

1/11/83

Surgery's done and I'm trying to get organized. To back up a bit. We celebrated our one year away from home anniversary with Fritos, french onion dip and Tab. I've been planning that experience for months. It seems very strange that we have been here a year. Sometimes it feels like St Vincent is the only home we've had. It's hard to believe that it's so different from the United States. The year that has passed has made it hard for me to imagine what U.S. life is like. I guess we're settled in more than I had imagined. The difficult transition is now a vague memory. The discomforts and difficulties are still there but we're so used to dealing with them that they just seem another aspect of living. Now my interest swings to wondering what the life we have left behind in the U.S. is like. We've learned one heck of a lot in the past year. Mostly we've gained a sensitivity to people that I don't think we had in the states. The daily confrontation of cultures that we experience makes us aware of how different we are from Vincentians but it also has made us aware of how Vincentians are different from us. We tend to seek the roots of these differences and wonder how we can find unity. It will be a shock to be anonymous in the states again. But I think our sensitivity to those around us will remain.

To change tracks. Our weekend in Troumaca was a real mind-blower. All my arrangements to get a van went up in smoke when we arrived to pick it up on Saturday. The guy had promised it to someone else! I couldn't believe it! He had gotten a 3-day rental on it. So we got "bumped". And they call me a capitalist! Well anyway all our efforts to find transport failed and we ended up stuffing seven people into a Toyota Corolla. It got us to Troumaca and back. While we were up there we "played ambulance" and transported an injured Rasta (bike-truck accident, he was lucky). The party was great the food excellent and I was glad to give Dennis a warm send-off.



Amazingly we have just 6 weeks until we visit the West for Christmas. Time has moved fast (thanks be to God) and although our plane reservations are still fuzzy I'm hopeful we can work out all the minor details. Deb and I are trying to put together the Christmas card and collect up our presents. And, if I can weather the insanity over my job situation it looks as if we will have a Merry Christmas.

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