Many of us who grew up in the Boomer Era were afflicted with a sort of chronic angst. Something not quite identifiable was ever not quite right. In an earnest effort to rid ourselves of this malaise, we tried all manner of remedies. We took the Road Less Traveled; we nurtured our Inner Child; we cared for our Soul; we ran with the Wolves . . .

Despite all these efforts, however, a general sense of things not being right, both in ourselves and in the nation at large, would seem only to have gotten worse, as evidenced by a steady rise in such state-of-the-nation indicators as substance abuse, domestic violence, single-motherhood, school shootings, road rage, personal debt, obesity, clinical depression, device addiction, distracted driving, and opioid poisoning.

Why? How could such a wealth of remedies on the one hand lead to such dismal results on the other? One possible explanation—and the premise of this yet-one-more book on the subject—is that, instead of our having been encouraged by the self-help and mental-health communities to aim the arrow of our concern a bit more toward other people, we have been encouraged to keep the arrow of our concern disproportionately aimed toward ourselves.

“We tried all manner of remedies . . . we took the Road Less Traveled, we ran with the Wolves . . .”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tom Fitzgerald led a Huckleberry Finn childhood on the banks of the St. Lawrence River before undertaking formal studies in mathematics, physics, law, industrial management, and English. He has served as a door-to-door salesman of home-study courses, a vocational counselor for adults and children with developmental disabilities, a stockbroker, the assistant to the president of a large healthcare corporation, a lobbyist, a technical writer, and a corporate manager. His employers have included AT&T Bell Laboratories, Lucent Technologies, NEC, IBM/Lotus Development, Americana Healthcare, and Pfizer Pharmaceuticals.

Tom served as a Navy UDT/SEAL in Vietnam; was trained to transport nuclear weapons strapped to his chest; and survived a parachute malfunction on his third jump. Dubbed “Seabass” by his sons for (occasionally) swimming in 51-degree water, Tom has swum several long distances, including across the eastern end of Lake Ontario. Once also an avid runner, Tom ran the Boston Marathon three times before a fall on black ice abruptly ended a life-long addiction to endorphins. Raised in the Catholic Church, Tom spent many years convincing himself he wasn’t going to go to hell for turning his back on a self-declared “jealous god.”

Tom and his wife, Laurie, a marriage and family therapist, have three grown sons and three grandsons. They live in New England in a little cottage by the sea.