

## *News From The Homefront*

(Part 2 of 2 of trip from New South Wales to Western Australia)

### Sixth Day –

Got up early and drove 11 hours to a little village called Eucla. We kept seeing signs to be careful because animals such as camels, kangaroos, wild cows, wombats, etc., were around but we only saw some emus and several unusual looking “big” lizards and skinks meandering along the road.

Most of the drive was desert and the land was flat with low-lying shrubs. There was a glimpse of the ocean here and there. At one spot, we pulled over to see the ocean and saw that it was lined with beautiful cliffs.

We weren't sure what to expect at the main motel in Eucla as there were some bad reviews on the Internet saying to bring bug spray. Yet it also said to be sure and make a reservation as there wasn't much else around. In the end, it wasn't a Comfort Inn in the USA, but it was okay.

I sent a picture of one of the lizards to our granddaughters and it got named a “hizard.” It's because it had a “horned toad” head and a lizard body. The name stuck and we saw more hizards.

The sun is intense and it's easy to get sunburned through the windshield.

### Seventh Day –

It was another long day of driving with similar scenery. In the afternoon, Frank got real quiet and quit helping me do a puzzle book and I thought that maybe he was tired or didn't feel good. Then about 30 minutes later we pulled into a roadhouse to get fuel and he said, “Thank you Lord.” I asked him what he meant and he said we had been driving without fuel for awhile. He felt that we were literally driving on fumes. Though he didn't want to worry me and was praying. We had brought food and water and even bug spray but didn't bring a container of fuel. If we ever drove this route again would do so. What happened is that we had 3/4ths of a tank of fuel when we left the previous roadhouse and there had been roadhouses every 4 hours or so. But this time the stretch was longer and not what we expected. It was a strong reminder to keep the gas tank on full and stay ahead of the situation, rather than think you have enough and wait for the next place to fill up.

That night the village motel was a welcome sight! The days were blurring together and it seemed as though we were moving in a robot fashion. ---Drive, get fuel, drive, find motel, haul in suitcases, shower, sleep, load suitcases, go. My robot mind registered that there was only half a shower curtain but it seemed normal at the time. ☺

### Eighth Day –

This was the last long day of driving with once again similar scenery until we got closer to Perth. At that point, it turned into suburbs and then the city and we started seeing a few estuaries. We headed south to Mandurah to get to our temporary accommodation. We were extremely thankful to have made it safely to Western Australia. About a mile from the temporary accommodation, we saw a farm and there was a camel. The first one we saw on the trip.

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When we initially booked into the temporary accommodation, we said that we would be there about two weeks. It ended up being five weeks. Twice they told us that they were going to be fully booked and that we would need to find another place to stay, but people cancelled and we were able to stay in the same place the whole time. It was a blessing as finding another place to stay would have been difficult this time of year with the holidays and summer vacation.

Shortly after arriving, I had to do a repeat blood test for my doctor in the USA. We walked into a local health clinic and there was a sign that said to take a number. Frank and I looked all around for one of those machines where you pull a tab and get a number. We didn't see one. Then we noticed on a little table there was a stack of home-made cards. The cards were cut out of poster board and someone had written: ONE 1, “TWO 2,” and so forth. It was near the children's magazines and the cards were dog-eared and colored on and had a few stickers on them. The lab tech said that earlier she started calling out numbers and the few people who were waiting said, “I have number 18” and “I have number 40.” I guess the cards got shuffled. ☺

A friend in Christ, Cyd James