Shaping Words to Fit the Soul

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It may seem incongruous at first that the initial spark for what eventually became this book was somehow ignited in a pizza parlor in Bern (Switzerland, not North Carolina) and hastily jotted down on a paper napkin. Portions of the manuscript were fine-tuned on an airplane sitting on the tarmac in Glasgow (Scotland, not Alabama) waiting for takeoff to Amsterdam (the Netherlands, not Virginia), in a taxi inching through the clogged streets of downtown Dublin (Ireland, not Georgia), or during many an uncomfortable ride on the diesel-powered local train rumbling from Nuremberg to Bayreuth in Bavaria (Germany’s version of the Dirty South). But in a way, these places, and many more, became Shaping Words to Fit the Soul’s own ‘ritual grounds,’ however temporarily.
Much, much more important than the places, though, are the people I was traveling to see, had just met, or whose acquaintance I made along the way. Whatever is good and useful in the following pages is in no small measure due to them:

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