

## **pungently PIGGY**

I often bike past the nearby pig farm. On a recent ride, it was a fairly *RIPE* day if you get my drift. P-U-EEEE! The smell literally gagged me (how do the piggies' neighbors stand it?). The putrid odor was pungent enough to knock my feet off my pedals, so no way the same route back home was an option. I easily altered the course.

And do you know that ripe piggy smell found me anyhow?

Like at times when we try to dodge an issue, a dilemma, or a situation. We can go around it, we can find ways to avoid it, but eventually ~ until rectified ~ that stinky dilemma will nag us and stench up our life and find us again.

What about that person you are avoiding? Is it time to face her? What about the job situation you are ignoring? Is it time to take action to rectify it? What about an irritating personal dilemma badgering you which you keep pushing to the back burner?

**is it time to ride past the farm  
and deal with the smell?**