

BE BRAVE

Allow Others Their Perspective

It was a chilled Saturday afternoon, the weekend before school started here in Ireland, and I was busy getting the house ready for the back-to-school madness. I'd just put up two hooks in the foyer where the kids would hang their school bags and coats. Above these hooks, I planned to hang some inspiring quotes for the kids, and I was determined to find the perfect frames.

So, I hopped in my car and headed off to The Range—a store that's like Mr. Price Home on steroids for my Namibian and South African friends.

To get there, I took the outer ring road, which is basically a roundabout obstacle course, but it usually gets you where you need to go pretty quickly. As I approached the second roundabout, I spotted this massive bus trying to make its move. I couldn't see any cars behind it, so I waited, wanting to be sure it was safe. I don't easily trust other drivers at roundabouts—some people seem to forget their lanes or indicators entirely, though I must say, Europeans generally handle roundabouts well.

Anyway, just as the bus cleared and before I could even blink, the car behind me blasted its horn for what felt like forever, then screeched past me, tires squealing, and zoomed off.

My first reaction? Annoyance—how dare this person honk at me! Didn't they see I was just trying to be safe?

But here's the funny part—we both ended up at the next roundabout at the exact same time. I couldn't help but giggle.

At first, I was caught up in my own thoughts. How dare he? How could he be so rude when I was just trying to drive safely? But then it hit me: this guy had no clue who I was, and this situation wasn't about me. Maybe he was rushing to an emergency, or maybe he was just having a bad day, and I happened to be in his way. Whatever the reason, don't get me wrong, it didn't justify his behavior, but I realized I had a choice in how I responded.

I could let this little encounter ruin my day, let his bad vibes stick to me, or I could see it for what it was—his issue, not mine. The irony wasn't lost on me that despite our different approaches to the roundabout, we still ended up at the same place at the same time. It reminded me that sometimes, especially with people in our close circles, their reactions have nothing to do with us. We're all on our own journey, moving at our own pace, but often we still arrive at the same destination. Who am I to judge someone else's path or think my way is the best way? Maybe we need to show a little more compassion and let others walk their journey in their own way and at their own pace.

In this case, since the man was a stranger, I chose to laugh it off—"Not my monkey, not my circus," as the saying goes. I wasn't about to let his bad mood mess with my day.

We don't have to accept the garbage others try to dump on us, and we can't always expect people to see things from our perspective.

In the end, I found the perfect frames at The Range, hung them up at home, and smiled at the words I chose for one of the frames: "Be Kind." My day had come full circle.

Love & Light
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