

6/3/1984

A whole new section and I realize with only 9 months left, I've got a lot of writing to do to fill this journal. funny I still go back mentally and remember those first few entries. So naive, so idealistic. And all the experiences in between. The hurt, the tears the total confusion. Ambiguity says it all. The whole process is always one of becoming. But becoming what is the big question. My views and dislikes of Peace Corps constantly evolve from frustration to figuring it out with lots of fear in between. Toughest job you'll ever love? I doubt it. PC is constantly pushing you beyond the point of where you feel safe. Pushing you into situations you'd rather not deal with. I don't exactly like being pushed all the time and so far. It would be much easier if you could seize control at some point but, no. You always end up in the 'danger zone' and frantically search for a safe spot. I think that's why I'm constantly planning for safety, mostly in terms of returning to the USA. But it hasn't been bad. Bad in the sense that I regret time spent here. There were 'bad' times but I seemed to have grown through them. But mostly, I've been pushed to become more mature and self-reliant. Probably have done the same in the states, just would have taken longer.

I don't write so much of people here either. Mostly me and Deb. Whether that indicates a lack of knowing Vincentians or just emphasizes where the emphasis has always been, I don't know. I wish I were better at writing about the local characters. There are plenty of them. Standouts in an American crowd, but such a part of the local mix that it hardly seems noteworthy. The drunk yardman and ambulance drivers who weave through the hospital grounds. The homeless in town that are constantly camped out on various doorsteps. The beggars who regularly hit you up with a "gimme dollar". The total space outs who wander the streets talking, shouting and singing to imaginary audiences. The blind flute player who has his usual spots to play for change and who, by the way, has invested his 'small change' into several large real estate holdings. These folks and normal Vincentian; children, rostars and businessmen make up that peculiar mix called Vincentian society. How can you possibly put it into words? I wish this could be like "Living Poor" the book by an Ecuadorian PCV that we read prior to joining. His ability to describe that life in detail was hoped to be my model. Instead, it just put me and Deb trying to make sense out of senselessness and bring order out of chaos. When I write the final chapter of this story, probably after reading it in the quiet and cold solitude of our home back in the USA, it will be interesting to see what sense, if any, I make out of the whole thing. Gads, up to this point, I still have unsettled feelings.

Back to 'real time'. No further hassles with my assailant who did, in fact, turn out to be Bob Scott, owner of our beloved Ambassadors club and the singer of "Give me the strong rum". I'm thankful for that, but can't help feel anxious as I approach our home in Edinboro. That event cast shadows everywhere.

The M.I.U. progresses nicely. Still beyond my expectations at this point but A-OK all the same. TONS still to be done and I just need to remain energetic and determined to see it through. I'll be going to B-DOS on March 26th to spend a week with the BASIS crew and get the basics of their units operation. Embassy plane, too! Should be a nice ride. I do worry about leaving Deb for so long

will have to arrange for someone to stay.

I've got travel on the brain. We'll be in Trinidad the weekend of June 24th just before St V's Carnival and arrival of new PCVs (hopefully Deb's replacement too). A good 3 months away but after that, the time will fly by anyway so, for me, it's not too soon to plan. Trip to Europe still on course for August 30th and 2,000 francs are on their way to Martinique to secure our flight on Nouvelle Frontiere. I'll be buying more foreign exchange with dollar falling as it is...

Homefront SLC - Dad has been demoted but may be promoted due to death of one replacement and quit of another. Holly is, amazingly, pregnant and word is everything is A-OK. Deb's brother and sister in law had a girl (Katrina) and we're awaiting news of other newborn from Deb's sister (reads like a population explosion doesn't it?)

I'm okay. Tired lately, bad acne continues to scar my back (it doesn't like tropical heat). Deb's fine too but terribly overworked and almost tearful over spreading herself so thin in a situation that constantly demands more than one person can possibly handle. She's looking forward to July... ENOUGH!



My one and only time on a U.S. Gov't plane. Peppered with questions about the local elections the entire time.

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