

Cybercolumn by Jinny Henson: Optimism's reward

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CYBER COLUMN: Optimism's reward

By Jinny Henson

The beginning of the journey to Disney—the place where dreams come true—was innocuous. Sunscreen, shorts, our own water bottles and snacks because the tickets cost as much as a compact car. We were set. I had the “unofficial” guide highlighted, which my uptight husband had some issue with since it came from the library. Such a wet blanket that man is. Sheesh.

We arrived at the airport in plenty of time, approached the metal detector and shucked our footwear. I was careful to reign in my sense of humor since a sign blatantly reminds passengers to refrain from making ANY jokes—a thrown-down gauntlet for a comic, I might add. I just want to sing, “gun, gun, gun, gun, gun, gun,” to a Mambo beat whenever I see that thing.

**Jinny
Henson**

Safely inside our connecting flight (this airplane was an older model; it actually had the ashtrays IN the bathroom.) we took off. Due to bad weather in Memphis, our flight was diverted to Little Rock. Hopes dashed, we festered, incarcerated, in the capsule of broken dreams. My husband

asked, “Didn’t some airline get sued for holding people on the runway for 17 hours?” He knows just how to reassure the kids. I maternally sweep up the carnage.

“I wish we could just go on one plane and get there,” my 8-year-old innocently expressed. In a *Stepford Wives* moment, I plastered a patina of calm on my boiling innards and said it wouldn’t be that long and that I would buy him another pack of \$2 trail mix from the steward. He was busily distributing more water from an industrial-sized bottled-water jug, which John said he probably just refilled from the airplane faucet. You even had to grab your own cup. We only do it first class.

After 90 minutes, the storm cleared. We were in line to take off for the 20-minute flight to Memphis. As luck would have it, that left just enough time to miss our connecting. Arriving in Tennessee at 5:06, we glanced at the monitor and saw where the flight to Orlando left at 5:00. My cup perpetually half full, I noticed the gate number, and gripped with the adventuresome spirit of Sacagawea, screamed at the family to follow me. We sprinted to the opposite end of the terminal. John lagged behind, convinced that our ship had sailed.

We arrived at the gate, which was empty, the door locked and I could hear the faint echoes of the King lowing “Are you lonesome tonight?”

My optimism is rarely rewarded by life. I should learn by now not to exert myself for the slim chance that something could happen. Not one for regrets, I was certain that we at least had to try. We may have appeared crazy, but if there was the slightest shred of hope that we could get there, we had to attempt it.

This shred-of-hopeness has often led to my deep disappointment. My husband is the rock of Gibraltar. Nothing flusters the man. God did this on purpose. This very moment, he is systematically cutting cantaloupe in

perfectly even geometric wedges. I lop the melon into quarters John-Belushi “Samurai Deli” style and sling it on the table. Without him, my kids would most likely view Ding Dongs as a dinner entrée and play in the rain. OK, we still play in the rain, but you get my drift. He is the measured voice of reason that keeps me grounded, helps me focus and has made me a better woman.

But sometimes, unexpectedly, the worm turns and bolsters my naiveté. Out of nowhere, up scurried a ticket agent. She asked for our boarding passes, which of course were in Half-Empty’s pocket 20 gates back. I let out a primal shriek “John,” which shook even the swine on the Memphis BBQ sign down to his pickled feet.

He was as stunned as I was as the stewardess unlocked the door. We were quickly ushered into our flight, which, it turns out, was actually held for us.

Four nights later, after two days of Disney and two at the ACME Marriage Conference (a GREAT combination....any trip to Disney will make you want a divorce—from your entire family,) John and I were seated for the evening banquet with Millard and Linda Fuller. You ever get the feeling that you’ve been seated at the wrong table?

The Fullers founded Habitat for Humanity, which has built homes all over the world. They now build houses through The Fuller Center for Housing. As we watched the Country Music Television’s video of their epic life story of how they have been God’s provision for thousands of downtrodden individuals, I grinned to myself. Perhaps the best things in life—like vision, grace, and optimism—are their own reward.

Jinny Henson travels the country as a Christian comedienne. John, Maggie Lee and Jack are an endless source of material for her. You can find out more about her at www.jinnyhenson.com

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