

We were all saddened to learn of the untimely death of our Editor, Doug Eads. Highly respected by his peers, beloved by those who knew him, his sudden passing is a loss to us all.

He constantly strove for excellence in his role as Editor of *Travelworld International Magazine*. His contributions and tireless efforts were well known among our membership.

He and his wife, Carolyn, sailing and cruise enthusiasts, traveled the world, often on world-class ships, and had savored some of the world's finest cuisine. Yet Doug was just as content to share fries and conversation with friends at a fast food restaurant, and happiest wherever Carolyn was by his side. One could not find a more supportive friend or devoted husband and father.

Doug's most treasured souvenirs of his travels were the friendships that developed. He enjoyed the company of people from a full range of cultures and walks of life, and among his many friends were British aristocrats, tour guides, shipping magnates, drivers, Scandinavian sea captains, broadcasters, celebrities, business people and entrepreneurs, a Native American artist, and, of course, many photographers and writers, including this one from New England.

During dinner on a river cruise in Europe, where Roger and I first met Doug and Carolyn, we were seated with a fellow passenger who was badgering the staff with details of his wealth and importance. Doug flashed that inimitable and infectious smile and said with his customary Southern/Midwestern charm, "My Daddy used to say that if you have to tell people about it, you must figure it doesn't show." How often we think of his words when similar situations involving arrogance and vulgarity, attributes for which he had little tolerance, inevitably arise.

It was clear from conversations and testimonials at his funeral that Doug was never too busy for family, friends, and neighbors. Yet few, even those closest to him, were aware of his far-reaching achievements. Doug was not one to make them known. Few knew of his role in mandating defibrillators on foreign flights after witnessing an in-flight incident, for example, or the extent of his accomplishments, too numerous to mention, or of his many works in progress.

What was universally known was his tenacity in matters of importance. Only those of us fortunate enough to have known him well were aware of the major obstacles he had overcome, and how he had gone on to channel his energy into persistence in setting things right, unwavering perseverance in achieving his goals, and into a heightened sensitivity to the needs of others.

Doug and I were in the midst of several projects when he died. We traveled together with our spouses and had great plans for future adventures. His colorful daily e-mails and frequent calls that began with, "Hey, buddy!" are sorely missed. I was among the friends who received one more of his thoughtful packets in the mail after learning of his death, and continue to receive calls and emails from many people whose lives he touched.

Doug is survived by his wife, Carolyn, a son, Todd Eads, M.D., a daughter, Kimberly Eads, and two brothers, Don Eads and Stewart Eads.

We all miss you, buddy. Goodbye is the hardest word to write.

Linda Fasteson