

Forward

We spend our lives on the road. We may never leave our hometown or never find one, but from that first trip home in our mother's arms to wherever our final journey takes us we are always traveling. The people we come to know and places we visit, even in passing, shape who we become and inform who we are.

Even standing still, in our minds we are always moving; though memories of things seen and done, through planned excursions yet to come, through fantasy adventures that may never be. Our best and oldest stories are about travel, going all the way back to legend. All of us are on our own hero's journey.

There is travel we require to sustain our lives, and travel we require to enrich them. They can be one and the same. Twilight holds magic, whether seen from a mountaintop or a traffic jam. The wisdom of the neighbor next door is no less profound than the words of a Lama a continent away. Yet familiarity can blur our vision, and nothing helps us focus like the unknown.

So we strike out, senses heightened and expectations high, to see what awaits us around the next bend, and what we may discover about ourselves when we get there.

Ed Davis

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Glen Ellen, California