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Flyer Miles - helping to transform that dream vacation into reality.

by Derek Lenehan

There is nothing quite like taking a vacation to a warm, sunny destination, especially during the most busy and stressful time at work. The absolute freedom of dodging all duties to lie out on a beach is something all people should experience at least once.

Of course, I include myself in that category of people that ought to experience the freedom, as I have not really experienced anything similar to freedom since the 4th grade. Just like everyone else, I'm tangled into work, I don't have the money to go anywhere remotely close to warmth and sun, and if I skirted my duties for a random vacation, I'd return home to find that my employer would have permanently skirted me.

However, the middle of my three problems is in the process of being solved. With my frequent flyer credit card program, I receive frequent flyer miles on purchases I make daily. Without ever setting foot on an airplane, in fact, I might be able to gather enough miles over time to cover my entire ticket to a place where the sun is actually visible on a regular basis.

At first I was awed by the various frequent flyer miles credit cards available. Every single company seemed to offer so many that I was afraid to commit to one, in fear of missing a better deal with a card I had not yet looked at.

So I did a little research. I checked what airline had the cheapest fares to places I frequently visit, and what companies it had frequent flyer miles credit card programs with. From those I decided on the company I trusted most, and the card that also had the best features and APR.

I couldn't be more pleased with my credit card. Aside the fact that I fantasize of islands every time I remove it from my wallet, it works perfectly for me. I can literally fund vacations with nothing but patience and purchases that I have to buy already. In essence I am getting frequent flyer miles for free.

Right now I'm saving up my miles for a trip to Hawaii - a trip that my employers will actually know about, that is, contrary to the freedom I extolled earlier. Each time I use my card, on anything from groceries, to clothes, to gas, to gifts, I get a little bit closer to Honolulu. I can feel the lay draped over my neck when I pump my gas, I feel the sand playfully warming my bare feet when I buy a gallon of milk, and I can hear the clumsy waves tumbling over one another when I buy a new dress shirt and tie.

by Derek Lenehan

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