

1 April Day 14 Reflections

Ah, I must confess having slept 'till 0830 this morning, and I must add, I enjoyed it. After a refreshing shower and shave, I bought a newspaper to read the account of yesterday's accident. Apparently, only five were killed, and they did include Mrs. Hillary and their 17 year old daughter, Belinda. An engine problem - fire - after take-off apparently caused the crash.

I then had my boots shined (what a shine!) for the return flight, and then left for the Sherpa Hiking House to meet with Ang Pasang. I still owed him 272 N Rupees for the cost of the drive to Lamosanga and a little from the charter flight from Shyangboche. I just figured the total cost of the trek - \$282.00. Not bad at all considering the precise manner in which the trek was handled, the effectiveness and extreme importance of my Sherpa guide, and two good porters. Add the fact that my plane ticket awaited me, and you have a successful journey to the Himalayas.

Ang and I talked for awhile over tea, and I learned that he had just spoken to Mrs. Hillary three days ago. How I wished I could have met her. I really am greatly saddened by her loss. Ang and I exchanged addresses and I spoke to him of the friendship I felt I had for both himself and Sherpa Tsering. They are both young and full of desire to work hard and change the status of the Sherpa.

2 April Day 15 Time to leave

I tried sleeping as much of the night away as possible. It worked until 0730 (7:30 AM) when I simply could not sleep any longer. After a quick pack of the remaining items and a shower and shave, I was off to the newspaper stand for tangerines and a paper. Two people were killed in a mountain climbing accident, an avalanche. This area is simply not one to fool around in - an element of chance simply exists in the high country. I checked in at the airport at 1015 and finally boarded at 1130. I'll be getting in to Bangkok rather late I'm afraid. Hopefully, I can still arrange a flight up to Udorn for the morning.

LV	Kathmandu	1155 L	2 Apr
ARR	Calcutta	1250	
LV	Calcutta	1340 L	
ARR	Bangkok	1710 L	

4 April      Reflections from Thailand

Having just completed my first full day back at Udorn I am reflecting upon these notes of a brief, but rewarding time in my life. I have left the idyllic, hill life of the Himalayas and returned to the reality of a modern world tossing and turning with strife, particularly in this area I am currently located in. The utter despair of Vietnam and Cambodia is indeed both disheartening and shocking, but nevertheless, it must be faced and life must continue. I will always have the memory of the footfalls, the heat, the cold, the majesty and beauty of the Nepali high country, for, with the Lord,

I CAME TO THE MOUNTAIN.

POSTSCRIPT      26 Years Later

After 26 years I have once again read *High Time*. Indeed, I have purchased my own copy, as I have said I would do time and again. Now, I have done so. This time, there seemed to be an urgency. Unexplained, but definite. It was as refreshing as when I read it the first time; however, with hindsight, the sadness still lingers for a family so very special.

I wanted to clarify Ang Pasang and his relationship with the Hillary's. He is mentioned in Mrs. Hillary's book.

From p. 172, *High Time*,

" It was terrible to be leaving so many of our good friends - Siku, Aila, Ang Passang, Passang Tendi and Pemba Tensing. We stood around making forced conversation as people always do at airports and railway stations. Ang Passang's little Apso puppy seemed to feel the tension in the air and sat down on the frost-covered ground and wept noisily."

This was her way of describing their family farewell after a delightful Christmas adventure with the Sherpas who had become like second families. It was no wonder that I saw a deep, sincere sadness and loss that afternoon, long ago - for Ang had lost someone dear, someone in the "family", and he hurt terribly.

To this day, I still do not understand God's timing for all these events. I know He continues to bless me, and I know the prayers of my family guided me safely through the mountains of Nepal. And, I know it is time for this story to be available to, at least, my family. Hopefully, in some small way, they will also be able to understand and gain from this God-led adventure.