

My first Christmas in the Church was 1972 - I made it home for Christmas

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Photo date and location unknown

My first Christmas was in 1972. I had gone to Washington DC for training to go out on one of the first 10 IOWC teams. I had told my parents that I wouldn't be coming home (it would be my first Christmas away from home) because of the training.

One day close to Christmas we were told that there would be no training for several days over Christmas, and could go if we wanted. I found out that if I took a Greyhound bus, I could get home to Michigan on Christmas Eve.

I ran to a drugstore and bought some cheap gifts for my family. Packed up my suitcase, and got a ride to the bus station for the 17+ hour ride. While someplace in Cleveland, I call Mom and Dad and told them I was coming home for Christmas, asking them to meet me at the bus station at 2 am the next morning.

Surprised, they did. I made the return trip the day after Christmas.