

Oh, to be with David

This is what I kept dreaming for 3 weeks until David really arrived on Aug 23/26 at about 9pm.

I was so happy to see and meet him at Los Angeles International Airport. VDR, Minnel Rajan, V.D. Rajan, my friend had arrived, but not his suitcase. We had to wait around for a while, the Carousel shut down, we complained, and then the staff brought out his suitcase from somewhere behind the complaints counter. We were glad and then started our 45mile drive to get home. He was on a Golf Vacation with me and we both excitedly looked forward to a good time. He would have to stay with me, in my cluttered and disorganized home. Taste my cooking too. The cleaning, sweeping, cooking, washing all done by my man Friday, but his real name was Cyril. David had no choice.



The next morning, Monday, Aug 24th, we had booked to play at 6.30 am in Santa Barbara, 80 miles away, so we had to start driving by 4.45 am. Which meant old David had to wake up even earlier and poor David was not a morning person. A picturesque course called Sandpiper, in Goleta. Made it there before time and had a wonderful game, although tiring for David. Santa Barbara, being Ambi's town, we got invited and had a lovely Mexican lunch with Abi and his darling wife Chikako. Rested for some time, talked of old times and got home for badly needed sleep and

rest. Tuesday was a day of rest for the two oldies. We watched some early matches of the US open tennis tournament, and in the evening went out to a close by Golf Range, hit some balls and did a little practicing.

Wednesday was golf again, 18 holes, at a nearby very lovely but challenging course called Tierra Rejada in the town of Moorpark, very close to home. Some holes were intimidating, had to hit over deep ravines 180 yards wide, or hit to a fairway 200 – 300 yds downhill. David did well. Thursday it was 9 holes, as usual early in the morning at my home course, Los Robles Golf Club, in Thousand Oaks. We did well. Had free



breakfast and got home. That was the end of golfing.

Friday was dedicated to Jacob and Shirley, about 60 miles from my home. We arrived early



at their spik and span, very neat and well decorated beautiful home. Shirley as promised handed over some curry leaves which Jacob grows expertly. We then sat down to drink, snack and listen to Jacob who now talks like his dear uncle Dr. Jacob Chandy. Shirley, as usual brought out a delicious lunch which two starved golfers enjoyed. We sat around and didn't feel the hours pass. It was so enjoyable and pleasant. Finally, we had to leave,

David had to pack, sleep and be at the airport Saturday morning at 8 am. I dropped him, and it was such a sad depressing feeling for me. David and I had for a week been two young kids at CMC Vellore in our teens, having no care in the world, except to play. What a feeling, now close to 80 years.