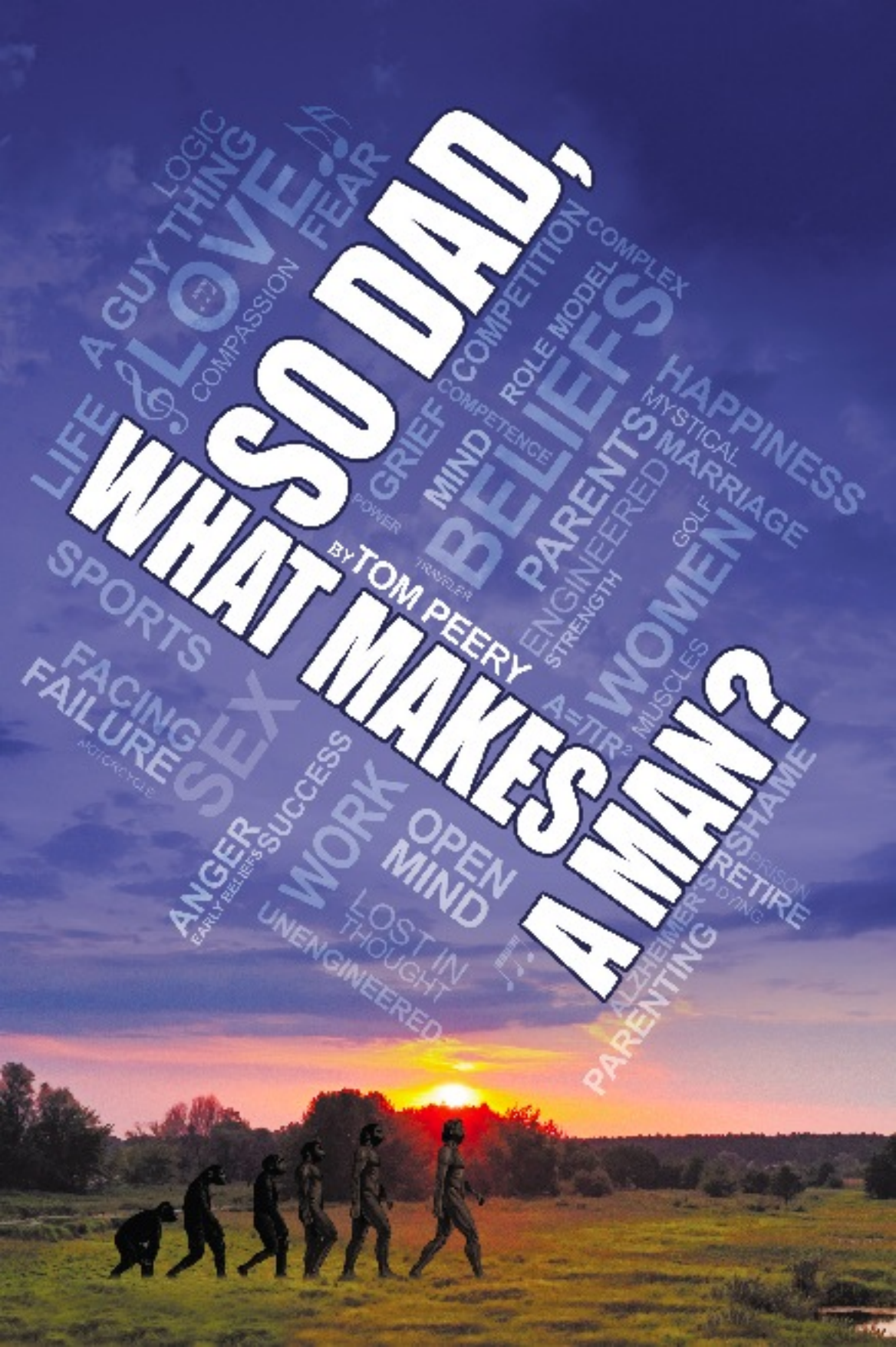
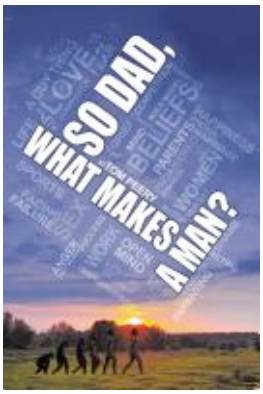

SO DAD, WHAT MAKES A MAN?
BY TOM PEERY
LOVE
BELIEFS
WOMEN
SEX
WORK
OPEN MIND
PARENTING
HAPPINESS
MARRIAGE
PARENTS
SPORTS
ANGER
SHAME
RETIRE
LOST IN THOUGHT
UNENGINEERED
LIFE
A GUY THING
LOGIC
FEAR
COMPASSION
COMPETITION
ROLE MODEL
COMPLEX
GRIEF
COMPETENCE
MIND
POWER
MYSTICAL
ENGINEERED
GOLF
TRAVELER
STRENGTH
FACING FAILURE
SUCCESS
EARLY BELIEFS
MOTORCYCLE
MUSCLES
PRISON
DYING
ALZHEIMER'S



Those inspired by M. Scott Peck's bestseller The Road Less Traveled will welcome themes Tom Peery explores in refreshing ways: wide-ranging ground relevant to navigating adulthood. Given the profound need for diverse voices of reason with positive messages, Peery's narrative has the potential to encourage men and women to stop, think and reflect more deeply. Excerpted from Fannie LeFlore, the editor of M. Scott Peck's The Road Less Traveled and Beyond.

So Dad, What Makes a Man?

So Dad, What Makes a Man?

A Narrative on the Male Identity

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The characters and events in this book are real. Names of individuals and places, and other identifying characteristics, have been changed to preserve anonymity.

Conversation with Myself, Lorri Acott, sculptor of long-legged figures and horses that reflect intimate, universal moments in life, workshop teacher with monumental works in galleries and private collections around the world. Photo used by permission. www.lorriacottfowler.com

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First Edition

To Mance, Tristan, and Katherine, and to my parents, Elizabeth Katherine Knipple and Andrew Thomas Peery, Sr.


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FAME

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Author's Note

Currently, I find myself disappointed with the direction of our country, one that seems to be ushered along by the aristocracy. I don't like the stalemate between opposing political factions, when some men reject others for a single opposing opinion. The media focuses attention on police blotter reports and the acrimony of recognized people. I find it unfortunate how, for some men in leadership, defending their institution's reputation is more important than speaking the truth. But I haven't always felt like this. Because, for the first half of my life, I acted a lot like those men, looking at manhood in terms of competition for power, wealth, and status, while lacking respect for women.

My father taught me how to be a man, which to him meant using logic and being right. Always. "Cool heads prevail" was his mantra. Emotions had no place in the mind of a man. I admired his idea that men should work hard and provide for their family. I took up his belief that men were the superior gender. Part of me resented his tactics and iron-fisted rule, but I still grew up copying him in nearly every way. He became my opponent as other men had and would. Once I left home, I worked for his company's competition, rather than joining him. I wanted to rise higher in my hierarchy than he had in his, and on my own, thank you.

A series of unanticipated encounters changed all that for me after I reached my forties. I discovered how far out of balance my life had become; how my dedication to my work reigned supreme. I faltered while climbing my corporate ladder about the same time that Dad was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and needed my help. I retired earlier than I'd ever intended, without a plan.

My inquiring son, Tristan, on the eve of his twenty-first birthday, said: "Tomorrow, I'll be old enough to buy booze and go to strip joints, so Dad, what makes a man?"

I took it as a solemn question, deserving more than a wisecrack, so I put off my response to first do some research. But other men's definitions of men didn't always apply to me. I was getting nowhere when I realized I could only speak for myself.

Yet who was I? I didn't really know very much about myself. That got me thinking about my past and the choices I had made. Up to then, competing with other men, denying I had problems, and resisting suggestions that I change, my ambition for lofty corporate status had consumed my attention, and little more. I could say I loved my wife, and had let her run the household and raise our children but my grasp of life was too shallow to answer my son.

That was fifteen years ago. Still learning about life now, still keeping an eye on my life's balance, I don't think I can ever answer his question with surety. What I can tell my son, and my daughter, Katherine, is about how I became the man I was the first half of my life, and how I have changed.

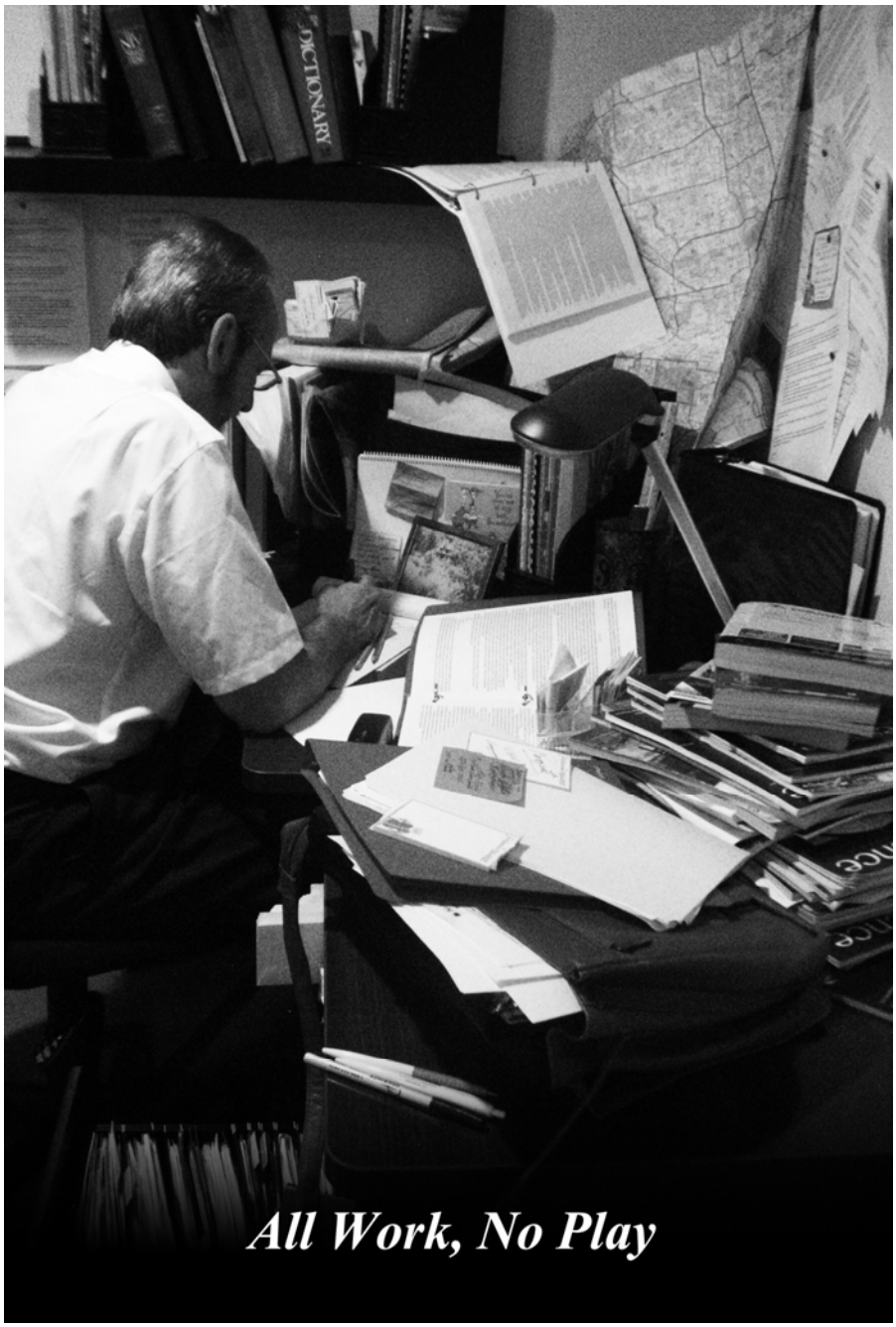
Beginning to nourish not only my intellect, but my relationships, spirituality, and feelings after I retired, I now see that what makes me a man is as much about my daily living as what I will have accomplished by the end of my life.

What follows is one man's journey. Whether you are a man or woman, I invite you to seek whatever balance brings you a fulfilling life. And I invite you to take into account your unexpected encounters—those *unengineered* meetings that facilitate life's transitions.

So Dad, What Makes a Man?

A Narrative on the Male Identity

Tom Peery



All Work, No Play

6: M-Ahhn-Se-Loo-Gare-Ee-Yea

(Age 29)

Cramming my spare time with reading business-related topics in early February, I didn't much follow current events. But I did notice Frontier Airlines had hired the first permanently employed female pilot. I was sympathetic to women's lib because I related to their plight after enduring my father's domination over Mom and me, but I was still what some were then calling a male chauvinist. I didn't know I had low self-esteem and thus couldn't see how considering myself above the female gender helped soothe it. It would take a momentous event to dislodge my chauvinism, and that is just what happened.

At the time, I was spending most weekends in my singles apartment with a petite blonde neighbor living one floor below me, who had let me know a few months earlier that she liked me. In the apartment newsletter, I saw International Village's activity group had scheduled a Hawaiian vacation for the following month. I was delighted. I told my girlfriend about it and that I

had first visited Oahu two years earlier on Braniff Airline's first nonstop flight from Houston to Honolulu. I told her I loved the place and wanted us to go.

She had stopped dating several other men as our relationship progressed and even told her mother I was special, but without explanation, she declined my invitation. I asked her more than once, trying my best sales skills on her, including offering to pay her way. Still "no." It was a little out of character for me, but I was so attracted by my memories of the islands' warm air, blue ocean, and lush mountains, I told her, "Fine, if you don't want to go, I'll ask some of my friends down the hall." They jumped at the idea.

In early March, we boarded a plane that transported us to the isolated paradise. The day after our group checked into an oceanfront hotel in Honolulu, reveling in the balmy, sunny weather compared to Chicago, I put on my bathing suit, picked up a towel, and wandered alone across Kalakaua Avenue to Waikiki Beach. I sat under a palm tree, on a low concrete wall next to the sidewalk that overlooked the beach scattered with sunbathers. Far beyond, the calm ocean was at low tide.

Over the next several minutes, my radar located two nice-looking women lying alone on their towels, one about twenty-five yards in front of me, the other further out to my right among several other people tanning themselves. After watching them both apply more sunscreen and change positions, I decided to get a closer look. I wandered casually out onto the beach.

Meandering along, I lost sight of the woman among the crowd, but could still see the brunette in the turquoise and white bikini. I walked toward where she was lying on her stomach and her pale skin told me she, too, was a recent arrival. She rested with her chin on her hands, propped up on her elbows, reading the book lying open on her towel. Her long hair spilled over her shoulders.

I stopped near her left side, hesitated, and fought off a thought: *But she doesn't know you and she might not like you.* I wanted to talk with her anyway. “Um, may I borrow a cigarette?”

Without looking up, her left hand, *no ring,* pushed an open pack of Du Maurier toward me, a brand I didn't recognize. But she was still reading and hadn’t so much as glanced at me. *Try again.* Taking a cigarette and returning the pack, I asked her what she was reading. Still without looking up, she closed her book on her right hand to keep her place, so I could see the cover for myself: *Guerre et Paix*, de Leo Tolstoy. I asked her how that translated and heard her soft accented voice for the first time, *War and Peace*.

Whoa! This woman, with that voice, reading *War and Peace*…in French?

Most of my inner voices were reporting thumbs up, and before fear of rejection could push me on by, I spread my towel next to hers and sat down.

It was the most consequential decision I ever made. Yet the furthest thing from my mind was that I was sitting down beside a highly independent woman, who could disappoint another person to be true to herself, and with whom I would want to spend the rest of my life.

My attraction increased after I asked her name. Still facing her book, she replied, “Mance LeGuerrier,” that sounded like “M-ahhn-se Loo-Gare-ee-yea.” Finally her head turned toward me and I looked into her grey-green eyes. We—a small-town Texan and an attractive twenty-four-year-old French Canadian from Montreal— talked under the sun for over two hours, discussing the Canadian-U.S. currency exchange, *War and Peace*, the Provence of Québéc, the beauty of Hawaii, and eventually, what we did for a living. I had no trouble believing she was an Air Canada flight attendant, given the airlines' selection processes in those days. It was her first trip to Hawaii.

I learned later that she came to Hawaii after breaking up with her boyfriend. Well into Québéc's frozen winter, with spare vacation time, she had told her Dorval Airport scheduler, “Get me out of this town!”…and he had suggested the Hawaiian Islands.

As we parted late in the afternoon, she accepted my invitation to attend our Chicago group's beach party that evening. She showed up in a pastel, flower-patterned chemise carrying a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red. The beach bonfire reflected off our faces as the setting sun painted the western sky orange and lingered on Diamond Head, the mountain promontory at the end of the beach. After barbeque and fries, we walked down the beach to dance in an open-air hotel ballroom—at five-foot seven-and-a-half, she was almost face-to-face with me. Warm night breezes washed over us, pushing her hair over one shoulder. Seashell wind chimes tinkled overhead. We strolled almost alone along the ocean's edge under the stars. If it were a movie, skyrockets would have burst over the bay. That night turned into a three-day rendezvous.

The next day, we soaked up Hawaiian sun and Mai Tais—Elvis’ choice of drink in *Blue Hawaii*—and toured the island of Oahu counter-clockwise in a car I rented, beginning with playing in the surf and snorkeling at secluded Hanauma Bay on the other side of Diamond Head. We stopped at other beaches and a waterfall, watched the Banzai Pipeline, visited the Polynesian Cultural Center, and attended a luau. The next day we had steak and eggs for breakfast—a first for her—as well as ran hand-in-hand up a hotel’s outdoor down-escalator. We flew to relatively undeveloped Maui, where we walked down a broad white sandy beach and looked back to see the only tracks in the sand were ours. From a cart, we bought a fresh pineapple and fed each other the juicy chunks that we carved from it.

Our final day together, we were again on Waikiki in our bathing suits on reed mats, a dozen feet from the gentle surf's farthest reach up the beach.

The measured rhythm of incoming waves lulled us. Mance got up and walked into the shallow water. I watched as she turned toward me, bent down at the waist, and scooped up handfuls of salty water to refresh her face, then walked slowly back, looking into my eyes.

I was aware of no one but her. My body was overheated from the inside rather than the sunshine. I had lost track of time and did not have a single thought about Chicago or work. My mind was fuzzy and giddy, free of Dad's voice and my other inner critics. Calm. I basked in the presence of someone who accepted me the way I was. Never before had I felt such a warm, magnetic attraction for a woman. Relaxed and fulfilled, I knew I was in love.

But later that afternoon, my stomach tightened as my departure time arrived and my Hawaiian stay evaporated into the plumeria-scented air. Mance wore white slacks with a white blouse and sandals. We stood together in front of the hotel, holding hands until my airport bus arrived. She had two days left. After a long, wordless hug, we parted and she sat down on a wooden bench under a shower of red bougainvillea. Aboard the bus, I found a window seat facing her. As the bus driver revved the engine and pulled away, I seared into my memory that image of her, framed in flowers. Then I watched her watching me until some palm trees came between us.

It was as if she had entered my picture of the future. Without knowing how or when or to what effect, I made her part of my expectations that, before Hawaii, had contained nothing but work-related images.

19: Who Am I?

(Age 49 to 50)

The emotional education of my engineering mind continued without prior notice. In fact, *unengineered* encounters were happening so often that I began to expect the unexpected. For example, my second year in art class was again something like psychology in disguise.

Professor Philip Renteria, my instructor, said that knowing what we like and don't like informs the choices we make and helps us grow, which gave me all the more reason to figure out what I liked. He said the number one requirement for being creative was curiosity. Then he encouraged us to notice how we emotionally responded to a series of paintings he showed us. I had zero reactions, but I got his point. So knowing my emotions helps me draw too?

One day, almost casually, he suggested that fear can go unnoticed in our thoughts. For example, he said any time we considered a past argument

and only afterward knew what we *should* have said at the time, but didn't, that was a sure sign we'd been fearful.

I could not count the times I had remained silent in a quarrel, but later imagined the perfect comeback, lamenting *if only I'd said it then!*

Fear was among the emotions I thought I had suppressed since I was a boy, encouraged then by the taunt, "You're not scared, are you?" But in retrospect, fear accompanied me through the Mines Senior Gauntlet, the army live-fire drill, and reputation-threatening situations while I was working. But I told myself I didn't feel anything as I grabbed a fourth can of beer.

Acknowledging my fear, I realized how many physiological symptoms I had experienced as a result; in addition to that tunnel vision I discovered skating backwards, I've had crawling skin, raised hair on the back of my neck, goose bumps, and tingling. Less often I get an itch in a private place. I remember when I once had that itch before a big presentation in front of senior managers, whom I feared might judge me harshly. I headed for the bathroom, thinking it meant something else. I did not yet grasp that my fear arose only when my mind jumped to the future and started imagining what *might* happen—usually the worst case.

The third year of my father's journey with Alzheimer's, in August, I found myself yearning for the high country. When I told Mance I wanted to go to the mountains, she said: "Well, not me. We've already been this year." We had snow skied with our children in Taos, New Mexico, in March, but I wanted to go now.

I shocked myself almost as much as Mance when I said I might then go without her. I don't think she believed I would do it, and at first I wondered myself. What a departure from my norm, not only to stand my ground when Mance disagreed with me, but also to choose a vacation alone. We'd always gone together.

My initial idea—to go to the Spanish Peaks of southern Colorado—fizzled when I found out they were having a run of bears, but I liked my second idea even better: Cimarron Canyon in northern New Mexico, near Eagle Nest. It was a better idea because my parents had taken my sister and me there every summer until I was six years old.

A few weeks later, I loaded the car with camping gear and made the day-and-a-half drive in the company of the car radio. Arriving in the canyon, I pitched a tent next to the Cimarron River with no other campers around. It was the same site Dad had always set up our camping trailer. The river, at twenty feet wide, was no more than a stream. I spent the remainder of the day wandering throughout the area, stopping at the riverbank where I caught my first trout with Dad's help.

After picking up a souvenir stone from the creek bed, I looked over my shoulder toward the campground we had always used, and remembered

Mom sitting at the same old picnic table watching over me as I had played. I imagined her wearing her usual slacks and a short-sleeved white shirt, smoking a cigarette, her hair wrapped in a scarf.

I left the stream, walked past our old fireplace and sat down at the well-worn picnic table. I started talking to my mother as if it was then, and she was really sitting in front of me. I told her I remembered how she had disliked still having to cook, even when she was on vacation. With no response I sat and recalled all those good times for me.

On my second day, I drove out of the canyon to Eagle Nest, then turned north, up and over the pass leading to Red River and stopped near that curve where I had wrecked Dad's car after high school. I parked on the roadside and sat for over an hour in a little flower-filled meadow overlooking the canyon we had avoided, imagining how different my life could have been, or how it could have ended right there, had Mike and I gone over that edge. I felt relaxed and grateful to be alive and married to Mance, able to sit that day, smell the wildflowers, and gaze across the mountains into the deep blue sky.

At night, I watched the light fade from the canyon walls, then built a campfire and cooked a meal on my camp stove. After watching the fire burn down, I went inside my spacious, four-man tent with a Coleman lantern and read myself to sleep.

Leaving my campsite for home after four days of hiking the forest trails alone, I stopped to gas up in Ute Park Village, just outside the canyon. The cashier was shocked to hear I had slept in a tent. "With all the bears in this area, no one does that anymore. Everyone sleeps inside trailers."

What fear *that* news would have generated before or after I arrived! I might never have stayed there. But I hadn’t known. Gratitude was all I had for my time spent in the mountains, forests, and by that little stream, with all my memories.

Driving home through Texas, I stopped in Dumas to visit the parents of some old high school classmates, then turned south to Midland, to look up Dad's college roommate. He regaled me with stories about their times together and Dad's girlfriends before Mom, whom I had never heard about. All of them had spoken of what dear friends my parents were. I felt my desire to go to the mountains had become a trip about good memories of my parents, though that wasn't in my mind when I left home. I would have missed them all, had I decided not to go alone. I got the message to listen to what I want.

Almost prepared to begin our prison program, Barbara Cowen and I learned from Harris County Jail administrators that I was permitted to work only with men, and she with women. Our idea to work together proved impossible. She found a female partner while I thought about what to do, but given the

experience that had led me in this direction and our months of preparation, I decided to continue even if I was alone. Within a week, Barbara called to tell me one of her male friends had always wanted to do prison work. "Do you want a partner?" she asked.

“Sure.”

I first met him when I arrived late at the Jung Center to join several other volunteers training for prison work. I took the last chair in the circle, across from Barbara and my future partner, who was sitting next to her. He wore a priest's collar, and when we went around introducing ourselves, he said he was Father Tom Byrne, a chaplain in various Houston hospitals. He named them, one of which was Texas Children’s.

Father Tom Byrne? Something clicked in my mind, and during the first break, I shook his hand and asked him if, by any chance, he was the chaplain who had anointed Joel Becker. And he was! He remembered entering Joel's room and being surprised at his age. What an unexpected delight. And feeling of support. I had not talked about my fear of the idea of prison work, so I was relieved to have Father Tom with me the first few months. When he departed with other commitments, I was comfortable to continue alone.

But the first morning a prison cell's heavy steel door clanged shut behind me, my fear was there; it made several passes up and down me. Over the next months, visiting various groups of men in their cells with Tom and alone, my biggest surprise was the behavior of a few guards, who taunted the inmates and called them names, while I sat in the same cell. I hardened my opinion of those guards.

It went the other way with some of the prisoners. The discussions about Scott Peck's book invited them to talk about their lives, and I listened to their stories for thirty, two-hour sessions. Along the way, I reengineered my prejudgment of *all* incarcerated men. They spoke of their anger at men who had harmed their families, then their guilt about their past behavior, and what they were going through when they made their bad choices. I saw their human side and the raw emotions that lay under some of those tough-looking men's facades. They talked about their concern for their families who were waiting for them on the outside, and their fear and loathing of the guards. I grew to feel comfortable among some of these men whom I had initially feared. Felons, most of them.

When I had prepared for the prison ministry, I wanted to initiate a program to measure recidivism among the men who attended, to see if the themes of Peck's book helped any prisoners stay out, once they were released. But there were no prison systems in place to track that. At the end of one series of presentations, a man named Patrick asked if he could write to me from prison. I agreed and, for the next two years, we traded letters

about once a month until he was released. We wrote about meeting once he was out, but it never happened.

Barbara Cowen reported that on the women's side, after handing out copies of Peck's book, she found the women who could read had read to those who could not. For some of the women, it was the first book they had ever owned. And some wept over the section of the book that discussed what love was, and what it was not.

Journaling the morning after one of the men in my prison group swore revenge against the men who had harmed his daughter, I wrote of my deep feelings for my own children. I lamented how shallow some of the conversations with my son and daughter seemed, compared to the depth of my love for them both. I don't remember saying much to my children about my feelings, when what I really felt inside was how I would forfeit my life, without hesitation, for either of them.

I became even more aware of their importance to me in October that year, when I tasted the fear of losing one of *them*—in a situation that today's cell phones would have prevented. Tristan had transferred to a small college in Austin, and he came home one weekend while Mance was in Montreal, visiting her family and old friends.

That Saturday night, I fed him an early dinner because he was taking a young woman he knew to a big formal dance at her high school. He planned to drive back to Austin after he dropped her off at the end of the night. He had not been to her home before, so pulling on his suit coat on his way out the door, he had the written directions clenched in his teeth as he hollered, "Bye."

He never picked her up.

Two hours later, I answered a phone call from his date, asking where he was. Surprised, I told her he should have been on time, because he'd guessed she was about forty-minutes from us. I did not know where he was.

I asked her to call me when he arrived, and hung up the phone. An hour later, I called her back. Her mother answered and told me how upset her daughter was, having missed the social event of the semester. I became alarmed.

I called some of Tristan’s best friends in Houston. They knew about his plans but had not heard from him. A few said they would check around with other friends. Had he been in an accident? I didn’t want to imagine any of the other possibilities, but it was hard to keep my mind from going there. I tried to numb my rising fears.

I called our local police station, and the dispatcher said if my son had been in an accident, he would have been taken to an emergency ward. She put out an all-points bulletin for his car and gave me instructions on how to file a missing person report. She also gave me phone numbers to reach law

enforcement officers along his route, to see if they had arrested him or if his car had been involved in an accident. One of the policemen I spoke with suggested I call the hospital emergency rooms near there.

I sat cross-legged on the sofa in my den, facing our backyard through a wall of windows, with a telephone book, paper, and pen beside me, looking up hospital, sheriff, and police numbers, then calling each one. No results. Nothing. Could he have been kidnapped?

An hour before midnight, I called his date's home once more and was told he had not arrived. My local police dispatcher had checked with the highway patrol further west of Houston.

Still nothing.

An agonizing, fear-filled tension built within me. My loudest voice told me to jump in my car and drive his route myself, to see if his car was anywhere along the road. Another part of me said if I did that, I would miss any phone calls that came. Against my instincts, I stayed put.

Around midnight, one of Tristan's Houston friends called to see if he had turned up. When I said no, several of them came over to our house. We sat together in our den, going over the mostly scary possibilities. They volunteered to drive his route and look for his car.

I phoned his date's home one last time and heard my own voice crack as I talked to her father. Hearing my anxiety changed his tone from what-about-my-upset-daughter to concern for my missing son.

I sat glued to the sofa, next to the phone, waiting. About forty-five minutes after leaving our house, his friends phoned to say they had driven all the way to the girl's home without seeing Tristan's car anywhere.

Two night dispatchers at our local police station, both women, took turns calling about once an hour after I filed the missing person report to talk with me, tell me no response had come from their bulletin, and that they were still working on it.

I dialled Tristan's Austin apartment, remembering how people had called my friend Joel Becker's phone number after he had died the previous March, just to hear his voice. I listened to Tristan's recording more intently than ever before, and left him a message to call me as soon as possible.

At three in the morning, the dread gripping me kept me wide-awake. I could not bear it alone any longer and called Katherine, who was spending the night with friends. She came home soon after and sat beside me on the sofa. I told her my fears and overwhelming feeling of helplessness. We cried when I talked about some of the worst possibilities, then she went to bed. Oh, Lord, how can I tell Mance?

The local dispatcher called again with an idea. What if my son had gone on to Austin? What was his address there? Since he may have gone there but not picked up his phone messages, and since he would have had plenty

of time to arrive, she wanted to ask the Austin police to drive by his apartment, and see if he, or his car, was there.

My heart leaped at the possibility. I thanked her and gave her the information, then waited, staring into my dark backyard. I had by now called all the hospitals and emergency rooms again, as well as other law enforcement agencies and county jails, with no success. Where was he? In a ditch somewhere?

More hours dragged by, still I did not sleep. The phone remained silent. What happened to the Austin police?

As dawn crept into the eastern sky, the local dispatcher called. Her steady voice had been my only contact with reality throughout the night. She apologized that the Austin police had taken so long. One of their patrol cars had been on the way to Tristan's apartment, but had received an emergency call. An Austin officer had just called to say they had gone to his apartment and knocked on his door, with no response…and they hadn't seen his car in the apartment's parking lot either. The last, realistic hope that Tristan might be found came up empty. My fear continued to overcome my attempts to stay numb.

The sunrise streamed into the den. With nothing else I could do to solve the problem of my missing son and knowing it was an hour later in Montreal, I faced a dilemma: Should I call Mance, or not? What could I say, other than that Tristan was missing? What could she do? Try to get an early plane to Houston? Agonize alone all the way back? I did not have one shred of information to answer any of her questions, only an awful list of negative possibilities. I put off the call.

Into the morning, again with help from a fresh local dispatcher, I widened the area of law enforcement inquiries. Nothing.

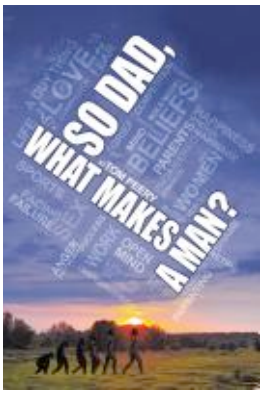
I remained seated on the same cushion of the sofa where I was sitting when his date had called the night before. Time for church came, and went. Tristan's friends, checking for the latest news, called a few times, and then the phone went silent. While Katherine slept in, I debated with myself: Would Mance want to know now, or later? Would it upset her more to find out I didn't tell her as soon as it happened? If our positions were reversed, would she have already called me?

Again, I delayed making The Call. Time for lunch came, and went. I had no appetite. Still, I kept the vigil. I was now stuck in two wrenching emotions: fear about what might have happened to Tristan and the dread of telling Mance. About one thirty, the phone beside me rang.

As I picked it up, I went numb, steeled to whatever news the caller might have, already making up a story in case it was Mance…"Hello."

"Hey, Dad, what's up?" An electric jolt tore through my body.

"What's up? What's up! Tristan! How can you ask *me* that question? Where *are* you?"



Those inspired by M. Scott Peck's bestseller The Road Less Traveled will welcome themes Tom Peery explores in refreshing ways: wide-ranging ground relevant to navigating adulthood. Given the profound need for diverse voices of reason with positive messages, Peery's narrative has the potential to encourage men and women to stop, think and reflect more deeply. Excerpted from Fannie LeFlore, the editor of M. Scott Peck's The Road Less Traveled and Beyond.

So Dad, What Makes a Man?