

29/11/83

Countdown to ecstasy? I'm not exactly sure what to expect on arriving to the states. There is a certain amount of anxiety but an equal amount of joyful anticipation. Just 15 days! I can hardly believe it will happen. I am equally anxious about our travel arrangements. We talked to Mom Dad Todd Gram and Gramps on Sunday. Dad ran the tickets through on Visa and had them sent by certified mail (or registered we're not clear on what form was used). Anyway, now we will be anxiously eyeing the mailbox starting next Monday to see if they successfully ride the gauntlet of overseas mail handling. Mom and Gram both said they'd sent small packages months ago and they never arrived. Worse still is the fact that a PO worker was caught stealing and opening (then discarding) mail from overseas. Presumably looking for money. I'm afraid our mail has been waylaid somewhere along the line and fearful that our tickets will meet a similar fate. Oh well, we'll just wait and see and hope that the worst hasn't happened.

We are busily trying to get our Christmas cards off. And also decide on and purchase the final Christmas presents this weekend. Next week will be agony. Not much is going on with my job transfer. Most likely because Jethro is in Miami for the week and he is the "in" at Marketing Corporation. I don't anticipate much activity in the job circle during the next two weeks but I'm hopeful that the hitches are worked out during our holiday so that I can run once I'm back. Oh, I've been involved in a few assorted projects but nothing of very great significance. I'm just biding my time, burning up energy in our travel arrangements. It will be a difficult two weeks and a portent of things to come next year about this time. I expect that COS will be an even bigger hassle and if our 14 months since leaving the US passed quickly, the 11 or less months until COS should fly by. Especially if we squeeze in a trip to Europe but those plans must rest until we return. Next year might be as mixed a bag as this one was.

A difficulty arises in trying to convey the essence of this first PC year to my family and friends when we are stateside. Our photo album is incomplete and one-sided. We've overstressed the beautiful tourist side of our experience and left out the poverty and cultural differences. Our letters must convey some of that experience

but the photographs will not. I must try to capture that when I return.

I've noticed a tendency to move away from feelings and insights in both my letters and journal writing and more towards mundane and actually boring drivel about job hassles and plans for travel. The urgency of my writing is lost. That opening of the soul and heart which was so essential at the outset of this journey seems difficult to get in touch with. I still experience just what I experienced 12 months ago but it's a part of me. It's living it now rather than observing. I know must learn to open myself up and write about day-to-day experiences which are a part of my life but may not be a part of me once I've left.

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