

THE JOURNEY HOME

By Heather Whittle Wrigley

My bus ride home from work began like any other. Within five minutes, I had leaned my head against the window and soon the halting and starting of the bus was rocking me to sleep. I was still adjusting to all the new responsibilities that had come with my recent marriage while working and taking classes full-time. Some days I couldn't help but sleep during the entire bus ride to work and back.

As I drifted in and out of sleep, I heard voices calling out directions. Soon I realized that the new bus driver had to be directed around every turn, down each street, and to every bus stop along the 50-mile (80 km) route.

Knowing that it would probably take even longer than the usual hour and a half to reach home, I immediately became irritated. Unkind thoughts about the driver's competence crowded my mind. Voices calling out directions continued to cut into my attempts to sleep.

Before long, however, I noticed the yelling had stopped. I looked up to see a woman gently directing the bus driver from her seat two rows ahead of me. I watched as she sweetly



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and kindly gave the man directions and then, before getting off at her stop, told him about the next few stops down the road. Long after I arrived home, I was troubled by my reaction to criticize compared to this woman's loving guidance.

I realized that I was like the bus driver—I don't know my way through life any better than the bus driver knew his new route. Both of us were on an unfamiliar road. I'm sure he was grateful that someone who had been down that road before was willing to offer patient directions about what lay ahead.

Christ does the same for us. When we don't know which way to turn, His example shows us the way. When we have questions, He lovingly supplies the answers. How many times would He, weary after traveling a long distance, seek to fulfill the needs of others?

Since that day, we've had a few new bus drivers. Occasionally they have needed some direction, and thanks to the example shown me by a loving woman and our Savior, I have been willing to give it. ■

The author lives in Utah, USA.