



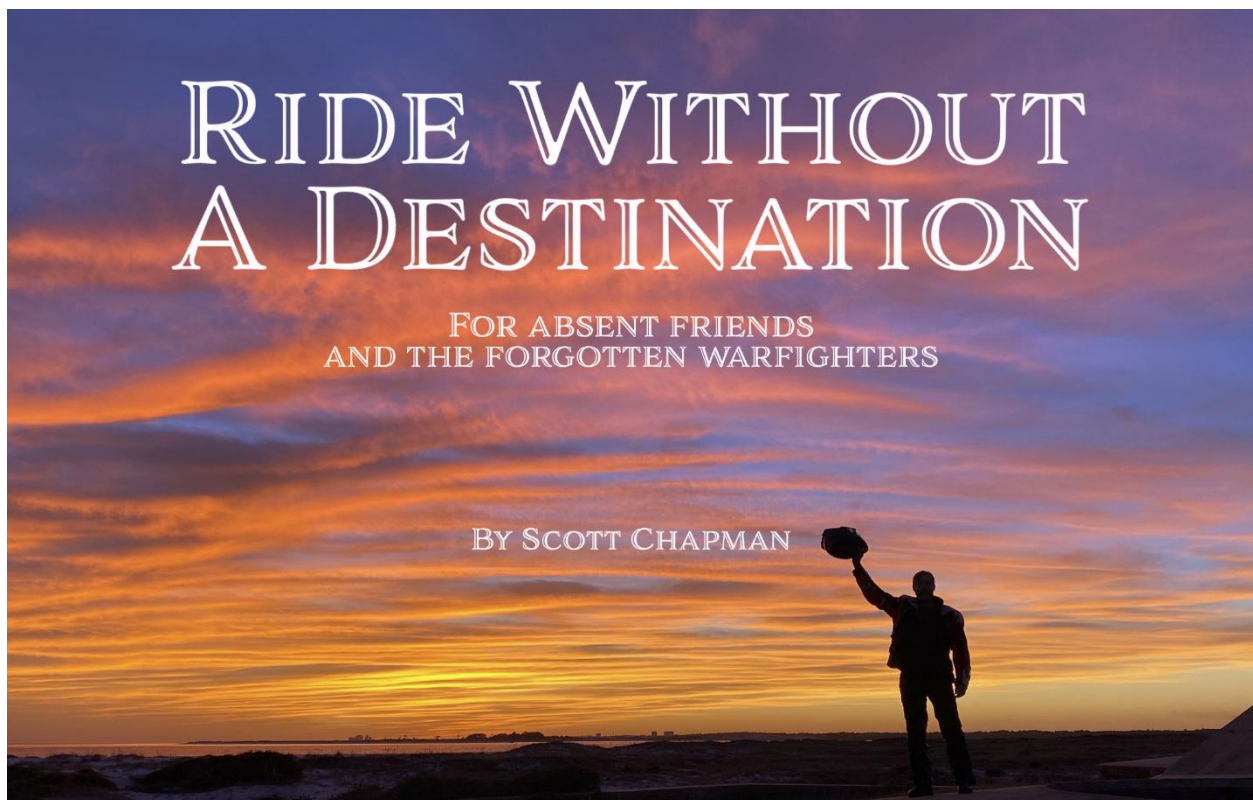
“Ride Without A Destination”

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For absent friends and forgotten warfighters.

I view words & individual characters as music notes. Quanta packets of frequency. I rearrange these music notes to find the 'in-tune symphony.' Walking 3D edits through wavy waters during a dynamic writing project. Life is a living document. Together, let's find the frequency of a blue-sky sonnet on this paradise planet.



In the summer of 2019, I sold my house and off-loaded most of my possessions. I left a temporary, dead-end job, and said goodbye to a handful of people to venture on a minimalist solo off-road motorcycle trip around the world. Stow your envy because this exit endeavor is not a pleasure voyage. This motorcycle escape acted as an emergency-brake, last-ditch effort, to save myself, purge a pound of negativity, and find a life worth living. Fed up with it all, I refused consume one more second of my suffocating circumstances.

In 2019, I was a paper-thin 2/75th [Army Ranger](#) and [Blackwater](#) alumni with 22 combined overseas combat deployments who began an uncomfortable writing experiment. I knew I'd be dead within a year if my journaling expedition failed to bring my mind closer to center. Desperate to change the trajectory of my life and find balance, I did something I've never done before.

As a reclusive misanthrope, I began to write and share my thoughts with the world. I purged a volley of seductive rage by finding peace in adventure. I shared thought-provoking personal experiences and outlined hard-earned insight through creative wordplay in an online journal. I wrote as if my life depended on it because every atom in my body knew the dire consequences if I failed to keep my head above the raging white caps.

At first, I desired to go dark and disappear behind my iron sherpa motorcycle. I recognized the warning signs of an out-of-control-high-stress lifestyle accompanied by a decade of unresolved combat trauma. I found myself desperate to disconnect from the world and unwind the cluttered mess of my mind over thousands of miles of grit and empty horizons. Instead of following my previous ineffective comfort patterns centered on isolation and silence, I did the most uncomfortable thing imaginable. I kept a real-time public journal on an adventure motorcycle website called "[ADVrider](#)" and wrote until my fingers bled while I traversed the



open road. I will release this book in the same format as my ADV journal; one entry at a time.

This will help you understand everything I've published is a real-time evolution of Enlightenment. A man will never grow if you judge him on who he was. There is no Past. There is no Future. There only "is."

The traditional use of ADVrider forum is designed for motorcycle enthusiasts to share simple Ride Reports, exchange motorcycle knowledge, and build a community of two-wheeled enthusiasts. I wrote to invite readers to explore their own perspectives and connect with long muted emotions; while I simultaneously saved myself. I learned from my own written words how I draw strength from giving.

My rigid protection profession suppresses free-form expression and fosters isolation because I often find myself in bed with classified, confidential, or sensitive employment endeavors. Stress injuries from 22 overseas deployments reinforce feelings of disconnect from the bland, vanilla world that engulfs this *[former]* monochrome existence.

Despite lackluster attempts to reintegrate with the people I sacrificed my sanity to save, I seldom found a genuine connection to anything or anyone. Empty platitudes and hollow pleasantries mask my madness while I clamor to control my rage. I sought to save myself because salvation can be found within the calm of a quiet mind.

The dull monotony of a safe 'normal' life is a void between my mundane civilian reality and a dangerous life on the edge. My mind fractured itself between two worlds labeled, 'Here' and 'There'. When I'm 'Here' I want to be 'There', and when I'm 'There' I want to be 'Here.' Never settled. Never satisfied. Always struggling to survive the incoming wave of negativity and the next lustrous attack against my life.



To help readers understand the struggles we warfighters battle behind the veil of silence, one must first understand some common values that guide these selfless actions. Never trust a knight with sparkling armor. I prefer my warriors with battle scars to highlight, *“we will not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.”*

This journal grants the reader a lucid look into the world of a broken Army Ranger who sought to bring his life back to center while surviving in a world in which he struggles to understand.

I didn't realize how strange my life is until I stopped to look around. The impact of my words, my unique perspectives, and my authentic writing style created an unexpected positive outcome in the world around me. I found a life worth living and paved the way for trapped souls to find a route that leads to peace.





ADV Rider Initial Journal Entry:

7 Sept 2019

I'm gearing up for a long ride. I don't have a specific destination; only a list of things I want to see and experience. I don't know how long I'll be gone. Hopefully long enough to forget the life I'm leaving.

I plan to use this time to write about the sights, experiences, and beauty along the journey. I also plan to write about my life. I realized I live a surreal life. Some of you may enjoy reading about it. For the most part, this is for me; with you along for the ride.

I've been treading water in a hurricane since 9/11. My arms are tired and it's time to take a long break. There's nothing like a ride without a destination to help bring one's life back to center.

I'm not one to play the victim card but, God, things keep spinning out of control; despite my strongest efforts. How did my life turn out like this? I've done the right thing all my life. Yet, I'm a 41-year-old combat veteran who's starting his life over for the 2nd time. I hope to reconnect with myself and discover a life worth living.

Author's note: *The somber tone of my initial journal entry resonated with some ADV Rider forum readers. My opening entry hinted of the weight bearing down on*



my exhausted shoulders. Readers recognized this motorcycle Ride Report will be unlike any other Ride Report on the forum.

My transparency, or rather, vulnerability paved the way for military veteran forum members to share their own struggles; publicly and privately. The positive comments from readers and the encouragement I received on this Ride Report further fueled my motivation to continue writing; to find a life worth living.

I write with raw emotion the same way Van Gogh used color, form, and texture on a canvas. I mix emotion with logic; left and right brain merged to form a clear and beautiful picture into my strange world and unique perspectives. Some readers are drawn to my story because they saw themselves and their own struggles in my words. “How will his story turn out” might also read, “How will my own story end?” Life is a mirror. Everything is a reflection of your single perspective in a sea of infinite perspectives.

After each journal entry, I’ll share a few poignant replies and heartfelt comments that, I feel, added to the overall story. I’m grateful for your attention and for every single comment. Thank you for your Time.