

DAN & SAM MATHEWS

WITH CAROL TRAVER

ALWAYS CHOOSE

*Adventure*



ONE COUPLE'S JOURNEY OF  
CHASING THE THINGS IN LIFE THAT MATTER MOST

Somewhere between Dan and Sam's humorous banter, courageous adventures, and insightful applications, you'll find yourself wanting to follow their lead in choosing an adventurous existence over an average one. They remind us that just because fear is a natural place to start, it doesn't mean you have to stay there. And that when you go places you've never been before, you'll have to go past where you normally stop. Get ready to stiff-arm what's comfortable and embrace the unfamiliar.

**JEFFERY PORTMANN**

Pastor at Gateway Church, Poulsbo, WA, and author of *Delayed Destiny*

We've known Sam since she was a preteen and Dan since he was in college. Reading this book made us not only laugh out loud at some of their shenanigans but also burst with pride at their love for God, each other, their children, and life. They are the real deal, and this book is not only entertaining (you feel like you're sitting right there with them!) but also inspirational and encouraging. It's a great read that's hard to put down. We can't wait for the sequel!

**ERIC AND TRISHA PORTER**

Founders of Backyard Orphans, [backyardorphans.org](http://backyardorphans.org)

I laughed, I cried, and I closed the book feeling encouraged. While reading, I was on a mini adventure of my own. This book will inspire you to step outside of your comfort zone, challenge you in your faith, and make you want to take on any adventure that comes your way.

**HANNAH COOK**

Social media influencer

Life often presents us with unexpected twists and challenges, but Dan and Sam masterfully remind us that these moments are opportunities for growth and transformation. *Always Choose Adventure* is more than a book—it's a guide for anyone yearning to embrace the unknown, take risks, and rediscover God's purpose in their life. With relatable stories, practical wisdom, and an encouraging tone, this book will inspire readers to keep moving forward no matter what life throws their way. I wholeheartedly recommend it to anyone ready to take the leap into the extraordinary!

**STONE MOSS**

Founding pastor, Limitless Church

I had a front-row seat watching Sam and Dan leap from the comforts of an ordinary life into the great unknowns of a life of adventure—one where the scales of risk and rewards teeter constantly and uncertainty is the only certainty. No doubt, the “leap” cost them everything. In return, it gave them everything back, plus more. Follow their lead to find out for yourself what being fully dependent on and surrendered to God looks like as you leap into whatever adventure of a lifetime God is calling you to.

**KIRK NOONAN**

Leader of Convoy Nation for Convoy of Hope

This couple is dynamite! It's who they are and what they do. Dan and Sam have lived out extraordinary experiences with joy and determination even when they didn't know what would happen next. Their captivating and compelling stories will inspire you not to miss out and to embrace the unexpected with excitement!

**SCOTTY AND CASEY GIBBONS**

Authors, speakers, ministry leaders, and founders of [realifefamily.org](http://realifefamily.org)

Dan and Sam are such a breath of fresh air! They take away excuses and are relatable in so many ways. They are real and inspiring, and reading their family's engaging story definitely makes us want to get out there and live bigger!

**MICAH AND SARAH WALLACE**

Social media content creators

As a friend and fellow content creator, I cannot recommend *Always Choose Adventure* enough. Watching and now reading about Sam's journey through surrogacy is part of what gave our family the courage to proceed with surrogacy ourselves. Dan and Sam beautifully share how true adventure lies not in comfort but in embracing challenges with trust and courage. This book is a powerful call to live a life of purpose, rooted in sacrifice and faith.

**SHANNON WILLARDSON**

Influencer and content creator, [@shannonwillardson](https://www.instagram.com/shannonwillardson)





TYNDALE  
MOMENTUM®



*A Tyndale nonfiction imprint*

DAN & SAM MATHEWS  
WITH CAROL TRAVER

ALWAYS CHOOSE  
*Adventure*



ONE COUPLE'S JOURNEY OF  
CHASING THE THINGS IN LIFE THAT MATTER MOST

Visit Tyndale online at [tyndale.com](http://tyndale.com).

Visit Tyndale Momentum online at [tyndalemomentum.com](http://tyndalemomentum.com).

Visit the authors online at [wearedanandsam.com](http://wearedanandsam.com).

*Tyndale*, Tyndale's quill logo, *Tyndale Momentum*, and the Tyndale Momentum logo are registered trademarks of Tyndale House Ministries. Tyndale Momentum is a nonfiction imprint of Tyndale House Publishers, Carol Stream, Illinois.

*Always Choose Adventure: One Couple's Journey of Chasing the Things in Life That Matter Most*

Copyright © 2025 by Sam Mathews and Dan Mathews. All rights reserved.

Cover, front matter, and back matter photographs of authors copyright © 2024 by Stephanie Hulthen. All rights reserved.

Cover and interior typography Great Adventurer Font © by Heritage Type Co./Creative Market. All rights reserved.

Cover photograph of paper texture copyright © Kwangmoozaa/Shutterstock. All rights reserved.

Cover photograph of gritty texture copyright © Greta Ivy/Design Cuts. All rights reserved.

Unless otherwise noted interior design elements are from Shutterstock.com and all rights are reserved. Photo frame © Tolga TEZCAN/iStockphoto; adhesive tape © Pics Five; vintage photo © LiliGraphie; arrows © Anastasiia Hevko; graph paper © The Pixel; crumbled paper © Paladin12; end sheet and chapter opener sketches by Olivia Jensen © Tyndale House Ministries. All other family photographs are courtesy of the authors' personal collection and used with permission.

Back cover author photo by Kayla Locke of Kayla Locke Photography, copyright © 2023. All rights reserved.

Cover and interior design by Julie Chen

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the Holy Bible, *New International Version*,<sup>®</sup> *NIV*.<sup>®</sup> Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.<sup>®</sup> Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.

Scripture quotations marked MSG are taken from *The Message*, copyright © 1993, 2002, 2018 by Eugene H. Peterson. Used by permission of NavPress. All rights reserved. Represented by Tyndale House Publishers.

Scripture quotations marked NLT are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996, 2004, 2015 by Tyndale House Foundation. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Carol Stream, Illinois 60188. All rights reserved.

The URLs in this book were verified prior to publication. The publisher is not responsible for content in the links, links that have expired, or websites that have changed ownership after that time.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Tyndale House Publishers at [csresponse@tyndale.com](mailto:csresponse@tyndale.com), or call 1-855-277-9400.

#### Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

A catalog record for this book is available from the Library of Congress.

ISBN 979-8-4005-0209-5

Printed in India

31 30 29 28 27 26 25  
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# Contents

- INTRODUCTION** What's the Worst That Could Happen? 1
- CHAPTER 1** You Don't Know What You're Missing 7
- CHAPTER 2** Don't Wait for the Perfect Moment 25
- CHAPTER 3** Just When You Thought Your Life Was Over 47
- CHAPTER 4** Going Though Broke 65
- CHAPTER 5** Keep Moving Forward 87
- CHAPTER 6** There Has to Be More to Life 107
- CHAPTER 7** The Path Less Traveled 125
- CHAPTER 8** Leaving It All Behind 145
- CHAPTER 9** Sometimes You Just Gotta Wing It 167
- CHAPTER 10** So . . . Now What? 199
- APPENDIX** Surrogacy FAQs 209
- Acknowledgments 215
- Notes 217
- About the Authors 221



SEPTMBER 2020

25 MILES NORTHEAST OF MULESHOE (YES, YOU READ THAT RIGHT), COLORADO

**D:** The second I popped the hood, a thick cloud of white smoke came billowing out. Fanning it away as best I could, I pulled out my phone, hit the flashlight, and started scanning the engine. What I was looking for was anyone's guess.

The truck was old, but it had been running fine—until I turned onto the exit ramp. Then all of a sudden, the power steering went out, the lights on the dash started blinking, and smoke began pouring out from under the hood. It was all I could do to get us off the highway before the truck died completely.

“Are we out of oil again?” Sam asked, appearing at my side.

I checked the dipstick. “No, the oil's fine.”

“Where's all that smoke coming from?”

“It's steam. It's coming from the radiator. I'd check it, but the cap's too hot to touch.”

“Do you think that's the problem?”

“Maybe.”

Now, I'm not a mechanic, but I do know a couple of things, like if you run out of oil, the engine will seize up. And if you run out of coolant, the engine will overheat. When I pulled off the road, the temperature gauge was all the way up, and I could smell coolant, but that didn't explain why the power steering went out. There was one other thing I knew to check.

I angled the light toward the front of the engine until I could see the serpentine belt. I knew that if that was broken, pretty much nothing would function properly. It was a little frayed, but it looked to be in one piece. When I reached down and snagged it with my finger, though, I noticed there was a lot of slack in it.



“Oh, now I see what happened. There should be a little tensioner pulley here holding the belt in place, keeping it taut.”

Sam leaned in for a closer look. “Where?”

“That’s the problem. It’s gone. It must have broken off somehow.”

“Can you fix it?”

“Not without a new pulley.”

I stepped back from the truck and looked around. We were in a gravel lot outside of what appeared to be an old boarded-up motel. I turned and looked back toward the highway, but there wasn’t a single car in sight. The last major town we’d passed was a good fifty to sixty miles back, and it was starting to get a little dark. And if that wasn’t ominous enough, we were right across the street from a cemetery.

This just wasn’t our day.

Heck, it wasn’t even our truck. *Our* vehicle had broken down in Kansas just after breakfast. This one was a loaner.

“I mean, seriously . . .” Sam stared at the engine, shaking her head. “What are the odds of two vehicles breaking down in one day?”

She had a point.

Actually, the first one was kind of on us. We always check the tires and top off all the fluids before we go on a road trip. Why we hadn’t thought to check the oil before we left Missouri that morning, I’ll never know. And by *we*, I mean

*me*, so . . . technically, I guess the first one was on me.

I checked my phone. “At least we still have cell service. Let me see if I can find an auto parts place somewhere around here.” As I glanced around, though, I wasn’t optimistic.

**S:** While Dan was scanning Yelp, I texted the production team to let them know we would be arriving a little later than expected.

We were on our way to Alamosa, Colorado, to compete in a new reality show where teams are given five days to turn a totally gutted vehicle into a fully functioning house on wheels. We’d been renovating RVs as a side hustle and documenting the process on Instagram for a little over a year, so when a friend forwarded us



an email inquiry from the producer, we thought, *Why not?* Dan and I are always on the lookout for fun opportunities to stretch ourselves and try something new, so it felt like a perfect fit.

The show was called *Gutted*, and they were looking for three teams. One would be renovating a Mercedes-Benz Sprinter van, one would be working on an old Blue Bird school bus, and one would be upgrading a 1984 Tiffin Allegro motor home. By the time we applied, the RV team had already been selected, but there were still two spots available on the van team.

Now, we had zero experience doing *anything* with vans. All we knew for sure was that this would be a little harder, because with RVs, the basic plumbing and electrical work is already done. With a van, all that would have to be installed from scratch, and our forte was more in carpentry and interior design. Still, we figured it would be a great opportunity to get to know some other people in the tiny-living community, get more exposure on social media, and pick up some new skills. Plus, it sounded like a lot of fun—at least it did to us.

My mom, on the other hand, was less enthusiastic. Within minutes of texting her that Dan and I had been chosen for the show, she was on the phone lecturing me about the homicide rates in Alamosa.

“I’m just saying, Samantha, according to this website, there is a crime committed in Alamosa every five hours and twenty-five minutes. Plus, it has an overall crime grade of F, which means the chances of you becoming a victim of a violent crime there is 1 in 107. And the kidnapping rate . . .”

“Mom,” I jumped in, “relax. We’re gonna be fine.”

Meanwhile, Dan was in the kitchen laughing to himself. *His* immediate reaction when the *Gutted* team had called was, “Awesome! That sounds like a lot of fun!” Of course, that’s pretty much Dan’s reaction to every wild idea that comes our way. Seriously, the guy almost bought a penguin once just because it sounded like fun.



There was a second of silence on the other end, followed by, “I’m going to need the address of this place.”

“Mom, we don’t even know where we’re going. All we know is that it’s somewhere out in the desert. We might not even have cell service.”

“If you don’t hear from us in seven days, Granny,” Dan said with a laugh, “then get worried.” Dan has always had a knack for defusing intense conversations between my mom and me. Pushing my mom’s buttons is one of his favorite pastimes (the fact that she hates being called Granny is a prime example).



As usual, she was not amused. “What about the kids?”

“Justine is going to watch them.”

My mom, my sister, and my grandparents all love taking care of Canyon and Ember, and we couldn’t be more grateful. Dan and I both love to travel and go camping, and most of the time we bring the kids with us. Still, having family nearby gives us a chance to spend some one-on-one time together—or, in this case, to take off for a week to renovate an old van with a bunch of strangers in the desert.

“But you’ll be gone a whole week, Sam.”

“They’ll be fine, Mom.”

I knew there was nothing I could say that would make her worry less, but the truth was, this wasn’t our first rodeo. Our kids were cool with us leaving from time to time. Plus, they both loved spending time with my family, and at three and five, they really didn’t have much concept of time. We could be gone for one day or seven, and they wouldn’t know the difference.

“But Sam—”

“Mom, seriously, we’re gonna be okay. We’re just going to drive out to Colorado, do the show, and come back home. What’s the worst that could happen?”

“Look at the bright side, Granny,” Dan joked. “Worst-case scenario, you’re the sole beneficiary of our life insurance policy.”

Again, she was not amused. Nor was she particularly delighted with our current situation.

I leaned against the side of the truck and, as if on cue, a text popped up from

my mom. She had been tracking us on her phone and wanted to know why we had suddenly pulled off the road in the middle of nowhere—again.

“Oh, yeah.” I sighed. “We are never going to hear the end of this.”

“Hey!” Dan’s face lit up. “There’s an O’Reilly Auto Parts a couple of miles from here. Fingers crossed they’ve got the right parts, and someone can drive them out here.”

While Dan called the store, I got back in the truck and shot my mom a quick text:

**Just a little car trouble. Nothing to worry about. Dan’s on with an auto parts place right now. We should be on our way again soon.**

The three little dots appeared almost instantly.

**Again?!**

Before I could respond, Dan appeared at the window.

“Good news—they’ve got the belt, and he’s checking on the pulley. But they’re shorthanded tonight and can’t send anyone out here, so I’m just gonna start walking.”

*Seriously?* Not to give credence to my mother’s paranoia, but the vacant lot of an abandoned motel? Across from a cemetery? In the middle of nowhere? At night? We might as well have broken down on the set of a slasher film.

I reached over and grabbed my purse. “I’m coming with you.”

“No, you need to stay here.”

“Why?”

“Because all our tools are in the back.”

My eyes darted from the boarded-up motel to the cemetery. “Yeah, but . . .”

“You’ll be fine. My pistol’s in my bag. Just keep the windows up and the doors locked. I shouldn’t be more than two hours, tops.”

Honestly? I’d rather they stole the tools. “Dan—”

“Hold on a sec,” he said, taking a step back to continue the call.

Oh, and for the record, Dan’s “pistol” is actually a spring-operated prop gun that shoots marble-sized BBs. We got it as a thank-you for some promotional work we did for a nonlethal self-defense company. I’m not even sure it could break the skin.

When Dan got back in the truck, he was all smiles. “Good news, babe. Turns out there was a local mechanic in the store. He overheard our conversation, and he’s gonna come out here with the parts.”

I breathed a huge sigh of relief. “Thank God. Hopefully he can fix it and we can get back on the road!” I shot my mom a quick text.

### Good news! A local mechanic is on his way.

Actually, it was miraculous news. We’d had two different vehicles break down on us, yet somehow we were still on track to arrive in Alamosa by nightfall. It hardly seemed possible.

A few minutes later, we noticed a set of headlights approaching from the west.

“That’s gotta be him,” said Dan.

But when the vehicle finally came to a stop, it wasn’t a tow truck. It was a beat-up, rusted-out Chevy S-10 pickup that looked like it had been pieced together from the remnants of four or five different vehicles. Then the doors opened, and two guys stepped out. One was wearing a black sleeveless undershirt, knee-length jean shorts, and tall white socks, with a big silver chain that looped from his waistband back up into his front pocket. The other guy was dressed completely in black, with baggy pants and an untucked T-shirt with cutoff sleeves.

“Are you *sure* that’s the guy?” I whispered.

**D:** I quietly shook my head. I was expecting someone in a mechanic’s shirt with his name sewn on the breast pocket. And I was only expecting one guy. These two looked like they worked for a drug cartel, and as far as I could tell, neither of them was carrying any tools.

“Hold on to the pistol. I’m gonna get out and talk to these guys.”

“Babe, are you sure?” Sam asked, grabbing hold of my sleeve.

“Well, we can’t just sit here,” I said. And for the record, no . . . I wasn’t sure. Normally, I’m a glass-half-full kind of guy. Actually, I’m a glass-*overflowing* kind of guy. But these two dudes were seriously testing my optimism.

I walked around to the front of the truck to get a better look. The guy in the jean shorts was older, with a long, grizzly-looking gray goatee. He had a massive

faded-out tattoo covering the top of his left arm, and his face, neck, and arms were completely covered in scars, as if he'd been badly burned. His right hand was frozen into a partially curved claw, and it looked like the tips of several of his fingers were missing. The other guy was younger, with a tattoo peeking out from under the collar of his shirt. Frankly, he looked like he'd done hard time. They both did.

We made eye contact, but nobody said anything. Then they took a few steps forward, the gravel from the parking lot crunching under their feet.

As I stood there in my running shorts, T-shirt, and loafers, with Sam in the truck behind me holding a glorified BB gun in her lap, it slowly washed over me: *Oh, yeah . . . we are 100 percent dead.*

Okay, maybe not 100 percent, but things had definitely gotten a little dicey.  
To be continued . . .



# WHAT'S THE WORST *That Could Happen?*

**D & S:** You might know us from our social media platforms, or you might have no idea who we are. If you've heard anything about us, you may know that the things we value most are faith, family, and adventure. In that order! On these pages, we hope that you'll come with us on the greatest adventure of all time, and it might not be what you think.

In a book about adventure, it's important to call out the elephant in the room (or the truck, as the case may be). Situations like this one are exactly why a lot of people avoid taking chances and stepping out of their comfort zone in the first place. Heck, even our own worst-case scenarios for this trip didn't include breaking down in the middle of the desert and having to fend off two ex-cons in a parking lot. But here's the thing: if you live your life constantly worrying about everything that could go wrong and avoiding risks at all costs, you're going to miss out on an awful lot.

It's like our kids with food. Our daughter, Ember, will try anything you put in front of her—hot, cold, sweet, spicy, yellow, green, orange, or purple—it doesn't matter. She doesn't always end up liking it, but she always gives it a shot. And because she's



willing to try anything Sam makes, she is forever stumbling upon her new favorite snack.

Then there's our son, Canyon. It's a battle getting him to try anything new—and we're not talking sushi or haggis here; we're talking ice cream and fruit snacks. That kid once refused to eat his favorite applesauce because the manufacturer changed the packaging. It doesn't matter what we say or do; he flat out refuses to expand his palate beyond chicken nuggets and PB&J.

The only one who has ever had luck convincing him to try something new is Ember. It's diabolical, really. He'll let her try it first to see how she reacts. If she likes it, he might give it a shot. If she makes a face or spits it out, he just glares at us accusingly, like, "See? I told you!" The weird part is that outside the dining room, that kid is a total daredevil. You can toss him into almost any outdoor situation—fishing, climbing, hiking, hunting—and he doesn't even flinch. But when it comes to fine dining, Canyon's motto is "Better safe than sorry."

The thing is, we don't believe God put us on this earth to be "safe," to eat the same thing at every meal, to do the same thing day in and day out, or to spend all our evenings and weekends camped out on the sofa watching TV or scrolling on our phones. We believe we were made to experience life—to choose adventure, to take risks, to explore, to try new things, and to discover all the beautiful and amazing places and cultures this world has to offer.

The Bible is full of examples of people who followed God's call to do things the rest of the world thought were out there—too risky, too dangerous, too out of the ordinary. Take David, for example—a shepherd boy who could have stayed safe and far from conflict while watching over his flocks. Instead, he did what literally everyone else was afraid to do: he fought a giant who looked impossible to defeat. He didn't know what the outcome would be, but he had total faith and trust in God. This ultimately led to victory for his nation. Or think about Daniel, who got thrown into the lions' den because he continued to pray to God despite the king's law against it. While everyone else was complying, he went against the norm, even at the risk of losing his life. In each case, these believers stepped out



IF YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE CONSTANTLY WORRYING  
ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT COULD GO WRONG  
AND AVOIDING RISKS AT ALL COSTS,  
YOU'RE GOING TO MISS OUT ON AN AWFUL LOT.

in faith and were obedient to God, helping other people and broadening their horizons along the way.

We're guessing the reason you picked up this book is because you're looking to add a bit of adventure into your life, and that's awesome!

There are plenty of obstacles to adventure. Not only will people question your choices (or even your sanity!), but you will also have to face the voice of fear and uncertainty in your own head. Like Canyon staring down a dill pickle, you might think, *What if I don't like it?* Or maybe, like Sam's mom, you can't stop wondering, *What if something bad happens?* Or the big one: *What if I fail?*

**S:** We know firsthand that stepping out of your comfort zone into the great unknown can be scary. Take it from the girl who once found herself clinging to a BB gun in the front seat of a broken-down truck in the middle of nowhere.

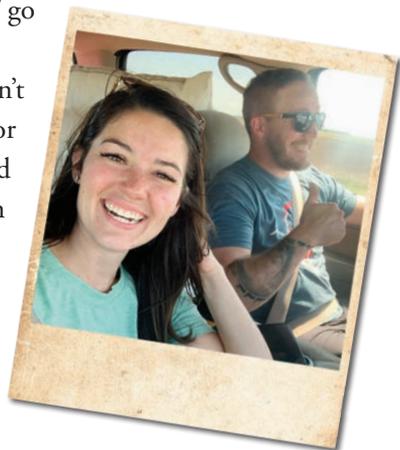
But just because something is different or unfamiliar doesn't automatically mean it's going to be bad. Most of us just have a tendency to expect the worst.

When I said, "What's the worst that could happen?" I wasn't thinking about crime rates, car crashes, criminals, cannibals, and everything else that could possibly go wrong. What I meant was that even if something *did* go wrong, it wouldn't be the end of the world.

If our car broke down, we'd get it fixed. If we couldn't fix it, we'd get a loaner. If we got lost, we'd stop and ask for directions. If we didn't win the competition, at least we'd make some new friends and have some stories to tell when we got back.

It all depends on how you look at it.

Just for fun, what if—instead of anticipating the



WHAT IF INSTEAD OF THINKING,  
*WHAT IF I DON'T LIKE THIS?*  
YOU WENT INTO IT THINKING,  
*WHAT IF I ABSOLUTELY LOVE THIS?*

worst—you walked into each new experience the way Ember heads into a meal? In other words, what if instead of thinking, *What if I don't like this?* you went into it thinking, *What if I absolutely love this?* Instead of thinking, *What if I hate this new job?* you thought, *What if I just found my new calling?* Or, instead of thinking, *What if I fail?* you thought, *What if this ends up being the greatest experience of my life?*

That's the mindset of an adventurer! It's not about being fearless. You won't find either of us standing in line to jump off a bridge with a rubber band tied around our waists or voluntarily hurling ourselves out of a plane at 13,000 feet.

Choosing adventure isn't about being a daredevil. It's about wanting more out of life than the typical nine-to-five, being willing to step out of your comfort zone and try something new, and understanding that even if things don't turn out the way you'd hoped, there is still value in the experience. It's not necessarily about traveling or having a bold personality or not being tied down. It's also a mindset: being open to taking on new challenges, meeting new people, and saying yes to what God is calling you to do.

And anyone can do it!

Whether you look at every unexplored fork in the road as an exciting opportunity to go someplace you've never been, try something you've never done, and become friends with people you'd otherwise never meet; or you're more cautious, preferring to have every step mapped out in advance and avoid situations that push you



outside of your comfort zone—rest assured, you're invited into a life of adventure!

From the moment we said, "I do," we have been 100 percent committed to living a life of adventure. Over the past ten years, we've started multiple businesses (some of which succeeded and some of which didn't), we've traveled across the country in a house on wheels (with and without incident), we've made some smart investments (and some epically bad ones), we've taken jobs we loved (and some we hated), we've built a social media community (and we've been mercilessly skewered by trolls), we've started a family, and—through methods that might be considered unconventional—we've helped two other couples do the same. We've faced some of our greatest fears and lived to tell about it, and we've tried and succeeded and tried and failed more times than we can count. And even though things haven't always worked out the way we hoped, we wouldn't trade any of our adventures for a life of complacency, because every experience—the good, the bad, and even the downright ugly—has drawn us closer to each other and closer to God.

So, for the next ten chapters, think of us as your own personal Ember. Let us go first. We'll share some of our favorite adventures with you so you can learn from our successes and failures, and hopefully see that new experiences aren't something to be feared but something to be embraced. And Lord willing, by the time we're finished, you'll be ready to throw caution to the wind and step out into your own great unknown—whatever that might be!

After all, what's the worst that could happen?



WE WERE MADE TO

*Experience Life,  
Choose Adventure,  
Take Risks,  
Explore &  
Try New Things.*

# 1

## YOU DON'T KNOW *What You're Missing*



**D:** I don't know about you, but for me, nothing says “adventure” like a road trip—leaving everything behind, going wherever the wind takes you, seeing new things, exploring new places. Unless, that is, you're traveling with Sam's family, in which case you drag along everything you own, every second is mapped out and accounted for, and nothing—and I mean *nothing*—is worth straying from your itinerary!

You know that expression, “Some people wouldn't know a good time from a hole in the ground?” Well, thanks to my mother-in-law's obsession with sticking to a schedule, we almost missed out on seeing the biggest hole in the ground of all time . . .

It was 2014. Sam and I had been married for a little over a year, and we were going on a road trip with her mom and sister to visit some of their extended family in Phoenix. Now, I grew up in Wisconsin with four siblings, and my dad was a long-haul trucker, so we couldn't afford to do big cross-country trips. Instead, every summer, we would hitch our little Jayco pop-up camper to the back of our minivan and drive up to Spencer Lake in Waupaca to spend a week hiking, hanging out at the beach, and swimming in the lake. It was a ton of fun, but it was still Wisconsin,

so needless to say, I was super excited about finally getting to do a road trip west of Missouri.

In my head, I pictured us all in a roomy SUV, windows down, a nice cool breeze, and George Strait, Garth Brooks, and Tim McGraw playing on the radio.

What I got was the four of us crammed into a tiny four-door sedan that Sam's mom, Robin, had rented from Avis, and Sam and her sister in the back seat singing along to the Backstreet Boys and Britney Spears.

**S:** If I may interject for a minute here . . . I love Dan, but there was no way we were going to drive fourteen hundred miles listening to songs about dogs that ran away from home, guys that just got dumped, or some dude going on and on about a tractor.



**D:** I'm sorry, babe, you're right. Fourteen hundred miles of cheesy boy bands singing about high school relationships is *much* better. I don't know what I was thinking.

Also, I'm not what you'd call a neat freak, but when I'm on a road trip, I like the vehicle to be organized. I can't stand it when I go to rest my arm on the center console or the back of the seat next to me only to end up knocking someone's purse onto the floor, sticking my elbow in somebody's ice cream, or spilling someone's coffee all over the place. I'm telling you, that little sedan was packed from floor to ceiling with duffel bags, blankets, pillows, water bottles, an entire grocery bag filled with snacks, and a whole bunch of other stuff we didn't need. It was like traveling cross-country in a storage unit.

**S:** Okay, I'll concede that the car was a little cramped. My mom has always been a rainy-day packer. And to a certain extent, I get that. I mean, you never know what you're going to need, so as long as there's room, why not bring it along?

**D:** Yeah, but in this case, there really wasn't room.

**S:** All right, I'll give you that one too. Mom always rents the smallest car possible because it's cheaper, so in addition to putting bags in the trunk, we also end up cramming them against the back dash and along the floor of the back seat. There's barely anyplace to put your feet. You just have to roll with it—it's all part of the experience.

**D:** I'm just saying, you could have had a little more legroom if the three of you hadn't each brought your own personal blow-dryer and curling iron. Seriously, why couldn't you just share one?

**S:** Because I like mine.

**D:** By the way, stay tuned for Sam's thoroughly enlightened chapter on downsizing.



**S:** Hey, mock if you will, but remember that canoe trip we all went on after graduation when Justine hit a patch of rapids and capsized, and everyone else got soaked trying to help? Who had the foresight to bring a bunch of extra clothes along?

**D:** I forgot about that. By the time I got Sam's sister and her friend safely to shore, Sam was already wearing a dry outfit and was passing out extra clothes like Oprah. "You get a shirt, and *you* get a shirt!"

**S:** If memory serves me correctly, you got a dry shirt too.

**D:** Regardless, they've got the car loaded up like the Beverly Hillbillies, and it's cold out, so the windows are rolled up, trapping the stench of leftover fast food like a noxious gas. The boy bands are blaring, and Sam and her sister are in the back seat doing some kind of freestyle rap (which, if I'm being honest, sounded like they were reading out loud from a Dr. Seuss book). Meanwhile Sam's mom is checking the clock on the dashboard every ten minutes to make sure we're still on schedule, because heaven forbid, we arrive at our next checkpoint fifteen minutes late.

THERE'S NO RIGHT OR WRONG WAY  
TO CHOOSE ADVENTURE.

By the way, when my parents used to take us to Spencer Lake, if you had to go to the bathroom, you just held it until we stopped to get gas, arrived at the campground, or made it home. But on this trip, we were constantly pulling over for restroom breaks, to grab a snack, or so someone could get out and stretch their legs for a minute even though we'd just stopped for gas ten miles back.

**S:** Again, it's all part of the experience, babe.

**D:** Needless to say, twenty hours and twelve hundred miles in, I felt like a guy in a dead-end job heading into the sixty-fifth hour of his workweek. On the upside, I'd finally convinced Sam's mom to let me drive for a while, so at least we could finally go more than one mile per hour *under* the speed limit.

Anyway, we'd just passed Flagstaff and were coming up on the turnoff to Phoenix when I saw a huge sign that read "Grand Canyon National Park, 79 miles." I'm telling you, my face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. I sat bolt upright, pointed at the sign, and said, "Oh my gosh, you guys—look! The Grand Canyon! We *have* to go see that!"

To which Sam's mom flatly replied, "No."

"But it's right there," I shot back. "We're so close!"

She didn't even look up. She was all cocooned in blankets, with her head nestled in a pillow that was wedged against the window.

"No, Dan," she said, stifling a yawn. "It would take us two hours just to get there. Phoenix is still four hours away, it's almost one o'clock now, and I told Seany and Diana we'd be at their house by five for dinner. She's making skirt steak."

I looked at Sam in the rearview mirror, fully expecting her to jump to my defense, but she just settled back in her seat. "For real, we've been cooped up in this car for twenty hours. We're almost there. Let's just get to Phoenix."



Believe me, nobody wanted to get out of that car more than I did, but we were within one hundred miles of one of the most spectacular natural attractions in the world! How could we *not* stop?

“Oh, come on,” I all but begged. “I’ve never seen it before.”

Sam nonchalantly replied, “Well, neither have we, but—”

“Wait a minute,” I broke in, eyes wide. “You’ve never been there?” I just assumed they didn’t want to stop because they’d already been there a half dozen times. I looked at Sam’s mom. “How many times have you guys made this trip?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she said. “Every year since the girls were little, so ten, maybe twelve times?”

I was floored. In my mind it would have made worlds more sense to plan a trip to the Grand Canyon and—if we had time—stop in and see Sam’s family on the way. This felt entirely backwards to me. “You’re telling me you’ve been making this trip every year for the past twelve years to see the exact same people over and over again, and you haven’t stopped to see the Grand Canyon once?”

My eyes darted from Sam’s mom beside me to Sam in the rearview mirror. When Sam just stared blankly at me, I looked over at Justine. She has always been more of a free spirit. She’d even been skydiving (which even *I* would never do). If anyone was going to take my side in this, I figured it would be her, so I shot her my most pathetic puppy-dog eyes, and . . .

“It *would* be kind of cool to see it,” she admitted.

“Well, that’s it, then,” I announced. “We’re going!” Heck, even if Justine *hadn’t* bitten, as long as I was driving, we were 100 percent going.

As soon as I turned onto the exit ramp, I was treated to a round of spirited grumbling from Sam’s mom, who emerged from her cocoon just long enough to check her map and see how much this little excursion would delay us and to call



## WHAT ARE THREE WAYS YOU CAN STEP OUT OF YOUR COMFORT ZONE?

1.

2.

3.

Seany and Diana to let them know we'd be arriving late because—and I quote—“Dan is *making* us go to the Grand Canyon.”

She could grumble all she wanted—there was no way I was going to miss the opportunity to see something that cool just so we could get to Sam's aunt's house before the steak got cold.

For the record, Seany and Diana were both on my side.

## *One Way (or Another)*

**D:** As far as I'm concerned, chucking the schedule to stop and see something really cool you didn't even know was there is the whole point of a road trip! But then, I've always loved a good adventure.

When I was a kid, my brother and I loved to take off on our bikes and go exploring in the woods by our house. We lived across the road from the Buffalo River State Trail, a thirty-six-mile trail built on an old railroad corridor that my brother and I “discovered” in elementary school. Every day, as soon as school let out, we'd take off on an excursion. Sometimes we'd pretend we were pioneers and pick wild raspberries and blackberries “to keep the settlement from starving and turning to cannibalism during the long, hard winter.” Or we would run around with our BB guns playing “Wild West” or World War II, shooting at enemy trees and taking imaginary prisoners of war. And sometimes we'd ditch our bikes on the side of the path and spend the afternoon climbing trees, building forts out of fallen branches, fishing, or catching crawdads and tadpoles in the rivers and streams. We were like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. If we weren't climbing something, we were building something, cutting something down, or blowing something up. It was completely unscripted, and we loved it.

We went to the same family camp in Wisconsin every year, and we always had a blast. We brought our bikes, our bathing suits, and a couple of T-shirts, but that was it—no cell phones, iPods, or video games. It was all about spending time in nature. We'd play hide-and-seek in the woods, swim at the lake, and go on daily expeditions with whoever we could wrangle together at the campground. There was no schedule



and no agenda. We'd take off right after breakfast and play all day with little to no adult supervision. The only rule was that if we wanted a hot dinner, we had to be back by dusk. Needless to say, we ate a lot of cold dinners, but we had the time of our lives.

**S:** For the record, my childhood was every bit as adventurous as Dan's—it just looked a little different. My mom and dad divorced when my sister and I were really young, so it was just the three of us girls. Still, it was important to my mom that we spend time together, so every summer she would take Justine and me camping.

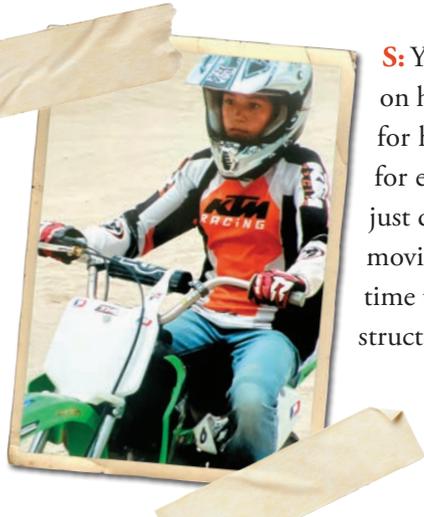


When we went camping, we'd pack everything—the dog, the kennel, most of what was in our closets, all our hair stuff and makeup—you name it, we brought it! Justine and I even brought our pet hermit crabs to California with us one year. Granted, they almost died when we accidentally left them in the car in the 105-degree Texas heat, but they made it!

And of course, Mom had everything planned down to the minute. We always knew exactly which campsite we were going to, how we were going to get there, what time we were going to check in, what time we were going to eat . . .

**D:** That's not a camping trip, babe, that's the Marine Corps.

**S:** Yeah, but in Mom's defense, as a single parent, she had a lot on her plate. Plus, money was always tight, and it wasn't easy for her to take time off work. Frankly, I give her mad props for even making the effort. It would have been way easier to just drop us off at the mall for the afternoon or take us to the movies once a month. But Mom wanted us to spend quality time together as a family—and we did! It was just a little more structured—and civilized—than what Dan was used to.





**D:** I remember once, early in our relationship, Sam’s mom said, “Hey, for Memorial Day, let’s all go camping. It’ll be awesome!” I figured we’d camp under the stars, cook over an open fire, go for a couple of hikes, and maybe even do a little fishing. Instead, she got us an air-conditioned cabin at KOA, cooked chicken breasts on the grill, and booked all of us manicures in town. I opted for a facial instead because it seemed more manly somehow (I was dead wrong about that, by the way). Who does that?



**S:** Well, pardon us for practicing good self-care. When *you* go camping, you just throw a change of socks and an extra pair of underwear in a backpack and wander into the woods with nothing but a granola bar and a sleeping bag. Who does *that*?

Anyway, because it was just the three of us, safety was also a top priority—hence the highly detailed itineraries. Whenever we went anywhere, Mom always made sure someone in the family knew exactly where we were going and when we were going to be there. To this day, whenever Dan and I travel, she still tracks us on her phone.

**D:** Oh, yeah, it never causes problems at all, especially when the cell coverage is spotty and messes with the GPS. There’s nothing like barreling down the interstate and getting a frantic call from your mother-in-law, saying, “Why are you in a field not moving?”

**S:** She just likes to know where everyone is and that we’re all okay.

Mock if you will, but when you’re a single mom with two young girls, you do

CHOOSING ADVENTURE ISN’T ABOUT THE *HOW*—



IT’S ABOUT THE *WHAT*.



what you have to do to make sure everyone's safe. What's ironic is that for all her obsession over safety, whenever we'd make the trek to California, instead of paying for a motel, Mom would just pull into a truck stop, lock the doors, and tuck blankets into the windows, and we'd sleep in the car. We did that for years until a friend pointed out that might not be the safest option for three women traveling alone. That's how we finally lucked out and started staying at the Econo Lodge in Amarillo.

**D:** By the way, Sam and I stayed at that Econo Lodge a few years ago, and I can honestly say they were safer sleeping at the truck stop.

**S:** See? My mom *is* adventurous! And for the record, we did stop along the way to see different roadside attractions. For example, just outside of Flagstaff, there's this place where a meteor hit and left a huge crater in the ground. And there's a spot in Texas called Cadillac Ranch, where there are a bunch of Cadillacs standing upright in the dirt like Stonehenge. We stopped at both of those places. And every trip, without fail, we'd stop in Groom, Texas, to see the 190-foot-tall cross just off of Route 66.

My mom wasn't opposed to doing fun, different, or exciting things. She just liked to have it all planned out. That doesn't make it wrong or any less adventurous. The important thing is, we had a lot of fun. We loved visiting our relatives, and frankly, as a kid, any time you get to drive cross-country, stay at a hotel, or eat at a restaurant, it's an adventure for no reason other than it's a break from the norm. And you know what? *That's* the whole point.

It doesn't matter whether you map out every step or fly by the seat of your pants; choosing adventure is about stepping out of your comfort zone and trying something new. There's no right or wrong way to do it. Some people like to have more of a safety net, and that's okay! Just because you have a net doesn't make walking on a tightrope any less adventurous. Choosing adventure isn't about the *how*—it's about the *what*.



## *All or Nothing?*

**D:** For me, adventure is all about spontaneity—heading off into the mountains or the woods without a plan and seeing what happens. In fact, I always joke with my buddies that it’s not really an adventure until something goes sideways—you make a wrong turn and lose the trail, a thunderstorm comes out of nowhere and threatens to swamp your tent, the boat springs a leak, or you’re just about to pull a fish out of a hole in the middle of a frozen lake and you hear the ice start to crack.

**S:** Wow . . . death wish much, babe?

**D:** I’m just saying that for me, the whole point of an adventure is stepping out of your comfort zone and tackling things that are unfamiliar. And that’s going to look different for everybody. What’s comfortable for me might be a massive stretch for somebody else, and what someone else might consider par for the course could be downright unthinkable for me. For example, I feel at ease spending days on end all alone out in the wilderness, yet when I was in my twenties, I was absolutely terrified of flying, so just getting on a plane was a massive feat for me.



**S:** For me, choosing adventure is about doing the kinds of things you’re going to remember years from now. It’s not so much the activity itself that makes it memorable but the people you do it with. For example, one year for my sister’s birthday, we took a girls’ trip to Waco, Texas. It wasn’t at all spontaneous. In fact, it took a fair amount of planning because I had to make sure Dan and the kids were taken care of, we knew where we were going, and we had a place to stay—and yes, my mom had a complete list of all the places and numbers we could be reached at while we were gone. But once we got there, it was the most relaxed and carefree I’d felt in years. Not only did I get to spend some quality time with my sister, but as a mom of two, I enjoyed having a little time

to myself without somebody tugging on my shirt saying, “I’m hungry” every five seconds.

We took our time and walked around the Silos, visited the little shops at the Magnolia Market, had a lunch consisting entirely of cupcakes, and then changed into our swimsuits and lay out in the sun by the hotel’s rooftop pool. We didn’t do anything death-defying; we just relaxed and enjoyed each other’s company. In fact, of all the activities we did that weekend, I think my favorite was sitting at a picnic table in the shade, enjoying a long, uninterrupted conversation with my sister. That’s what choosing adventure looks like for me—getting away for a couple of days, enjoying different scenery, being relieved of some of my usual responsibilities, and not having to worry about a to-do list.



**D:** That’s a great point. So often, the daily routine *is* our comfort zone. It’s easy to get stuck on the never-ending treadmill of eating breakfast, commuting, working, making dinner, doing chores, and going to bed that, after a while, we’re not living life so much as just existing. Choosing adventure is about giving yourself permission to break from the norm

and do something fun every once in a while.

For us, our faith is a big part of what fuels our sense of adventure. We serve a big God who does things beyond what we can think or imagine, and he regularly calls people to step out of their comfort zone to do things like stand up to evil kings, fight giants, or face imprisonment for sharing their faith.

But like Sam said, adventure doesn’t have to be death-defying. It could be something as simple as going out of your way to talk to your neighbors or taking a different route home from work one evening and exploring a new area. It might be finally trying that little restaurant you’re always driving past, or, if money is tight,



packing a lunch and heading down to the river or the park to have a picnic. When we were dating, we spent a day exploring a local park. We brought some art supplies with us and painted portraits of each other, and we ate our lunch on top of a boulder near the edge of the pond. It may not have been something you'd see on a reality show, but it was a blast!

**S:** Oh my gosh, we had the best time! I think there's a misconception that adventure has to be a big, elaborate production. But you don't have to climb K2, go on an African safari, or backpack across Europe. You just have to do *something*.

**D:** Exactly. Instead of thinking of adventure as an all-or-nothing, once-in-a-lifetime proposition, it helps to get in the mindset of just trying something new once a week. Go for a walk after dinner. Eat lunch with someone you don't know at work. Stay for coffee hour after church. Turn off the TV and play a board game with your kids. Wander around your local nursery and look at the flowers. Visit your local library. Take the kids to the community pool or spend an afternoon at the zoo.

And keep an open mind. Early in our marriage, our friends invited us to spend the weekend with them in St. Louis. When I asked what was on the agenda, they said they wanted to take us to a museum. As an avid outdoorsman, I didn't exactly think an afternoon at a stuffy museum sounded like a good time, and I almost begged out of it. Thank goodness I didn't! It turns out, the City Museum in St. Louis is actually a multistory indoor playground for adults, complete with slides that go from floor to floor, secret passages, and giant hamster tubes hovering over the ground. Had I stayed home, I would have missed out on a fun,

memory-making experience. And it was right there in our own backyard!

Speaking of which . . .

## *The World Just beyond Your Door*

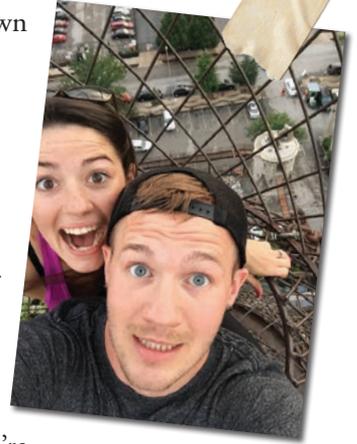
**D:** When I was in Bible college, a couple of my buddies and I spent a summer in Long Island clearing out a pair of properties for a professor who was looking to resell them. The properties belonged to his family, and both his parents and his grandparents had some hoarding tendencies, so the houses were packed from floor to ceiling with garbage. We're talking years' worth of old newspapers, boxes filled with empty bottles and mayonnaise jars, and who knows how many cans of cat food. Both houses reeked of filth and mothballs. The yards were a complete mess too—totally overgrown and full of weeds, trash, and debris. We spent the whole summer cutting down trees, pulling weeds, mowing, throwing stuff away, fumigating, and repainting. By the time we were finished, we'd filled five industrial-sized dumpsters to the brim.

One night we went to a barbecue at a neighbor's house, and I mentioned to one of the guys there that I'd never been to New York before.

"I had no idea how wild the city was," I said. "The other night, we heard gunshots and saw a police helicopter searching the neighboring yards with a giant spotlight."

After apologizing for this less-than-favorable first impression of New York, he said, "Still, it's cool that you're getting to come out here, because there are a lot of people around here that never leave the area."

"I get that," I said, "My family travels a little bit to go camping and hunting and fishing, but for the most part, we stay pretty close to Wisconsin."



CHOOSING ADVENTURE IS ABOUT GIVING YOURSELF PERMISSION  
TO BREAK FROM THE NORM EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

He stared at me blankly for a second, then said, “No, I mean there are people here who have literally never left this neighborhood. They were born here, they went to school here, they work here, and they’ll probably die here.”

“You mean they’ve never even been to the Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty or Times Square?”

He shook his head. “Nope. Never been to the beach or seen the ocean.”

“But that’s only ten miles from here.”

He shook his head again. “Nope. They’ve never seen it.”

I couldn’t imagine living miles away from Manhattan, Central Park, Yankee Stadium, and the Atlantic Ocean and never seeing any of them.

That’s why I was so adamant about going to the Grand Canyon. To have something that amazing right there and not go felt like a crime.

### *Ain’t It Grand?*

**D:** When we finally got to the canyon overlook, I was so excited I barely remembered to put the car in park before jumping out and running to the guardrail. As soon as I saw the scene, my jaw dropped, and I almost started to cry. It was absolutely breathtaking—and worth every extra second we spent in the car to get there.



**S:** Dan’s right. It really was beautiful, and I can’t believe we almost missed out on seeing it—or that, in ten years of driving to Arizona, it hadn’t occurred to us to stop. I think we’d made the trek so many times that we were on autopilot—spend the night here, leave at X o’clock, turn off at exit 195, be at Aunt Diana’s house by five . . .

**D:** And that's the problem. Too often we find ourselves walking around on autopilot, with our course locked in, and it doesn't occur to us that we *can* deviate from it.

Well, guess what? We can. And we should.

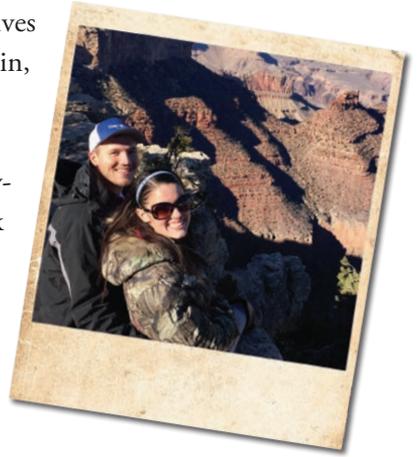
We weren't at the Grand Canyon long—maybe forty-five minutes, an hour tops. We stood at the edge and took some pictures. I even convinced Sam to take a picture with me as I dangled my feet precariously over the rim.

**S:** My mom was a nervous wreck when you did that, by the way.

**D:** I know—that's what made it so much fun. Anyway, after sufficiently frightening Sam's mom, we all piled back into the storage unit on wheels and made the final four-hour trek to Sam's aunt and uncle's house. But that little detour was the most memorable part of the trip.

Now, whenever we go on road trips, Sam is the first to say, "Hey, babe, I saw a picture of an awesome beach in Oregon, and it's only nine hours out of our way. We've got to go see it!" And I'm like, "Seriously? We're gonna drive nine hours to see a beach?" Or, "You want us to drive twelve hours out of our way to walk across some bridge in South Carolina that you read about in a book?"

You bet we do! And we've never once regretted it.



*Adventure*

DOESN'T HAVE TO BE

*All or Nothing;*

IT'S ABOUT STEPPING OUT

OF YOUR COMFORT ZONE

AND TRYING SOMETHING

*New.*

## WHAT KIND OF *Adventurer* ARE YOU?

### 1. What motivates you to try something new?

- a. curiosity and the thrill of the unknown
- b. the chance to help others and meet new people
- c. the opportunity to learn new things
- d. the chance to change a typical routine, though you're more of a homebody
- e. the excitement of physical challenge and personal growth

### 2. Where are you most likely to take a trip?

- a. a new country, a theme park, or somewhere with multiple options for activities
- b. a nearby town or a drivable destination
- c. a cabin in the woods or someplace off the beaten path
- d. someplace local
- e. a national park or nature reserve

### 3. How do you like to travel?

- a. on a road trip with friends
- b. on foot, finding your own path
- c. on a guided tour or with an itinerary
- d. on clearly marked roads in a familiar area
- e. on a backpacking or off-roading trip

### 4. When something unexpected happens, you . . .

- a. think on your feet and adapt
- b. try to find a solution that works for everyone
- c. stay calm and assess the situation
- d. lean on others for help
- e. act quickly and decisively

### 5. How do you prepare for a trip?

- a. by collecting supplies and planning for situations that may arise
- b. by getting recommendations and tips from friends
- c. by reviewing maps, books, and online travel guides
- d. by making lists and doing research, research, research
- e. by doing physical training and testing your equipment

### 6. What's your favorite part of an adventure?

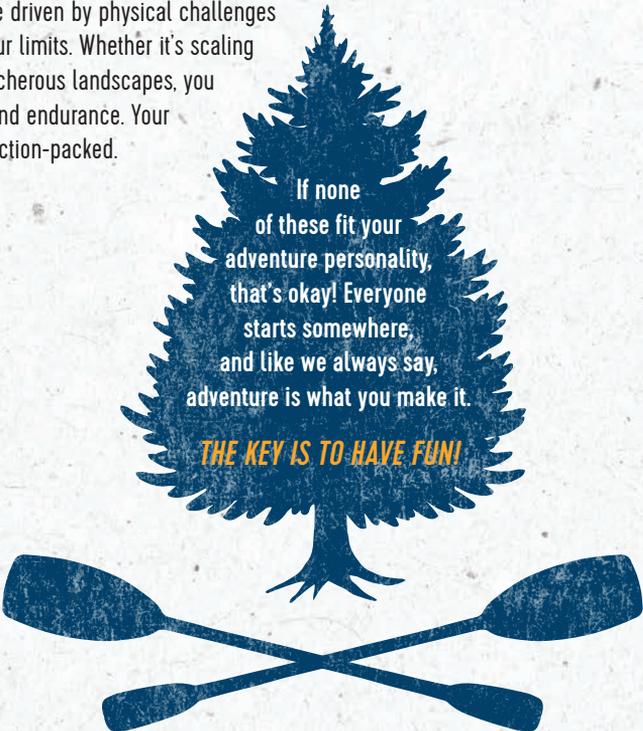
- a. discovering hidden gems, trying new foods, and finding fun photo opportunities
- b. being involved in humanitarian efforts and meeting new people
- c. going to new places, learning about historical events, and visiting museums
- d. feeling a sense of satisfaction that you accomplished something
- e. beating physical challenges and testing your limits

### 7. What prevents you from trying new things?

- a. lack of time and wanting to try everything
- b. worrying about how it will affect those around you and your ability to fulfill your responsibilities
- c. not feeling prepared or feeling like you lack the necessary knowledge
- d. resistance to stepping out of your comfort zone, routines, and familiar surroundings
- e. fear of failure

## RESULTS

- Mostly As:** **THE EXPLORER.** You're driven by curiosity and the thrill of discovering something new. You thrive in the unexpected and are always ready to face a new challenge head-on. Your adventures are often filled with excitement and surprise.
- Mostly Bs:** **THE HELPER.** You're driven by wanting to help others and make a difference. You lead well, bringing people together to solve problems as a team. Your adventures are full of compassion and kindness.
- Mostly Cs:** **THE LEARNER.** You prefer adventure that is organized. You love learning and uncovering hidden information. You like reading books, maps, and stories to help with your journey.
- Mostly Ds:** **THE ROOKIE.** You have a mixture of excitement and anxiety, feeling hesitant to step out of your comfort zone and explore the unknown. Despite your nerves, a flicker of curiosity drives you to confront your fears. As you do, you find confidence and joy in each new experience.
- Mostly Es:** **THE THRILL SEEKER.** You are driven by physical challenges and opportunities to push your limits. Whether it's scaling mountains or navigating treacherous landscapes, you thrive on testing your skills and endurance. Your adventures are intense and action-packed.



If none  
of these fit your  
adventure personality,  
that's okay! Everyone  
starts somewhere,  
and like we always say,  
adventure is what you make it.

**THE KEY IS TO HAVE FUN!**