


I pick up this smaller square-like rock about the size and shape of a rubix-cube. It feels rough in my hands, granite on a few of its sides, and smooth on the others. Some of the edges are blunt and others come to sharpened edges. This rock is covered in a light shade of dusty brown and some of these dried dirt flakes off when I move it around my gloved hands. I am standing at the starting gate of a major national motocross race and I must move this rock out of my way before the big race begins. My starting position on the starting gate will have me race off right into it because of the rut that my bike is lined up in. It will definitely throw me off and ruin my chances at a important holeshot.

This rock holds charge over me because it reminds me of glory, of make-or-break, of obstacles that are always in our lives. It also reminds me of a high stakes and high octane event in time that is transformed into something glorious and empowering. This transformation occurred every weekend when my Dad and I traveled together to new racetracks. The rock transforms into a 1st place trophy and check. I have come to realize that the meaning of this rock is how one obstacle, however small, can affect your life either in a positive or negative outcome. How during the "race" of one's life, your tire can go flat by these obstacles.

This rock use to live in the earth. Something created this rock into existence. But this rock has an evil and dark personality. If it could speak to me as I am holding it in my hands, it would say, "I am the difference between being on top of the podium or not on it at all." The rock would go on to talk about how it got kicked up from the comfort of its home in the earth, then thrown and rolled over again and again. "I hope you don't see me!" it says. "I was rudely kicked up over here to this spot in your path, and hopefully I kick you off your bike as you race over me."



Holding this rock in my hands brings me back to old memories of similar rocks that wanted to destroy my race and the parts on my dirtbike. The destruction, annoyance, hinderance, injury, and flat tires. But it also reminds me of Sunday race day, game time, prizes, money, trophy girls, podiums, checkered flags, because I have weathered the storm countless times throughout races. I think to myself, "why do you have to be in my lane?" Why can't you be in one of my competitor's lane on either side of me?

I guess this rock has never saw, nor been, to the sands of the Pine Barrens in NJ or passed through the outskirts of some big city. It's possible that it could get in the bed of our truck, or in our toolbox, garage, or even up on the podium. But you are in my mind as I am dealing with new obstacles in my race of life. The constant reminder of "what would ifs," and make-or-break moments. The destructive possibilities, to avoid you at all costs. On the flip-side, there is a wisdom that speaks to me and warns me. Soon I will toss you away just like my old trophies that collect dust and fall apart.

The race is about to start and I throw the rock off of the racetrack and into the brush. There, this rock will probably sit for many years until it is kicked up yet again.