TRAVELER OF THE QUARTER



PAM HOWE

Random Thoughts on Traveling Solo Together

By: Pam Howe

Having always embraced a sense of wanderlust, I eventually found what became a perfect fit—a group called Women of the Midwest. When someone once asked why I chose this particular group, the answer came easily, without needing much thought. In no particular order: the ease of all-inclusive planning (meals, rooms, and flights), the presence of a local guide and a dedicated ambassador, safety, the freedom of flexible time, and locations I've wanted to visit. It's thoughtfully designed for women and built around a shared understanding: each traveler gets to shape her own experience while still being supported by the group.

And in return, I've gained far more than I expected.

Visiting a place where daily life operates on entirely different norms can challenge your assumptions. Your definition of "normal" at home is forever altered. You don't just come back with souvenirs; you come back with a different internal compass.

Navigating unfamiliar streets without a plan forces you to rely on instinct and strangers. Being alone in a new place can be both uncomfortable and empowering. It becomes a tool for growth.

Seeing where major events happened adds emotional weight to what you've learned. History becomes real—and often sobering. It's the difference between knowing a date and feeling the atmosphere of a place.

Some places encourage a completely different pace of life, such as embracing "dolce far niente" (the sweetness of doing nothing). Sharing stories and interests with fellow travelers and forming meaningful friendships. Women traveling with WMW are compassionate, caring, sharing, and at times absolutely hilarious. Gratitude and awareness deepen.

And discovering some truly incredible cuisine along the way. I never thought a lazy vegetarian would love haggis.

It's funny—people talk about "bucket lists" as though they have an endpoint. But the more I travel, the more I realize mine doesn't. If anything, it keeps growing. Apparently, for me, a bucket list isn't a list at all—it's a way of life.

With gratitude,
Pam Howe



Antwerp, Belgium



Pasta Making, Lecce



Into the Glacier, Iceland



Nærøyfjord, Norway