

A Stranger's Journey

A River Story

"Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs a step at a time."

— Pudd'nhead Wilson

The river was running high when The Wandering Philosopher set out, like life itself pushing toward something new. Mile after mile, the current carried them forward. And with each mile, The Wandering Philosopher understood a little more. The river gave The Wandering Philosopher exactly what was needed-not what was wanted, but what was needed.

As I always say: "Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but coaxed downstairs a step at a time."

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