

As the spring snows melted and the sun shone pink and green upon the trees, I thought that the arrival of another Ottawa summer would bring four months of respite—a pleasant sojourn from a busy spring semester which saw, among other things, the publication of two issues of a budding literary journal. Despite the warm weather, the markets, and the music, I realized quite quickly that this summer would be no holiday. Dividing my time between my job, my summer course workload, my waning social life, and editing this journal, it took a formidable amount of dedication to pull it all together and publish what we feel to be our best issue to date.

In early winter of 2006 three young men planted a seedling dream, and in the nine months which have passed, I have watched *The Puritan* blossom into a respected and reputable journal. As *The Puritan* continues to grow beyond the bowers of its conception, we as editors must continue to climb with it.

When we receive a story it means not only that somebody has taken the time to painstakingly pour a part of themselves into words, but also that they have decided we are the privileged people to read them. This makes modifying a work doubly difficult. It is no easy task polishing a story to fit the collective feel of *The Puritan* while ensuring that the author's voice is not compromised. The editorial burden of *The Puritan* falls on untrained shoulders, but with each new issue there is visible maturation and growth. When an author takes the time to write and say "thanks, your suggestions really improved the quality of my work", the literary load is lightened, so to speak, and for a moment all things fall into place. Knowing that authors appreciate the way we've done things in the past makes it ever easier to look forward to the future.

For *The Puritan*, the road ahead is long, a path stretching and receding into endless possibilities. Unfortunately, the path of one of our editors ends here—or, I like to think, branches off toward new and exciting opportunities.

Omid, you have brought to this journal a unique excitement, something which kept us all optimistic and hopeful. As the problems which are inevitable in this business arose, you were there to say, again and again, we'll get through this. And we did. I don't need to wish you luck in your endeavours—I have no doubt that whatever route you choose to pursue will lead only to success. *The Puritan* will not be the same without you.

And so we come to a crossroads. This summer *The Puritan* has seen its share of departures, decisions, and developments. As the dust settles all we can do is pick a path and stick to it. I have no doubt that wherever this journal is headed, it can only lead to bigger and better things.