

*Journals of a mother about Daniel #7*

*Thu June 22 2017 Daniel's 12<sup>th</sup> day*

(See <http://www.orthodox.net/daniel> for more journals from Daniel's mother.)

...

Written Thursday, 5:17 pm, Dallas time

So...since I last wrote, much has happened. I have been up and down on this wretched, blessed roller coaster. Long story short, because I have not the energy to tell it long, Daniel was never put onto that flight that I wrote about in the previous journal entry. We found out about 5 hours into the flight. We were not given a reason. We spent hours on the phone, on three different phones at the same time, trying to find out details and to learn what the new arrangements were. This was utterly devastating. I cried like I cried that very first day. We reached out to Anika and to British Airways and to DFW and to the funeral home and the American Embassy. Some people tried to be helpful, some were matter of fact or indifferent, and one man was downright rude. And then that dean, from OU, called. She used some clout the University has, and reached people in high places.

Our biggest angel in this part of the story was Amaure, who works for the cargo department at DFW, dealing with cargo from British Airways and three other companies. He spoke with a colleague at Heathrow, who gave his personal assurance that he would see Daniel onto the next plane, and call him when that was done. Then Amaure would call us. We would have to trust and be content with that. No other option.

That was yesterday. This morning we learned that the whole reason for yesterday's catastrophe was that there had been a security break of some sort. All the passengers and the cargo had to be removed from the plane, the plane searched, then the people could get back on. They said the cargo could not be re-scanned and re-loaded within the two hour window that was allowed. Apparently after a flight is more than two hours late, it has to be cancelled. So they loaded the passengers back on, and the plane left without the cargo. Daniel was cargo. Sick.

This morning, thank God, Daniel was indeed put on the plane; the plane took off an hour late; and now, 27 minutes ago, the plane has landed. FS and I were told we were actually not needed there, although we were certainly allowed. We could not be with him except for the few seconds it took to load the coffin into the hearse. We could not wait beside him while the paperwork was being done. So, I am back at the church, fiddling with this and that, praying, and now waiting...

---

*Journals of Daniel's mother. All words are from Marina Holland except lines in Italics (such as this).*

Marina Holland [mmarinaholland@yahoo.com](mailto:mmarinaholland@yahoo.com)

(See <http://www.orthodox.net/daniel> for more journals from Daniel's mother.)

