

End Of Rainbow Found ... But Is It Really A 1979 Ford Falcon?

Rainbows are a common occurrence during rain showers, giving rise to the old saying about the pot of gold at its end. But, which end? Which rainbow? And ... what do you do when a rainbow finds you?

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This is a true story, and it happened one summer morning recently.

From childhood on, we all know about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. A few weeks back, I was idly looking at the clouds - during a shower - and saw the rainbow as it emerged. And, just as idly, I wondered childishly whether I would ever find the end of a rainbow during my life.

In the distance, it faded behind the Glasshouse Mountains, and I pondered whether we all go through life without finding that end ... so beautiful, such a shame you never find out, really.

However....

Few days ago, I was driving with Sherry – my wife and partner – and once again, there was a light shower. As we turned east into King Street – the main drag – we saw another perfect crescent rainbow in the distance, stunning in its perfection of shape and colour.

As we trundled further along in our old Falcon, it began to loom larger and larger, and we both marveled how it seemed to get closer.

Then, like a candy-colored bolt of lightning, as we burst from the shadow of one of the clouds, **the end of the rainbow landed on our car's hood** and stayed with us as we drove....

In front of us, the landscape and road changed into something out of a fairytale as the bands of colour drenched our vision.

Sherry's jaw dropped. I was practically stupefied, as I continued to drive with those dancing colours – the broad band of the spectrum – moving oh-so-slowly across the hood, but seemingly glued to the car.

I carried on, as if in a trance almost, totally mesmerized ... glancing at Sherry, she staring back at me ... both mouths now wide open.

"Do you see it?" I screeched, my voice strangled with disbelief.

Sherry nodded, dumbfounded.

If it was visible to us, then it must have been visible to other drivers. But, there was no time to take note of that – we were both agog, totally astonished by this marvel.

Now, Sherry gasped in wonder again and, still disbelieving what I could clearly see through the windshield, I stuck my head out the window and still saw that wondrous beam gliding across the hood.

I shouted at Sherry, "It's really there, can you see?"

She nodded, still unable to speak, eyes wide in astonishment.

I didn't dare stop the car because I didn't want that rainbow to go. And for nearly a whole kilometer, we traversed a long, shallow S-bend with that rainbow as our brilliant companion.

And, then just as suddenly, it was gone.

Camera?

No chance - who could ever be ready for such a glorious sight?

Sherry looked at me, around, up through the windshield at the clouds. "Okay, now I gotta go and buy a lottery ticket, okay?"

We don't buy lottery tickets as a general rule but, as I also looked around – with one eye on the traffic – well, why not, I thought, and nodded agreement, smiling.

So, she bought two, for good measure.

Not that it did any good, of course - neither of them won so much as a dollar.

But, what the hey, every time I look at that '79 Falcon now, I think about that pot of gold we all have - or should have.

Now, I think I know where it really is ... always has been ... always will be. I was going to dump that Falcon soon, too old and worn out. But, I think I'll keep it now, as a reminder ... well, it's part of the family, isn't it?

So, we're through chasing rainbows now ... don't have to anymore ... they're only optical illusions anyway, right?

Besides, we know where the end of the rainbow is, don't we?

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