

Excerpt from the Prologue of *Ticket to Ride* by Don Hussey

I had realized all along that if this day ever came I might never see my son again, so I figured it was time to answer the many questions he must have had for me throughout our time together, but had never asked. I wrote what I could given the constraints of time and handed it to him as he exited the briefing room with his M-16, his armored vest, and his loving heart. On December 3rd at 0600, I watched as my son's flight, heavy with soldiers and weapons of war, lumbered down the runway at Fort Hood, Texas, lifting off into the early morning haze, bound for Iraq.