, Taylor fetched a park ranger. The ranger flipped the turtle over on her back, wrapped tire chains around her front legs, and took off in his jeep, dragging the turtle over the dunes and down onto the beach. At the ocean's edge, he unhooked her and turned her right side up again.

The poor turtle lay motionless in the surf for a while. As waves broke over her, she lifted her head slightly, moving her back legs as she did, until one of the waves made her light enough to find a foothold and push off, back into the water that was her home. Watching her swim slowly away and remembering her nightmare ride through the dunes, Taylor noted that it's sometimes hard to tell whether we are being harmed or saved by the hands that turn our world upside down to help us.

It reminds me of a story about a little bird who didn't fly south soon enough for the winter. It wound up on the ground, slowly freezing to death. When things looked really dim, a cow happened by and dropped a big warm cow pie on the little bird. The warmth of the cow pie revived the little bird, who felt so good he stuck his head out and began to sing. A fox coming by heard the singing and snatched the little bird up and swallowed him.

The moral of the story is that everyone who dumps on us isn't necessarily our enemy, and everyone who pulls us out of the manure we find ourselves in isn't necessarily our friend.