

Hitch-hiker

When I was 18, I had the idea that I would hitch-hike West. I didn't have an actual destination in mind, I just had the intention to travel West. I told my Dad, and since we lived near Detroit at the time, he suggested I start with something sensible. So, I drew up a sign that said "Chicago", and I stepped out onto the corner near our house.

To everyone's surprise, I enjoyed immediate success, and in no time found myself just west of Chicago on Interstate 80. Excited about my remarkable progress, I my turned my sign over, carefully drew "Denver" on the other side, and held it up to the passing traffic. In my enthusiasm I failed to notice that I'd forgotten to turn the sign over, so everyone who saw my sign still saw "Chicago". Only I, being on the other side, saw the beautifully lettered "Denver".

Cars continued to pass me by, but no one stopped. I raised the sign a little higher, and increased my intention to go to Denver. Every so often, someone would slow down a bit and wave their hands and point at my sign. "Bad enough," I thought, "that they don't give me a ride, but why do they have to make faces at me?"

I continued to steadfastly focus my intention on the elusive object "Denver". It was getting late. Just before sunset, a couple pulled over, and backed up slowly toward me, looking at the back of my sign. The woman rolled down the window, and said "We don't think you are going to Chicago. Where do you think you are going?"

"Denver" I said.

"Good," she said, "hop in!"