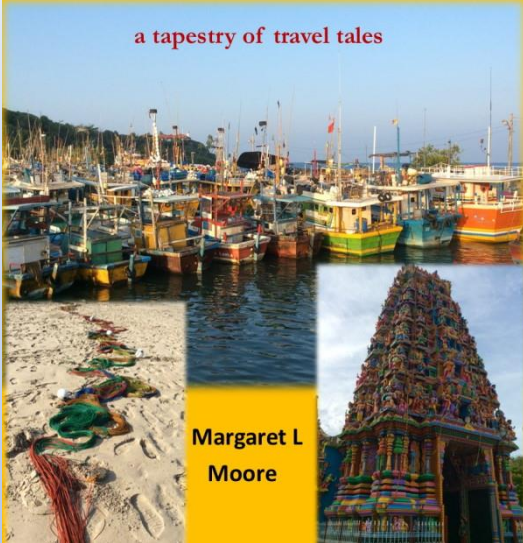


From Sri Lanka with love

a tapestry of travel tales



Margaret L
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Sri Lanka – here we come

“Well,” I said to Douglas, “one day when we’re going on holiday, I’ll be organised well in advance rather than rushing at the last minute.” His reply was, “We’ll see.”

I’d been determined to get things right *this* time. I visualised myself having a leisurely breakfast, going to church as normal (after all, it was Sunday and Douglas was the minister so had work to do before his holiday could begin!), coming home for lunch followed by time to sit down, relax perhaps reading a book and having a final cuppa before leaving the house to start our long journey to Sri Lanka.

I started packing many days in advance, trying to emulate my friend Jill. Some would say I’m a bit over the top about cleaning and tidying the house before I go on holiday. But this time before starting any new task I cross examined myself: “Is it vital this is done before I go away?” Surprisingly, I became good at saying “No”. You would think therefore I had it sussed. But I didn’t.

The taxi arrived. There were things still to be done: dishes to be dried and put away, and when did I last brush my hair? Neither was vital and I decided I could do without brushing my hair. But did I really want to come back and see dishes still in the draining rack; a reminder once again my ambition to be totally organised hadn’t been realised? This was a step too far, so I thrust the dishes (still wet) into the cupboards, then changing my mind, grabbed a brush and ran it through my hair before running to the waiting taxi. Douglas sighed, he’d seen me rushing like this many times before, but my arrival only delayed the driver by a few seconds, I reasoned.

We hadn’t planned to go by taxi to the airport. However, Leah, our son David’s girlfriend, let us know of delays in her journey earlier in the day which could similarly affect ours. She was meeting our son Andrew’s fiancée, Julia, and Julia’s other bridesmaids in Glasgow to search for dresses for the imminent wedding. At the local train station Leah discovered the trains were all stopping at Kilwinning and a replacement bus service would follow resulting in a much longer journey