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...and suddenly I was airborne, on a plane. Destined for Chicago for the Write to the City summer program. This is a spoken word camp hosted by Young Chicago Authors so I said...why not? The program was amazing, however, being a tourist and a black man, I was a bit unsure as to if it was safe to walk the streets of Chicago, especially in the late evening. One evening, my friend Deneka and myself took a stroll up to Formal Mills. After an hour of blindly walking through the streets of Chicago, up Cicero Ave, we finally found it, did all the shopping we could have done, only to realize we were stranded. We proceeded to the neighbouring Walgreens to get some buss tickets but to no avail.

Then ‘wallaaa’ God sent an angel. A lady by the name of Fatina Williamsbey-Wilson. While standing in the line at Walgreens, Fatina was more interested in trying to figure out the origin of our accent. After realizing how lost we were, she offered to drop us down to the blue line. Then she offered to drop us back to our place. Listen now! My mother taught me to never accept rides from strangers. I bet she’d be disappointed. Lolz. But to me Fatina was just a genuine heart that was trying to help out. Deneka and still baffled me, sat in the car while being told about the ins and outs of Chicago, where we should visit and the foods we must have. Fatina got furious when she heard that no one from our group took us around Chicago. After dropping us off, she offered to come meet us the following day to go have some fun.

We met her daughter the following day who is a student at the Illinois Media School. Her daughter, light spirited like her mother, took the responsibility of being our tour guide for the many evenings that we were there.

One of the places they took us was Navy Pier, the breath-taking Navy Pier.



Now, just so you know, Fatina is terribly afraid of heights. Me, I’ve never been on a ferris wheel before. Without me even knowing of her phobia, she purchased 4 tickets for the ferris wheel and before you know it, we’re locked in a cubicle at a dangerous amount of feet up in the air. I love Navy Pier. As a West Indian soul, I felt the warmth in every 10-degree smile and welcoming arms in every ride. I’ve never felt this exhilarated. It’s like giving candy to a little kid. I will be back...for more candy.



What was even more soothing than visiting Navy Pier was meeting Fatina and her daughter Christina. Every day I think about them. How she could have hopped in her car and drive away like any regular person would have done. How her heart felt the need to show two complete strangers around Chicago. How two complete strangers are now two completed strangers. How she introduced me to Garretts' Popcorn. How she introduced us to her family and thought it would be the wisest thing to bring us to Navy Pier.



To Fatina and her Daughter Christina; I love you all and I always will.
To Garrett's Popcorn; you're the real MVP
To Navy Pier; more of the world needs that exhilarating experience

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