

# You know you're lucky when...

I managed to slip away from the office to go to Mass in the middle of the day. I felt very fortunate to find time for Mass during a busy day in a very full week.



As I was driving downtown to the Baltimore Basilica, I wasn't sure I would make it in time for the mid-day Mass. I never seem to leave enough time to find a parking space. Still, after I passed the church, I turned the corner, and there it was—my dream spot, not far from the church and big enough for my minivan to slide right in. I took this photo from my parking space. It was that good.

After Mass, I headed back to my van. I climbed in and was checking my email on my phone when I heard a truck rumbling up next to me. Then all of a sudden—KAWOOSH!—my car was hit with a tsunami of salt spray, washing over the street, but also the whole side and top of the van.

My children would have been thrilled to see the cascade of liquid over our van. I was just happy my window had been shut.

I had a sudden flashback to the day before when I was walking down the sidewalk when a truck went through a water-filled pothole in the middle of the street and splashed water all over my socks and shoes.

What are the chances that I would have two such interesting and moist encounters in two otherwise dry days?

It has to mean something, right? And I'm going to assume this is just my lucky week.

There are so many things that people say are lucky. There are horseshoes, four-leaf

clovers, and rabbit's feet, of course. Then there's walking through a spiderweb, getting hit with bird excrement, and rain on your wedding day. And there must be many more.

Getting splashed by a passing truck doesn't sound lucky. But as I admired the salty crust on my van afterward, I thought of the snow and ice that is coming. Maybe that frigid precipitation will hit my storm-treated car and drop right off onto the road. Maybe, as the snow accumulates everywhere else in the greater Baltimore area, I won't have to lift a finger to clean the snow off of my van. Or maybe after I do brush the snow off, the crusty salt will all be gone.

Maybe this is my lucky day.

I'll take it.