Where are you going?

(“You’ve got to be careful if you don’t know where you are going because you may not get there.” Yogi Berra)

At the airport, it’s easy.
Ask someone where they are going and they can point to a gigantic display board on the wall:
“Phoenix” “Chicago” “Charlotte” “Boston” “Orlando”
And on and on the destinations go.
But, I ask, “Where are you really going?”
Much more complicated
“Home” “Vacation” “I don’t really know” “Anywhere but here”
Some of them, smiling their evangelical smiles, may say, “Heaven.”
The more haggard and desperate ones: “to Hell” (maybe they are already there?)

A friend just wrote to me and said:
Isn’t this snow beautiful? My wife and I took a walk and were thoroughly enchanted, every twig and branch clothed in white.
I like that.
Whether it is snowy or rainy or sunny, that’s where I am going!
Blessedly, it’s quite easy to get there
    Out of the house, down the driveway, turn left and start walking with my wife.
    Next stop: Enchantment

But, come on…..what about right now?…..where am I really going?
That’s the easiest answer of them all
I am headed right to this last word. (And I arrived safely.)

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