

## A case of mistaken identity

Written by Deb Egenberger  
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I scrolled through the mental list of grocery items I had needed for supper as I gathered my sacks from the end of the checkout line and headed for the door.

It seems I always forget something so I double-checked before leaving: tuna, noodles, mushroom soup, peas and crackers. That's everything necessary for our traditional Ash Wednesday tuna casserole.

As I pushed through the exit door, I punched the unlock button on my car's keyless entry remote. I was still fumbling with change in my wallet so I was glad to hear the car do its double honk reminding me I was parked close by.

With one hand I struggled to keep my purse out of the slush. With the other that held the plastic sacks of food, I reached for the back driver's side door handle.

It felt a little strange when I opened the door but I figured it was because my hands were full.

I set my sacks on the back seat, closed the door and opened the driver's door to get in. It felt weird too.

I didn't remember having a blue lunch bag in the front seat. In fact, I didn't remember having a lunch bag that day at all.

Then it dawned on me.

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I drive a red four-door sporty looking car but the seat I was sitting in didn't fit like it should.

I may have set the world record for the least amount of time taken to gather belongings and exit a vehicle.

I have no idea if the owner of that red car saw me slide in behind the wheel. Surely though, someone got a chuckle out of watching me get in, get out, grab my stuff and slip into another car two parking spaces away.

There were many things that should have revealed the mistaken identity long before my behind hit the seat: the door handle, the blue bag and the clean interior.

I drove home chuckling. Add another line to the long inventory of embarrassing moments!