

In August 1972 Karin and I with 15 month-old Jeffrey were flying to Hong Kong to begin our time of missionary service at Evangel Medical Center. At the time, infants and toddlers did not need a seat but could instead be held. Karin was also pregnant.

Holding Jeffrey, Karin leaned her seat back, hoping he would fall asleep. A moment later the flight attendant came and said that the man behind her was complaining. Her face said that this man had been more than difficult. Even though we had every right to lean back, she asked us to straighten the seat for the sake of peace.

As Karin moved the seat, Jeffrey stood up on her lap, looked at the man behind him. With a big smile on his face he pulled out his pacifier and threw it at the man while saying, "Hi!"

I turned around and quickly said, "Sorry," although I don't think I meant it. The man retrieved the drippy pacifier, wrapped it in a Kleenex and dropped it into my hand.

*Epilogue: If it were today, we would have all been tested, quarantined, possibly sued and maybe even deprived of our parental rights.*