It's Like Swimming



My friend Peggy is three decades older than I am.

She used to race Ferraris. In fact, she was so good at it that after winning a race in the United States, she was invited to compete in South Africa, where she raced the very same Ferrari, shipped all the way from the United States.

She was also married to a rock star.

She's lived through having her house burn down, escaping in just her nightgown with her dog and her car. She's lived through breaking her femur at age 79 when her horse fainted with her on its back. She's lived through being disinherited by her family when she chose to marry said rock star. And she is still the most cheerful, optimistic, grateful, and gracious person I know.

She has the most extraordinary way of moving through life.

On my last morning visiting her in Belize, she insisted on driving me to the airport in her golf cart.

It was pouring rain.

And whipping winds.

The dirt roads were filled with enormous potholes that had become slushy little muddy lakes.

Rain was flying sideways, hitting us from all angles.

I was eager to get to the airport, but Peggy kept pointing out resorts and hotels and telling me stories.

At one point, she asked if I wanted to stop and tour a resort.

"No, thank you. I'd prefer to get to the airport."

I wasn’t sure planes would even be flying in this weather, so I wanted plenty of wiggle room if my flight got canceled.

She happily continued driving.

Totally unconcerned with the weather.

Totally unconcerned with my flight.

We bounced through another enormous pothole, water splashing all around us.

"It's like swimming!" Peggy joyfully exclaimed.

God, I love this woman.

I burst out laughing.

Because that's Peggy.

She doesn't need life to go according to plan to enjoy it.

A flooded road to her isn't an inconvenience.

It’s an adventure.

It might be a swimming pool.

And I realized in that moment that I wanted more of that in my own life.

I let go of getting to the airport early.

I let go of worrying if my flight would take off.

And I decided to enjoy swimming with Peggy in a golf cart in Belize.

It’s a moment I will never forget.

Because Peggy doesn’t go into life looking for adventure.

Peggy is the adventure.

And now when life throws me a curveball, instead of getting stressed and upset I think of Peggy in her golf cart in a monsoon and say to myself, “It’s like swimming!”

And just like that my detour becomes fun.