

THE CHARLOTTE GUARDIAN

Charlotte, North Carolina

February 17, 2013

Waking up in North Carolina

Sunday morning at the house where Emily grew up in Charlotte, the start of a 10-day North Carolina trip. *Story inside*

Waking up in North Carolina

It seems that my last couple of times visiting North Carolina they've rolled out the white carpet for me.

It is much appreciated.

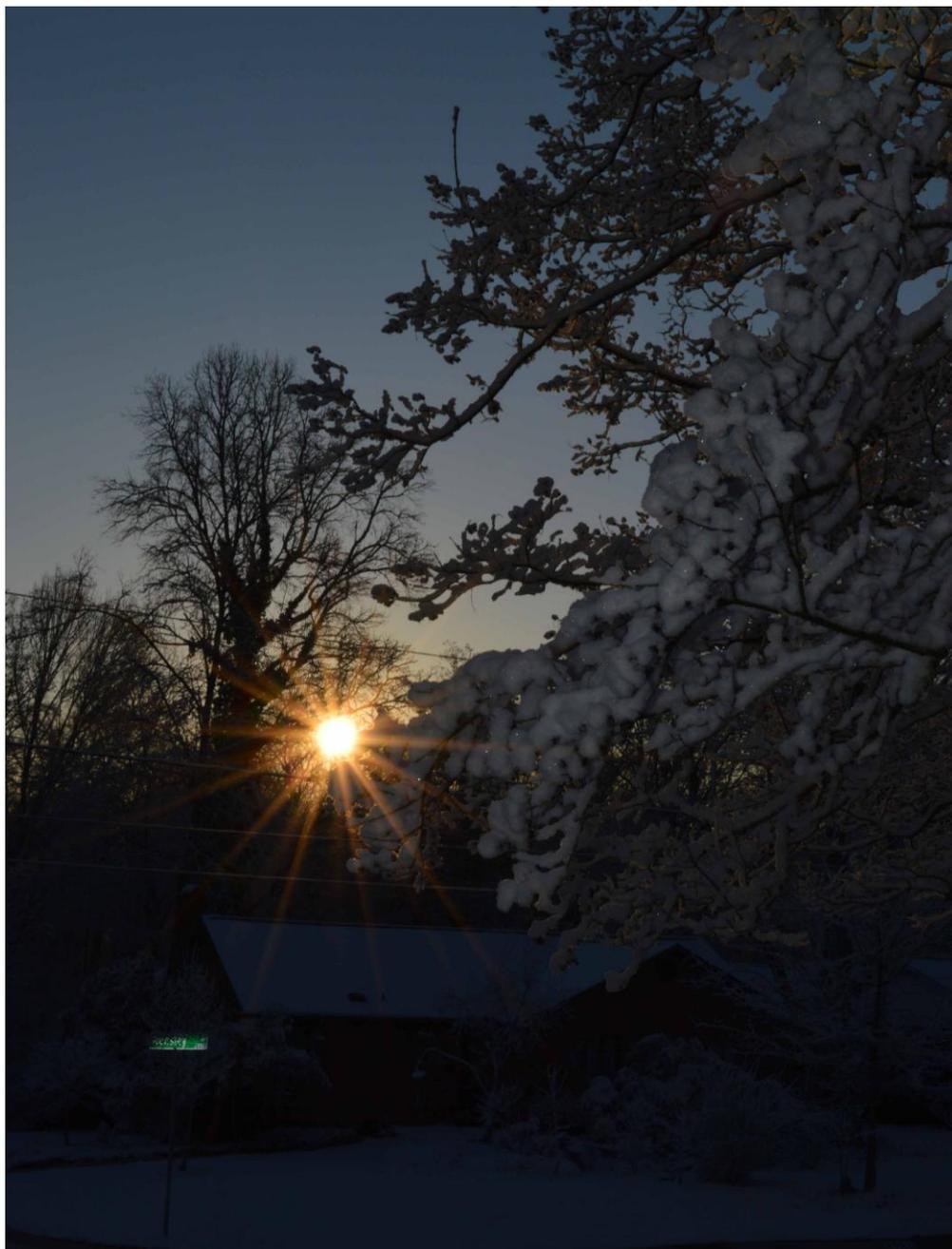
I had known for several days it was possible, but when I changed planes Saturday afternoon in Chicago, I called my in-laws in Charlotte to check on the weather.

Everything was sunny two hours before my arrival.

But our flight did seem to be lingering at the gate at O'Hare. Finally the pilot came on with an announcement that we were being delayed by Charlotte weather. Because an update was due in 10 minutes, I decided to wait until calling the Moaks. When the next announcement was that we were leaving, I decided there was no reason to call.

We flew in sunshine above fluffy clouds that gave an occasional glimpse of brown fields and gray forest until we reached the Appalachians. Thirty minutes outside Charlotte, high above Interstate 40, the ground was brown but the clouds ahead were black.

The cockpit announcement updating Charlotte's weather was heavy snow, visibility less than a half-mile in fog. We landed in the dark with occasional thunder and lightning.



Sunday sunrise in Charlotte.

The scenes in this newsletter were what I expected Sunday morning when we went to church.

In the next 10 days I'll fill about a thousand miles of ground travel with family, friends and hometown that I last visited two winters ago.

Hope you enjoy the trip.

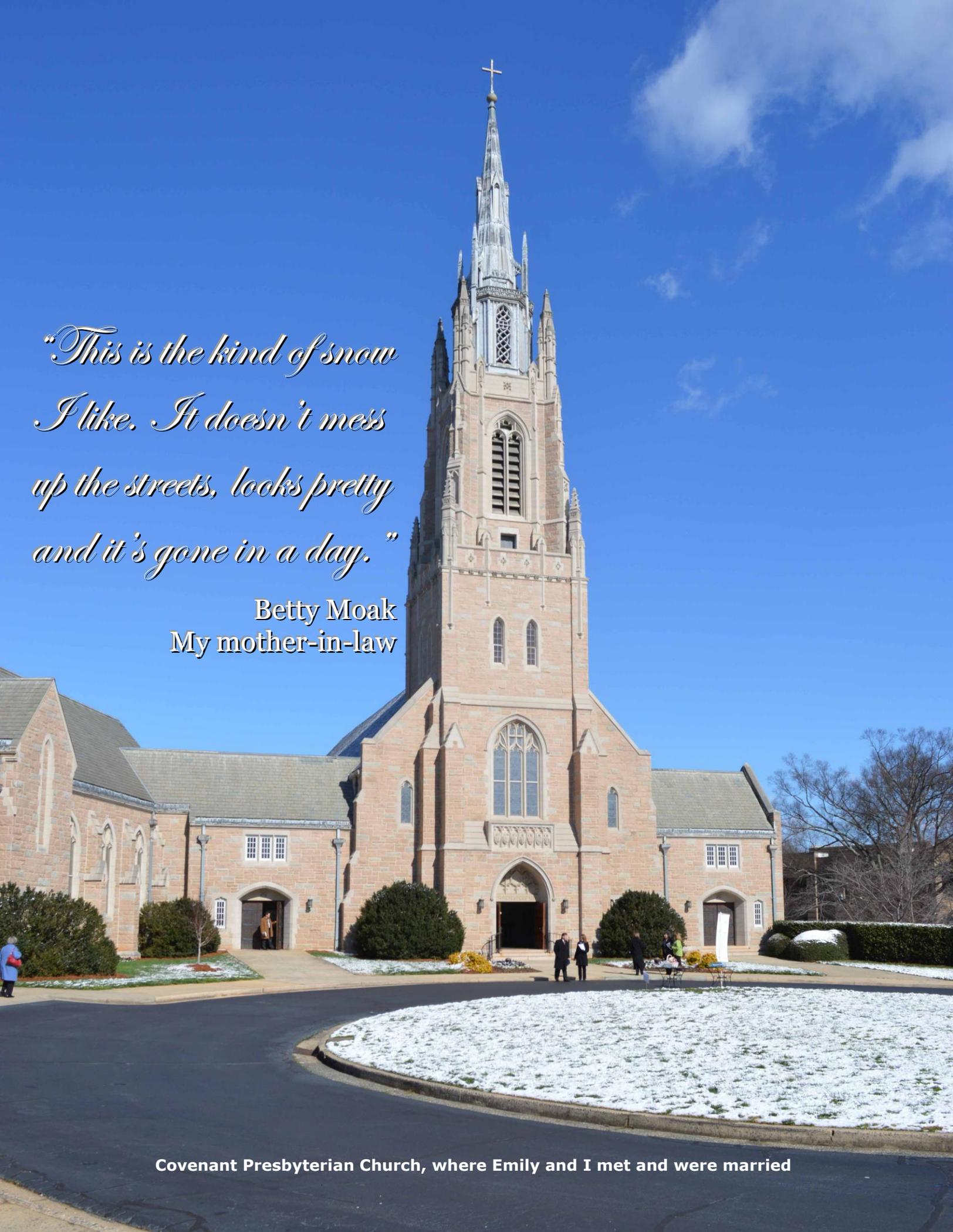
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Emily and Gordon are not with me on this trip, which started with a visit to Emily's parents, Rod and Betty Moak, who fried the chicken, made the rolls and baked the pecan pies.

Abbey Cat follows in the honorable tradition of Moak family felines by finding a warm place in the sun while her meal provider cleared snow off the family chariot.





*"This is the kind of snow
I like. It doesn't mess
up the streets, looks pretty
and it's gone in a day."*

Betty Moak
My mother-in-law

Covenant Presbyterian Church, where Emily and I met and were married