

News From The Homefront

Spiders, Bugs, and Things:

Years ago when we lived in Papua New Guinea, I wrote an article with this same title. When we arrived back in Australia, I kept having déjà vu along this line. On the first Sunday back to worship services, we walked in to find a jungle-sized cockroach beside the pulpit. It was on its back and dying. Frank got rid of it before anyone came. Then during services, a big black spider hobbled along on 7 legs and walked all around us. Yes, the legs were later counted. ☺ The same Sunday, a lizard darted to and fro and it seemed as though it didn't know why it came in but was nervously struggling to find a way back out. We all like to keep our minds on the sermon, but the black spider had me and even Frank watching where it was going. Frank said from a distance it reminded him of a redback, and they are quite poisonous. But it didn't end up being one.

Then when our stack of postal mail arrived, there was a letter saying that we had a rental house inspection in 5 days. Since our house was dusty and had a lot of little bugs and cobwebs, we decided we should go ahead and do a good spring cleaning. One afternoon Frank was working on the yard and I was vacuuming around the edges of our garage and I saw another jungle-sized tan insect with a whole lot of legs. I stopped and called Frank. He got a stick and moved it out where we could see it better and it was some type of centipede that was at least 3 inches long. I know that some will think we are awful, but it was killed. I didn't want to have a nightmare or any more déjà vu as in remembering waking up in the night in Papua New Guinea and shining my flashlight/torch on a big, hairy wood spider walking across my upper chest. We learned to deal with the bugs, spiders, and things right away. What has echoed in my head is that those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it. ☺

Scare Letters:

When the letter from the property management came concerning the rental house inspection, they listed all of the things to be cleaned and what needed to be done on the yard, or as they say here, the "garden." However, the thing that got me was that they said, "Yes, we will look in your oven." I went and looked in our oven and it had grease spots and needed cleaned. Thus I worked for an afternoon and got it all cleaned and shiny. Then the day the lady came for the inspection, I watched as she went through the house, but she didn't even look in our oven. I wanted to say, "You said you would look in the oven and I think you should see that it really is clean." ☺ At least one more spring cleaning job was done.

Neighborly Help:

We were thankful for our neighbors who looked after our house while we were away. They parked a car in our driveway and the 11-year-old boy kept all trash and litter up off of the lawn. And any junk mail out of the mail box. It was a blessing to find our house intact, insects and all. We had bought the boy a gift as he took his job quite seriously. While in the airport in Los Angeles, I suddenly remembered and told Frank that we should have gotten all of the family something. We looked at every gift shop and the only unique thing to Australians that we could find was Fritos. They only had the snack size available, so we walked the length of the terminal finding enough for their family. ☺

In hindsight, every single place that we have lived from the jungle in Papua New Guinea to Australia, the Lord has given us friends to help us along the way. Whether with a language barrier or simply watching over our house. How great it that!

A friend in Christ, Cyd James