

*Preface*

*I reached for the lock on the door. Stumbling about, fumbling for the handle, all the while grasping the bath towel and hoping it wouldn't happen again, but it all disappeared. My eyes opened and the room before me turned itself upright once again. Time twisted itself into another warping illusion and there I lay, flat, on the cold, ceramic floor, having fallen onto my head, face, and jaw, from standing upright. I must have managed to not only unlock the door, but leave the room and collapse into an awkward naked sprawl in the middle of the spa's hallway. Yes, this was yet another one of those pivotal turning points in my life, the journey to be covered in an entirely different work. However, what you hold in your hands as "Solace 7," is the loving result that came to fruition from the ensuing severe concussion after receiving 3 blows to the head. A 7 day journey of solitude for solace.*

*Sometimes gifts come in the strangest of packages. An intense experience, realization, if you will, in sharing who we are for the benefit of others, in hopes that courage of one allows others the courage to be themselves too.*

*May this bring you Solace.*