

RANDOM REFLECTIONS: Wonderful Adventure!

By Kathryn Wishlow

The last time the readers heard from me, I was fairly vibrating from the excitement of the carefully planned family getaway to a location on Logy Bay near St. John's, Newfoundland. The adventure was to begin the very next day. It did!

With my measured small suitcase and a satchel carry-on that my purse would fit into, I drove down to Whitby to meet my daughter who was to travel with me to ensure my first trip on a plane in over fifteen years went well. Things change. I was somewhat concerned about not knowing newer procedures, never mind using an airline I had never even heard of.

We drove to Pearson where she had arranged for me to leave my car at the "park and fly" close to a departure entrance. We got our boarding passes, and our wheelchair person came to assist us and take me to our gate. We were there in plenty of time. So far, so good. As it got closer to boarding time, our helper positioned us at the gate so we could get aboard ahead of the others. The woman there took our passes, looked concerned, checked something and told us that our departure gate had been changed twenty minutes ago. Darn it!

Of course, our flight was already boarding, and at the opposite end

of the airport. That was the start of a most stressful sprint, three long halls, two elevators, and two switches of the porters pushing me with my baggage in my lap. The only high point was running into my son's family on their way to a different terminal. We made it seven minutes before the doors closed, being the last ones to get on the plane. However, that is when the great reputation of Porter Airlines became evident.

The de-stressing began immediately. The crew welcomed us, and skillful hands quickly stowed my case in the overhead. We were buckled in and told "refreshments would commence soon, just relax and enjoy the flight". I had a chance to look around. The plane was long and narrow, with only two seats on both sides. So, everyone either had the window or an aisle seat. I had much needed leg room. I believed this was going to be good! And it was!

We took off after a fifteen minute runway delay as the planes lined up to take off. That was interesting to watch, and then our turn ... a short taxi, gathering speed, (we were near the front) and the nose lifted before you could blink. Instructions on where the emergency exits were and what to do in case of an issue over land and water followed. That part has not changed.

Then we were handed menus to peruse with three choices for meals while drinks were being served. The coffee was excellent, our lunch was unbelievable. Wonderful food, unique, fresh and well prepared, with flavours more likely found in a high end bistro in Toronto than on an airplane. THAT sure has changed since I flew last on Air Canada. Then we were offered a choice of three "made in Canada" snacks. I chose a new experience ... the cheese flavoured fava beans. I was already very full and saved them for later.

Time evaporated on that three hour flight. It was a wonderful opportunity to share hopes and dreams with my adult daughter who has a busy and exiting year coming up. It was a clear day, and beautiful Newfoundland and their many "ponds" were visible before landing. The captain warned us of a heavy crosswind that slammed the plane, but touch down was perfect. We were here! Now the next phase of our adventure was about to begin!

(Kathryn Wishlow belongs to White Pine Writers Inc., a group of local like-minded authors who encourage all facets of writing and publishing literary efforts. Follow them on FaceBook or www.whitepinewriters.ca)