

Traveling with Children

by Kathy Lewis

It's summer again and I am preparing for my annual pilgrimage to California. Every summer we journey to my hometown to visit with my parents and reconnect with my childhood friends. As I dust off the suitcases, I cannot help but remember the trials and treasures of last summer's trip.

In my attempt to secure the best travel dates, I dallied too long and missed a chance at cheap fares on my favorite nonstop. As our date of departure approached with no good fares in sight, I panicked and booked flights on an unfamiliar carrier. At least my husband would be able to help during the up and down of the three legs to California. But I got it wrong...he was traveling with us on the return. I was on my own for the longest part of the trip.

For the next 48 hours I was incredibly difficult to live with. I fussed and fumed and tried to find someone to blame. After venting every kind of emotion in a non-stop rant, I took a long walk around the block. I came to the conclusion that all the resistance in the world was not going to change our flights. And so, I returned home calmer, able to hear my daughter's assurances that it would all be ok. In her own way she asked me, "Where's your faith, Mommy?" Faith in her and her siblings, faith in myself and faith in God.

I chose to follow that faith and the most amazing things happened. Under the best of circumstances, I am not the most patient traveler. I worry over every little thing that can go wrong, over getting the best seat, and I easily lose my patience. Not a good attitude for traveling with three youngsters. I decided at the very outset of this trip to change my approach. I began with prayer and my children joined me. The trip to the airport was smooth. We left on a Saturday so my husband was able to help us with the bags. Once in the security line, the security personnel went out of their way to assist us. The flight attendants even offered to help carry our car seat into the seating area. But it was the flights themselves that held the greatest treasure.

I sat with my two-year old Cora in one three-seat row and Myrna and Andrew sat directly behind us. On each leg of the trip, someone different occupied the aisle seat next to me. With the first man, I began talking about how difficult it is to travel with kids. We wound up talking about our parents. I tell you, God was speaking through this humble man as he taught me that as hard as this trip was for me, it was still infinitely easier than it would be for my arthritic mother and attached-to-home father. I did not feel lectured; rather, it was as if I was listening to his inner dialog. I wondered if he was talking about his own parents or perhaps about himself.

My second aisle occupant was a young woman on her way home to visit her father after his emergency triple-bypass surgery. She spent the short flight from Phoenix to Ontario discussing how things can happen at any time, you just don't know when. As I bid her goodbye, I thanked God for the reminder that any travel discomfort at this point is worth it. I'll have years in the future when the impetus to visit will be gone. I was beginning to see my trip in a whole new light.

On the final leg of our trip, it was not the occupant of my row that made the most impact; rather it was the woman who took the seat next to my children behind me. She was beautiful and was wearing a finely tailored dark suit. It complemented her complexion and luxurious hair. Myrna shot me a nervous look and I smiled reassuringly. I was confident that the woman next to her would be a quiet, self-contained row companion. She seemed like the type to pull out a good book.

As we headed into the clouds, I could hear the sounds of a lively game of Uno taking place. Pleased that Myrna and Andrew had found a nice pastime for the last part of the trip, I turned my attention back to Cora. I was amazed when I heard the woman's voice as well. It sounded like she had joined them in their game. For once, I knew to keep my nose out of it and I sat listening, amused at the unlikely threesome. At the end of the flight, the woman caught my attention and asked if Myrna

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How *Disciple* Changed My Life

submitted by Kim Grubb

I would like to share with you how a *Disciple* class has changed my life. I grew stronger in my faith and developed a closer relationship with God. Not only that but I also developed a closer relationship with my Christian grandmother. It's fun and exciting to share with her the things that I'm learning. How I cherish those talks!

Before taking the *Disciple 1* class I felt the Bible was confusing. This class is the foundation to understanding what it's about. Now I can say I'm getting it! Remember, with God all things are possible.

Additional note from Sherry Smith

Kim came to *Disciple 1* with almost no previous familiarity with the biblical writings and was very uncomfortable in the first few classes. She almost quit. Thankfully, the Spirit moved her to stay. She felt supported by her group and ended up having a wonderful year. Seeing her new enthusiasm for Bible study brings me great joy.

To explain Cursillo to someone who has never experienced the weekend is difficult. Often, even for those who have experienced Cursillo, it is still somewhat mystifying. The reason behind the mystery is God. No one can fully explain how God touches each person in His special and unique way throughout the weekend. He truly guides the weekend and wraps His loving arms around each and every participant and staff member.

During the three days of a Cursillo weekend, participants form a Christian bond that laughs together, worships together, listens and learns from each other. Many a tear has also been shed during this very special experience. Cursillo seeks God's guidance to bring participants into an ever closer and more personal relationship with Christ. The experience has brought many a profound joy, a deepened faith and an invigorated life in Christ and in the Christian community.

**Austin Presbyterian Cursillo #22 :: Sept. 28th-
Oct. 1th :: Camp Buckner near Marble Falls**

NEW CLASS: Who Me, Worry?

Cast all your anxieties on Him because He cares for you. 1 Peter 5:7

During the Sunday School hour July 9th, 16th, and 23rd, seminary intern Jessica Shannon will lead a class exploring the worry and anxiety in our lives. We will discuss how to recognize

anxiety in yourself and in those you love, and how to care for them. We have a loving God who doesn't want us to worry – but wants us to give everything up to Him. Join us in July to better understand anxiety and what it means to turn the smallest to the biggest worry to the Lord.

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and Andrew were my children. I said yes, they were, hoping that everything had gone OK.

“I wanted to tell you what lovely children you have.” I smiled – what a mother gives to hear these types of comments. “And I wanted to tell you how touched I was when your daughter invited me to play with them.” I warmed with pride at Myrna's actions.

“You see,” she went on, “I am on my way to a funeral and I was so sad.” Ah, the dark suit, now I understand. “When I played with them, for just a little while, I could forget my sadness. I really needed that. So thank you.”

Don't you know – if I had been traveling in my usual style, I would have missed all of it! The messages from God: to love and honor my parents, to treasure whatever time I have with them, to recognize beauty and compassion in my children and to be assured that they, just by being children, made room for joy even in the midst of great sadness.

So take my advice. Pack the sunscreen, the books and the peanuts – but before you shut that travel bag, invite God to hop in there too. I guarantee you He will deliver a trip that you will never forget.