

1/3/83

It seems as though as soon as I find myself starting to enjoy myself here, something comes along to spoil it. It might be a long night session at the Ambassador's club or a constantly barking dog that interrupts my sleep. It might be an offhand comment by a local. It could be an army of ants that invade some foodstuffs, mosquitoes, or a 40 legs. But more or less it's always something that prevents me from truly relaxing and enjoying myself. Even the form of some enjoyment has changed. In the states it could have been watching TV or going to a movie. Maybe a drive in the mountains. None of that is available to us. Relaxation must come through swimming, walking (doubtful because it is hot), or reading. Also, conversation with friends or other PCVâ€™s might be one form of entertainment. But, it never seems to be enough to allow me to just rest. Being a PCV is a 24-hour a day job. Sometimes you'd just like to scream and run away.

Turns out Deb's got a mild case of dengue fever. Which means I've had it twice. Same symptoms, high fever, headache and, now that we think about it, a rash (little red spots). The headache is the worst part. Seemed to last days. Deb's somewhat glad that we've had it. At least we know what to expect.



Got some more info about job. Turns out we had two gentlemen in last week to do some organizational analysis. I'm constantly amazed about how I've been on target with some of the things I've felt needed to be done. First, it was a training program in job analysis which the OECS came in to do. Second it was a Manpower forecast I felt was needed and which a fellow from the UN is putting together. Now it's an organizational analysis which I felt was needed at the very start. I'm feeling a bit more confident about the direction I've chosen even if I'm not totally confident about being in St VG.

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