

22/3/83

A week passeth..... my initial reluctance to move was overcome. I find myself breaking up all the things I need to do into daily objectives helps. for example if I need to see Mr X Mrs Z and Miss Y. I see Mr X on Monday, Mrs X on Tuesday etc. I still feel guilty in that I'm not very productive. But I am getting something done and I guess I should be satisfied with that. Still, I can't help but wonder why I'm so reluctant to get on with it. Seems that each objective or activity is a monumental task. I'm really uncomfortable with those thoughts and doubts about my career and competence. It would be much better if I had a mentor or a counterpart. As it is, I am the most knowledgeable one here (in HR matters). But, since I lack experience, and I'm from another culture as well as being 'green' in the job here, my credibility hasn't been established. I plan to work with Inland Revenue and the Library and perhaps, with those out of the way, other departments will enlist my services. But I need to do each little task so that can happen. I need to make some progress everyday. I just hope I can do that....



in me. Lots of folks, mostly young,

First, I don't know why they are

coming over and until my suspicions are allayed, I'm going to be uncomfortable with folks just dropping in. If they come by because they like us, then I don't mind. But if they come by because they want something from us then I'm not real keen on their visits. Granted, the fruit trees are ripening and soon many people will come by to pick fruit (both with and without permission) so I guess I should relax and live with it. But I still feel uncomfortable with what I feel is a lack of respect of other people's space here in St V. Well, it's not just here in St V but rather seems a condition of the adolescence and teen in today's society. It's more noticeable here because of cultural differences. Still, I've got a long way to go until I'm comfortable here both job wise and personally (personally and professionally that should be read). I still find myself taking mental vacations to the States from time to time but I think I spend even more time Stateside in my sleep. My dreams often take me home and I wonder how healthy that is. I even smoke in some of them. Sometimes I daydream about situations that would send me home (some of them terrible and selfish). But I think I do spend too much time Stateside and hope that my mental wanderings cease. At least until some reasonable time like Oct when the reality of our trip home is closer at hand. Sometimes Dec is light years away, sometimes it's like tomorrow.

But oh how I look forward to seeing home!

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