## Traveling to Whitehorse

In the fall of the year, a young woman named Linda was traveling alone up the rutted and rugged highway from Alberta to the Yukon. Linda didn't know that you don't travel to Whitehorse, the capital of Yukon, alone in a rundown Honda Civic, so she set off where only four-wheel-drives normally venture.

The first evening, she found a room in the mountains near a summit and asked for a 5 a.m. wake-up call so she could get an early start. She couldn't understand why the clerk looked surprised at that request, but as she awoke to early-morning fog shrouding the mountaintops, she understood.

Not wanting to look foolish, she got up and went to breakfast. Two truckers invited Linda to join them, and since the place was so small, she felt obliged.

"Where are you headed?" one of the truckers asked.

"Whitehorse," she replied.

"In that little Civic? No way! This pass is dangerous in weather like this," the trucker said.

"Well, I'm determined to try," was Linda's gutsy, if not very informed, response.

"Then I guess we're just going to have to hug you," the trucker suggested.

Linda drew back. "There's no way I'm going to let you touch me!" she exclaimed.

"Not like that!" the trucker chuckled. "We'll put one truck in front of you and one in the rear. In that way, we'll get you through the mountains."

All that foggy morning, Linda followed the two red dots in front of her with the assurance of a big escort behind as they made their way safely through the mountains.



Our journey through life is often like that trip. Navigating through peaks and valleys, we often find ourselves caught in the fog in extremely dangerous passages, including what we are experiencing as we make our way through the COVID-19 pandemic. Faith in our Lord is a guiding light.

At times, we need to be hugged – literally and figuratively. With fellow Christians who know the way and can lead safely ahead of us, and with others behind, gently encouraging us along, we, too, can pass safely.

- Beecher Hunter