

## Improbable Event

Ruth and I stopped at a McDonalds in Pendleton, Kentucky on our way home from Florida March 16, 2018...only to be faced with an improbable event.

Returning to our automobile, we discovered that neither of our remote key devices would start our car. The car screen noted that both of the batteries in our remotes were dead! What are the chances of this this happening? I quickly estimated that the odds of this happening was 6,376,571 to 1! But what to do? Ruth called Nissan while I was reading the



manual. On my car, I could merely remove the key from the remote and start the car...this was no longer an option on Ruth's car which is two years newer than mine. The Nissan technician suggested that we hold the remote closer to the starter button...duh! When that didn't work, he transferred us to the dealer where we bought the car. It was amazing that anyone answered the phone because that dealership had closed in late October, but had just reopened a few days earlier under new ownership, and fortunately, the service representative was a former employee and knew us. He said that we needed to get new batteries for the remotes (at any Walmart) as a first step and to call hm back if that didn't work. Ruth called AAA and they said the the only thing they could do was to tow us to a Louisville Nissan dealership thirty miles away. We asked if they might take us to the nearest Walmart (next exit on the freeway eight miles away) and they said they couldn't that!

Local residents, Gene Cook, and his wife Dianne, noting that we were having trouble, asked if they could help us. Gene took me to the next exit for batteries. While driving to Walmart, I said, "It seems improbable that both batteries would die at the same moment and it might be something else." Gene said, "Glenn, don't worry, we will be staying with you until we get this solved."

**While Gene and I were gone, Ruth, Harold Alan (Our dog) and Dianne learned all about each other's families. When later I mentioned that our daughter would get a kick out of our predicament, Dianne said, "You mean Jill, your youngest?" Wow, these mothers must have covered everything. At least Ruth didn't mention my tattoo!**

**When I offered to pay Gene, he said, "I don't want anything for helping you and I won't accept anything." As we were about to leave, Dianne said, "When you go to Florida next Winter, spend a night with us.**

**It is folks like the Cooks we all want to emulate. When I fear that our society is becoming less caring, I'll remember them and the day they rescued us. Ruth and I feel we are better people for having met Dianne and Gene.**

**March 2018**