



2015 Lincoln Highway Henry B. Joy Tour

JUNE 27–JULY 8

JOURNAL REPORT | DAY 4 | June 30, 2015

Hi all, it's Mark's daughter Sally here. As I am leaving tomorrow morning, Dad asked me to guest write the journal report for today. To the true "car guys" on this email, apologies if this entry is slightly less car oriented and a bit more personal than you may be interested in. Although I do hope you would be impressed by my recent understanding of things like bleeding the brakes, having too much pedal, and the meaning of 3 on the tree.



I read all of Dad's emails when he did this 2 years ago. I cannot begin to tell you what a difficult task it is to put these trips, this daily experience, into words. There is something about an adventure like this that must be experienced first-hand to ever appreciate. In a word, these last 4 days have been humbling. There is a human connection that forms when you throw a bunch of middle (I'm being nice) aged men onto a remote highway, driving cars likely older than they are, armed with nothing but a binder full of directions and if they're lucky a nice lady in the front seat to help them guide the way. What's not in the direction book, and what you cannot see in the photos Dad shares, is what it feels like when everyone in the parking stops lot to jump-start the Pierce Arrow that won't start, or when a stranger gives your Dad half of a yoga mat to lay on in the parking lot while he climbs under his 55 Packard to check the brakes, or the comradery that is forged when all 3 cars in a row aren't sure if it's a right or a straight and you make a group decision that it's straight and you're correct! Every one of these guys would literally give you the shirt off their back (or the yoga mat in their trunk) to help get someone else's car up and running again.



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And beyond the human connection that I will carry home with me to New York tomorrow, this has been an intense reminder of what it means to stay in the present. When your next turn (and meal) depends on the accurate navigating coming from a piece of paper and not a cell phone or a GPS device, an incredible level of awareness is required. The minute Dad and I would get into any sort of conversation, we would inevitably go flying by whatever street or landmark we were so diligently looking for just moments before. We would turn around and go back; anyone following us would on account of our error then also have to turn around (sorry, Steve). And then we would all laugh about it and they would tease me and I would find myself so grateful to be in that moment. One moment lost, the next moment found.





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As we retrace the historic Lincoln Highway, I have also had the opportunity to really see the Midwest for the first time. Seeing and crossing the Mississippi is something I won't soon forget. Seeing all the Lincoln Highway markers so diligently placed along the road is a testament to the people who love and protect this historic route. Seeing Dad's face light up with joy as he climbed into an old train caboose was a treat!





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And funniest landmark award goes to the Moss Corner Abraham Lincoln Monuments, which Dad and I whizzed past twice searching for a major presidential “Monument” and turned out to be 3-foot busts tucked neatly into the grass on the side of the road! No disrespect to the president, but I’d write a Yelp review requesting a larger monument in Iowa if I was him.





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And for the car guys, the coolest thing I saw on this trip was the Packard Predictor. Designed in 1956 as a concept car, we stood in awe and looked at a car that was to be a window to the future. The irony is I spent this past week in a car built 1 year before the Predictor, and it has served as a window to the past. Cars have this unique ability to transport you, to the future or the past. Dad's childhood stories ring truer than ever when told in this car. Learning that there is no such thing as a 1943-1945 Packard because the factories were building war vehicles instead was more impactful than any WWII textbook entry ever was. And most powerful of all was watching the kind people of the Midwest come out on their lawns, lean out of their cars, and pull over at the gas stations, to look at these cars. You could see the connection to their childhood, to their family car, to their past. Dad would proudly pop open the hood, and listen to a stranger talk about his first experience with a Packard. And for those few moments, the car was that window to the past. So thank you, from the bottom of my heart, to The Lincoln Highway Association, to the kind people of the Midwest, to everyone involved in organizing this tour, to all the friendly people on this tour who in just 4 days really did become friends, to the old guys who keep these cars on the roads, and to my Dad. You are a window to my future and my past. Thank you.

