

## walking day # 65...Thursday, October 4, 2012...Busby to Lame Deer, MT...Pauline and Jeremy

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20.2 miles, with 39,787 steps, found 1 penny...quite easy along this stretch of road to fill trash bags, I could fill one for each twenty feet I walked...thank you Debbie at the D&D Trading Post in Busby for letting us park the motor home in her lot, makes the trip a wee bit more efficient...after an incident in the middle of the night I CHOOSE to stop and reflect at, perhaps a deeper level, just what I am doing here, thank you Vic for being a sounding board, good thing this issue drew upon your Arkansas education and not your wasted stop at byu!!!!...just a couple of miles into the day's walk I was stopped by a woman named Pauline, another experience by the side of the road by REAL people, your people go with me and Raven is on my mind, thank you Pauline for stopping, your gift to me is very much appreciated and will go with me, you are a gift to me and your promise that "the animals will go before you" was more than accurate...several miles down the road I saw a man splitting wood and that reminded me of the MANY cords of wood I therapeutically split in my formative years...I stopped and chatted with Jeremy Iron and what splitting wood means to him, Jeremy you ARE on the right track (as I see it!!!) keeping chopping wood, it IS good for the soul...thank you for sharing the story of your friend and your grandmother, I look forward to your letter, thank you Jeremy for choosing to split wood that day, chatting with you is indeed a gift to me!!!!...a day of intense introspection...my brain works as it is trained, accounting, rational thought, logical, always being efficient or at least looking for the most logical and efficient way to do things, always by the numbers, driven by economics...I am discovering the "human element" (wasn't there a commercial about that!?!?!?)...just what does it mean to "honor" all of these people by walking???, my brain always wants to break it down by "results", in this case who donated to the diabetic camp, who gave to the Folds of Honor Foundation, who made a contribution to one of the causes, what I failed to focus on is that sometimes the "honor" is in the giving of oneself, not by pounding a nail or picking up the trash along the road but just the very fact that I am out there putting one foot in front of another (so far about three millions times!!!), as each breath represents life, so each step represents a transfer of my energy to the universe, for me it is a close to meditation as I have ever been able to come...walking for those who cannot walk for themselves...there seems to be a shift in my brain, perhaps a more integrated view of life, economic yes (we do have to pay the rent) but also the VERY personal human element...thank you Mom for being the catalyst, thank you Vic for the mirror and thank you Pauline for stopping!!!!...cheers

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