



I hit the 295 Beltway, around Washington DC, on the north side. I looked out at the traffic, near the Mormon Temple, in Bethesda, and saw the car lights coming in my direction creating a line of white lights on one side of the roadway and the tail lights on the cars in my lane creating a red line ahead of me on the right. I smiled and remembered how Dad used to call them “ribbons of light” when we would travel through here. He was right, they did look like that. It was a little surreal, with the mist outside. The Mormon Temple itself was all lit up and looked like the Emerald City in the Wizard of Oz. I turned back on the radio. I wanted to find some music. I hit scan on the radio and ended up on the local oldies station. The radio came on with a familiar song, I remembered hearing many times at home. I looked at the radio dial for the song title and artist name. The display on the radio said “Stepping in the Slide Zone” by the Moody Blues. It occurred to me again how much Dad liked that group. He really enjoyed listening to groups like Alan Parsons Project, Electric Light Orchestra, but especially the Moody Blues. He always had music on at home. I remembered how he would listen to music for hours, from the 60s and 70s. I had never paid much attention to his music tastes, but the song seemed soothing and familiar to me none the less. He told me on many occasions that the music was