

The Road Home: Beirut 2006

I was up at five-thirty to get ready
For a flight home the driver was
Expected to arrive in an hour
I showered dressed packed
When suddenly I heard an explosion
Out my third floor window of the hotel
A big black cloud of smoke rose
About a mile away I called the front
Desk *are they bombing in Beirut*

I don't know Madam I will find out for you
Minutes later another explosion
Now there were two large black clouds

The driver called *the airport has been bombed*
There would be no flights out of Lebanon
I should call the embassy
He was so calm *go have breakfast and we*
Will talk later

The man who answered at the embassy said
No one would be in until nine
But Beirut is being bombed
Later they said to download
A form and fax it to them with my email address
A copy of my passport
They would email me about getting out of Lebanon

I moved from the hotel to my friend's home
Their daughter was on her honeymoon
There was a spare bedroom
My family was worried
They called the State Department
I should *stay put until further notice*
Under no circumstances was I to travel
To Syria

Two days later I boarded a bus with thirty
Friends headed for Syria
I never heard from the embassy

