

A Personal Translocation

Ending Up Somewhere Else

If you drive from the nearest Costco store to our house, you take a right turn out of the Costco parking lot, a left onto Sunnybrook Boulevard, then another quick left to get onto the interstate highway and then onto Oregon City. Essentially, three easy turns.

One autumn evening around 2015, Christine and I did our Costco shopping, loaded up the car, and intended to drive straight home. It was dark, and I turned out of the parking lot and approached the stoplight where I would make my left turn onto Sunnybrook.

Christine and I then suddenly realized we were in a parking lot totally unfamiliar to either of us. The car was running, but neither of us had any recollection of how we got to this place, or even exactly where we were. We saw a 24-Hour Fitness sign on a nearby building and recalled the sign was visible from the Costco parking lot, but was on a building in the opposite direction of where we had planned to drive. We left the unfamiliar parking lot, wove our way through a few streets and soon were able to get back on track for the trip home.

It's difficult to image the degree of disorientation occurring from this type of event. You don't know what guided you to this location. Or why this particular location? For what purpose, if any? And what happened to the time that must have transpired while you were somehow traveling from a known locale to one unknown to you? While some alien abduction accounts seem to resemble our experience that

night, neither Christine nor I have any sense of being abducted by anyone or anything.

We simply were in one familiar place and then in an unfamiliar place with no idea of what transpired in between.