

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE:**

I started writing this book fifteen years ago, in part spurred by a story I read on a flight home from South Carolina. It was about a man who made a one-man peace march right after the Civil War ended. At first I could not believe that such a story was true, given the hard feelings that ran so deep after the war.

I had just finished volunteering on a Presidential campaign and happened to see a graphic of the electoral map of the 2000 election. It reminded me of another map, this one of the Presidential election in 1860. If one lopped off every state west of the Mississippi, because that was basically what the map of our country looked like then (apologies to California), what these two maps revealed was virtually the same story, namely that our nation was as divided now as it was then, seven hundred and fifty thousand dead and several million more wounded and homeless later.

The shooting has stopped, but the Civil War is not over. Its lessons and morals still call out to us, perhaps louder and more urgently than ever before. And its dead ask us louder than ever, not just to remember them, but also to dedicate ourselves to seek the ways to unify rather than tear apart this great country, one that has yet to recover from Our War.