

I'm A Traveler,

April/25/2002, I first wrote the following emotion on a visit from Jamaica to the United States. It commemorates the sentiment I endure often, even to this flash instant, but only, when I am separated from my calling.

I'm a traveler; at this moment, I find myself sitting at the Tri-rail Shuttle Station in Fort Lauderdale Airport. I've just come across the pond from my beautiful Island home, Jamaica; Jamaica, Jamaica, land I love. The land that God, has me call home. I have learned over the years unless God changes the vision, He gave me, and /or I become disobedient to the vision God has called me too, I will willingly serve, until He takes me home.

I find I have only been away from you for one hour and a half. Jamaica, I miss you as I sit here on the pavement just de-boarding silver wings, leaving sights and sounds of vivid memories of the land of wood and water. The Land that is both filled with joy and despair in the same reflection. *I see no reason in my spirit to be sitting here on the other side; except for the fact that what God united in the oneness of flesh (my wife, Lorna,) is but a three-hour wait from here. We promised each other we would have dinner at Cici Pizza Parlor; some short time after, there will be a spiritual encounter involving the laying on of hands.*

I can remember, not so long ago how hard it was for me to come to this strange place U.S.A. where there are so many smooth roads with lines painted on them in brilliant yellow and white. "There are so many signs to read! Even at every street corner. I just got off the Tri-Rail Shuttle Bus! It was a long ride through a beautiful park approximately 5 miles long." There were stately trees immaculately sculptured shrubs; my mind went to how many men it must take with machetes every day to trim them. Then I suddenly realized the park I was in, was separated by four lanes of highway going in each direction. (I was actually on a freeway)

I'm on the Tri-rail Train that I just boarded from the sparkling clean looking station. I actually put the cost of the fare into a machine that sucked up my \$5.00 bill, as my token disappeared, so did the person's job that used to say have a nice day.

There are many unique things about this train. There are no people standing in the isles, there is actually one person to a seat and all the seats have these plush cushions. No one on this train seems to be communicating with one another. But there are many talking with their hands to their ear; between the hand and ear is something that keeps me from witnessing. Satan must love cell phones! Talk about deception and an opportunity for the prince of the earth to keep people occupied with self. On this train there is a lack of familiar smells: No goats or chickens, or the fragrance of coconuts, mangos, or bananas. "Oh, look! There is actually a bathroom on this train." There is even a fresh roll of toilet paper on the roller. I can save my own that is neatly folded in my pocket.

I just looked out the glass window and noticed corporate America lined up at a traffic light. Hundreds of cars but no people in them save one, the driver. But he seems not to be alone he has that thing between his hand and ear.

My five senses tell me I'm alive but I have a distinct presence of mind I'm in a strange place. There seems to be "nuff-stuff," everywhere (affluence) frivolity, this nation has so much;

Father do they really need you?? I know if I tried hard enough, I could stop this waterfall cascading with my volition, but intuitively my spirit cannot. I pray for tomorrow for I know I will be back home (in Jamaica). My spirit senses I'm in shock; "the reality is; I am."

I will never forget after being on the mission field for over four years, coming to the states, while walking through customs, the officer, after looking at my passport noticed how long I had been absent from the country of my birth. He said something profound to me! He said, "Welcome home son." I will with God's help may possibly get used to being here in the U.S.A., but not trapped in the safety of the grandest country in the world.

As I look out; I see my ever-faithful companion, my wife, Lorna, waiting for me; I knew she would be there!