

Belize City

My apprehension had been at a rather high level as I prepared to visit for Belize. As my plane approached the airport in Belize City, the fact that a rather large cow was standing near the runway did nothing to dispel my fears. Luckily for us and the cow, she was more interested in the grass growing alongside the runway than she was becoming roadkill for a MD-80.

The plane came to an uneventful stop near the airport and we immediately began to deplane and enter the airport, not what I had expected!

A jet way was totally out of the question, it was down the steps and across the tarmac, just like in the old days!

The airport, being a small cement block building, had none of the creature comforts that are associated with airports in the United States. The only creatures were several cats that had made their temporary homes in the airport.

We were escorted to customs and immigration, which consisted of two plywood tables on saw horses, where we opened our luggage and displayed our underwear to the world.

Smiling, well armed, friendly guards were manning both positions, and we were checked through with great efficiency.

Our 15 year old taxi, a Ford Crown Victoria whisked us away as our great adventure in the jungles of Central America began!