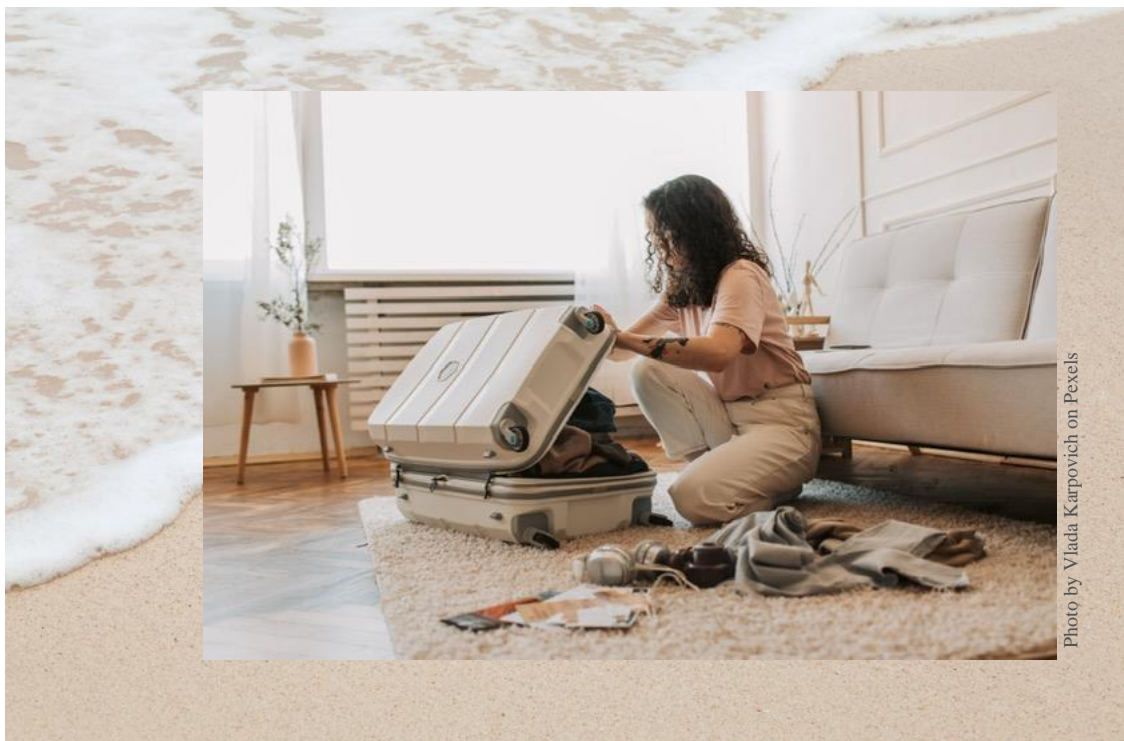


Whoops!

Braless in the Bahamas!



by
Mari Eygabroad

Inspired by prompts from
Sarah Soon and Jennifer Elwood

O*h, Friday! What a week! Thank goodness it's over! And thank goodness for half-day Fridays.* Callie dropped her briefcase and purse on the entry table and hung her keys on the hook. She was about to kick off her pumps when Jared came bounding through the apartment.

"Callie! Babe! Hi!" He gave her a quick peck and grabbed her shoulders. "We leave in twenty minutes! If you need a shower, make it fast!" He was a little out of breath.

"Leave? Wait. What?"

He bounced into the living room with the upright and started vacuuming the carpet. "We're going on a trip for the weekend!"

That explains the cleaning. Jared always likes to come home to a clean house.

"Where are we going?" she asked over the noise, slipping her left foot out of her pump.

"You'll see! It's a surprise!" He shouted back.

"No, babe, I'll need to pack." Callie slipped off her other pump and hooked a finger in each heel.

"I've already packed our bags!"

"Uh—okay . . . ?" She grabbed her purse and headed toward the bedroom, glancing back with a raised eyebrow he missed seeing as he continued cleaning.

Although she'd been looking forward to relaxing this weekend, Callie was excited. Jared's spontaneity was one of the things she fell in love with. It seemed to balance her obsessive need for planning and control—something she'd been trying to tame most of her young adult life.

Ok, Jared, let's try it your way. Warming up to the idea of a little getaway, she stood in her walk-in closet, staring at her clothes. "Hey, Jare, what should I wear?" She giggled a little at her rhyme.

"Something comfortable."

She shimmied into her favorite pair of stretchy jeans, pulled on a T-shirt with three-quarter sleeves, and stepped into her black half boots. Then she wrapped her charcoal Atlanta Braves hoodie around her waist, just in case. April weather in Atlanta can be unpredictable. She swapped a few necessary items from her work purse into her travel purse. She liked to travel light.

Before she could get her purse strap over her shoulder, Jared grabbed her by the hand and practically dragged her outside. While he locked the door, Callie stood with her mouth open as she ogled the stretch limousine idling outside their apartment.

"Jared, I am NOT dressed for a limo ride!"

“It was only a few bucks more than a taxi, so I figured we could splurge a little. C’mon! It’s just to the airport. It’ll be fun!”

“Airport? You planned all this out?” Callie took a step back. “Do we have everything we need? Passports?”

“Cal, I got this. Don’t worry.” Jared opened the door for her while the driver finished putting their two carry-on bags in the trunk. She clutched her purse and climbed in. Jared followed, and the driver closed the door for him.

Jared didn’t tell her where they were going until they were at the airport. Once there, they picked up their boarding passes, Jared pulled both their carry-ons, and they followed the signs for Gate A28, Atlanta to Nassau.

“Nassau? Babe, the Bahamas? Seriously?” Callie let out a little-girl squeal.

“I figured it was a great way to celebrate our first anniversary—just a few weeks early.” Jared grinned from ear to ear.

They spent the two-hour flight chatting about all they wanted to do when they got there, then took a shuttle to their hotel. Comfortable but quite the contrast to their limo ride in Atlanta.

As Jared checked in, Callie perused the list of available activities the hotel receptionist handed her. Plenty of outdoor activities and other things like wine tasting and romantic dinner cruises. She saw an asterisk by many of them and looked at the note at the bottom of the page. *Reservation Required.*

She eyed Jared. “Hey, babe. Did you make reservations for any of these activities?”

“Uh, no. Did we need to?”

Callie leaned on the counter and looked at the receptionist's name tag. “Excuse me, Sabrina, are any of these activities available?”

The receptionist tapped on her keyboard and then looked intently at her computer screen. She looked up at Callie, glanced at Jared, and looked back at Callie with a knowing half frown. “I’m sorry, the dinner cruises are all completely booked. You can do some of the snorkeling excursions if you have your own gear. Otherwise, those are booked as well.”

Callie bit her lip. “Could you tell me what other activities there are?”

“Well, there are many walking tours downtown, and the wharf is always a nice spot for coffee. There are some nice running and hiking trails. The trailhead is just about five kilometers north.”

“Thank you, Sabrina.”

Callie turned to Jared. “Well, let’s go unpack and check out this view you’ve been raving about, then we’ll figure out where to go.”

They took the elevator to the top floor and found their room. Once inside, Callie toured the hotel room, taking notice of the large soaking tub, while Jared immediately unpacked his clothes and tucked his suitcase in the closet.

Jared grabbed his toiletry bag and went into the bathroom. “Babe, did you see the tub?”

“I sure did! I’ll be using that tonight!” Callie flopped her suitcase onto the bed. “Hey, Jare? Did you pack my running gear? Maybe we could go for a run or a hike.” She opened her suitcase.

Jared came out of the bathroom, toothbrush in hand, white foam around his mouth. “What’d you say?”

“Um, where are my clothes?”

“Right there.”

“Babe, I haven’t worn these jeans in two years—they’re way too small. This blouse is for work—I don’t wear it out.” She shuffled through the clothes. “And did you pack any of my bras?”

Jared looked puzzled.

“Jared?” Callie continued rifling through the suitcase. “Tell me you packed something I can wear!” In her rummaging, she found two pair of see-through lace panties, the old jeans that didn’t fit her, a T-shirt she only wore around the house, the blouse she only wore to work, and her swimsuit—without the sarong. No running clothes, no extra shoes, no socks! “No bras!”

Callie closed her suitcase with clothes hanging out the sides and walked out onto their room’s balcony.

Jared finished brushing his teeth and—Callie judged from the scent of vinegar—cleaning the bathroom. He came out on the balcony and put his arm around her.

She sighed. “So, all I have to wear are the clothes I came in.”

“I’m sorry, Cal. I just grabbed clothes.”

“Jare, one of the things I love about you is your spontaneity. I love that you can just pick up and go without a second thought. And I really love that you wanted to surprise me. That is so sweet.”

Jared looked at her with sad eyes. “Am I sensing a but?”

“But I also hate that you just pick up and go without a second thought. I think letting me do the packing will have to be part of our travels together.”

He smiled. “Babe, part of being spontaneous is not having to plan. Just relax and let go.”

She paused. “Maybe a compromise? You surprise me with the idea, and I’ll do the packing. Deal?”

He laughed. “Deal.”

They reclined in the Adirondack chairs on the balcony and gazed out at the sparkling turquoise water. Turning her head to look at him, she put her hand in his. “I’ll give you one thing, though. This view is amazing.”

Check out Mari’s bio and book info on the next page!

This story was inspired by prompts from a creative reader like you.

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Mari Eygabroad and her husband, Bryan, are missionaries in Lesotho, Southern Africa. Bryan is a pilot/mechanic with Mission Aviation Fellowship, and Mari is a physical therapist, a mission educator, and a homeschooling mama to nine-year-old Matthias and five-year-old Isabella.

Mari's first venture into writing was publishing her 2022 nonfiction book *Living Uprooted: Encouragement for the Missionary Wife*, where she shares what she wished she knew before moving overseas, what she learned through her experiences there, and how God has provided for her missionary family in times of trial. She released the *Living Uprooted Companion Workbook* in 2023.

Since publishing her nonfiction work, Mari is now trying her hand at writing fiction and is currently in the very early stages of a novel trilogy about a young couple accepting Christ and following where their lives go from there.



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Living Uprooted: Encouragement for the Missionary Wife

Mari was ready to be a single missionary in Ukraine, providing physical therapy for disabled children and education for their caregivers. But her meticulously laid plans were about to get a God-sized edit.

This isn't your average missionary story—this is a missionary manual for women who want to grow in their relationship with God so they can best support their spouses on the mission field and well serve others overseas. Written in a poignant and humorous tone, *Living Uprooted* is the book Mari wishes she'd had and is intended to prepare the next missionary wife for her unique role in overseas missions.



The also-available *Living Uprooted Companion Workbook* prompts readers to

- dig deeper into God's Word on mission topics
- enrich their foundational relationship with Jesus
- create practical action steps as they prepare for departure
- understand what is in their heart before they go
- strengthen helpful concepts through word searches

Mari invites mission-minded readers to grab a pen and journal to experience practical and spiritual preparation for serving the Lord overseas.