

# life IN THE *Moment* at *WARP SPEED?*

I had a moment this past summer when I slipped into delirium. My husband—bless his middle-aged heart—thought I would enjoy a ride on Top Thrill at Cedar Point's Amusement Park. I believed him!

Top Thrill is a ride that goes from zero to a bazillion miles an hour in seventeen seconds, traveling straight up, then looping straight down. The experience lasts all of three minutes.

The most ironic thought was that my husband suggested this experience, knowing me, and knowing I'm the mom of our three teenagers. I mean, how much thrill does one really need in a lifetime anyway?

ISN'T IT EXHILARATING ENOUGH TO LOSE MY VOICE, SANITY, AND NAILS DURING A FRIDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAME?

You cluster this all together with stress highlights that pop out every time my two oldest children grab their car keys, and you've got yourself the definition of T-h-r-i-l-l! What on earth was my husband thinking anyway?

Even so, we waited for our three minutes of "thrill" in an hour-and-fifteen-minute line. This was plenty of time to come to my senses, and long enough to wonder, "Where were all of the people my age?"

Nonetheless, I stayed strong, while reading the warning signs. Most were standard. But, others were more serious, cautioning "Abrupt Stops and Starts," and even an occasional need to "Re-engage." I had some real questions about that one.

"Oh, it's no big deal," Jerry comforted. "Sometimes there's not enough momentum to get the coaster up and around... they just try again." Try Again? The thought of warp speed ... twice?!

No worries though. We were up and over the first time with the force it might take to shove a walnut through a pin-

hole. Mouth wide open, screaming and/or breathing was a real problem. Catching bugs was not.

All the way up the loop, my face held on for dear life, but down the loop, my bra straps immediately lost their grip. I guess the trouble with warp speed is...well, everything. My life flashed before my blurry eyes. Really, besides the air being sucked out of my lungs, my teeth gnashing together, and my insides colliding with my outsides at the before mentioned "abrupt stop," it wasn't that bad.

With a G-force-widened grin, my husband exclaimed, "Doesn't that just make you want to do it again?!" For the second time in my life, I was speechless. The first time, I had just given birth.

Wanting to put the whole terrifying experience behind me, I wobbled toward the exit. But wait! A crowd had gathered to look and laugh at pictures. One photo, a teenager pointed out, was particularly amusing. "Look at that poor soul!" Wait! Are those my straps flapping like wings in the wind? Queasiness gripped my stomach as onlookers roared. I made a mental note to keep my thrill level equivalent to chasing down school buses.

Life can be a little like Top Thrill...unexpected and strange; breathless and...um... strapless.

But, if we seek the adventure of a God-sustained life, even at warp speed, we understand that the real thrill is in the living it...each breathless moment at a time!!! Smile.

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