

“Stuck at the airport on Christmas Day”.

Five years ago, as a part of the "Erasmus" student exchange, I went to Barcelona to continue studying medicine at university. I love this city and I've felt perfectly here. I enjoyed studying and got to know the corners of the capital of Catalonia. I was in a dilemma, I wanted to stay here permanently, simultaneously I missed my family. That's why I was glad, I would meet my loved ones at Christmas in Poland. I wanted also to visit my dear friends. I bought small gifts for my family. For my grandmother, I chose a beautiful, red tablecloth.

Unfortunately, I thought about a plane ticket too late. It wasn't possible to book a direct flight to Wroclaw. There was the only transfer flight via Amsterdam. At that time, I didn't realize what consequences it would bring.

I reached Amsterdam without any obstacles. The airport was stunning with its size. I had the impression that I was in a magical "city" full of flashing lights and decorated shop windows. All passengers were absorbed the festive atmosphere of that port.

Unfortunately, after an hour, I met with an unpleasant surprise. A message appeared on the departures board: flight to Wroclaw is delayed. My face fell, I just cried out. I realized that I wouldn't be able to meet the family on Christmas Eve. I called my parents. I heard words of consolation that a family dinner with a surprise will be waiting for me. I was glad that my beloved parents and grandparents decided to wait for the late guest, me. How I missed them at that moment! Then I realized that they're important for me. I wiped away my tears and went for espresso and stroopwafel, the Dutch specialty.

I joined other travelers who also stuck at the airport. They flew to Miami for Christmas to their children. We enjoyed talking together. Unexpectedly my energetic interlocutor went in the middle of premises. She turned to waiting passengers and she proposed to join a small station Christmas Eve party. Willing people joined us. I spread my tablecloth (I'm sorry grandma). Everyone took a treat out of their luggage. The waitress served coffee and tea. It was going to be a great celebration. Someone quietly started singing the carol "Silent Night", the rest joined singing in their languages, others took pictures and clapped. Everyone smiled to everyone. We wished to one another many happy returns. I've never experienced such a Christmas Eve. I think we made a sensation among the airport staff. Supposedly, we were shown on a local TV. After seven hours, I said goodbye to my casual friends who captivated me with their joy and spontaneity. It was an interesting "life" lesson for me. Tired but happy, I got home. I wanted to share the unusual airport's Christmas Eve with my family.

Amsterdam will always remind me this adventure. Who knows, maybe I'll spend next Christmas Eve in Miami with people I met at the airport?