

## Amsterdam

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It is very early morning and I am having tea in Schipol Airport (Amsterdam) between flights...I will fly to Luxembourg from here in an hour, for a four-day visit with my daughter-in-law and granddaughter. I usually come over here this time of year to see them, and often...as today...with an old suitcase filled with Xmas gifts...they can later throw away the suitcase, and it beats the nuisance and expense of mailing things to Europe.

I have trouble sleeping on planes (wish I could afford the 1st class seat which folds down into a bed!) and so always arrive here very weary and befuddled. In the old days, when my granddaughter was small, she couldn't understand why I wasn't up for exuberant play when I arrived. Now that she is a teenager, she understands SLEEP better!

This is a HUGE airport and I have walked from one end of it to the other. I don't know why I seem always to have tickets that require plane changes of that sort. Recently, on my way home from Calgary, I changed planes in Mnpls/St Paul and felt as if it was a walk of a mile or more. Same here today.

Still, it keeps me awake, I suppose.

Zzzzzzzz.

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