

# Last Goodbyes

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It's minutes to midnight and I'm hurriedly packing. Early tomorrow morning I catch a flight to Boston and start [my new life](#). I haven't really gotten much of a chance to pack until now, because I've spent the past few days in a rush of meetings, getting in my last goodbyes for everyone I know in San Francisco.

It's been great seeing everyone, but like most locals, they're all puzzled as to why I'm leaving. I've been struggling to explain why. When I say the weather, everyone just laughs. When I say San Francisco is too loud, they start arguing. When I say it's the people, they tell me to find a better group of friends.

And the thing is, they're right. It's none of these. I've been spectacularly unable to articulate it, but the real answer is simpler and more prosaic. And now, after great thought and struggle, I realize the answer is simply this: *Cambridge is the only place that's ever felt like home*. It's that simple. And when you put it that way, it's clear why I have to go.

So goodbye Stanford, goodbye Palo Alto; goodbye south bay, goodbye peninsula; goodbye Change Congress, goodbye Creative Commons; goodbye Mission, goodbye SOMA; goodbye friends, goodbye loved ones; goodbye San Francisco, home to everyone I've ever loved. You'll always have my heart.