

Ladies - I Had To Make "That" Decision

It happened. I wasn't prepared. I never thought I'd have to face it. Never thought I'd be staring right at it and it literally stopped me in my tracks. Reality checked. To pee or not to pee became the question. (I really needed to!)

Just a few days ago I discovered my unplanned/unexpected reaction to finding myself in a very uncomfortable situation. I was in Austin, Texas. Austin is known for hanging off the tree branches on things - keeping itself weird!

I had left a meeting and forgot the importance of going before you leave a place if you're getting into 5 o'clock traffic. I had known this rule for thirty years, since I used to live in Austin back in the 80's, but it slipped my mind. Fortunately I didn't have far to go. My next stop was a dinner business meeting with two others - both men - at Shady Grove on Barton Springs Road, a local favorite.

My colleague and I arrived at the same time and were seated indoors. I left my laptop and things at the table and headed directly to the restroom. I rounded the stone privacy wall and came face-to-face with two restroom signs, exactly the same. There was not a "WOMEN" and "MEN" sign to be found, instead two choices with no distinction.

My mind raced considering what I might encounter on the other side of either door. My thoughts were flooded with a post I had shared earlier in the day on Facebook. Target was removing a few stalls in what used to be the lady's restrooms and adding urinals so both former men and women's restroom would be outfitted the same. I wasn't ready for that reality check. I could not open either door.

I returned to the table and let my colleague know why I returned back so quickly. I also said a little prayer that my bladder would hold. After a few minutes, he decided he needed to go. When he returned, he reported it would be okay. There was a deadbolt on the door. I didn't ask questions. I still wasn't sure if I would be walking into a room with a row of stalls or what.

I had to go. I inquired which door he had gone into. The first one. So...off I went. As I reached for the doorknob, the door opened and a little boy came out



followed by his mother. In I went. Whew. It was a private restroom with a deadbolt on the door. I was relieved. I was safe.

After our multi-hour business dinner meeting, my colleague checked out the other choice in restrooms. He returned to report that it was different. It had a toilet and urinal. Yuck. I would not have wanted to have walked into that one - or to have had to explain to a little girl what that was hanging on the wall.

So it was obvious that what used to be the women's restroom, with a baby changing station, was the first door and the former men's room was door number two with a stall and urinal. Since this is a popular watering hole after work, I could only imagine a very different experience as the hours grew later and later.

This situation made me think more seriously about having your CHL and gun with you at all times when you travel. If it had been a restroom with a row of stalls, safety immediately races to the forefront of your mind, or at least that's what I experienced. When you're in the middle of doing your business, your ability to flee immediately is impaired. Women have known this for years, as we've dealt with protecting our purses from female thieves.

As I used facilities the rest of my trip, I began really looking at the design and potential issues that we, ladies, are going to face in public restrooms if we do not stop this insanity. You can see into the stalls. Most partitions are poorly assembled and locks are poor at best. The space at the bottom of the panels is purposefully large enough for you crawl out of if needed. That means people can crawl in or can use mirrors in adjoining stalls to watch you. Privacy is weak as it is and will be totally gone if they all go cross-gender.

When did our society move from sanity to crazy? Where do we draw the line? So if the next trend in abnormal behavior is to continue breast-feeding our babies until they graduate from high school, are we going to see women pop out an over-used breast in restaurants for their teenage child while we are trying to enjoy a nice dinner with our families? 96.5% of society should not have to endure unpleasant situations for the 3.5% of society. (Per Siri - includes all LGBT)

How insane is it to make everyone miserable and uncomfortable because one person has some issues or desires that are not normal. Do we turn and make the rest of society abnormal and twisted for the sake of the one? Remember the words of your pilot! Put the air mask on yourself first before you mask others. In other words, it is important to maintain what is right, what is healthy, in order to help others. If the whole group must become sick or tainted for the one, then the world will lose its oxygen and die, thinking it was doing the right thing for someone else.

Lord, help us turn this mental vacuum around. Lord, give us strong backbones to stand up against what is absolutely crazy and wrong. And thank goodness for MEN and WOMEN private restrooms.

I like MEN and WOMEN signs to distinguish who can use which restroom. After this latest experience, I now read the WOMEN sign a bit different. To me it says **WHOA MEN!** You're not welcomed here! Who else agrees?

Until next time....

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