

News From The Homefront

Journeys:

It was a blessing to see Frank once again and to be back in my own home, yet saying goodbye to family and friends is never easy. In my mind, I don't like to think in long terms but only that we are parting for the day.

As each plane took off and landed, I thought how similar it was to our journey in life. ---Or how each segment of the trip was similar to segments in a believer's life. From starting out at the place where we were born, to flying over the Pacific Ocean and trusting the Lord that He knows where we are heading in the vastness of this life, even though we often do not, and ending at our final destination, which will one day be Heaven. Along this journey we tend to want the ride to go smoothly, but there are often bumps and turbulence that arise. As Frank preached last week, we are partakers with Christ in all things and that includes His suffering. Then last, as we board an airplane we trust the pilot to safely guide us on our journey, yet what a blessing and privilege it is to know the great Pilot and Guide of our souls, and how He orders each step of our path and covers us with the right hand of His righteousness.

Manners:

In the past I have written how it seems that people often forget their manners while travelling, yet on this trip I was reminded that there are still a lot of kind people out there. I admit my luggage is heavy ☺ and was struggling to lift them onto a shuttle to go meet up with Courtney, when a young man came up behind me and grabbed them as if they were feathers and lifted them on for me. I thanked him once, and was planning on doing it again, but saw he was already getting off the shuttle and meeting up with military personnel. Then I noticed how patient and kind so many of the stewards and stewardesses and airline workers were. I thought of all that they deal with each day as they are constantly exposed to rudeness and danger.

It was such a blessing too that Michelle Jackson, who attends the church in Cobbitty, was able to meet us in Sydney (even though her husband was in the hospital) and drive us from the international terminal to the domestic terminal. It was wonderful to see her and some of her family once again. There are so many blessings each day.

Driving:

After a few days back, Frank asked me, "Do you think you can drive home from church so that I can go visiting?" I said, "Are you kidding me?" He laughed and was sort of joking but sort of serious. It may seem like a minor thing to most people but I struggle driving on the left-hand side of the road. Maybe a GPS would help if it was also able to remind me when making a turn, "The turn signal is located on the right-hand side of the steering column. Please turn off your windshield wipers." ☺

Fraud:

This week I used Skype to call the USA in order to deal with what was thought to be a fraud issue. Two different ladies asked me multiple times what my billing address was that is connected with our bank in NM. Then one asked, "Are you sure that is the right address or could you possibly have another one?" At that point, I thought I must be having a senior moment so I got out my address book to look up my "own" address. ☺ I had it right, so she said she thought of one more thing to verify it and that is that she would look in the white pages on the Internet. It was there. I'm not sure how we get into the "white pages" and how that verified things but was happy the problem was solved. I appreciate fraud protection but sometimes it's funny. Especially the security questions such as, "What is your mother's grandfather's name?" Or, "What is your favorite city?" ---Things that we have to pause to remember or we might change our mind about. I try to stick with questions such as, "Where were you born?" ---And memorize my address. ☺

A friend in Christ, Cyd James