Two questions on everybody's lips when I returned to Port Elizabeth on Wednesday afternoon 10th June:-

How was your time away?

Did you finish your book?

My dear friends,

My time away was nothing short of miraculous!

A mere 2 days before Mandy's memorial in Johannesburg, money arrived in my bank account from a South African friend who has been living in America for maybe 15/20 years.
The large monetary gift was specifically earmarked for me to go to Cape Town. Until that moment, I wasn't absolutely sure that the desire of my heart to go to Cape Town would be possible.

Delight yourself also in the Lord and He will give you the desire of your heart. Psalm 37:4

I did not finish my book but I spent about 5 hours a day working on it and **I got a lot done**; Inserting my letters in-between the chapters, is what took me a lot of time.



Mandy's memorial service in JHB was 1 ½ hours long but I could have listened longer to all the close ones sharing their stories of love for this amazing woman of God and dear friend.
I count it a privilege to have been her friend.

My Geoffrey grandson is 19 now and came all the way in his car, from where he lives in Johannesburg, to visit me in Pretoria and he even collected me after Mandy's memorial in Randburg to take me to join Robert and Megan at Monte Casino.



The kids are always so good to me and my Jaden grandson is gorgeous as ever – I'm just so sorry I didn't get any pics taken with him.

CAPE TOWN

The gentle, quiet "Andrew in pain" who collected me at the airport on Tuesday morning was not the "Duracell Bunny Andrew" who collected me from the hotel the following Sunday!

He was like "this" one day and like "that" the next day!
A total turn around in his body and mind – God miraculously touched him after untold suffering of 39 years!
I will send his testimony to you on whatsapp if you'd like to hear!



We celebrated over a lovely Spur Pensioner's Special meal!

TANGLED



When a hotel receptionist tells you they supply shampoo AND conditioner, don't believe them – rather believe ME that "conditioning shampoo" does not mean, "conditioner" nor does it detangle!

I got up to wash my hair at 7am and only finished brushing out the bird's nest, section by section, and drying it by 11am!

It looked nice when I was done as long as you didn't touch it – it was like straw!

THE TOILET ROLL

Friend Pam sent me this quote:

> Don't you just hate it when you're sitting on the toilet and realize there's no paper left and you have to do that "silly shuffle walk" with your undies around your ankles to go and get some?

"*Pam,* ***that actually happened to me*** *at the restaurant with my friends in Cape Town*😅" I responded!



I was already 80% on the way down to the seat when I glanced to the left and saw there was no paper😯

I pulled everything back up again, stuck my hand up the container to see if there was a roll deep in there, **nothing**!

I found a young waiter who said he'd take me to the **other toilet**.

Using the **other toilet** meant a walk through the "*smoke and men filled bar*" who it seemed to me, all had eyes on me, a woman, who would come walking through there now.

I pinched tighter explaining,
"*I really don't want to walk through the bar to the toilet."*

He then directs me to the toilet **downstairs**! "*Listen young man,*" I exclaimed, "*If I go down these stairs, I'm gonna wet my pants! Couldn't you just get me a toilet roll please*?!"

So, we walk back to the first toilet where he tells a female co-worker, "*The lady says there's no toilet paper*!"

The young lady goes to get one and then comes walking towards me, not with a little toilet roll, but **a huge industrial roll**, which no one in the restaurant could miss!

"HIDE ME LORD!"

All the time I'm holding in for dear life while she unlocks the container to insert the new roll. Turns out there **was** actually a small roll in there which my hand didn't detect when I originally investigated🙄 So, she laughingly hands me the "left over roll" with,



"*Ma'm, I think you should keep it in your bag for in case this happens to you again*😅"

We both had a good laugh, which was harder for me considering the real reason we were there!

After all that, the tiny piddle that emerged wasn't worth the whole trip, but how was I to know that it might have withheld until I got home. **Previous accidents at home taught me to not take any chances**.

BATH TIME!



Remember I turned our bathroom into a wet room when getting Gj in and out of the bath was way too difficult?

How happy was I to finally have a bath! I managed to get in and out of the high hotel bath quite easily –

However! Friends Andrew and Una's bath is lower and narrower - I COULDN'T GET OUT OF THE BATH!

"May the heavens swallow me before I ask friend Andrew to get me out of the bath!"

Having long legs like mine, at my age, and having aching shoulders from spending days and hours on my laptop is not conducive to climbing out of a bathtub!

After, what seemed like hours, I remembered how my mother used to roll around in the bath – so I lay down, rolled onto my tummy and then managed to get up on my knees and OUT!

Thank you for spending time with me my dear friends, and for your love and support – I value you all.

"until we "meet" again."

Judy