

22 July 1620

It is with great trepidation that I begin a log of this journey, across the ocean to the New World. In the span of a few short weeks—just this past month—everything I knew changed. My life will never be as it once was, and I am still finding the courage to swallow that truth. Courage has never been a strong trait of mine, and Dorothy, my lifelong friend—dear Dorothy—gave me this beautiful book to record my thoughts... and quite possibly, to find my courage. She is convinced it resides within me somewhere. While I think that it is quite hidden. My beloved friend has always been the one with courage and the sense of adventure. Not me. But my prayer to our Heavenly Father above has been constant for courage. I'm quite afraid, you see.

Afraid of change, of what may be ahead, of the unknown...

My heart grieves for the loss of Mother. It has been a year since she passed from this world into eternal glory and I feel it every day. But it is not just the physical loss of her presence here. I feel I have lost my connection to her since we left Holland. I can no longer visit her grave and share my deepest thoughts. She was the only one who understood me completely. My trips to the cemetery to visit with her were healing and now I do not know what to do with my feelings.

That is why, Dorothy, bought me this precious book. I have never owned anything so luxurious as paper—that which it's simple purpose is for me to record my thoughts and feelings. Dorothy knows me well. I will cherish this journal and make the best use of it that I can.

So now... I must pray for courage once again. The journey has only just begun, and my heart is heavy with anxious thoughts and doubts.

Our two ships, the Speedwell and Mayflower, will voyage across the vast ocean together and prayerfully, reach the Virginia territory, where our patent ties in time for us to build shelter before winter sets in around us. But our ship began to leak today, and the ship master was none too pleased. We've been reassured that all will be well and repaired before we leave England, but it made many of us worry nonetheless. It does not bode well for the expedition ahead to begin on such a sour note. Again, Dorothy encouraged me to look at the positive and find my courage. So that is what I must do.

For mother's memory, for Father, and for precious little David. He relies on me.

I will not let them down.

Lord, God, please do not allow me to fail. My prayer is for courage.

I can do this. With Your help.

~ Mary, Elizabeth Chapman, aboard the Speedwell