

22/4/83

Friday is always a cause for celebration. After a dismal and shaky start, the week has ended up okay. I broke out of my phobia and actually saw the people I wanted to see. I am still reluctant to move though. Seems I just rather sit than get out and do something. Maybe I'm just lazy. But really I feel like building a house. Doing something I know I do well and that I know I can complete. This ambiguity can be frustrating.

Got good/bad news this week. The reunion in St Lucia has been postponed until July (or whenever, probably August, knowing the PC). But, Dr Harvey is planning a charter for mid-June and this time Deb and I are first on his list. I don't know the cost but it should shouldn't be more than \$600 (I hope) we are "off season" now (at least for tourists) and should get a local rate. So though on again off again it looks like we'll be busy in June with new PCVs a long vacation and Carnival. That ought to make the month very short.

God's given us quite a blessing in the last couple of letters. one from UofU Med Center PT's and one from Zion Lutheran "gang". Just when I needed it. I have been suffering lately. It's been largely my own fault but I have been wallowing in self-pity over being here. I felt alienated and disjointed. I felt unwanted. In short I have been very unhappy here. So then along comes these letters telling us how much we are missed and how we are inspirational people. How we are doing more for people than people stateside are. How we are putting our money where our mouths are in terms of "ministry" and "service". Though it's very prideful, though I will lack any humility whatsoever I enjoyed feeling special again. I enjoyed being of use to someone, inspiring them, changing them. I suddenly realized that even though I may not make a difference here, I may make a difference back there. Even though I am not appreciated here, I am appreciated stateside. It helps me to put this experience in better perspective. Though it doesn't cure my desire to go home, it at least soothes some of the symptoms. At the depth of my despair, He comes through for me.

I often wonder at just what is my problem here. I don't like to work. I'm not fond of going out on the street to be stared at like an alien creature. Though I do find some peace at home and in my garden, there are still barking dogs and noisy kids to deal with. But outside of just being different the setting is not so difficult. Well, yes there are some difficulties but not nearly as bad as I make them out to be. Sometimes (60 70%), they really get to me, the rest of the time I'm content. Extending my contentment is the challenge. But I don't know what causes that. This whole contentment thing is just one big, looming question. I'm not sure the answer would come any easier if I was stateside.

But I need to find some peace and contentment here. Otherwise, I will continue to let my resolve be undermined by all of the things I dislike about being here. At least I need to find that so I can maintain for the next 6 months or so. Then I can reflect on it all I want in the luxury of home, in SLC.



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