



Drive In Enlightenment - A Short Story
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Samantha Tarrington White was a spitfire. Opinionated, witty, and brilliant. She was, however, for the umpteenth time in her life in yet another "fix." Standing at the airport, ready to purchase her ticket, she sighed when the United agent informed her that her credit card was maxed. Her first credit card since the bankruptcy.

She'd lost her job, her last boyfriend was on his way to Tortola with her best friend (some best friend), her cat had disappeared, and that fabulous diet that cost her \$400 a month for pre-packaged yuk had resulted in a sum total loss of 20 pounds, which after all those months netted out to about \$100 a pound. Just then her super glue failed her and that broken nail she'd been babying fell ignominiously to the shiny tiled floor.

It was the story of her last three years. Sam had experienced a series of lost loves, broken dreams, and failed businesses. She'd moved several times, but even zip code therapy was no longer working.

Nothing was working.

Sam delved deep into her mind as she asked, "What now, God? What now?"

Tears streaming down her cheeks, Sam walked to the main entrance, hailed a cab and asked him to take her to DIE - the new Drive In Enlightenment place she'd read about in that holistic magazine.

What the heck? How bad could it be? You gave them a question, they answered it and you got a discount on your burrito supreme because you were buying the combo. Supposedly they'd hired spiritual counselors - earth angels, who answered your questions and also served your fast food.

Sam pondered how to ask her question clearly so she would get some clarity in the answer. As the cab driver placidly negotiated the light Denver traffic, Sam began doodling in her notebook.

"I need a new life." No, scratch that. Not specific enough. "Why all this pain?" Nope, she didn't care WHY all the pain, she just wanted out of it. "How do I choose joy instead of pain?" That was it! If she could get away from the accumulated pain of all those losses, she'd have her soul energy back and she could create again. She just knew it.

As they approached the drive up window, Sam noted that DIE was promoting a weekly special: One Burrito Supreme and One Question for only \$10.00. Not bad, considering all those shrinks who charged \$100 for a 45 minute hour.

As Sam handed her carefully folded question to the cab driver and told him what to order, she smiled. Somehow an answer was waiting inside that window. She just knew it. This was way better than going to confession, paying for all those candles, and then feeling double guilty cuz you never did the Hail Mary's you were supposed to. Here you got God AND a burrito supreme.

Sam was feeling better already. Her order placed, the cab driver moved the car up in line.

In just a few minutes, Sam might have the mystery puzzle piece that would set her free, change her life, and get rid of all this stupid angst. Just then, the cabbie moved the car up to the pick-up window. A loving woman who looked like that girl on Touched by an Angel reached out the window with Sam's order. A cardboard container with a burrito, a coke, and a small envelope with her answer inside.

Sam could swear the woman had that golden halo, just like that lady in the TV series. She must be imagining things, Sam thought. Too many months on that pre-packaged food and too much stress had surely entirely shut down her thymus gland. When she got her life back together, she was going straight to a luxurious health spa and she would pay for real acrylic nails, not those glue-on kind from the drug store. No more lack for Sam.

Sam urged the cab driver to park in the corner. She couldn't wait until she got home to read her answer. An answer from an angel. She sure looked like an angel. Sam picked up the envelope like a new father picks up his baby for the first time. A combination of awe and wonder combined with not knowing really what to do next.

Sam turned the envelope over and gently pulled out the pastel piece of handmade paper within. The paper had been made with roses and other flowers embedded in it. It was simply beautiful. Clearing her throat, Sam read her prescription for getting rid of her pain.

"Dear One,

You may change your soul contract at any time. Everything you have experienced was by soul agreement. We ask only that you share what you have learned to help those who are walking in your footsteps. Including the fact that you may choose a new classroom at any time.

We await your new contract."

Signed,

DIE - (die to old realities so you may be birthed into new ones)

As the cab pulled into traffic, the cab driver looked into his rear view mirror and blinked. The drive in place wasn't there! It was an abandoned parking lot! He must be going nuts from all that gin he'd been drinking. Too embarrassed to say anything, the cabbie drove furiously to get this woman to her destination. He needed time to think.

Meanwhile, back at Sam's apartment, the copy of the holistic magazine with the ad for DIE - Drive In Enlightenment - was whisked into the air and transmuted into nothingness. When Sam arrived, she looked for it and decided she must have thrown it away. No worries. She'd gotten her prescription and it was one that would provide eternal opportunity. No more counselors, no more drive-in angels were needed. SHE was the creator, SHE was the writer of the soul contract. It was so simple, really. Divinely simple.

Back at the angel board meeting, Sabrina was asked how her first assignment had progressed.

"Marvelously," she replied. "God knew what he was doing when he added a burrito to this equation. Brilliant, simply brilliant."

God, meanwhile, watching the angel meeting from his Self-created "real time" video screen, leaned back in his favorite virtual Lazy Boy, a happy smile across his Divine lips.

Creating something new in every moment was such a joy. He could hardly wait to see his subjects start doing the same!

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