

14 May 1995

Dr. Roll-o May
98 Sugarloaf Drive
Tiburon, CA 94920

Dear Dr. May:

...Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

These words by Robert Frost (from "The Road Not Taken") seem to sum up my whole adult life and especially my journey of the last seven years. Now I am nearing 33 years old and it's time for this difference to make a *difference*.

The projects that I have been working on fit the classification of "teaching a man to fish" with the goal of feeding him for a lifetime. More details on the projects later in this letter. For now I want you to know that your works: "Man's Search of Himself," "The Cry For Myth," and "The Courage to Create" have played an integral role in getting me to where I am today on the journey. I am absolutely thrilled that you are located just north of here. Below I will introduce myself, my development and my projects. I would greatly appreciate an opportunity to discuss these with you as well as what further thoughts/theories you've developed in the last half of this century.

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On my eighteenth birthday, I moved to California (from New Jersey) to train for the Olympic marathon. I thrust myself into the adult world and took a clerk job for a defense contractor in Southern California. I lived with my coach and his family, trained and worked. Eventually I established residency and went to school (while working, training and supporting a family). Yes I was a human "doing" in the making.

My exposure to the adult working world prompted me to comment early and often, "Grownups do this for a living?" [I might eventually write a book with that title.] I saw a lot of unhappy people. I saw a lot of insecure people who worked very hard at keeping those around them "down," and I saw an overall lack of urgency. I was puzzled.

After I retired from my marathon career, I graduated into the competitive computer industry where I learned the value of technology and saw what happens to people when the dollars at stake are much larger. I got caught up in corporate politics in Southern California that prompted me to start over in Silicon Valley nearly seven years ago.

While on my own in an unfamiliar area, I spent a lot of time observing my co-workers. Discussions revolved around what's wrong at work and home problems (Note: This level of discussion is usually only reached after the obligatory: "Wow, that commute was awful today... How was your weekend? How about that weather? Deep stuff.).

I did notice a pattern of loneliness, anxiety, unhappiness. There was a whole lot of "doing" and people caught up in it like a riptide, but no sense of purpose. I was feeling it myself. This prompted me to ask things like: Who made these rules? Why is there evil? What am I really supposed to be doing?

