

It Sure Is Nice To Be Missed

Written by
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Good news... our return to Ontario was much smoother than our flight to Vancouver. We went to bed early last night, between 8:30 and 9:00 PM Pacific Time to try and prepare ourselves for the time change we would be facing today. We were up at 5:30 so we could get to the airport early enough to maybe "sweet talk" our way into better seats on our 8:20 flight. We'll we didn't have a lot of luck with that but I learned some things from the less than congenial ground crew. Because we were traveling on stand-by tickets acquired through a non-Air Canada airline, we indeed were considered lower than second-class citizens. In fact, one desk person asked me what I expected when I was traveling for "Free"!! I corrected him because though the tickets were inexpensive they were not free but got a shrug in return however we were moved to the 8:00 flight because it had more openings than the 8:20 AM. Rick sat beside a nice, slim, English speaking lady who didn't smell and I was seated beside a friendly, though talkative, male nurse from Vancouver. We touched down in Toronto at 3:15 to a pleasant, sunny 24C and much to our surprise...no humidity.

After a stop in Barrie, we ventured home to a very happy cat that greeted us at the door with a look of disbelief and sheer joy on her face. During our unpacking process she jumped from bed to floor to bathroom counter purring madly to show her pleasure at having us back. Graham was our cat sitter while we were away and it took her almost the whole two weeks to warm up to him but now we were home at last and she couldn't be happier. After two weeks away from our little housemate, it is nice to be so obviously missed and I suspect she will stay pretty close to our side for a while.