

One Good Story

by John D. Wilkie

Worry ... We worry about things which do not exist or sometimes eliminate themselves.

I was driving home along Highway 30 one winter day ... Lincoln Highway across southern Wyoming.

It was cold and the wind was blowing as I came through Rawlins.

I was anxious to get home for the weekend and this meant pressing forward. As I drove out of Rawlins, a man was standing on my side of the road signaling for a ride.

Against my better judgement, and

and promises to my wife and family, I stopped and picked up the thoroughly chilled and shivering man. He was a big, burly fellow and I immediately became uncomfortable the moment he entered the car. The man evidently noticed my discomfort and tried to make small talk by asking where I was going. I talked to him and asked him where he lived. He told me he lived everywhere. I asked him how long he'd been in Rawlins. He said, "Three years." I asked him what he had been doing there and he replied, "a three year stretch." I

said, "What for?" and he replied, "Picking pockets."

You can imagine what this did to my mind. I was now more than nervous, I was scared and planning how I could get rid of my passenger. I thought I could drive to Laramie and pull up to the curb whenever I saw a policeman and tell the man I was going no further. Putting this plan into effect, I began to push the car faster and faster. My passenger finally said, "What are you nervous about, pal?" I told him I wasn't nervous but he knew I was and he gave me a talk to allay my

nervousness. My foot was going near the floorboards and we were traveling at a very fast clip when we heard the siren of a Highway Patrolman's car behind us. I stopped and he gave me a ticket. He ordered me to be at the court in Laramie the following Monday. I protested and told him I couldn't be there but he insisted and would have none of my excuses. Definatly, I was to be in Larmie Monday.

So we drove on, my passenger and I. My passenger said to me, "Now you are really nervous. Let me see that ticket." I handed it to him and he promptly tore it

up. I protested and he said, "Now you have nothing to worry about; you were worrying about the ticket and I have thrown it out the window." I said, "But what about the copy in his book?" My new found friend replied, "I have that too.", and pulled the patrolman's book from his pocket and slapped it on his knee.

A true story related by.

John D. Wilkie

story undated

written out by Jean Stevens - 12-6-1984