

Plane Trip Was Big Tings

These days, jumping on a plane is like next to nothing, so of course there is no fanfare and you wear anything.

Sometimes people look like they were in their backyard raking leaves or feeding the dogs and suddenly remembered that they had a flight and headed straight to the airport. But there was a time, not too long ago, when going on a plane was a big thing and became a major production for the traveler and his friends and family. First of all the neighbours would have to know weeks in advance that you were going to farrin. Then a special outfit would have to be bought for the special day. And when I say special outfit, I not talking bout any casual outfit, I mean dress-to-puss-back-foot clothes, new shoes and new bag.

Then on the day of travel, the whole family and sometimes even neighbours, would make the trip to the airport, (don’t mind that they had to miss work or school) just to see you off. The procession of cars, which sometimes included taxis, journeyed in convoy to the airport, and to the untrained eye, you looked like a movie star with an active entourage. You had to kiss every member of the entourage and give them a farewell greeting, warn each child about behaving till you got back, remind your spouse to take care of the children, and remind the neighbor to give an eye.

Then everyone went up to the waving gallery to bleach in the sun, for the hour or two until you were walking unto the tarmac towards the plane, so they could wave and you could wave back and throw kisses. They would watch the plane door close and wait for the aircraft to take off before they went back home to bask in the feeling of your travel. Yuh would tink is dem did gawn pon di plane.