

FOLLOWING THE ANDES

Heading North to Columbia



It is Boxing Day, and we are at the airport in Ushuaia waiting patiently in the arrival area for the sliding doors to open. It has been exactly one year since we saw Olivier's parents. World travelers used to be unreachable and far away from family, but the distances that were once unbridgeable now have an occasional one-second delay on the phone line, and the other side of the world is only a flight away.