



For the first time in while, I looked out the window and was greeted by a grey sky this morning, not the blue sky and sunshine I have become accustomed to. I was up early because I wanted to clean the motorhome and our site before heading to the airport to pick Rick up at 12:40 PM, when he was scheduled to arrive. The overcast sky was actually a welcome sight because then I didn't feel so bad about being inside cleaning. The forecast had been calling for clear skies so I was hoping that it would clear up by the time Rick arrived, however, we all know that forecasters can be wrong and they were today.

I headed for the airport at shortly after 12:00 because after going on the WestJet website I learned that Rick's flight had been delayed in Vancouver and the arrival time had been changed to 12:50. By the time I drove around the airport parking lot looking for a spot, I was at flight arrivals in just enough time to greet Rick as he got off the plane. Even though we have been married for 10 years, we still miss each other a lot when we are apart and we were both excited to be reunited again.

I surprised Rick with my new figure which, thanks to my fast, has been altered considerably. For the first time in many years, I have a waist again; my ribcage is not layered with rolls of blubber and my thighs no longer rub together. I am still fasting, feeling great and losing my fat, but maintaining my muscle and my health. We returned to the motorhome where Sam greeted Rick by following him from front to back until he picked her up for a cuddle. In his arms she purred like a John Deere tractor, showing her pleasure of his return home, content to be held for as long as possible. We missed him, Sam and I, and couldn't be happier to have him back home with us where he belongs!