

SH!@*T happens

The bike trail is sometimes littered with horse plopping. As I rode around a brown pile, the phrase “sh!@*t happens” passed through my head. If the trail stands for life, then as we move along it, sh!@*t does happen for sure.

But like the horses, we must plod along and leave the stench and pile behind us. We also must be watchful not to step in anyone else’s “stuff” on the trail of life because then it’s too easy to get caught up in her or his stink: anger, issues, petty drama.

Yes, sh!@*t happens! And we must deal with it in the cleanest way possible. We each have our piles. But like a mighty horse, we have strength. We plod through, past, over and around, and we don’t look back at the steamy mess ...

eventually it cools off