

(Re)discovery. By now, you know that I *love* to travel, to explore, to discover, and to peak around that next bend. With insatiable curiosity, I'm compelled to seek out the unusual and to tread where few others have gone. I've considered space flight, if only because I would see the world from a new perspective, one which most others would never see. I've traveled the Alcan without proper gear all because it was there and because I could and because hardly anyone else would have done the same.

It is indeed about being there, almost as much as it is about being there alone. I *was there* when the tanks rolled past, flattening the wrought iron grill during the coup d'état in Lisbon, Portugal. Secretly signaled into action with the broadcast of a long-banned revolutionary folk song, the military assumed ambush positions throughout city parks with guns aimed at passersby—potential resisters and tourists alike.

I *was there* when angry bulls charged through the streets of Pamplona, when the northern lights flickered over the Nordcap, and when Passover was celebrated in the secluded ghetto of Marrakech. Others, of course, have been too. But they didn't always get there in the same way that I did; whether by midnight journey through Norwegian fjords with local fishermen or hitchhiking over the Atlas Mountains into the Sahara. It's about being and doing something different. It feeds my quest for discovery.

But discoveries must also be shared and so it is with equal fervor that I invite others to follow in my peripatetic footsteps, guiding them to places they have not yet seen. I hop impatiently from foot to foot, eager to round the next corner and say, "See!" My efforts are always rewarded with awe and wonderment when my travel-mate experiences the beauty of a sunrise over the North Rim, the geometric symmetry of the hexagonal Devil's Postpile, or even just the intricate artistic detail on the inside of a gas cap of a low-rider on Whittier Boulevard.

Whatever the sight, it is great fun to relive the excitement of discovery as I re-discover my finds through the eyes of others. Innocent joy and amazement overwhelm any feeling of been-there-done-that, which might otherwise diminish an intrepid explorer's hunger for new and uncharted waters. It's like any good stew that only gets better the second time around!

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