



Sunday I am driving home from my vacation to The Great Smokey Mountains National Park. I stop to eat breakfast in the town of Bryson City, North Carolina. Afterwards I decide to explore some of the town and end up getting lost on purpose, just to see where one of its roads will carry me. It was about ten minutes into my exploration that I see this sign on the side of the road, (I placed the actual sign into this photo) "Welcome to the road to nowhere, a broken promise, 1943-?". Now I am truly curious and am determined to see what's up with this bizarre sign.

About 500 yards from this sign is another sign, "Welcome to The Great Smokey Mountains National Park". By now I am hooked and cannot stop on my journey into the unknown. Finally, about seven miles down this strange road I come to a tunnel and the end of the road. No warning, no additional signs, nothing; just some metal barricades at the end of the pavement and then this tunnel.

I park and begin to walk into the tunnel. It was so strange, the tunnel was perfectly completed, about 300 yards long and covered in graffiti. I don't know if you have ever walked through a 300 yard tunnel before, but take my word for it; it is weird and wonderful at the same time. Hearing your footsteps echoing all around you, it sounds like you are walking with a small army. I turn and am amazed to find I am alone. Still I press on, moving toward the light at the end of the tunnel (I had to put that in somewhere).

When I reach the other side, I am rewarded with a beautiful view and several hiking trails. I linger and look around a while, and then I go back into town to get the low down. I find out

from some of the towns folk (Obviously still bitter since 1943), "the government promised if we sold them our land, they would build us a road and connect us to the rest of the National Park. They lied to us and all we have to show for it is this road to nowhere."

Thinking back to my walk through the tunnel I am reminded of the broken promises, dishonesties and lies that still echo around the silent walls of my heart. Some sadly came from my lips, some from other peoples. But the result is always the same; bitterness, brokenness, tears and a dead end. Remember, the road to nowhere is paved with broken promises. Let us determine today to live a life characterized by integrity, honesty and promise keeping. You might be surprised where that road will take you. What have you got to lose?

Something to think about:

- ❖ He who thinks by the inch and talks by the yard deserves to be kicked by the foot.
- ❖ A half-truth is a dangerous thing, especially if you have got hold of the wrong half.
- ❖ The cruelest lies are often told in silence.
- ❖ Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

Looking for the right road
Rickey Moore

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