

It's now September 19, 2002 and it's been over a month since the end of the trip. It's taken a while but I think that I'm starting to be able to function more or less normally.

I miss lots of things about the trip, but I also have lots of great memories as well. There was lots of joking that we would need a grief therapist to recover from the trip. Of course that was an exaggeration, but it had more than a grain of truth in it.

I've been missing the excitement each morning of getting on the road and seeing new country. The fun of spending the day pushing myself and seeing how far I could go. The feeling you get at the end of the day that you were able to cover the distance.

I remember talking with Lance and he pointed out to me (I think we were in South Dakota at the time) that we were going all the way to the horizon and beyond. What a thought! On a bicycle?

I'm not sure how many people remember the old television show "[Then Came Bronson](#)" but the opening scene went like this:

(Opening scene...busy city street...a harried businessman at a stoplight turns to his left, where a young man is revving his motorcycle, and asks...)

"Taking a trip?"

"What's that?" "Taking a trip?"

"Yeah."

"Where to?"

"Oh, I don't know...wherever I end up, I guess."

"Pal, I wish I was you."

"Really?...well, hang in there."

The businessman smiles wistfully and nods. The light changes, and off goes the laconic motorcyclist, gunning it out of the city, toward open space and adventure.



Well the third morning leaving Wenatchee Washington, a guy on a Harley pulls up to me at a light and over the sound of the cycle engine, asks me where I'm heading, I answer "Boston". He asked me how long it was going to take; I said "all summer". He responded saying that He wished he was me. I smiled as the light turned green and he hit the gas and took off. I realized that that point I was doing something that I had only dreamed of while growing up. I was Bronson and that this trip was going to be much more than just covering the distance

between the west coast and the east coast. It was going to be a journey. A journey of discovery, not only to find out more about America, but maybe learn a couple of life's lessons for my future.

During the course of the trip, whenever I would stumble across a lesson, I would jot it down. I'm currently assembling the "lessons from the road". I'm not sure what the result of these will be, but it would be a shame to not take advantage of what I could have and should have learned.

Now that I'm back to real life I miss many aspects of the trip. The time is the element that I miss the most. To wake up in the morning and to say "it's a nice day, let's go riding" is a luxury that is just not found in "real life".

In summary, the trip was a great adventure. It allowed me to see the country, work harder than I've ever had to work before and meet and enjoy the neatest people possible. Though this trip is completed, I'm already looking forward to the next bicycle tour. I can hear the call from France, New Zealand and Ireland.