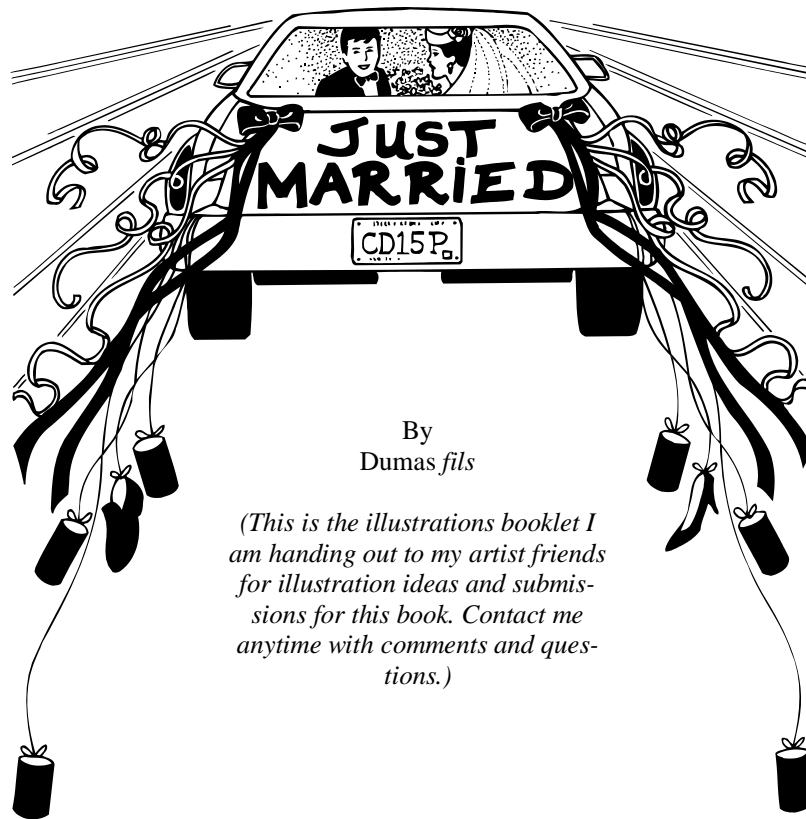


Marriage is Like The Freeway

Book One



By
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*(This is the illustrations booklet I
am handing out to my artist friends
for illustration ideas and submis-
sions for this book. Contact me
anytime with comments and ques-
tions.)*

Preface: Marriage is Like the Freeway

When I worked at the Juvenile Courts, very often, two of my charges would announce to me that they were old enough to get married and were going to pursue such when they 'got out' of juvi. My sit down advice was to ask them what kinds of Degrees they had. The puzzlement I saw in their looks toward each other and then at me wasn't loud or energetic, but it spoke all sorts of stop signs. They wanted to know what their friend and colleague, and mentor was getting at. So I told them that, to some degree, they will need to be a lawyer, doctor, nurse, dietician, maintenance person, brother, friend, Psychiatrist, teammate; for the need for all of these things will crop up at some day in the life—and on the Freeway.

Lawyer: if you have an accident you will need to know what to say and not say on that moment, and what to sign or not sign when the Lawman gets to the scene. You will need obviously an understanding of the documents the Overseers require for your state; and that they are filed in the car, where they have told you they must be filed. And, as you were always told, you should follow the rules.

Doctor: At some point along the trip someone will need to stop and go to the hospital, and until you get there you'll need to be there to hold their hand while softly, like a doctor, tell them to 'breathe then push, let the birthing happen.' Or, as it often happens later in life, someone in the back seat will ask to stop for a potty break.

Maintenance: You and your mate are the mechanics on the road with your family and it is your job to get them where you guys have decided to go. Parents must know what maintenance should be done before the road trip is undertaken and something about the 'Car' they are wanting to travel in. Must know where the components are that make the thing go smoothly and then once set and calibrated for the kind of 'car' both agree on --leave the engine alone! Don't keep messin' with it. And if it ain't broke, please don't fix it—at least while You are still driving in public on the Freeway. Wait until you stop at a weigh station. Fixing and arguing and driving do not mix: schedule it and wait.

Pastor: Two people who are becoming *one* need to know something about decency, for decency on the road preserves the purity of that oneness. Especially if you have a flock in the back seat: from what they observe while you drive and speak and etc, they will learn morality. The better You are at pastoring each other, the better chance you have of enjoying your stay in the car as it moves through the busy happening we call Freeway.

The more intense Your math, the happier Your marriage.

Psychiatrist: Your state of minds dictates the experience on the freeway. It is the mind that sees reality. Think of the mind dealings you do while driving near other trucks, and even how you need to know the other minds in your own car. You will at some time have to deal with another mind, most intimately; you should gain that knowledge anywhere you can before you go onto the freeway. Because while you are traveling down the road you will not have the services of the therapist to tell you to 'ferme la bouche'. Knowing something about Psychiatry will give you some *Degree* of proficiency at minimizing failure.

And that is why drugs *of any kind* are not allowed on the freeway.

Team Member: Teamwork is what the Freeway is all about, those who travel in the fast lane are doing something those who are traveling in the slow lane are not, but whether they are ahead slightly or behind or along side, they are traveling at about the same speed and are abiding by the rules of team play and sportsman-like conduct. Being a teammate in marriage is not much different than on the sports field, but on the Freeway, the results of execution are life threatening. Precision is one thing, but getting the win involves getting all the members on the field to follow the rules of that particular play-date. Teamship is about following the rules even as players switche places around the ball, or the lanes or the four way stop sections.

Scientist: The weather, the physics, and oh, that element called speed all meet with the road called Life. One must know things. One must teach and know. (Webster and the Greeks: science, to know.)

And Math: Many are the words that are used to describe *how* Marriage should act. From my studied point of view, how (Math) is the most important aspect of marriage and the Freeway. Getting at and holding to this *how* is vital and sage important. Not just liking it—it is required that you grab hold of the wheel and master the turning of it. Math determines the excellence in every part of freeway driving and keeps you from running *off* the lane you drive in. See how...Marriage is like the Freeway.

Cars are more and more complex these days, and are filled with more than 200 computers; understanding this one thing alone gives advantages when you are trying to assimilate these complexities. Marriages, while not yet wholly computerized, are like wise more and more complex than times past. Driving schools present, explain and re-iterate for 100 hundred hours the vast responsibility of driving, yet we do not spend that same amount of quality time in prepping one for driving on the Freeway of marriage.

(For special emphasis, when Y is used in your it means both spouses.)

The more intense Your math, the happier Your marriage.



Two people cannot travel together, except they agree in one...

All other animals do not marry. Because all other animals do not choose to travel together by agreement. They do not build thousand mile ramps, or 200,000 lb homes or children home societies for their legacy. Especially, and only to humans today, marriage is like the freeway.

We don't find in other animal domains this thought: that the things built excel the nature of the builder that spawned them; nor do we find in other animal domains that the number of occurrences of these things built are in staggering numbers. (How many cell phones are there; how many have there been?)

The more intense Your math, the happier Your marriage.

Only man (Humanity) expresses marriage when they macadamize and build freeways out of the matter that was their earth—dust. Freeways then have design and purpose —and past and present expectations are attached to them.

Even when we do the math, the sums of man involve marriage. Two person addition equals one. And only man seems to achieve this sum with complexities of quality that stretch into many roadway lines toward infinity. This is the somewhere, *over the rainbow*, that man has gone; *somewhere* farther than any other animal has gone before.

When two people move through distance together they must agree in one Interstate to drive on, one particular degree of North, East or South, —one car , one driver, one time to start the car, one final destination, one purpose, in general, for even going there.

And along the way they will agree to change the one Interstate (there is always a fork), or change the one driver, or change the one time to start the car...To us this is marriage-like...and marriage is like the freeway.

Questions: the universal yardstick of marriage.



Together

Same Speed

The only way to achieve togetherness is by going the same speed. When two are well matched, one waits for the other and matches the other's speed by clasping hand, and then as a team walking, running or dancing their way along the lane.

This speed is more about connection than it is about movement. It is the inner part of teamship. When two persons merge toward one, they must do something which is governed by their connections: their past sub communications, as well as their out loud sayings.

You get to a speed by announcing where you want to go, when do you like arriving, why are you going, and who will you plan to meet.

When families travel the freeway, everybody in that car is going the same speed; marriage is like the freeway.

(To complexize this a little bit more: when you decide Your speed, it sometimes will, by coordination, allow you to merge with, say, two other couples at *their* speed, which translates to a simultaneous arrival, which translates to timing—this becomes teamship tournament style.)

The more words You know the smarter your marriage.

Full on into the future, or Ten Mile Back-ups

Marriage is like the freeway: when you back up, it becomes disastrous. Even if you communicate to your passenger and have their full agreement; even if you can read the signs upside down while backing up--it will end in skidding sounds and wreckage: there are others on the freeway besides just you; other family members or friends who like Your *car* —and care for everyone who is in it.

If you're old enough to drive and you decide to get on the freeway, remember, let it be full purpose ahead; for backing up is always a problem idea.



Future

Some vehicles on the roadway make twice a much announcement as others.

Communication

Communicate: ...--to live along with...be aware of and converse with life around you.

Not only is it important to travel at the same speed, You must communicate where You are going. Communicate to each other concerning your awareness of the life around you. On the freeway, no one can hear you scream unless your windows are down. But inside Your car, you must communicate, live along with each other's life. And that means using words.

When someone outside your car tells you there's something missing: a light, headlamp out, or your tire is low, you listen to their words. So, also, in good communication, listening is a must do.

Communication is the most vital activity of Your marriage. This joy—the joy of pouring what is in your life into that significant other—is the essential on-going safety activity that builds more lanes on the freeway, as it is, than any other.

The more words You use, the more happiness there is. The more seasonal construction there is, the more potholes that get repaired.

Let words pour, spill and splash; discover newer enjoyments when you clean up.

The absence of communication, e.g. not merging, is the cause of catastrophes and traffic slow-downs.

Signal: Dot Dash your horn to Save Your Soul.

Plan: measure twice, turn the wheel once.

Execute your intentions: move forward at the same speed as the other while listening.

When you drive on the freeway you must use good communication. Marriage is like the freeway.

You know you're going the right way on the freeway when both map Holders communicate interesting things about the same city.

The Daily Commute

There are always back-ups on the freeway. Talk!
No. Really talk!

Speak to one kindly, like a thought, for then are you theirs.



The Rules of the Road

The rules of engagement are built between dangers. Two entities vying for the same lane. Marriage is like the Freeway: two energetic vehicles must merge over time into one roadway: in one *car* when they are traveling; in one human nature, as they attempt to enjoy the same blissful dreams.

Also, their car will need to merge with other cars in Traffic headed into societies.

Merging is the teamship of this venture. Merging involves angles, foresight, and hindsight, --and speed, timing and mirrors.

On the freeway this merger is accomplished as one slows down for the car ahead, letting them 'in' and with a distinctive wave called 'Thank You'.

Two people blend their two terms of endearment to create profitable advancements.

Honoring the vehicle which is ahead of you keeps 'one' on the road to happiness.

Notice how freeways are always under construction. So is good marriage.

Reading is Essential

Marriage is like the freeway. On the Freeway You
'Mother your way along' protecting your family with all
the safety measurements You can see. You read all the
hundreds of signs out there —even the bumper stickers.

Counting is required.

Reading is mathing. Reasoning is mathing. Mothering
is mathing. Computing where you are going is math-
ing. Calculating is mathing. Listening is mathing.
Tasting is mathing. And smelling is reading, and read-
ing is mathing.

Over-reading is still mathing, but over-reading, say, the
speed limit sign is so unlike a mother, not to mention
dangerous.



Math

One plus one equals three.

'Drugs' of any kind are not allowed

Drinking and driving always mix things up. Either the wrong speed is attained too frequently or even the wrong direction. Mixed signals, even missing signals are all mangled when drinking is present in the *car*. The less drugs you use, the fewer mash-ups you are likely to cause.

On drugs, ones eyes may be opened but that doesn't mean the person is traveling the same speed as you, or if they can 'see' coordinatedly enough to merge even with a big old slow truck.

When something in Your system interferes with judgment, math is thrown off. A two is no longer a two and so 4 can no longer be achieved when adding something as simple as 2+...

And everyone knows you can't really enjoy communication with a person who is on drugs.

If your eyeballs are on 'speed' you are more apt to misread the speed caution signs. Drugs of any kind should not be allowed in any marriage, for marriage is like the freeway.

Math is easy; marriage is infinite and divine.

The Fast Lane

There is a fast lane and a slower lane: 'just marrieds' are in the fast lane.

See...Marriage is like the Freeway.



All Lanes are Open

No. Not as much anymore.

End of
Road
Way