I'll gladly tell you the story of Marjie and the Thai silk quilt.

My wife, Marjie Keefe, and I loved to travel. Once we got together in 2001, we mostly traveled with each other. However, in November, 2003, she went to Thailand with her close friend and colleague, Caroline, who loved animals and wanted to spend time with elephants. So they flew via Tokyo to Bangkok, a trip that ended up taking over 36 hours as they got stranded on the tarmac in Tokyo for many hours in the hot sun with no air or ability to deplane! When they got to Bangkok, they slept for a day! They then explored so many places in and around Bangkok -- the floating market, temples with gigantic gold-plated Buddhas, etc. It was Thanksgiving time here in the USA, but there were hundreds of Santa impersonators, dressed up in complete costumes for a convention in their hotel. This was their "winter," and the temperatures were in the mid to upper nineties, but to the locals it was cold and they dressed up in winter coats! The Thai people are nearly all Buddhist, with the monks living completely on donated food, etc. They went out with their bowls begging for food every morning, as they were only allowed to eat in the morning.

One day, Marjie and Caroline went to the silk bazaar, and Marjie went wild over the beautiful fabrics and sewn creations! She absolutely fell in love with this gorgeous orange quilt (orange was her favorite color), admiring the intricate work that went into the exquisite quilting. She also bought me an amazing dress jacket in lavender, green, and turquoise (my favorite colors) that also has incredible workmanship in silk. She enjoyed talking with the seamstresses who made these amazing fabric creations.

They then went up to Chang Mai, near the border with Myanmar, so Caroline could spend the day washing elephants, while Marjie went into Myanmar for further explorations.

Finally, they went down to the beach area for their last few days. This was the same beach that got overwhelmed by a tsunami the following year!

It was an amazing trip, and I wished I had come along.