

## **We had an Airport Romance**

### **By Bruce Johnson**



*In 1991, Carole was a participant during the first week of Clown Camp and I was on staff during the second week. She was flying out on the plane that I fly in on. A mutual friend took her to the airport and was picking me up. We met at the top of the escalator and they introduced us. Carole and I had a short conversation and then we went our separate ways. For some reason we both remembered that when we met for the second time it was in another airport.*

*In October of 1992, I flew from my home in Long Beach, CA to Seattle where I was going to be one of the headliners for the Northwest Festival of Clowns. Carole was a member of the host alley, and they sent her to the airport to pick me up. Our joke is that she took them seriously because we were married exactly one year later. During that year we met in a lot in airports.*

*When we attended a clown conference or workshop we would fly separately to a hub city, meet in the airport, and fly the last leg together.*

*Every time that we fly to La Crosse for Clown Camp we always pause at the top of the airport escalator and reflect on that being the spot where it all started.*