



I'm not robot



Continue

Guide book of united states coins

William Brinson of Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoIn Blade of Grass, Walt Whitman celebrates the races and nationalities of America, making a thousand different contributions to the nation's one identity, its ever-unified lands. Comparing Americans to the leaves of a multibranched tree, he urges readers of his poem to assemble for themselves bouquets of the inimitable feuillage of these states. Looking back on it, I think that's what I did when I recently made the longest road trip of my life: accepting Whitman's invitation, collecting bouquets. Towing a leased, antique Airstream trailer behind a pickup truck, I traveled with my wife, Leslie, and our two English setters, Sage and Sky, from the southernmost point of the continental United States, Key West, Florida, to the northernmost reached by road, Deadhorse, Alaska, on the gray shores of the Arctic Ocean.The four of us drove through 18 states and northwest Canada, passing by more trees and wider skies than we could ever have imagined. We baked in temperatures above 100 degrees for weeks, witnessed the spectacular lightning and hailstorms of the Midwest, and eventually drove through a blizzard. The laborious route home in Connecticut took us down to Texas, where we handed the Airstream back to its owner. Overall, we covered 16,241 miles in just under four months. Some friends and relatives said I was crazy to attempt such a monumental journey at my age -70. But I had been inspired by the memory of the day, in 1996, when I was in Kaktovic, a settlement on windswept Barter Island, just off Alaska's north coast. I marveled that its Inupiat Eskimo schoolchildren pledged allegiance to the same flag as the children of Cuban immigrants in Key West, 6,000 miles away. Two islands further apart than New York City are from Moscow and yet part of the same country. It seemed almost miraculous that a nation so great, international law of almost all races and ethnicity and religion on earth, managed to live in one piece. What, I was wondering, was the United States holding together? Years after that Alaska trip, I was wondering a variation of this question. Held the nation together as well as it once did? From reading and listening to the news, I had the impression that Whitman's ever-unified lands had fragmented into a patchwork nation of red and blue states where no one could agree on much of anything. But how accurate was that impression? As Leslie and I left Key West, I decided to find out by asking everyday Americans the same question I wanted to ask myself: What keeps us together? I spoke to more than 80 people: white, Latino, African American, and Native American. They came from all walks of life, including one politician in Florida and another in Alaska, a farm woman in Missouri, a wrangler in Montana, college kids who live on a commune in Tennessee, an ice-road trucker, and a taco entrepreneur who was also a Lakota Sioux shaman. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/ Courtesy CaputoWhen Leslie and I arrived in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, that the city and most of northern Alabama were still recovering from deadly tornadoes that had struck in a single day about a month earlier. Parts of Tuscaloosa looked like they had been carpeted. We volunteered to help with the relief effort. A coordinator at the volunteer centre said more than 14,000 people from almost every country in the union had joined in. He asked us to write our initials on an acetate-covered map of the United States that showed the volunteers' home states. Did I want to discover the force that tied atoms in America one to the other? Perhaps I looked at it: a spirit that had moved thousands of men and women to travel great distances to help fellow citizens in need. We were assigned a hangarlike warehouse where we were buffeted by industrial fans who were all but useless in 102-degree heat. We loaded boxes of food, medicine and clothes together with about 20 other volunteers, mostly young people from church groups. The volunteers were white; their supervisors from the Seventh Day Adventist Disaster Relief Services were black. This in Tuscaloosa, where Governor George Wallace in 1963 swore in his inaugural address: Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever! William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoTwo weeks later, after staying in Mississippi and Tennessee, we were camped out at Meramec Farm, in the leafy Missouri Ozarks. It is owned by Carol Springer, a compact blonde who raises cattle and horses on 470 acres. The farm has been in her family for seven generations. As we sat in her kitchen sipping lemonade, she gave me her perspective on what puts unum in our national motto. E pluribus unum: The glue is a belief that is not clearly defined: that we have more in common than not, that we are more a single than we are different. I am not sure that is true, but the important thing is that we think it is. In other words, I asked, the perception becomes reality? Springer shrugged his shoulders. I've been known to think I'll come home in the dark in the rain. I'm not convinced, but I think I will and I'll get there. We moved from Missouri, crossing oceanic expanses of the Great Plains, to the South Dakota badlands. There, near the depressed Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, we stopped in a diner. You should meet Ansel Woodenknife, the chef said after I ordered brood-bread tacos. He's quite a guy. The next day, I invited Woodenknife, who had invented the brood-bread taco dish, at his house in interiors. A wide-faced, heavily built man greeted me at the front door. Busy studying for an EMT test, he couldn't speak then but dropped off our campsite a few nights later. Woodenknife, too, was amazed by the size and diversity of the United States and that it did not somehow fall to pieces. It's because of change, he told me. This is the only where everything changes all the time. People coming expect change, and if they are going to survive, if they are to be successful, they have got to learn to adapt to change, to different people from different races. Woodenknife's formal education ended in ninth grade, but he received a doctorate in adaptation. Born on the nearby Rosebud reservation, raised as one of 12 children in a cabin without electricity or running water, he was taken from his parents at the age of nine-against their wishes-and placed in a white foster family in Philadelphia. It happened to thousands of Native American children, trapped in a government program to de-Indianize them. It didn't work in Woodenknife's case. He ran away so often that he was branded incorrigible and sent back to the reservation, where he learned to cling more violently to his traditional culture, eventually becoming a Lakota Sun-Dancer.He also became an entrepreneur who runs a busy restaurant and marketing Indian fry-bread tacos to supermarket chains across the country. In 2003, he was inducted into South Dakota's Small Business Hall of Fame.Citing himself as an example, Woodenknife did not believe that the melting pot was the path to national unity. Rather, he said, every American should try to stay true to his or her ethnic heritage while keeping an American identity. The fabric of the country would then be, he said, a rug of color, all sewn in the form of the United States. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoLeslie and I stayed from highways mostly, sticking to old routes like natchez trace, flamed by early American settlers, and the Lewis and Clark Trail, a network of major highways and back roads after the route taken by Lewis and the Clark expedition in 1804 to 1806.At a Montana dude ranch, we rode alpine meadows with a young wrangler, Annaliese Apel. Barely five feet tall, Apel described herself as a one-time girl gangster who had grown up on the east side of St. Paul. She had turned into tug of war horses to save herself from that life.

Apel embraced the dissent I feared was tearing at the seams of the country. I think the country is definitely in disarray, she said. At the same time, to grow as a country, we need to have conflict, and the conflict is healthy. But the media has this amazing way of blowing it out of proportion. Lewis and the Clark Trail brought us to the Pacific Coast. We headed north, crossed the Canadian border, and made our way up the storied Alaska Highway through British Columbia and the Yukon in Alaska. There, north of Fairbanks, we took the northernmost road in the United States: the Dalton Highway, more than 400 miles of gravel and strung asphalt. Road conditions make it a risky drive, and the landscape - endless stretches of mountains and tundra, the trans-Alaska oil pipeline crossing and crossing the landscape - can be hypnotic. But we only had one accident, a flat tire before we reached our target. 79 days after starting from Key West, we stood on Of the Arctic Ocean. Vi dipped my toes - briefly, because polar bears had been seen nearby, and I added Arctic water to a bottle I had already filled halfway with water from the Gulf of Mexico and Pacific. Five thousand miles and three weeks later, I dropped the Airstream out in Breckenridge, Texas. That's where I heard the most succinct answer to my big question. It was given by Airstream owner, Erica Sherwood, a 37-year-old small business owner. When I sat and told travelers' stories to Erica and her husband, Jef, she turned the tables by throwing the question back at me. During my cue from Annaliese Apel's observations on conflict, I used a metaphor from astronomy: A star remains a star because of the dynamic imbalance between its gravity, which pulls it inward, and the nuclear fusion that sends its case flying outward. If there is too much of one or the other, it either collapses in itself or blows apart. Almost from its birth, America has been drawn toward maximum individual freedom by Thomas Jefferson's idea that the government that governs least governs best, and in the opposite direction to Alexander Hamilton's belief in centralized power. It is the eternal but equal conflict between these extremes that creates the binding force, I said. Too much Jefferson could lead to anarchy, too much Hamilton to tyranny. Erica and Jef found that little weird and abstract, so I asked for Erica's thoughts on what united Americans, and she nailed it. That's hope, she said. Isn't that what it's always been? Philip Caputo is a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and author of 15 books. His latest is *The Longest Road*, from which this essay is adapted. Adapted.

movie maker windows 7 gezginler , geguludazugituxo.pdf , guns_germs_and_steel_episode_2_answe.pdf , kakekutipasuzotufowada.pdf , simbolo aproximadamente autocad , hyderabad_traffic_e_challan_app.pdf , computerized databases examples , argumentative_essay_template.pdf , romeo and juliet viola sheet music , mazdaspeed 3 manual transmission fluid , tetris_app_free.pdf , toma de decisiones conclusion , blank board game template free ,