

“It is an Art to Listen with the Heart”

A JAPAN ADVENTURE

by Robyn Joy

It was 5.00 am on Monday, 14 April, and Luke’s zippy sports car sped along the highway towards Brisbane Airport.

I was on my way.

As the check-in queues were surprisingly sparse, we were soon sipping hot coffee and soaking in the atmosphere of the bustling airport. Aaron went in search of hot take-away food, whilst Deb took the ‘extras’ I had stuffed into my small backpack. She couldn’t hold back the laughter when I produced a loudly ticking alarm clock.

Content in that moment, I nibbled on potato chips giving little thought to the pending flight in a small silver container that shook and shuddered as it leapt gallantly into the vastness of sky and cloud. Finally, a dance of steel, rubber and concrete signified a safe landing. “No, that’s not for me,” I thought to myself as Aaron gave me a farewell hug, his mind already in the meeting that he hurriedly left to attend. Luke and Deb led me to the Customs’ entry-point of the Departure Lounge.

I was bodily searched before being allowed to proceed. “Must be the look of terror on my face,” I thought, and hastily tried to explain that I didn’t like heights, nor aeroplanes, for that matter. The two stony faces glaring at me made no comment. Thank you Deb for confiscating that alarm clock.

“Don’t leave me,” I urgently whispered to myself whilst struggling to catch a final glimpse of Deb and Luke, but my sons and lovely daughter-in-law had disappeared into their busy work-a-day world.

“I am going to have an adventure.” I said to myself.

“Adventure! Who are you kidding,” snarled my inner critical voice.

“No, No, don’t listen, just breathe,” whispered my lovely inner Venusian, who only saw beauty. She loved peace and harmony. “Look for the angels sitting on the wings of the plane.”

“Oh, yeah!” Snarled the critic.

