

## *News From The Homefront*

### Los Angeles and Sydney Airports –

Perhaps due to a ripple effect from the hurricane that hit the east coast recently, and people still trying to get to various destinations, the airport in Los Angeles was more crowded than I have ever seen it. Or perhaps more flights are leaving at night to head overseas. Whatever the reason, the lines to get through security were about four people across and the length of the terminal. When I went to get in line, I kept walking and walking trying to find the end and was shocked that it was at the other side of the terminal. And the lines weren't moving fast.

Though Frank and I left at the same time period from Los Angeles to Sydney, he was on a different flight and in a different terminal. (We bought our tickets at different times with different airlines as to the best rate at the time.) I started texting him that I wasn't sure I was going to get through security in time to catch my flight. I tend to see the glass half-empty and he sees it half-full. He said that he was sure that the plane wouldn't leave without me. ☺ His terminal was crowded too but not like the main international terminal was. After his pep talk, I was "trying" to be a glass half-full person and more importantly turn the situation over to God. He then made a quick phone call and said, "Okay I'm buckling my seatbelt and have to shut off my phone and will see you in Sydney." We said goodbye and the line went dead. Then I heard a woman yell out for a wheelchair because her husband was about to collapse.

In trying times you often see ugly things such as people cutting in line and pushing and shoving, yet when this man was about to collapse, a lot of people who were around him helped him until airport personnel arrived with a wheelchair. Honorable deeds always stand out. It was probably a reality check to a lot of us because we were able to literally "stand" on our feet, and the worst that could happen was that we would take a later flight to our destination. It didn't seem to be a big deal anymore having to wait to get through security. Slowly but surely the line moved forward and I got through; then did some power-walking to the designated gate. A lot of people were running to their gates. A worker was announcing the last calls to board and a few of us huff and puffed our way onto the plane. Frank was right and the plane didn't leave without me or the others stuck in the security line.

He arrived in Sydney on hour before my plane arrived. After almost 3 hours of waiting, he started asking airport personnel if there was a way to find out if a person made it on board an airplane. What happened is that when my plane arrived in Sydney so did quite a few other planes. I'm not sure how many but I do know that all 16 carousals that shoot out luggage were going. I wondered if 15-16 planes had arrived from overseas. And again there were thousands of people standing in line. Maybe more than were clearing security in Los Angeles the night before. Although I have to say that there was less pushing and shoving going on. Maybe everyone was so tired from the long night flights that they didn't have the energy to be rude. ☺ When it was my turn to show my passport, the computers went down. Everything came to a halt and there was nothing anyone could do about it. At that point, I looked around and once again noticed more patience and order among this crowd of people compared to what I saw the night before in Los Angeles. It wasn't too long before the computers started working again and people started clearing Custom's once more. Then it was such a blessing to get through and then meet up with Frank and to have our luggage intact. The Lord is so good.

### Black feet –

We found a motel in downtown Campbelltown that has a little kitchen so we can cook our own food. Their Internet website said it was newly remodeled, but upon arriving it didn't appear to be. Or as Sis. Michelle said, maybe it was but it was probably fifteen years ago. Frank needed to run errands after we arrived so I worked on cleaning the place up. I wanted to ask for a vacuum because the indoor/outdoor carpet didn't seem clean, but wondered if that would be rude. Thus I gave it a good sweeping. Yet I noticed that the bottom of my feet got a little black after walking on it. To solve the problem, I suggested to Frank that we wear socks and then take them off before going to sleep and not get the sheets dirty. He doesn't like to wear socks except when wearing shoes, so maybe it was jet lag because he complied. It lasted one whole night and then he said not to notice his feet. Well I'm still wearing socks. ☺

A friend in Christ, Cyd James