

## Pay Attention In Geography Class

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Driving up to daughter Theresa's graduation, we stopped in Lancaster, PA to eat at one of the Amish villages (tourist attractions). Each one has a restaurant with a craft foods market, souvenirs, etc. The actual Amish people live their lives away from the tourists, which is the way they want it. The theme park-like attractions make money and so everyone wins.

We stopped at a convenience store and sent son John (19) inside by himself to ask directions. It went like this:

Lady: "You can go down two miles and take a right at the Shell station, unless you're looking for Intercourse --"

John quickly, "No! Not that!"

Lady: "Blah, blah, blah more directions, etc."

John got back in the car but didn't have any kind of clear directions for us. "She acted kind of funny," was all he said. He looked a bit shaken and perplexed.

Later, sitting in the Amish restaurant, the waitress extolled the various tourist attractions, mentioning that we might want to drive over to Intercourse. After the waitress left, John looked relieved. He leaned in and told us what had happened when he was asking directions. John said, "After she asked me if I was looking for intercourse, I got so rattled I didn't hear anything else she said."

John had been keeping all this bottled up inside him until the waitress let it be known that Intercourse is a nearby town. Only then could he share what happened. Until then, he had been thinking so that's what the attraction is with the Amish -- loose women. And then he was wondering why would his parents want to come here? That's why he had been looking so confused.

It took us 20 minutes to stop laughing.