

At a Glanz...

Traveling Across America: Part Two



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As I awoke at around 5 a.m. in Iowa, I quickly took a shower and mentally prepared for my next adventure. I opened up my gigantic map, smiled and put my index finger on where I was planning to land in around 13 or so hours. Denver, Colorado!

Though most of the Iowans I met were nice enough people, I was excited about going to Denver. It was a major city and I had an awesome friend living just an hour away. Krista Watzel. As it turned out, Krista saved my life. But is she a hero??? We'll get back to that.

But before I tell you why Krista may be a hero, I had to leave Iowa. So, me and my Springsteen CD I bought from Wal*Mart said goodbye to Iowa. As you will find out my trip is filled with villains and heroes and that Springsteen CD will come into play later.

So as early morning turned into just morning, I called Krista and told her how much trouble I was having driving on the open road. Krista through the phone looked at me with disgust in her eyes and said something to me that undoubtedly was true. "Rich, if you try to drive through Colorado, you will die." Krista suggested I'd be better off skipping the dangerous mountains of Denver, and staying on I-80 until I hit Utah. I thought that sounded really out of my way but Krista and my roommate said it wouldn't add too much time to my trip and as an added bonus I'd live!

So I decided to stay on I-80 for the day, and sleep in Wyoming. Though I was disappointed, the ride was going surprisingly well. Iowa and Nebraska were flatter than my Mom's pancakes. Speaking of pancakes, I was getting a little hungry so I decided to pull off the Interstate and look for some grub in Nebraska. Talk about culture shock!! Picture what you think of Nebraska...and that's pretty much what you'd see if you were actually there. I go into "town" and see an old abandoned movie theater, and a very old looking diner. I didn't want to stop so I just went into the Mom N Pop store for groceries. I have no idea what small town I was in, but King Kullen, Wal*Mart, Starbucks etc. will not be taking over that town anytime soon I can assure you.

But this store was actually pretty big and it was a long walk to the back of the store. So I go into the back, grab some Planters cashews and head to pay. I see an old lady staring at my cashews. She said to me, "Oh I didn't know they had cashews." I told her I'd be happy to go back and grab her some. She told me I didn't have to but being the friendly guy I am I headed back and got her some cashews. I come back and she says, "Oh, they don't have Planters??" I smile, give a little laugh and say, "I'll get them for you." She again protests but the woman wanted Planters cashews, and I felt like being a hero. So I lightly jog back and bring the woman the cashews she was craving. As I leave I turn back around and say, "Just remember, a New Yorker helped you." And she said, "You're from New York?!?!? I thought all New Yorkers were mean!" I laughed and said, "No. New Yorkers are the nicest people in the world. Its just if we don't like you, we shoot you." Yes, I truly said that as I laughed to myself and walked briskly to my car.

I was on my way to Vegas, but what I didn't know....Wyoming, Utah and Arizona were looming. Would I make it? Krista, that Springsteen CD and Mother Nature would all have a say! Much like my trip, I'll need more than two days to reach my destination. Come back next month!

Also, I'm trying to change the way baseball is played and need your help. Please join my Facebook group, that simply states, Baseball Players Need to Hustle Again. http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=681096997&v=feed&story_fbid=55808281874#/group.php?gid=60509431154 Also add me as a friend and let me know what you think of my writing.