

By Nancy Whitaker

## A PENNY IN MY HAT

I never cease to be amazed at myself and some of the things that seem to happen to me. I am sure we all have experienced some of life's silly and embarrassing moments, but there some that I wonder about and if they ever happen to anyone else.

Two of the latest episodes that happened to me had to do with finding a penny and finding my way.

My mama loved pennies, counted pennies, saved pennies, played with pennies and hid pennies for others to find.

Since my mama's passing, I have personally found pennies in many different places. I seem to find them at a precise moment that I feel alone or apprehensive. I have always thought it is her way of looking down and thinking of me. So I call my treasured coins, "Pennies from Heaven."

One day last week, I wore a hat to work. It was a cute little hat with a little brown bow. Towards the middle of the day, I decided to remove the hat, because I knew my hair was getting to look like I had "hat hair."

I went into the restroom, looked in the mirror and proceeded to take off my hat. All of a sudden, a penny dropped out of my hat, went into the sink and yes, down the drain. Now, if I would have been trying to throw that penny down the drain, I never would have made it.

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I was shocked to say the least. First of all how did that penny get under my hat? How was I able to wear the hat most of the day and the penny still stay on my head?

Naturally, one thing that concerned me was that the penny might plug up our sink at work and with a bunch of women, we just don't need that. Sure enough, the penny was stuck.

So, I called upon our "knower-of-all-things" and house plumber, Erica Habern, to try and remove the pesky penny.

Coming to the scene with her trusty tool, a letter opener, she was able to give a couple of pokes and my penny from heaven went down the drain. Hopefully, it was on its way up to that big sewer in the sky.

But again, I say "Thanks Mama for looking down and letting the penny get in my hat."

Another thing I am not adept at is finding my way around places. I get directions mixed up very easily and have a poor sense of direction. In fact, I will never forget the time I got lost in Latty for over one hour.

Last Saturday, we headed over to the mall. Of course, I go around and shop and look for bargains while Hubby sits in the mallway and people watches.

I went into one of my favorite shops which is rather large. All I could see were racks and racks of clothes on sale. I was so excited and happy, I went around each rack and basically just got so caught up in my shopping, that when it was time to get out of the store, I could not find the door.

I walked and walked around the same racks looking for the exit. After a while, my legs got tired, I got tired of carrying my purchases and I just wanted to get out.

I stopped a clerk and asked, "Where is the door that leads back into the mall?"

She pointed and said, "Over there in that corner."

Again I went around and around racks of clothes and for all I knew I may have been going around in a circle.

Then a man clerk walked by and I said, "Sir, how do you get out of here? I see a door back there. Is that it?"

The nice boy said, "No that door is boarded up. You will need to go clear up to the other end to get out."

At that time, I got out my cell phone, dialed my husband on his phone and told him I was lost. He said, "Well, where are you?"

I replied, "I am not sure."

We kept conversing on our phones and lo and behold I see him heading in my direction. I was very happy I had a cell phone or I would probably still be walking around in circles.

And that my friends is just a couple of occurrences in my exciting life of finding pennies and finding my way out of a store.

Have you ever had a penny drop out of your hat? Have you ever got lost in Latty or in a store? Let me know and I'll give you a Penny for Your Thoughts.

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