## April 2010

## Home, Sweet Home

As I look out the window here in east Tennessee, and I see the rain gently fall (something that I once took for granted) I just can't help but be in complete amazement. Just a short year ago, my view from the window was much different than it is today. In October of last year my husband had just received orders from the U.S. Navy to San Diego, California, and being born and raised here in Cleveland, Tennessee, California seemed as far away to me as Auckland, New Zealand. Needless to say we were both quite nervous to see what our new home had in store for us. So boldly we went (well, we had no choice) where we had never gone before, The West Coast. I anticipated that things would be different, and I was right. However, I was determined that no matter what, I was going to make this a positive experience, despite the Navy



and though it had its differences still, in many ways, it felt somewhat like home.

However, if homesickness did happen to get the best of us in Mississippi, all it took to remedy that was a five hour car ride northeast where we could eventually cross that wonderful Ten-

nessee state line. That car ride was always filled with laughter and singing to our favorite songs smothered in the anticipation that we could forget for that weekend that we belonged to the United States Navy. However, a five hour car ride home was a distant memory as we crossed over the dreaded California state line. The first week in San



Diego went rather well, our furniture arrived with only three or four things completely demolished. That, I learned, is unfortunate fate you have to expect being moved by the military. I was making our two bedroom apartment feel like a home. We had a fireplace (why we needed a fire place in San Diego was a puzzle to me) however, I

> didn't complain. Our apartment was nice and cozy and I was getting used to the idea that this would be our home for this time in our life.

The following week Shawn (my husband) got the word that he would be going out to sea, not in six

months, not in a year... but the next week. This really bothered us since we didn't expect to be hit with something so big so soon. Especially since we were both quite fond of his nine to three, Monday through Friday job in Mississippi (I quite rare in the military.) So D-day came, Shawn was off to sea and there I was on the pier in San Diego watching my high school sweetheart sail away out of sight, holding our 1 year old baby girl. Needless to say, we were both very scared and really didn't know what to do with ourselves. We didn't know it then, but that trip out to sea would be a nine month long journey, that would be the hardest nine months of our lives. Despite Swine-flu scares and piracy operations, ship fires and no communication at times, with God's help we got through it, and here we are on the other side. I can't help but well up with all kinds of excitement to type those words. I am so happy to be home, a place I once took for granted, now a place I will cherish forever. So the next time you take in a beautiful

know now that is really

## A Moment With Mary



by Mary Hunter

Tennessee sunset, plant a garden, sit on a front porch swing or even taste some sweet-tea, be very thankful and consider yourself blessed, because those little things mean quite a lot when they are nowhere to be found.

Do You Have Questions or Comments For Mary? If So, E-mail her at: peoplenewsdesk@aol.com





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