

Marcus

The morning sun had melted the light frost on the back of the bench, the warmth felt good on my cheeks.

As the bus rolled by in front of me, I looked over at the drive through and noticed a car with two young girls moving up to order. I wondered where they were going so early in the day. Maybe they were heading out of town for some shopping or off to dance practice. I chuckled to myself and thought, why not hockey practice.

I watched an older couple walk into the restaurant. A short while later they sat down by a window facing me. They unwrapped their muffins and slowly took the first sip of coffee. They both took off their coats and as they turned back towards each other the man noticed me, smiled and gave a slight nod, I quickly looked away, afraid I might be staring too long.

The next car in the drive-through was driven by a young man. I wondered his age, probably mid-thirties, probably about the same age as my oldest boy. There were kids in the back, as mom was taking orders and relaying them. Young kids are so picky and you could see dad was getting annoyed with what they must have been mashing up.

I couldn't help but wonder what my son would be doing on a day like this. Maybe church, although I don't think they go very often. Maybe taking his two kids out to the park, or maybe they would go to hockey practice today.

I noticed the woman getting up and leaving the table by the window. Going for a refill perhaps, or another muffin, or to the washroom.

The drive-through was getting busy now, cars were backed up, but moving efficiently through the lineup. I thought back to when there were carhops. When you were ready to order you would turn on your lights, a person would come to the car, take your order

and return a little while later with your order, on a tray that hung on your window. Back in those days this was a Saturday tradition, bundle the kids up and go out for fast food.

The woman returned, no muffin or refill, bathroom I guessed.

I watched a little longer as people came and went, some smiling and laughing, holding the door for each other, getting on with their days. I wondered how many appreciated the connections they had with other people and I was thinking in these busy days, where time is so rushed that to wait for a carhop to bring your meal would seemingly take too long and that those were better times.

I felt a light tap on my shoulder, I looked up and there was a person from the restaurant holding out a paper bag. "Hey Marcus, a lady from the restaurant ordered this for you".

I thanked him, took the bag, rolled up my blanket, gathered my stuff and shuffled off.

Written by: letsrock1961