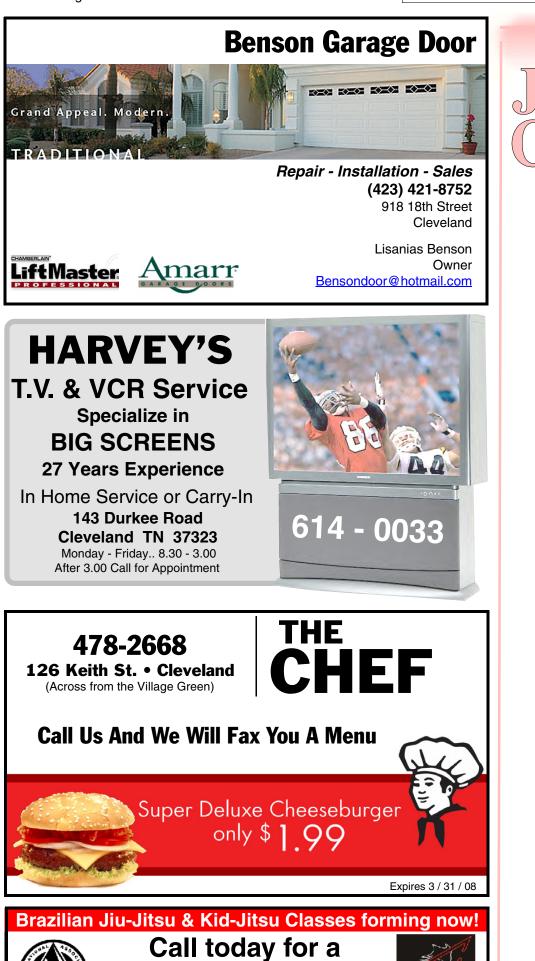
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The PEOPLE News

March 2008





## The Chronicles of Cambridge: Part II

To make a long story short, my adventures this past month have included me spraining my ankle in Ireland, among many other things. We had four days of independent travel in Ireland, and I screw it up on the first full day by tripping over a rock in the Aran Islands. It's important to know that the Aran Islands are gorgeous, albeit full of rocks. I heard a "crack" and my ankle immediately swelled to the size of a balloon. I was in pain and I was certain that it was broken, and I ended up getting my leg in a temporary cast at the small clinic on the islands and being sent to the mainland, Galway, for the X-Ray.

Needless to say, this put a bit of a damper on my travel group's plans. But they were good sports and they made it through – and it turns out that Lee University insurance pays for all of the costs involved! Yay. And my foot was not broken – it was just badly sprained. So what's a girl dressed in pajamas with a sprained ankle on a Saturday night supposed to do? Go to a pub, of course!

I think here would be a good time to mention that amid all the fuss of getting me transported from the Aran Islands to Galway (I was even carried at one point) that I had left my passport and money and all forms of identification in the hostel on the Aran Islands. So I'm wobbling down the street, with a newly-found friend named Eamon who had also sprained his ankle whom I had met at the hospital and my group. The streets are littered with beer bottles, and every Irish stereotype is true. It was one in the morning. I was kissed by a random guy on the street on the ear, and I saw him get punched in the face later for doing the same thing to another girl. In the pub, where I was awkwardly sitting in a corner, a drunk girl came up to me and explained how she wanted to have babies because she was Catholic but her boyfriend, who was standing right behind her, wasn't going to last very long. It was interesting to say the least.

I can feel the United Kingdom as a whole beginning to affect me. Walking and biking everywhere has really done me a lot of good, and I have begun to actually enjoy it. I have started to really miss maple syrup and real American bacon, and Gondolier's pizza. I've been getting better at distracting myself from missing my cat, family, and fiancé by keeping myself busy, which usually means spending more money than I actually have. I only have three and a half more weeks left until I get back. The time has really flown by, and this trip has started the heart tugging to prepare for a life-changing event. I can't wait to finish out my time here and see what God has in store for me.





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