Going Somewhere Soon

Volume 3: Collected Stories & Drawings of Brian Andreas



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The people in this book, if at one time real, are now entirely fictitious, having been subjected to a combination of a selective memory and a fertile imagination. Any resemblance to real people you might know, even if they are the author's relatives, is entirely coincidental, and is a reminder that you are imagining the incidents in this book as much as the author is.

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To my sons, David Quinn & Matthew Shea, for their promise and wonder, and for all the wild places we've been, and to my beloved Ellen, forever and always, for every late night conversation and dance, and for patiently teaching me every day the secrets of an open heart.

Other books by Brian Andreas available from StoryPeople Press:

Mostly True Still Mostly True Strange Dreams Hearing Voices Trusting Soul Traveling Light

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Introduction

This is the last book of the *Mostly True* trilogy. There's been so much that's happened since I began: we've gone from babies to boys, and moved from the West Coast back to a small town in Iowa. All the while, I've travelled around the country telling stories and meeting many of you.

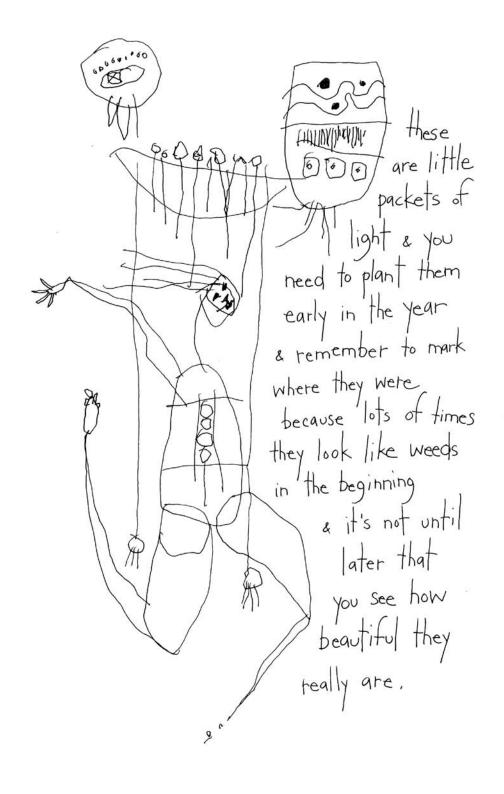
And I've had letters. Beautiful and warm and filled with stories. The simple stories you see here have touched people in ways I can only begin to understand. Last holiday season, I was sitting at my desk when a FAX came in. In part it read, "your gift to the world became your gift to me. It came just in time to remind me I'm not dead." *To remind me I'm not dead*. I wondered once how I would describe to my boys what it was like to be alive at the end of the Twentieth Century. Your letters are a great part of the answer I will give them someday. They have meant a lot to me, and I thank you for every one.

Many of you have asked where the stories come from. I don't have an answer for that. All I know is that the stories we love are about ourselves. The stories we tell about our children, the family myths from our grandmothers and grandfathers, even the eerie fables that leap at us from the Enquirer in the grocery store, are all stories about ourselves. Our lives can be intricate puzzles, filled with remembering and forgetting, all the pieces scattered seemingly at random. Stories are the one guide I've found to be true. They are the signs pointing the way across our inner landscape.

I offer the stories here in the same spirit they came to me, as gifts of laughter and love and possibility. Read them. Listen to their voices inside yourself. Listen for what feels right. The stories in this book, and the ones before it, are a set of maps of inner space. When you find the right story, it will guide you unerringly. I don't know why or how this works, but I know that it does. Many people have told me these stories touch places they have forgotten—or never known. They can be the beginning of a great journey, for there are stories within you that will dwarf these small offerings with their wonder and anguish and forgotten power...

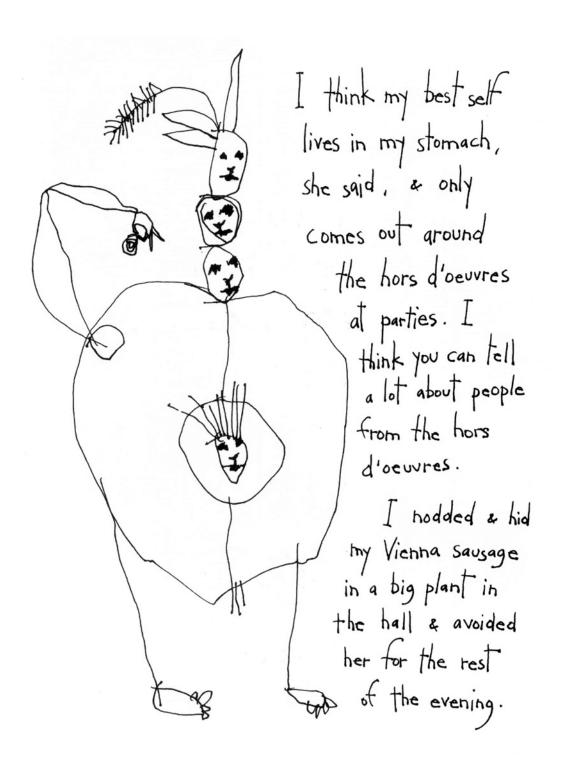
With love,

14 February 1995



My great grandmother sent us out to pick raspberries in her garden while she watched the first moon walk on tv. You'll have plenty of time to see things like that, she said, but those raspberries were carried overland by your great-great-grandfather. She was very wise. I see pictures of the moonwalk all the time, but all I have left from him is the memory of those sun warmed raspberries.

I've always liked living in the past best, she said. \$0N ? It takes less money than I make now.



I don't really have any secrets, she told me once.

I just forget a lot of stuff.