

My Story: Part 3

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I have always found that mercy bears richer fruits than strict justice."

- Abraham Lincoln

Back to Seattle. It was now July, 2007. This time it was even better. I'm known there now and when going through passport control, I expected to have to turn right and onto immigration. But the passport officer, seeing that I was a fully law-abiding and compliant tourist, said that I could just go though and onto my destination. What a nice surprise and a good start to the next 90-day stay

To be honest, I had little idea of how to resolve the problem with my marriage. 'Ling-Ling' could not just go back to England with me, she needed a marriage visa which she needed from her own country. That was no less than £500 (\$1,000) and not available to us. It wasn't just the visa either, it was all the air fares that had to be added up.

My only chance was to try and find an employer in the US who would consider applying for a work visa for me. Even though this may have meant I would have to return to the UK to accomplish this, it would have been enough to stabilise our future together.

It was impossible to find anyone. I had not enough of the desired skills to attract a needful employer, and not enough individuality to persuade either an employer or the US Government that I was worthy of such a visa. 'Ling-Ling' and I were struggling.

Our only chance was that we find a place to live together in her new working location, and that I spend several 90-day stays in the US with her until we can work out some solution. Whatever the outcome, I thought we had little time to resolve something.

Our other main problem was actually finding a place to live together during my stays in the US. I was not familiar with the housing system in the US and we struggled to find anywhere to live. In fact i spent an awful amount of time over those 90 days just searching for a place to live.

I was also back with CarolLee in Eugene. I think 'Ling-Ling' and I only saw each other on alternate weekends. This was distressing for both of us. But at least we on the same continent and in the same State. Flying to and from the US every other week was not an option - financially or otherwise.

It's difficult to recall anything significant about these 90 days. There was just too little contact, no success. Nothing was working for us.

The 90 days was almost up. I discussed with 'Ling-Ling' about living in Indonesia. I said we should give it a try. At least if it did not work we could try for a visa to get 'Ling-Ling' back to the UK with me.

This was virtually a last-minute, and desperate action. I cancelled my return flight to the UK and was on the verge of booking a new flight to Indonesia to meet my wife's family. But fate took a very decisive turn for the worse.

Within hours of booking a late economy deal ticket, I was called by my sister in the UK. She told me our 59-year-old brother had died. I was needed back in the UK. Fate was telling me that I could not go to Indonesia. Fortunately, my mother paid for my round-trip ticket to the UK.