

Dec 11

We had a confused and brief swearing-in ceremony at the P.C. office in Bridgetown. The reception following was the best part. Millers High Life & a lot of free Pepsi. A good deal of food. The best thing was that we were now official Peace Corps Volunteers. The last hurdle in becoming PCV's had been passed. The first hurdles in being PCV's were yet to come. The evening passed rather languidly. We took a swim in the ocean. We were trundled off to the airport to recover some lost luggage. Deb and I said a few good byes to those going off to the islands other than St. Vincent and we went to bed.

Next morning was spent in last minute packing, drinking coffee and getting checked in at the airport. Deb, Babe and I had breakfast at the airport to spend the last of our Barbados dollars & talk about being on St. Vincent. About 9:15a we boarded a trusty LIAT airplane and quickly got off the ground for a 45min flight to St. Vincent. We were almost "home".

"Home" turned out to be beautiful! Kingstown & St. Vincent turned out to be much more than we expected. Clean, small & rather "quaint" we liked St. Vincent immediately. No hassles on the street. No piles of garbage lying around. Friendly people. Beautiful scenery.

Our homestay was less positive at first. Both Mr & Mrs Duncan are quite nice but both are rather old & prone to talk at length. Repeat themselves & forget things. But both were much, much nicer than our other homestays. They have a 31 year old daughter that lives at home with them. Hildred functions at the level of a 5 years old. She is a "downs" child with other handicaps. My biggest problem is that I have difficulty dealing with elderly and handicapped people. Seems the Lord is giving me the opportunity to overcome my personal handicaps. Within a few hours though, I felt at home.



The priority for the week was to find permanent housing. We looked immediately at an unfurnished but beautiful place in Cane Gardens. But, given our incomes & the cost of just the 'basics' we couldn't afford the \$300/mo rent. During the week Mr Samuel, our island coordinator, was pre occupied with placing two other, older couples in houses. By weeks end we were the only people without housing.

Fortunately the other daughter of our host family knew of a place available in Edinborough just a 10 min walk from the hospital. It was an ideal place. A large yard. Lots of fruit trees & supposedly new renovated. Best of all it was right on the sea. We looked at it this morning and it was less than ideal or renovated. Biggest problem is its placement. Right next to a place called the Ambassadors Club. I guess the whole community is vexed by the noise it produces. Noise being one of my problem areas, I didn't want to take it. But my silence was interpreted as consent by Debbie so we agreed to try it. With 9 mornings coming up I have a feeling it will be the Residence Halls all over again.

So once again it with great anxiety that I looked toward the future on St. Vincent. My position, as it turns out, is in Human Resources so perhaps that will provide some stability in my new life as a Vincentian.

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