

## I prayed to God and felt that Old Pain, that comes to you through the decades

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An Afternoon in... the Land of the Morning Calm...

A Korean "ajumma" (married woman) came to service our air filter: she was delayed; she worried I did not understand her on the phone; she texted my colleague who sometimes translates (and is on business in Massachusetts!); she canceled the visit; then showed up an hour later; she could not find the house; I ran to the street to flag her down... It was a Comedy of Errors; Shakespeare would have been proud.

I was not invited to a meeting I should have been invited to - TIK (This-Is-Korea). I swallowed my pride and went anyway: on my way out a bee stung me in the nape of the neck; I drove over with a lemon in my collar; I was delayed; I could not find the place; I missed the meeting; I returned home to find the Jehovah Witnesses at my doorstep and who shared (their only English copy of) "Awake!" with me...

... to make an even longer story shorter...

I prayed to God and felt that Old Pain, that comes to you through the decades, the centuries, when you don't expect it: tears that come from somewhere; God's arms wrapped around you; words surfacing: "It ain't so bad after all, my boy..." I looked at "Awake!" and noticed that the issue was dedicated to "When Disaster Strikes." I'm laughing through my tears. Really! Sting will be proud