

Life with LaMoin

LaMoin Cunningham • Missionary to Bali, Indonesia • <http://www.lifewithlamoin.com>

Author of: • *Oh Lord, What Have I Gotten Myself Into?* • *Glad I Didn't Know!*

P.O. Box 804. • Talbott, TN 37877 • (423)-586-0504 • Email: LaMoinBill@aol.com

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My Dear Friends:

Did you ever wonder what it would be like to walk through an automatic car wash? I know that might sound crazy. I guess my mind operates differently sometimes, but I have wondered about it, as I have sat in the car while it was moving through the wash. I have thought, "What if something happened, and I had to walk out of here." Go ahead - laugh at me. Well, I experienced something similar to being in a car wash - without the car!

This past month, we visited with our son, Greg, and his family in St. Louis, Missouri. My sweet daughter-in-law, Dawn, treated me to a spray tan. She had such a beautiful tan, and we remarked about it. I think she knew my thoughts - the sun hurts the skin. She smiled and said, "It's a spray tan." I asked, "What's that?" I am sometimes uninformed on all of the latest beauty techniques. I always admire a lovely tan, but I have always tried to stay out of the sun, because it wrinkles the skin, and it causes cancer. I have never gone into a tanning bed either. The first reason is because I am claustrophobic. Second, because they cause cancer also. So, I remain "natural." She asked me if I would like to try it. Sure, I'm open to new adventures.

Well, Dawn took me to the tanning salon, and told the receptionist what to give me. The girl took me into a small room with a big round machine. She instructed me about what I was to do after she left. I was to take off my clothes, and walk into that machine. She said, "It will talk to you." Great - a talking machine telling me what to do. She showed me how to stand, so the spray would go evenly on all of my body. I first had to stand straight, turn slightly to the right, and strike the pose of an Egyptian dancer. My right arm had to be raised, and the palm of my hand straight up toward the side. The left arm had to be down, and out a bit, with my left palm straight up, and facing to the left. Then I had to reverse the positions. The machine would then tell me to turn around, and put both arms down, away from my body with my palms straight out, and facing down.

She asked me, "Think you understand?" Sure, I understood. At least I thought I did. She didn't tell me to close my eyes and hold my breath. I suppose she thought any dummy would know to do that.

She left the room, and I undressed, and walked into that machine. I pushed the "start" button, and I waited. I felt a bit nervous and apprehensive. Nothing happened immediately. Then, suddenly, a spray hit me right in the face! I was stunned for a second! I quickly closed my eyes and held my breath - praying that nothing went into my eyes or my lungs. The spray traveled on down to my toes. I gulped for air, and tried to gather my thoughts. I didn't know exactly what to expect next. By that time, I was a bit disoriented. The shock had messed up my memory on what poses I had to take. I quickly tried to take the Egyptian dance pose to the left when another spray hit me. At least I had my eyes closed, and

I was holding my breath. I got all messed up in those poses. I turned around so it could spray my back, but forgot to put my hands in the flat position. It sprayed again - just like a car wash! I was gulping for air in between sprays and trying to remember those poses. I wanted to do this thing right, since Dawn was paying for it. I wanted to go out looking all brown and beautiful.

After the spraying stopped, nothing happened for a few seconds. Then that machine told me to turn to face the controls, and dry air hit my face and traveled down. It told me to turn around, and the air dried the back of me. Then it was over. My brain was reeling by this time, but I think that machine thanked me. I can't be certain about that.

I dressed, and walked back to the waiting room, looking a bit less "natural." Dawn asked, "How was it?" "Great!" But, at the same time, I was wondering if I got the most out of it, because I forgot all of those poses. It was a fun experience. I never want to get too old to try new things. But, recently I read in a magazine that spray tanning causes cancer!

I was washing clothes one day while Bill ran out to do some errands. After some time, I heard the garage door open, and I thought that he was home. Within a few minutes, he walked in.

"Why was the garage door up?" he asked.

"I didn't know it was up. I haven't been out. I heard it open, but I thought that you were coming in."

"No, that's when I closed it. It was open when I got home."

Hmmmmm, now that made me a bit thoughtful. That night, Bill said, "I know why the garage door was up. You washed those pants that I had been working in, and the garage door opener was in the pocket."

He always takes things out of his pockets, so I never check them before I put them in the washer, but that time, he had failed to remove the gadget.

"Does it still work?"

"We'll see later." It still works. Whew!

Our grandson has two more weeks of Marine boot camp. He graduates on August 24. These last two weeks are supposed to be rough. They have booted him around for 10 weeks already. He has 2 more weeks to go. Pray for his strength and endurance.

The Lord has been so good to us. There are too many blessings to count. I am grateful!

From My Heart,
LaMoin