

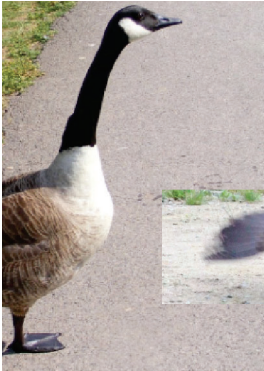
the ink-to-stone letters



choices along the way

[www.stuartpeaslee.com](http://www.stuartpeaslee.com)

# a goose and a log truck: what's the problem?



**Way back** in my buckeroo logging days preceding formal education as an architect, I was taking a load of prime grade red oak across the Berkshires to a sawmill in upstate NY, to which they would be processed for upscale foreign markets ... all the more precious. This is a heavy load, stacked 4 rows high when on average the rows are often double that. As well, the loader could only lift and drag some of them one end at a time! - this is a thing of beauty as anyone who's ever driven a log truck will attest.

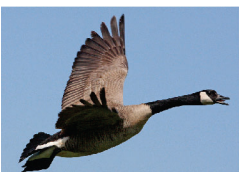
We worked as a team of 3, the 'chopper', who felled the trees, the skidder operator, who winched the tree lengths without branches out to the 'yard', and 'bucked' them, 8'- 24' lengths, and the log truck which would sort out by species & length, load up and make 3-4 trips a day to the sawmills, which would then process into the lumber markets, good, hard work.

One morning, second load heading West on a rural countryside Rte 57 to Great Barrington, MA, doing a solid 40-45 mph, turning a bend on the two lane I saw a goose blithely strut from a barnyard crossing the road, took a look at me heading straight for the same spot...it doubled-down, ducked its head, spread its wings and lunged straight for me and my 35 tons barreling towards it...

Two choices, behind schedule, I considered the 'blind-eye-keep-going' option but something inside said, 'Nope'. Geared it down, braking carefully so as not to lose them, I saved that goose's destiny as a hood ornament, slowed it down, -full stop within a few feet of a massively bad day for the goose. It stood straight, gave me stinkeye, turned back continuing across the road, unscathed, unfazed! I looked around, just me and that goose. We both kept going, actually made it on time...

Of the choices and outcomes, here are **2 takeaways**:

- **our choices make us**, as we make them, (I know some squirrels that weren't so lucky)!
- it was the goose's **attitude**, the goose's naivete that fed its bravery, and my **realization** of it informed my response. I **blinked**, the goose probably went on to thrive, I can 'talk story'.



measure, evaluate, envision

