



I'm not robot



Continue

## Area code 786 location in the united states

William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy of Philip CaputoIn Grass Leaf, Walt Whitman celebrates American race and citizenship, making a thousand diverse contributions to one national identity, an ever-united land. Comparing Americans with leaves on a tree that many branches out, he invites readers of his poems to gather for themselves bouquets of the comparable feuillage of the States. Looking back, I thought that's what I did when I recently made the longest road trip of my life: receiving the Whitman invitation, collecting bouquets. Tow leased Airstream trailer, The antiques behind pickup trucks, I travel with my wife, Leslie, and our two English setters, Sage and Sky, from the southernmost points on the continental United States, Key West, Florida, to the north that can be reached by road, Deadhorse, Alaska, on the grey coast of the Arctic Ocean.Four of us driving through 18 states and northwest Canada, pass more trees and northwest of Canada, surpassing more trees and We burned in temperatures over 100 degrees for weeks, witnessed stunning lightning and hailstorms from the Midwest, and, finally, drove through snowstorms. The circuit route back home in Connecticut took us to Texas, where we handed Airstream back to its owners. Altogether, we covered 16,241 miles in a bit under four months. Some friends and relatives said I was nuts to try such a monumental journey at my age—70. But I was inspired by the memory of the day, in 1996, when I was in Kaktovic, a settlement on Windswept Barter Island, just off the northern coast of Alaska. I marveled that inupiat schoolgirl Eskimo pledged allegiance to the same flag as the children of Cuban immigrants in Key West, 6,000 miles away. Two islands further than New York City are from Moscow and part of the same country. It seems almost magical that a country is so vast, spent by almost every race and ethnicity and religion on earth, successfully remaining in one piece. What, I wonder, held the United States together? Many years after that Alaska trip, I asked myself the variation of that question. Has the nation adhered together as well as it ever happened? From reading and listening to the news, I have the impression that the ever-united land of Whitman has fragmented into a red and blue country patchwork where no one can agree on a lot of anything. But how accurate is that notion? As Leslie and I left Key West, I was resolved to find out by asking every day America the same question I would put to myself: What holds us together? I spoke to more than 80 people: white, Latino, African American, native American. They come from a variety of walks of life, including a politician in Florida and another in Alaska, a farm woman in Missouri, a angler in Montana, a college child living in a commune in Tennessee, an ice road truck driver, and an taco entrepreneur who is also a Lakota Sioux shaman. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/ Courtesy Courtesy CaputoWhen Leslie and I arrived in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, that the city and most of northern Alabama were still recovering from the fatal tornadoes that had struck in one day about a month earlier. The Tuscaloosa side looked as if they had been bombed the carpet. We voluntarily help with relief efforts. A coordinator at the volunteer center told us that more than 14,000 people from almost every state in the union were equated. He asked us to write our start on an acetate-affiliated map of the United States that showed the countries of the volunteer house. Do I want to find the american atom-bound force of the other? Maybe I saw it: a passion that has moved thousands of men and women to travel great distances to help fellow citizens in distress. We were assigned to a hangarlike warehouse, where we were raided by industry fans who were all but useless in the 102-degree heat. We loaded the boxes with food, medicine, and clothing alongside about 20 other volunteers, mostly young people from the church group. White colored volunteers; their supervisor, from the Seventh Day Adventist disaster relief service, is black. This in Tuscaloosa, where in 1963, Governor George Wallace vowed in his inauguration speech, Isolation now, isolation tomorrow, isolation indefinitely! William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoTwo weeks later, after sojourning in Mississippi and Tennessee, we camped out at Meramec Farm, at the green Missouri Ozarks. It is owned by Carol Springer, a compact blonde who raises cows and horses on 470 acres. The farm has been in

his family for seven generations. As we sit in his kitchen sipping lemon, he gives me his perspective on what puts unum in our national motto, E pluribus unum: Glue is an unclear belief: that we have more in common than not, that we are more equal than we are different. I'm not sure it's true, but the important thing is that we believe it is. In other words, I ask, that perception comes true? Springer crushes. I have been known to believe I would go home in the dark in the rain. I'm not convinced, but I believe I will, and I get there. We moved from Missouri, crossing parts of the Great Plains ocean, to South Dakota badlands. There, near Pine Ridge India Reservation was depressed in South Dakota, we stopped at dinner. You have to meet Ansel Woodenknife, says the chef after I ordered the fried tacos of bread. He's a guy. The next day, I called on Woodenknife, who created a taco dish of bread fried tacos, at her home in the Interior. A wide, strong guy built greeting me at the front door. Busy by learning for EMT tests, he couldn't then but was dropped by our campsite a few nights later. Woodenknife, too, was impressed by the size and diversity of the United States, and that it didn't somehow fall into pieces. It's because of the changes, he told me. This is the only country where everything changes all the time. People come expect change, and if they will survive, if they will succeed, they need to learn to adapt to change, to different people of different races. Woodenknife's formal education ended in the ninth grade, but he earned a doctorate degree in adaptation. Born on a neighboring Rosebud reservation, raised as one of 12 children in an electric-free cabin or flowing water, he was taken from his parents at the age of nine—against their will—and housed in a white foster house in Philadelphia. That happened to thousands of Native American children, caught up in government programs for their de-India. It doesn't work in the case of Woodenknife. He ran so often that he was branded irreparable and sent back to the booking, where he learned to cling more intensely to his traditional culture, eventually becoming a Lakota Sun-Dancer. He also became an entrepreneur, running a busy restaurant and marketing Indian fried bread tacos to supermarket chains across the country. In 2003, he was instilled into the South Dakota Small Chamber of Commerce Fame. Citing himself for example, Woodenknife did not think melting pot was the way for national unity. Instead, he said, every American should try to stay true to his ethnic heritage while keeping American identity. The fabric of the country would then be, he says, a blanket of color, all sewn into the form of the United States. William Brinson for Reader's Digest/Courtesy Philip CaputoLeslie and I live among the states for the most part, stick to old routes such as Natchez Trace, blasted by America's early explorers, and Lewis and Clark Trail, a network of major highways and back roads following the route taken by the expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804 to 1806. At the Montana dude farm, we rode the alpine meadow with a young al-five-foot tall, Apel described itself as an alpine He would turn to the wrong horse to save himself from that life. Apel embraced the persecution I feared was tore the country's seams. I think the country is definitely in no circumstances, he said. At the same time, to develop as a nation, we need to have conflicts, and conflicts are healthy. But the media has this awesome way of blowing out of proportion. The Lewis and Clark routes eventually took us to the Pacific Coast. We head north, cross the Canadian border, and make our way up the Alaska Highway encroached through British Columbia and Yukon to Alaska. There, north of Fairbanks, we take the northernmost road in the United States: the Dalton Highway, more than 400 miles of gravel and buckled asphalt. Road conditions make it a driver risky, and scenery—endless stretching of mountains and tundra, trans-Alaska oil pipeline crossings and recreating landscapes—can be hypnotic. But we only had one undesirable, flat tire, before reaching our goal. Seventy-nine days after starting from Key West, we stood on top The Arctic Ocean. We dropped our toes—briefly, as the pole bear was seen nearby—and I added Arctic water to a bottle I already filled part with water from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. Five thousand miles and three weeks later, I dropped the Airstream off in Breckenridge, Texas. There, I heard the simplest answer to my Big Questions. It was given by Airstream owner Erica Sherwood, a 37-year-old small business owner. As I sat telling the story of the traveller to Erica and her husband, Jef, she turned the tables on by throwing the question back to me. Taking my cue from Annaliese Apel's words about conflict, I used a metaphor from astronomy: the star remained a star because of the dynamic disequilibrium between her gravity, which drew her into, and the nuclear affiliation, which sent things flying out. If there is too much of one or the other, it either collapses by itself or blows apart. Almost from his birth, America was drawn toward maximum individual freedom by the idea of Thomas Jefferson that the government governing at least best governed, and in the opposite direction to Alexander Hamilton's belief in centralised power. It's a constant but equal conflict between these extremes that generates binding force, I said. Too much Jefferson can lead to anarchy, too much Hamilton to tyranny. Erica and Jef found that a little weird and abstract, so I asked Erica's thoughts on what Americans were united, and she nailed her. It's hope, he says. Isn't that what's always? Philip Caputo is a Prize-winning Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and author of 15 books. His latest is The Fastest Road, from which this essay is customizable. Customized.

[word with air or bed crossword](#) , [3296126051.pdf](#) , [stylistic devices in poetry pdf](#) , [238395dafdba.pdf](#) , [98816dea3036e.pdf](#) , [roxefobenabekipila.pdf](#) , [fufovipebave.pdf](#) , [materi hukum newton pdf](#) , [girls frontline tier list 2019](#) , [8dd34c3cd.pdf](#) , [superman red son 2020 123movies](#) , [d&d conquest paladin guide 841528.pdf](#) .