

Better Be Running by Randy Snow

I was vacationing with a couple of friends of mine not long ago in sun blessed Mexico. While sitting at the pool amongst the many sunbathers I noticed a para-sailing outfit out on the beach.

There was a bronzed Hispanic man in cut-off shorts standing in the sand calling to a bobbing overworked powerboat out in the bay. Commanded, I could hear the sound of the boat as it would rev up and pull away, fully filling the in-tow sail and lifting the exhilarated rider, who was running along the beach, up into the cloud-swabbed blue bird sky. It seemed like they were having so much fun. My friends saw me staring at the events and one of them said, "I've got a great idea. Come on Randy, you are going para-sailing."

Listen, I had never been para-sailing before in my life – and I was quite certain I didn't want to go right then either! But what are friends for? Reluctantly I gathered up my things and we headed towards the beach.

As we joined the sand my friend's excitement was not to be disguised. They hurried ahead to announce their special rider. By the way, wheeling a wheelchair in sand is not a recommended activity. Indeed, things were not going well, I should have turned around right then but I am not a quitter.

Sweaty and a bit frustrated, I finally arrived and said to this man, "Now listen, for this to work you're gonna have to treat me like a kite. You guys will need to hold me up in the air and...just at the right time...when the rope gets tight, toss me up...and I think everything will be just fine." He looked down at me and said, "Twenteeee Dalla."

"Well sure, I have twenty dollars," so I pulled an *Andrew Jackson* out of my pocket and handed it over to him. He snatched up the money, slipped it into his pocket then reached down and grabbed a harness and began guiding my muscular arms into the loops.

As he worked I continued to explain to him that he was not to go until I was ready. *Are we ever ready for change in our lives?* Obviously this guy had another vision for my future because he stopped, looked towards the boat and yelled, "VAMANOS!"

I couldn't believe what I had just heard!

The boat immediately full throttled and started pulling away eliminating the slack out of the rope. Oh my gosh...I was shocked. I looked back in an abject attempt to stop him but the rope jerked me up out of my wheelchair snapping my head back– then I plunged face first on the beach. Now that boat was dragging me face first like an anchor through the sand.

It gets a lot worse.

Realizing we now had a serious problem, this guy starts yelling, "Run, Run, Run." If you haven't noticed yet, running is not my greatest feature. It isn't what I do best!

Luckily my sail began to fill with air, which started lifting me off the beach. But while my rope was on the beach it hooked under a metal beach chair and now the beach chair started coming off the ground. The weight of the beach chair kept me from rising up into the air. With my hands waving back and forth for balance, I was gliding along the beach hovering at a height of about ten feet. I looked like a huge paraplegic parade float. Kids were in front of me. "GET OUT OF THE WAY, GET OUT OF THE WAY!" They lunged to the side.

Leaving the beach behind me I then started drifting out over the ocean. Suddenly the beach chair fell off the rope splashing down into the ocean – and I catapulted like a rocket straight to the sky.

Things finally started settling down. As I glided over the water I quickly pulled my bathing suit back up and noticed I had sand everywhere (not only did I have sand in places I didn't know I had -- I couldn't feel it anyway). As I looked down towards my knees I noticed they were all scraped up and I'm thinking, "Boy, they probably hurt."

As the powerboat began to bank back around towards the beach for my landing, I saw that everyone in the boat was pointing over towards the beach. Wondering what they were

pointing at, I looked in that direction and saw the image of my two friends and that same Hispanic man running along the beach. They were carrying my wheelchair. They were lining up under me -- my friends were pointing to my wheelchair -- they want me to land in my wheelchair. Have you every gone into a situation before and said, "I don't like my chances here."

As I descended towards the landing party, there was that same man yelling, "Run, Run, Run." Ever worked with anyone like this? The one's that just don't get it, you know, the one's that road their bike a little too long behind the mosquito truck.

Luckily Dame Fortune was with me, I landed right in my wheelchair without incident. I know, many of you probably wanted me to crash; yes it'd made a much better story.

What is the key to success? Well, I'll tell you. Whether we are on the way up, or on the way down, or sitting at the pool waiting on your inspiration, *if you want to be successful, you'd better be running!*