

## Chapter 8

# Revived

*beginning on August 12, 1971  
and continuing for 1 year, 3 months, and 13 days*

*“And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off,  
his father saw him, and had compassion. (Luke 15:20)”*

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Like the prodigal son who came to his senses while mired in a stinky pig sty, I returned repentant to the sweet fragrance of my Heavenly Father. My revival was not splashy. Still waters run deep.

### August 1971

In August of 1971, the day fast approached for my return to Indiana. I believe God orchestrated the circumstances. Dad had long planned a drive to his Full Gospel convention in Boise. I agreed to accompany him. We talked the whole distance, but in deference, dad suppressed his glee. He realized inside I was kicking and screaming.

Of his entry into the Christian faith, C. S. Lewis famously remarked he became “the most reluctant convert in all England”. I can identify. My reluctance was not due to a lack of belief. I totally embraced the Christian gospel. I was reluctant because I counted the cost—which encompassed everything. I had adopted the view of *Invictus*: “I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul”. If I chose to follow Jesus, there would have to be a new master and captain. I was reluctant to surrender my throne and to abandon my helm.

The featured speaker was a man named George Otis, former CEO of Lear Jet Inc. and baptizer of singer Pat Boone. While dad whooped in the main convention hall, I joined a young people’s rally. I knew when the presentation concluded, the time had come for me to re-commit my life to Jesus. After stepping forward, I followed a dozen initiates into a gigantic hotel room. George Otis prayed for me; I was filled with the Holy Spirit; I spoke in tongues. My experience was genuine but subdued. I was not an emotive person. My extasy arrived in a rush of joy and in a healing of heart.

Of course, my dad and mom rejoiced at my “baptism in the Holy Ghost”. The lost sheep had returned. Yet the lamb continued to graze on the margin of the fold. Charismatic emphasis on healing, prophecy, and prosperity struck me as misdirected.

I came to view those baptized with the Holy Ghost along a spectrum: 1. Spirit Filled, 2. Pentecostal, 3. Charismatic, and 4. Holy Roller. I counted myself in group one, remained comfortable with group two, skeptical with group three, and put off by group four. My

intellectual bent and contemplative nature disposed me toward the *Mere Christianity* of Lewis rather than the particular Pentecostalism of Oral Roberts. Still, I found true *agape* love among all Spirit-filled believers.

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Dad blessed me with a gift of his VW Beetle. I packed it to the window line, and installed a top rack for suit cases. Accompanied by my sixteen-year-old niece, I began my journey east. Debbie had felt suffocated at home and leapt at the chance for adventure with her hippie uncle. We paused at coffee shops and slept outdoors. Once Debbie fainted in a stuffy phone booth. I kept a cautious eye on her for the next thousand miles and advised her to cut back on cigarettes. After we arrived in Whiting, I stayed with Charlotte while Debbie visited her cousins, Bonny and Julienne.

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I drove my Bug to Pendleton, picked up Mark, and we settled in Muncie. Truly Mark was a converted man. He chuckled as he described how his parents marveled at the change. My companion and I had metamorphosed from “freak” to “Jesus freak”. Our outward appearance remained much the same, but our talk and demeanor had transformed.

While cruising down Riverside Avenue, I noticed new construction and a sign proclaiming the “Christian Student Foundation”. This was the same outfit I hung out with in 1968. I stopped to investigate and conversed with Gary Edwards, the campus pastor. As I spoke with excitement of my baptism in the Holy Spirit, he appeared pleased, but apprehensive. I told him I considered myself a card-carrying member of the Disciples of Christ, but with an additional blessing.

Gary offered me an upstairs room for the Fall term at no cost. He was unable to charge, because walls were un-plastered and wood dust filled the air. He also asked me not to advertise my Pentecostal bent. As a revived Methodist, Mark found a nook a few blocks down the street.

Instantly, I acquired a bevy of new friends. Marge was CSF live-in secretary, like a house mother. I called her the “Bee’s Knees”. Ken, Jim, Steve, and Paul were co-habitants. Girls like Susie, Laura, Cookie, and Boston hung around downstairs at all hours. I slept on a floor mat and grabbed meals as I could. The CSF felt like a sanctified version of the Adams Street Hippie House. I was loving my senior year!

Bible study and prayer became part of my daily routine. One night in a dream, I heard a distinct voice repeat three times: “fifteen John five.” I awoke and guessed the words referred to a Bible verse, but had no clue as to content. I turned to John 15:5 and read: “I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.” I determined to abide in Jesus all of my days. My friend, Susie, was gifted in embroidery. A vine and branch soon adorned the backside of my blue jean-jacket.

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The Gospel of John became my favorite book of the Bible. Several of us residents wanted to publish a Jesus Paper and I suggested calling it *The Door* taken from John 10:9: “I am the door;

by me if any enter in, he shall be saved, and go in and out, and find pasture". We worked a few weeks, writing, typing, cutting, copying, and drawing in order to publish *Door* issue number one. A caption on my column read, "If you're not close to God, guess who moved?" Kenny Hopper printed two hundred copies of the twelve-page paper in Indianapolis.

We promoted the first day of October as the Jesus Trip Festival, headlined by Pat Boone and supported by a multitude of Christian speakers and entertainers. It was a full day of witnessing our faith, passing out "one-way" buttons, and distributing *The Door*. The church hillside venue was filled with young people sitting on blankets. Two of my friends-to-be came to the Lord that day, Carol Bennett and Jim Rich. I also met Merle, Denny and Sunny, adding them to my roster of Christian brothers and sisters.

An assortment of Jesus people attended an assembly at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. The atmosphere reminded me of my parents' charismatic gathering back in Longview. We clapped, shouted, and sang choruses. My favorite came from the gospel of John:

We are one in the Spirit. We are one in the Lord.  
And we pray that our unity will someday be restored.  
And they'll know we are Christians by our love, by our love.

For young people, these joyous occasions provided a safe space to flirt and pair up. I found myself in continual prayer that God would bring the right "Christian sister" into my life. An unvoiced question hovered over every female encounter. "Could this be the one"? Sexual tension abounded. I remember a time when Jim was interested in Susie, Susie was interested in Chris, Chris was interested in Sunny, and to complete the circle, Sunny was interested in Jim. Romance was a merry-go-round, each participant stretching a hand to take hold of the brass ring.

My Fall classes were mostly in Library Science and Education. I remember a Teaching Practicum class in which I was required to observe classroom teachers. I attended Clark School for three days, sitting in Mr. Roman's history class. I felt odd at twenty-one, older than students, but younger than staff. I met a neighbor of Arlene. She told me my ex-girlfriend was about to marry and the groom-to-be looked a lot like me. Was I to laugh or cry?

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To receive a public-school credential, I needed to student-teach for one full term. In preparation for the winter quarter, Lynn cut my long hair and Kadee helped me acquire a suit of clothes from a second-hand store. Charlotte arranged for me to rent space from Mrs. Walker, her mother-in-law. As I was driving my VW Bug to Whiting, the engine threw a rod and had to be replaced. It took one month and a bank loan to recover my little Beetle.

Following a Thanksgiving holiday with Charlotte, I began teaching at Whiting Junior High School. I shadowed Mr. Mihalo as he taught social studies to three classes of seventh graders and one of eighth graders. It took some time to adjust to a coat and tie.

For ten days, I observed Mr. Mihalo in action. I interacted with students only when he called upon me. That changed suddenly when his mother passed away and he took a month's leave. I felt like I was thrown to the wolves. I learned much about children and more about myself. Here's a story I wrote about student teaching:

I was in the midst of a history lesson when a spunky girl interrupted me and said, "Mr. Foreman, your face really looks shiny". She was being purposely disrespectful and I ignored her as if her comment didn't faze me. However, before I returned to school the next morning, I found some talcum powder and applied it generously to my face. I really rubbed it in so that my face wouldn't appear shiny. As I began teaching with my powdered face, the same girl interrupted me and said, "Gee, Mr. Foreman, how come your face looks so white?" This was a game and as we glared at each other we both realized that student had conquered teacher.

When I met with Mildred Evans, my BSU supervisor, she offered advice on handling my mouthy girls and rowdy boys. "They won't care that you know, until they know that you care."

My nephew, Jimmy Walker, sat in my advanced seventh-grade class. He told me the definition of a "googol", stating it was "a one followed by one hundred zeros." I was impressed. He added, "A googolplex is a one followed by a googol of zeros."

Then I discussed the offensive spunky girl with him. "What if I made Jamey go to the blackboard and write 'I won't talk in class' one googol times?" He laughed. We enjoyed our conversations.

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My landlady, Mrs. Walker, was a difficult person to live with. I remember using a squirt of her catsup on one of my hotdogs. She scolded me to no end. Just after the Christmas break, I relocated a few blocks to the apartment of Bill and Yolanda Butler. Bill was a family friend from the First Church of Christ. He drove me to Lafayette, Indiana, where I picked up my repaired VW, forking over \$400 of bank-loan money. I then proceeded to Muncie resuming college life with my menagerie of friends. I was happy to ditch my monkey suit and return to denimwear.

A few girls in the house baked me a birthday cake and a dozen residents helped me blow out twenty-two candles. I disappointed Charlotte by spending Christmas Day at Mark's home and New Year's Eve at the Christian Student Foundation.

### **1972 to November**

New Year's Day holds a sweet memory. The foundation provided a supervised space in which to welcome the arrival of 1972. I initiated a long conversation with a pretty high school senior named Jo Caine. We talked for hours about the ways of Jesus and the ways of the world. After sharing a personal problem, she cried, I embraced, then we kissed. I pushed her to arm's length and sighed. Jo blushed. She was too young and I was too old. We exchanged a few letters but both recognized a romance that could not be.

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Returning to Whiting, life improved. I now had my commuter Beetle. Bill and Yo were very kind to me and I received much more than I gave. I grew to enjoy my boisterous junior high students. I managed to finagle a video camera from the athletic department and to record students as they recited lessons. My kids were thrilled to mug for the camera and view themselves for the first time on TV. The boys and girls knew I cared about them. My BSU supervisor sat in on my class and commended my pedagogical action. For the winter term she awarded me with eight hours of A and seven hours of B.

I hung out sometimes with my old Whiting girlfriend Patty. She would drop by my place and we would flit from food joint to shopping mall. With some of her crowd she drove me to Chicago to see Donovan in concert. Soon Patty stopped dropping by. Without sex as a bond, we discovered little in common.

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In March, I moved back to Muncie for my final college term. Merle agreed to shelter me at his house, 401 Riverside. I admired his gracious hospitality. A constant flow of guests streamed through his front door, lounging on sofas, petting cats, and sipping coffee. Some were my friends and some were Merle's friends. In the end, all became our mutual friends.

I was active in sharing Jesus with fellow students. I was outspoken in class, pushing back against professors who mocked the Bible. Some atheist debaters got the better of me. At times my belief system seemed incredulous: How could God send people to hell? Is Jesus truly the only way? Why is there suffering? Two things kept me on track. First was my encounter with the Ouija Board. That transcendent experience was undeniable and unexplainable through materialism.

Even greater was the testimony of the Paraclete; God's own Spirit witnessing to mine. I learned the distinction between "showing God" and "knowing God". I could not easily demonstrate God's existence, but I never doubted His indwelling. The Holy Spirit was my ace in the hole, "the defeater-defeater" so to speak. Whatever clever argument could defeat me: whatever sour mood deflate me; the inner witness of the Spirit could in turn defeat. Often, the assurance came after I whispered to myself in miraculous tongues.

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Frank and I kept up a correspondence. He was preparing for medical school and had set a July date to marry Lelia. My serious little brother desired to put away his "childish things," specifying WLS radio, sports trophies, and marvel comics. At his behest, I filled a large cardboard box with comic books and shipped his ex-treasure to Great Neck, New York. Frank also encouraged me to read more C. S. Lewis; and I did, everything I could lay my hands on. Lewis became my exemplar of a Christian who was both faithful and intellectual. He showed me I didn't have to abandon my academic brain to embrace my religious heart.

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My final classes were History of High School, Selection of Library Material, Library Administration, Cartography, and an Honors Project. I was too distracted for rigorous study and my final grades were all B's. My four-year grade point average at Ball State was 3.242 out of 4.0

My honor's paper was titled: "The Jesus Movement: Revival of the 70's?" in which I compared the current Jesus movement to various awakenings and revivals of previous centuries. After Dean Steven Hall accepted the proposal, I procrastinated. Then I rushed, staying up for two nights while a female friend flirted and retyped. The final product was sloppy, besmirched with white-out. My sponsor appreciated the effort, even though I misspelled his name as "Stephan" throughout the paper.

In addition to my college classes, I sat with a Lutheran pastor to learn New Testament Greek. I didn't progress much more than the alphabet and a few dozen vocabulary words, but he inspired me to keep up my Bible studies.

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As the Spring term wound down, Denny led an expedition to a local cave. He called his passion "spelunking". Sunny and Boston joined us squeezing down tight shafts and squirming over wet rocks. The girls refused to trudge further when bats flapped past their ears. By the time we fled to the car, the four of us were soaked to the bone, miserable, and complaining. Oddly, the next morning we bragged to others about our great adventure.

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On May 24, 1972, I graduated with honors from Ball State University. My family came for the occasion. When my name was read out, I rose from the folding chair, strolled across the lawn on the main quad, and received my Bachelor of Arts diploma. My major was Secondary Education with an endorsement in Social Studies. My minor was Library Science.

I posed in my blue cap and gown, an honors cord around my neck. Dad chided me because I wore combat boots under the gown. The photo in front of the Christian Student Foundation shows me in the center, flanked by dad and mom. Frank, Lelia, Charlotte, Jimmy, Shelley, Chris, and Danny are huddled around. Other pictures of the day show dozens of my Christian buddies smiling back at my camera. It was funny. Every time I pointed the lens at Frank, Lelia would leap into his arms.

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After a night in Muncie, the ten of us car-pooled up to Whiting. Dad bought an old pick-up truck to haul the last of his belongings retrieved from Rose's basement. Then our caravan headed west. Dad drove mom in the station wagon; Frank and Lelia followed in the pick-up, while Grandma Rose accompanied me in the VW bug. Rose peered out the side window mile after mile, often remarking, "How can there be a population crisis? There's so much open land."

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In Longview, my dad operated in full Pentecostal mode, fasting every morning and praying through the night. He longed for the miraculous, something beyond mundane leg-lengthening

and slaying in the spirit. God granted his petition. The story goes as follows: Dad was working at the Reynolds cable plant where two-inch diameter strands of aluminum cable tighten around eight-foot wooden spools. One morning he heard shouts and rushed to a co-worker who was squeezed in a death-grip of winding cable. Operators unwound an unresponsive body and set it on the pavement. Dad lifted the victim in his arms and prayed fervently. Breath returned to his co-worker as an ambulance carried him to the hospital. The man survived without lasting injury to his body or brain.

The October issue of *Voice* magazine—a publication of FGMFI—ran a three-page article with the headline: “I prayed for a dead man, and literally saw a life loved back. I firmly believe that faith and assurance was the result of fasting and prayer.” John Foreman became a celebrity in the Full Gospel community. People in search of miracles flocked to our house.

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A looming event was the wedding of Frank Foreman and Lelia Rose set for July first. On the Saturday before the ceremony, dad planned one last fling with his two unmarried sons. His goal was to leave the house for Mount Saint Helens at five in the morning. It would take a full sixteen-hours of daylight to reach the summit and return. However, Frank and I were lazy and we didn’t head out until seven. The climb was a lark for the two of us and about half way up, dad spotted a serious climber quick-stepping downhill. After a powwow, dad ruefully announced we could not attain the summit that day.

Frank and I were not unhappy at the turn of events. We each had brought along a small patch of tarp and planned to sled down the mountain side. Things did not go well for me. The layer of snow contained pockets of exposed lava-rock. Once I gained momentum, I could not stop. Excitement turned into terror. Seeing a large outcropping ahead, I pivoted off the plastic, digging in my toes and fingers. Thankfully, I survived the harrowing slide with only a bruise to my ego.

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Frank had invited his Seattle land lady to the wedding. He asked me to pick up Sylvia and drive her back to Longview. On the return trip down a small county road I became confused not knowing whether to turn right or left. My VW plowed straight ahead up a dirt embankment, breaking a front axle. I was unhurt, but poor Sylvia bumped her head.

The wedding was supposed to start at noon on the shores of Lake Sacajawea. Folding chairs and tables were in place. All participants waited for the delinquent best man. At 12:15 I hurriedly donned my tuxedo and sped to the lake. I was breathless, Sylvia was dazed, and the ceremony was fashionably late. Lucy Rose served as bridesmaid, so I escorted her down a grassy aisle between chairs. Frank and Lelia exchanged vows under a large Douglas Fir. A singer and guitarist performed *Wedding Song* by Peter Stookey: “Wherever two or more of you are gathered in His name, there is love.”

Back on twenty-third avenue, we held a reception for the newlyweds. Lelia opened gifts handed to her by eager-eyed Jenny and Laura. Tall Susie Zelen caught the bride’s bouquet flung from

the back patio. I can't remember how Sylvia returned to Seattle, certainly not by me. I eventually sold my broken Bug for \$450, getting cash for the undamaged engine.

A few days later, the Full Gospel Businessmen held a convention in San Francisco. By the time dad and I arrived at the downtown hotel, Frank and Lelia had already enjoyed two nights of honeymoon. We bopped around the Bay, gawking at the landmarks, before driving back to Longview.

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By mid-July Don had left his position with Reynolds and managed a Hardware store in Chehalis. Zelens purchased a farm in the little town of Napavine, complete with horses, gardens, and duck pond. Jack migrated with him, leaving real estate sales and assisting Don with appliance delivery.

Jack and Barbara bought a funky fixer-upper in Napavine. They were in the midst of major rehabilitation when their family suddenly expanded. I was first to learn about Patrick's arrival. Alone in the Longview house, an adoption agency telephoned asking for Jack. They said it was urgent. Born on June 15, 1972, Patrick entered the family a few months later.

Almost simultaneously, Barbara's son from her first marriage arrived in Longview for an alleged "vacation". Alan had spent most of his eleven years with his father in Scotland. The vacation turned permanent and unexpectedly both a newborn and a pre-teen were part of the Foreman gang. Skinny Alan was fascinated by all things American. He fattened up on hot dogs the entire summer.

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I found myself at a crossroads with no clue of future employment. Where would my life lead? First, I had looked for teaching positions in Indiana. I discovered a glutted market but that was okay. I wanted to move west anyway. In Longview, I handwrote one-hundred letters to school districts throughout the state of Washington. I received only a handful of rejection responses and one offer at an Indian Reservation that quickly evaporated.

In August I received a certified letter from the selective service in Hammond, Indiana, and reported to an assessment station in Portland. I passed the induction physical with flying colors. Uncertainty plagued my days and apprehension kept me awake at night. I wasn't keen on combat in Viet Nam, and applied to the Air Force for an aviation position. A few interviews looked promising, but then I failed a mechanical aptitude test. I was disheartened but not surprised.

Salvation from military service arrived from an unexpected quarter. Way back in March, I had visited a Peace Corps booth in the Ball State commons. I had casually filled out all the papers and mailed in my application. I had forgotten about it.

After the Air Force rejected me, I received a timely letter from the Peace Corps offering me a position in South Korea as a middle school teacher. I telephoned in my agreement and received

a confirmation document. I was committed to begin service in November as a Peace Corps Volunteer (PCV).

Just two days later, I received “Greetings from the President”. I had been drafted into the U. S. Army. Fortunately, since I had already enrolled into the Peace Corps, my military duty was deferred. I had ridden an employment roller coaster for three months and was glad to step off.

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Waiting for my PC start date, I found time on my hands. Every morning I walked around Lake Sacajawea and every evening I watched wood flicker in the fireplace. I was in the habit of strolling to a Salvation Army store to augment my wardrobe. On one visit I stumbled across a display of old Victrola records. At first, I bought a few World War One recordings, playing them on my portable record player: “We don’t want the bacon. What we want is a piece of the Rhine”. Then I purchased a 1930s phonograph with a crank wind-up and listening horn. My collection soared to over three hundred antique disks.

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The Peace Corps sponsored an orientation session at the *Heart of Denver* Hotel. From October 21 to 23, I met many of my future comrades: Allen, Jim, Glen, Sherry, Karen, and Pat. I also met some of my soon-to-be Korean and American staff. We listened to lectures on language, culture, and survival.

I learned that Korea was called the “Hermit Kingdom” because of its self-imposed isolation. Western missionaries did not set foot on the peninsula until the 1880s. At the nexus of three world powers (China, Japan and Russia), it’s a near miracle that little Korea maintained a separate language and culture for three thousand years. It was the Korean War of 1950-52 that turned this obscure nation into a household word.

My group of middle-school teachers was designated “K-25”, the twenty-fifth cohort to serve in Korea. I was pleased God saw fit to direct my path in this unexpected direction.

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Rather than catch a return flight to Portland, I decided to visit my family and friends in Indiana. I had planned to hitchhike, but a Colorado cop disabused me of that notion. Instead I took a thirty-nine dollar/thirty-hour bus ride to Hammond. Charlotte picked me up at the station and I stayed with the Walkers for five days. I loved my sister and her four children. It was tearful to leave them.

I hitchhiked to Muncie on Halloween, landing at the Christian Student Foundation. Several dear friends were hanging out there, and when word got out that Chris had arrived, even more came to greet me. We gabbed through the night. The fellowship was fantastic. I thought “Is this what heaven is like?”

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I stayed in Muncie a few more days, then traveled to Indianapolis. I met Carol tooling around the city in a new Carman Gia. She offered to drive me back to Denver, but wanted a female companion. After a long phone call, Sunny agreed to accompany us. I liked Sunny a lot and I think she liked me. But we were both shy and a romantic conversation never ensued. I was not commitment averse, rather rejection opposed.

The three of us drove to Whiting to stay overnight with Charlotte, then we began our westward journey. Somewhere west of the Mississippi River, Carol suggested we drive all the way to the coast. With three in agreement, we changed course. I was glad I possessed a Gulf credit card to pay for the miles of gasoline.

Traveling through South Dakota, we were listening to the radio. In a forty-eight-state landslide, President Richard Nixon had defeated George McGovern. The Democrat failed to carry even his home state—through which we were then driving.

The travel was not all pleasant. We got tired and cranky at times, mostly about when to stop and where to stay. I booked a single-bed hotel room in Wyoming for nine dollars, then snuck in the two girls. From there it was non-stop to Longview with Carol and I taking turns behind the wheel. The Cascades were treacherous with snow and I almost slid the little car into a ditch.

My Hoosier friends spent a few blissful days in the evergreen state but soon it was time for them to return home. I gave Carol the Gulf card with instructions to destroy it when she arrived in Indiana. I sent dad money from Korea to pay off the \$150 gas charges.

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I spent a full week at “Uncle Donald’s Farm”. I looked after Alan and the Zelen kids as they traversed the Lewis County Fair. Debbie was trolling for boys; Susie and Nancy rode on horses; I helped Don John with amusement park rides; while Alan scarfed down hot dogs and cotton candy. I also earned a hundred dollars by charging people to carpark in Don’s hardware store lot. With the help of Don and Jack, I constructed a sturdy treehouse near the pooppy duckpond.

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Back in Longview, I began filling my overseas bags, collecting items that would tide me over the next two years. I cassette-recorded five hours of rock & roll and five hours of classical. I compiled a rolodex of addresses for international correspondence and filled an album with photographs. I packed by Interlinear Greek New Testament and three books by C.S. Lewis.

I also sorted belongings for storage, schlepping boxes of memorabilia, cartons of 78 RPM records, and odd pieces of furniture up into the garage attic. I determined to burn every trace of the faithless Arlene. I collected her love letters, her slides and photographs, then one-by-one consigned them to flame. I wanted to obliterate the very memory of that heart-crusher. Once again bitter tears flowed. “Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?” Alfred Lord Tennyson must have never run across the likes of Arlene.

Thanksgiving at the farm doubled as my going away party. Dad thanked the Almighty for a bounty of both food and family. I felt as stuffed as my fifty-pound bag. As I looked at friendly faces and familiar surroundings, Korea seemed an infinite distance and two years an eternity. Yet I longed for the voyage.

Two days later, on November 25, dad and Frank accompanied me to Sea-Tac Airport. We were sharing a fast-food meal when I began to recognize familiar Denver faces. Dad laid hands on my head and Frank prayed. We walked together hefting giant suitcases. As I stood in the metal-detecting queue, my father and brother spoke a last word then retreated out of sight. I began to re-acquaint myself with fellow PCVs from K-25. A new chapter of life opened. I was about to board a jet plane and launch into the Far-Eastern unknown.