

Sock horror takes magical turn

By Ruth Ostrow

MY favourite stories always include an element of magic. This one is full of the wacky, wonderful, unseen forces that mark our lives. As I wrote last week, I recently went to a medical conference in Noosa with two of my best friends who are involved in the production of natural medicines. That night we went out on the town, celebrating life.

The jaunt exhausted my girlfriend and me. Back at the hotel suite we could barely keep our eyes open as we prepared for bed. But it had the opposite effect on her husband. He had become over-stimulated and could be heard prowling around between the two rooms, opening the refrigerator, going to the toilet, trying to read.

"Ssssh," I heard her angrily chastise him from her room. Then he was in the lounge room where I was on the sofa-bed. "Ssssh," I heard myself call out from a deep sleep as he fiddled with magazines on the table near me, and turned on a light to read. It was 3am and with no chance of being allowed to make noise, he finally made an executive decision to go for a long walk.

Out into the night he went. It was a cold night so he wrapped himself up in a coat and put on a scarf and shoes. But in his eagerness to get out before he had a book thrown at his head, he forgot to put on socks.

The hotel was on the banks of a river which burgeoned into rainforest. He began walking, intoxicated with the wonderment of the moon shimmering on the water, the song of the river birds, the cries of the wild. "It was a spiritual experience out there alone, walking for miles in the frosty air. I felt so inspired," he said. Until bad luck struck.

His right sole became sore from the rubbing leather. Then he noticed the other foot was blistering. He began limping a little trying to tolerate the discomfort which was growing into a burning sensation all over his feet. "I'd better get back," he thought, turning towards the hotel. But he had walked for over an hour in his bliss and each step he took towards home was agony.

"I was alone in the middle of nowhere, in pain, unable to walk another step," he said recounting his story to us that morning. "It was too cold to take off my shoes. I began imagining a nice, white, fluffy pair of socks. The way Petrea King had told us to do." Earlier that day in the seminar we attended, health educator King, who cured herself of life-threatening leukemia, talked about the power of positive thought. Particularly of manifesting -- creating a visual image of what it is we most want, conjuring up the smell of it, the feel, the realness, so our bodies produce chemicals that flood our systems in anticipation of it, thus setting strange, wonderful forces in motion that support our belief. In other words, we so believe we are going to get it, we create behaviour -- or attract opportunities and guidance -- that will better help us towards that goal.

New Age guru Deepak Chopra calls it synchrodestiny, which I have written about before: the concept being that when we are truly in a state of creativity around our goal we can bring various forces of fate upon us that aid the outcome.

And so, full of the power of positive thought, my friend, the intrepid explorer, put his mind not to the healing of cancer, nor the saving of the world, but to conjuring up a simple pair of socks.

Before long he saw something gleaming at the river's edge. Even though it was off his path, he said he knew to walk the distance around the clump of trees and rocks to get to it. Sure enough it was a bin -- an unlocked Lifeline bin, on the river of Noosaville.

"I knew I had been guided to this bin for a reason," he said. It was filled with securely closed black plastic bags . And on top, right under his nose, was a packet of new, never-opened, white, men's socks. He put them on, they fitted perfectly and he came marching home so excited with his ability to manifest, that he woke the two of us up.

Far from being angry at being woken, we loved the story of him stealing from the Lifeline bin under the guise of spirituality so much we fell about laughing till our sides ached.

Here in Byron Bay there's a sticker often seen on the backs of cars. Magic Happens. This may not be a very deep story. In fact it may leave some people aghast (I'm donating a cheque for \$100 to Lifeline in exchange, promises my friend). However, it certainly gives one hope that we have hidden talents to create or attract what we need on the path of life -- if only we are prepared to believe in ourselves.

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