

The freedom of simplicity

The days pass quickly on the road. As we move further from the busy cities, we get to spend more time in nature. I haven't really camped since I was a child, and I missed waking up in a tent in the middle of a forest.



I walk outside, still half asleep, and I am immediately at peace. There is something magical in waking up to the sound of birds, and the wind gently moving the trees. It's a different rhythm in the forest. It almost feels like it slows your heart rate. I get the water going and put some coffee in the filter. I look around and realize how much I missed nature in my life.

Making coffee is not a morning chore anymore. It's a quiet moment of pleasure; no need to rush through it. It's my only focus. There's beauty in getting used to new rituals. This is now part of what we do, how we live. We have simplified our lives a lot and I feel lighter, more nimble. Everything we have is on our bikes, and the things that I have back home seem to have suddenly lost value and utility. Why do I have so much

stuff? Do I really need everything I own? I feel as though I'm carrying too many things even now.

For every day that we plan to camp, we get food and wine in the nearest town and try to get to the campsite before dark. We learn the hard way. Trying to set up camp in the dark takes twice as long when you're tired and hungry and you just want to unwind. Setting up the tent, making a fire, sizzling something on the grill, and toasting to a great day on the road with your friend—there's nothing like it.

I cannot imagine this trip without camping, the freedom of pitching our tent and just being in nature for the night. No reception, no distractions—just a quiet forest and a slower pace.

