



When the restaurant you plan to go to is not in a walking distance from the guesthouse

Description

Sometimes you realize only retroactively that something really meaningful happened. Important. Significant. That we created memories. And sometimes you realize it in real time and it's gorgeous and wonderful and powerful.

One evening this week we experienced all these difficulties, but I knew in real time, that now at this very moment we are creating a good strong family shared memory.

All we wanted was to go to dinner with the Lebs, in a restaurant that is not within walking distance.

So there is a bus but only one way. On the way back it will too late and the bus service is off. But the Leb had their motorbike they do pickups with, so that we could try to press the Little One together with them while we ride the two bicycles we rented in the morning. But then she refused to even try to get on the bike.

And there is the option to take a taxi but the thought that just outside the guesthouse standing the two bikes we already rented and paid for discouraged us from choosing it.

It is possible to hire one more bicycle, but Little One has refused to be mounted terrified from the thought of her leg getting caught between the wheels as already happened to her in Cambodia and she'll get injured.

We are in deadlock. And the children were with Lebs all afternoon and really wanted to eat together in the evening and started yelling at Little One it was all her fault and the plan dusted-up and she was sobbing and The One and I looked at each other, wondering what went wrong with us Dinks in a rented apartment in Tel Aviv? Why on earth did we stop taking the pills?



Then I stopped everything and I asked Little One if she wants me to help her as I helped her brother when he was afraid to go down when he did his diving course. She said yes. We sat down and quickly set up a few minutes session of EFT magic that a good friend of mine taught me just before we left. If it is good to rent out our house and itâ€™s good to get over the fear of the dive and a thousand other things that were enchanted through this simple amazing charm, then why not now?

And so it worked. We set off on three bicycles. But our hardships my friends were not yet to be completed, it turned out.

About half way, while intensely pedaling, one of the pedals of The Eldest elegantly flew off its place down the road. We halt. The One goes on his way back to guesthouse to replace to a new bicycle. He returns. We continue the other half of our journey and arrive at the restaurant. Hurray. Average waiting time for a dish â€“ one hour. Non-issue. Sitting, laughing all is good.

Going back. The Eldest just hops on his bike and oopsâ€¦ the chains drops off its place. The One is trying to restore it back to its former glory, and two local restaurant workers come up and without a word, just a smile, assist him. The chain is back in place. Back on the way, now with slightly less intense pedaling, we arrive back to the guesthouse, feeling that we beat the system. We did it. We had dinner.



Category

1. Vietnam

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