

# Excerpt from the Afterword of *Ticket to Ride* by Don Hussey

I now have the high honor and great responsibility commensurate with vying for a seat in the Congress of the United States. The Massachusetts 10th Congressional District stretches along the coast from Quincy to Plymouth, and continues south to Cape Cod and the Islands.

In my opinion, the mission is clear and the cause is just. America, the America I've known from my childhood, with all of its political machinations, is currently facing a prolonged period of extraordinary and unprecedented instability. I cannot sit by and watch this federal government unravel, ignore and cast aside the principles laid down by our ancestors—our founding fathers and the women who courageously supported them.

As of this writing, I'm entering the ninth month of this campaign. I must admit, however, that just over the horizon lies the moment of greatest decision. The question I need to answer is simply, do I go forward or come to terms with what is already pressing heavily on my mind. My age and the toll it's beginning to take are serious factors, and of greater concern to my family and me is the realization that my son is preparing for a yearlong deployment to Afghanistan as part of the announced U.S. Military Surge.

Since leaving high school in 1959, I've never quit or given up on anything, so this decision is especially meaningful to me.

To join with my son in a combined effort to support and defend the interests of my country continues to pull me into this race. Perhaps, however, the time has come to take life more in stride. Perhaps I can make a difference in other, less demanding, ways. Perhaps I just need to take some time away to reflect on the best use of my time. As an aircraft begins its roll down the runway, passing various markers before takeoff, this decision must be made and made soon.

My son called home last week from his post in Germany to ask me how the campaign was going and to suggest I read the latest Drudge Report and something from Charles Krauthammer. "Dad," he continued, "I know you're proud of me, as I am proud of the men and women under my command, and believe me Dad, I'm proud of you too. We'll fight this enemy together. You fight 'em in Congress and we'll fight 'em on the ground...you're part of our team. Everyone says to say hello to the next Congressman from Massachusetts!"

I thanked him for his call and before hanging up, signed off with my familiar and personal, “I love you, boy!”

He quietly responded, “Love you too, Dad.”