



## *Resources on Adventure*

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear at every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon the sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all [persons] in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

— Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (1851)

Security is mostly a superstition. It does not exist in nature, nor to the children of men as a whole experience it. Avoiding danger is not safer in the long run than outright exposure. Life is either a daring adventure, or nothing.

— Helen Keller

A work of art is above all an adventure of the mind.

— Eugene Ionesco

There is a distinction to be made between the anxiety of daily existence, which we talk about endlessly, and the anxiety of existence, which we rarely mention at all. The former fritters us into dithering, distracted creatures. The latter attests to—and, if attended to, discloses—our souls. And yet it is a distinction without a difference, perhaps, and as crucial to eventually overcome as it is to initially understand. To be truly alive is to feel one's ultimate existence within one's daily existence. All those trivial, frittering anxieties acquire, even if only briefly, a lightness, a rightness, a meaning. So long as anxiety is merely something to be alleviated, it is not life, or we are not alive enough to experience it as such.

— Christian Wiman, *My Bright Abyss* (2013)



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If you want to get more out of life..., you must lose your inclination for monotonous security and adopt a helter-skelter style of life that will at first appear to you to be crazy. But once you become accustomed to such a life you will see its full meaning and its incredible beauty. And so..., in short, get out of Salton City and hit the Road. I guarantee you will be very glad you did. But I fear that you will ignore my advice. You think that I am stubborn, but you are even more stubborn than me. You had a wonderful chance on your drive back to see one of the greatest sights on earth, the Grand Canyon, something every American should see at least once in his life. But for some reason incomprehensible to me you wanted nothing but to bolt for home as quickly as possible, right back to the same situation which you see day after day after day. I fear you will follow this same inclination in the future and thus fail to discover all the wonderful things that God has placed around us to discover.

Don't settle down and sit in one place. Move around, be nomadic, make each day a new horizon. You are still going to live a long time..., and it would be a shame if you did not take the opportunity to revolutionize your life and move into an entirely new realm of experience.

You are wrong if you think Joy emanates only or principally from human relationships. God has placed it all around us. It is in everything and anything we might experience. We just have to have the courage to turn against our habitual lifestyle and engage in unconventional living.

My point is that you do not need me or anyone else around to bring this new kind of light in your life. It is simply waiting out there for you to grasp it, and all you have to do is reach for it. The only person you are fighting is yourself and your stubbornness to engage in new circumstances.

— Jon Krakauer, *Into the Wild* (2009)

Adventure is worthwhile in itself.

— Amelia Earhart

Nevertheless, we keep speaking, St. Augustine said, in order not to remain altogether silent. I started out this adventure with my grandfather's face—stern and full of maddening contradictions, intelligent eyes bright with humor, and the best he could muster of love. That image, his life, forbade me to write off a religious sensibility I find lacking, a system I have rejected, wholesale. Now my head is full of many voices, elegant, wise, strange, full of dignity and grief and hope and grace. Together we find illuminating and edifying words and send them out to embolden work of clarifying, of healing. We speak because we have questions, not just answers, and our questions cleanse our answers and enliven our world.

— Krista Tippett, *Speaking of Faith* (2008)



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Adventure is not outside man; it is within.

— George Eliot

As soon as I saw you, I knew an adventure was about to happen.

— Winnie the Pooh (A. A. Milne)

So shut up, live, travel, adventure, bless and don't be sorry!

— Jack Kerouac

Crossing boundaries is the only way to grow. No one knew this better than the biblical authors who wrote about generations of transgressors and adventurers whose yearnings and foibles pushed them beyond their familiar selves; whose journeys took them to the place between meaning and meaninglessness, to the borders of promised lands.

— Rabbi Irwin Kula, *Yearnings: Embracing the Sacred Messiness of Life* (2006)

I think risk-taking is a great adventure. And life should be full of adventures.

— Herbie Hancock

Folks, I'm telling you,  
Birthing is hard  
And dying is mean—  
So get yourself a little loving in between.

— Langston Hughes



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“The New Colossus”

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

— Emma Lazarus