

Life on the road / does this bed need more pillows?

Wednesday morning I was home, that night in Nashville and now in Minneapolis before returning home late Sunday night. If I was just traveling to one place it would seem very different, just a short business trip, one of many. But something changes when you're finished at your first stop and then, instead of coming home, you head somewhere else. Somewhere you cross an imaginary line that separates the normal trip from one that gives a taste of life on the road and a sense that a hotel is your home. A momentum builds suddenly when that next flight takes you somewhere else, not home.

