## Asian tsunami disaster news hits close to home

## DISASTER, from Page 1a

Water did come in one place by the front glass doors and it took some cleanup, but no furniture was damaged.

Outside is a different story. I don't know how much the granite top table on our porch weighs, but it was washed to within inches of the glass doors. Boats are everywhere.

I heard the glass doors rattling about 8:30 a.m. and realized an earthquake was occurring somewhere. I thought Burma. No reason to be concerned.

The rattling lasted about 30 seconds. We left about 9:30 to drive to Malaysia for the week. When we reached the bridge to drive off the island, the exit bridge, the lower one, was closed. The cars were routed to the entrance bridge and all incoming traffic was turned back.

I figured terrorist attack. A truckload of Thais in front of us put their hands together and were praying. The phone rang, and Dang, one of our Thai family, called. The family's island, Maiton, was flooded on the beach level. The island is a mountain, so there is plenty of high ground and upper bungalows. Dang told us what was happening.

We started back to Phuket about 4 p.m. after talking to friends on the island who had checked the house. We got home about 7:30 p.m. We basically were two miles from disaster. Our friend's home was gutted, but she lived two miles south, on the bottom of the island.

The next day I walked down the beach a couple hundred yards to the Moslem village, the sea gypsies or boat people. Normally, there are about 30 long-tail boats tied down. Today maybe five are in the water and some of those are sinking. Their homes were spared, but in most cases, the boats were more valuable. They depended upon the daily catch to feed themselves and hopefully to have fish to sell. Today, wreckage blankets the beach. However, symbolic of our own good fortune, amid the debris and wreckage lay a fluorescent light bulb, intact, unbroken.

to Koh Lanta.

Anyway, three carloads of

friends started off Sunday morning.

Ken had noticed the sliding glass

doors rattling like heck at about

8:30. We had some tremors last

year, so he didn't think much of it.

Apparently around 9:50, the wa-

ter was sucked out to sea. People

were snorkeling and suddenly

were drawn to the expanded beach

because fish were flopping around.

And then wham! In came the wall

of water 20-40 feet high. I can't

imagine what would have happened

would have been sitting outside on

We left our house at exactly 9:45.

In a follow up e-mail on Tuesday, Voni Taylor described some of the scenes she saw:

I had just completed my scuba if we were at home. Mom (Dawn) diving certification the week before. I had completed the two days the front porch drinking her coffee of pool training and one day of open or writing letters like she does ev-



A fishing village in southern Thailand lost many of the boats in the tsunami that hit the area on Sunday. The village was about two miles

northwest of where the worst damage was on Patong Beach in Phuket. Photos by Vonie Taylor

but then my training was interdoors would have been wide open. rupted by a business trip to By the grace of God, we were not Bangkok. The last day of training there. We got back about 7:30 and alwas suppose to be on Pee Pee Island on the following Sunday, but the though the water inside was miniboat was full so I completed my mal, we were happy to be home. The next morning really told the training at Ratcha Yai. The dive master said I could go to Pee Pee this story though. We spent the day Sunday for free but I had plans to go cleaning up and hearing horror sto-

ries. Our travel agent and her 7year-old daughter had been swept out of their hotel swimming pool and taken out to sea. They haven't been found yet.

Today has been a tough day. My friend Shaloan and I went to the store and bought every toothbrush, toothpaste, bar of soap, and towel that we could find to donate at the Provincial Hall. Oh my God. It was found themselves on sand. Others organized pandemonium. People



lators were trying to communicate, but nothing prepared me for board ies needing to be identified. Chilfound alive, floating on a mattress out in the sea. The stories go on and on

sea training about three weeks ago, ery morning. The sliding glass were walking around dazed, trans- ventured down to the most devastated area of Patong Beach. Cars

In the afternoon, Shaloan and I feel lucky with so many dead.

were stacked on top of each other after board of pictures of dead bod- like match sticks. Huge boats were sitting in hotel lobbies. Mud was dren were separated from their par- everywhere. It was unbelievable. ents—one 20-month-old baby was But the really weird thing was that two blocks inland, everything is normal—business as usual. I guess that's lucky — although it's hard to

Pee Pee Island was totally destroyed. The wave washed across the entire island. Most people were still in bed or already diving, so the body count is huge. Some divers survived with stories of being slammed against coral reefs, pulled 18 meters down and being shot up out of the water like champagne corks. I could have been there. My mind is full of "could have's, should have's." Huge trailers on the deep seaport

dock are being used as a temporary morgue, and were filled with coffins. On the way back from the family's Maiton island we were in the procession of boats bringing the bodies back from Pee Pee.

This morning, the body count for Thailand was 400. This evening it's 1.100.

Noi, our Thai brother, said tomorrow the numbers will more than double because they had just gotten to a remote area that had been totally wiped out. Even the king lost his grandson, who was on a jet ski down here.

I can't write anymore. I can't sleep either. Usually the sound of the waves outside put me to sleep, but now I lay awake listening for another "big one."

We are so incredibly blessed. We are alive, we are well, and we are together. I love my family more than words can describe. It has really hit home at how many wonderful friends we have and how fast news can travel these days. The phone and e-mails have been constant.

Maybe I can sleep now. Maybe. Tomorrow is another day. We are fine. Please pray for all these families who have lost their loved ones.

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