

## NIGHTMARE JOURNEY Continued...

We met Frank and Bernie's stepmother for the first time. She was delightful and treated us to homemade coffee and cake at her house then to a wonderful supper near the Czech border days later.

Then came the Trump edict. We didn't get wind of it until we got up in the morning (Thursday?) when the kids texted us saying we had 72 hours to get back or we would not be able to return for possibly weeks.

There was utter pandemonium in Germany with the media spewing so much disinformation and fueling every fire they could come up with to garner a few seconds of TV time.

Telephone lines were so clogged as to be useless. Our hotel manager tried unsuccessfully for three solid hours to get one call through. I had no better luck trying for 36 hours to call Munich to see if we could get an earlier flight out than our Monday scheduled flight. I couldn't send email for the same reason - communications were USELESS!

I finally decided to drive the four hours to Munich to see what we could do. I got to the airport but couldn't turn the rental car in until we found out if we would be able to leave. We got to the United (Lufthansa) ticket counter and waited in line for an hour and a half to get waited on. We were able to get the last two seats on the last flight out of Munich that day.

We ran back the .5 mile, turned the rental car in, ran back the .5 mile and boarded the flight. There were no empty seats on that jumbo-jet.

We arrived in Newark airport Friday evening and EVENTUALLY found our luggage and gate info. We rebooked the luggage (it wasn't through to STL) and, again, boarded another crowded flight to STL arriving a few minutes before midnight Friday. Nobody there to pick us up so we took an \$80 cab ride home and were HAPPY to pay it. We had a much-appreciated drink before going to bed.

Since we were packed so closely to so many people over those last legs home, we felt it would be better to self-quarantine for a couple of weeks. So far, we both feel fine and hope to see you all soon.

If you haven't seen the movie "Dunkirk" go see it. It is what I am constantly reminded of.

-Ken (and Christa)

