

February 11, 2018

So last night...during my semi-annual pilgrimage to Dickinson, my first flight got cancelled and I was rebooked to an earlier one. So I thought oh that would be better cuz I could probably hang out with someone in the evening. When we were moving on the runway I was so happy that I got to flee Boston, and then got noticed that we couldn't fly till an hour later. And when we finally got to Philadelphia, I found out that the next flight got delayed twice. I thought well two hours' delay is not bad, and then it got cancelled and there were no other flights that would leave that night. And the earliest next morning would be past the time of the memorial service that I was going to attend. So as I was debating whether I should just hop on a plane back to Boston, the person in front of me in the line to customer service was talking to other passengers that he already booked a rental car. So I made a glorious decision to hitchhike. In the fog, we talked about flight cancellation experiences, how you pay a fee to get on a highway, daughters that don't want to go back to school, etc. And after 3 hours, I was standing in front of the HUB. Todd said it's truly a Barb story. And I said what is bound to happen is bound to happen. Hopefully I can tell this story again when I return to Dickinson to give a talk as a famous person in some way.

P.S. The flight that I got rescheduled to was cancelled the next day.

P.P.S. Last time I hitchhiked was three years ago in West Virginia.