

Call Waiting

Growing up in a small town an hour north of Houston, our idea of traffic consisted of three cars at a stoplight. Back then, I remember finding it humorous that my mom would turn down the radio when we entered the outskirts of larger cities. She was always so nervous to encounter *real* traffic. When questioned, she would say, "I'm confident in my own driving abilities; it's just everyone else that I'm nervous about!"

Years later, I moved to a larger college town and then, after graduation, to Dallas to begin my career. As the skyline first appeared, I instinctively turned my radio off. I was over-

whelmed by the number of lanes and cars zipping around, and I needed to concentrate and focus on the road ahead.

Now having lived in Dallas for 15 years, I have grown accustomed to the driving conditions. I might be a little too comfortable because I often drive to and from work on autopilot or on the telephone.

I recently traveled out of town for a meeting. When it finished, I went back to my car, eager to get on the road and return a few client calls. I stopped when I realized that my rear passenger window was down. I was fairly certain that I had not rolled down that window as the tempera-

ture was in the 30s. I immediately thought my car had been broken into, but after a quick inventory, I concluded that nothing seemed out of place or missing. A call to my husband suggested that perhaps my window's regulator assembly needed to be replaced.

I had no choice but to drive all the way back to Dallas on I-35 with the window down. The trip was noisy. No chance of using my phone. I turned the radio off and focused on the drive. About an hour into my trip, I got to thinking that I needed to change my behavior behind the wheel.

I drive distracted daily—I cannot help it; I have three children to shuttle to school and activities. They are famous for asking me to hold something, give them something, or look at something. But, I admittedly make the drive more dangerous by talking on my phone.

TYLA has rolled out our newest project, titled *Just Drive*. This social media campaign consists of a series of public service announcements and information on the dangers of and laws associated with distracted driving. Check out @tylajustdrive on Twitter.

Even though my car window has been repaired, I still often drive with all three of my children, and I never purposefully leave home without my cellphone. But now, I make a conscious effort to keep the phone and radio off, focus on the road in front of me, and listen to the joyful noise. **TBJ**



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