

Feb 8 1983

Busy day yesterday. Busy weekend I wish the weeks would pass as quickly as the weekends. It seems I never have enough time to get it all done. I tend to drag a bit anyway. But weekends are so much fun. I'm wishing they were 3 days long.

I talked with Van Keen yesterday morning and that's why the day went quickly by. He seemed more interested in "shooting the breeze" than in finding out how my position was going here. He wasn't really surprised or alarmed that I wasn't intensely (or even mildly). He wasn't really terribly helpful in trying to relieve the bottlenecks I have been experiencing. Mostly, he wanted to make sure that I was getting involved in a secondary project so that I could constructively direct my frustrations. Actually, that's about all I expected him to do. The ambiguity of PC has not been relieved much. I think I'm pretty much responsible for my own business so I don't really expect PC to be helping me through. But I was rather surprised at his lack of concern. But that's the West Indian way.

I spent the PM side of the day writing letters. I've been writing quite a bit lately and have felt a bit guilty for pushing Debbie into getting letters off to her friends and relatives. Usually, I'll write about half and let her finish. Still, whether she wants to write or not should be her business. She's been so busy at work that she has no time to write while there and she been doing more afternoon "home visits" so often she's well into the evening, after dinner, before she's composed enough to sit and write. I have more to write (letters). There is always someone to write.

This writing fetish is a part of a multi-dimensional lifestyle that seems to be evolving out of this EC/PC experience. First and foremost, is this nagging question of why the Lord put me here. With all my free time, I wonder just what the heck I'm supposed to be doing in St Vincent. My job hasn't exactly been a "dynamite" experience. I'm restless inside me to begin some concrete community work but nothing has materialized yet. Our lifestyle at the cottage has been the most pleasing, has the most permanence and gives me the most security. Outside of that, things still remain a bit "fuzzy". My job is "fuzzy". My community involvement is "fuzzy". I'm praying that God will bring them into sharp focus. But through it all, has been this ribbon of literature. both reading and writing. I've been reading Michner novels (on my fourth one) which has been a delight and escape for me. and I've been writing. Writing letters, writing in this journal. For I love to create visual images on paper. The emotions flow on paper. Sometimes I tentatively hope that the Lord has given me this gift as both a personal joy and vocation. Though I cannot see myself in an office setting (for long) I can see myself as a writer. Watching seasons pass in front of my desk as I spill out me on paper. I have no desire to talk about myself as much as I can relate the world through myself. I can't write fiction but I can write a prosy "the way I see it" kind of story.

When I was a child, I had an overwhelming, driving desire to be able to write songs. Not so much music, as a song. I found my poetry found greater life at the piano and when I hurt, really hurt God blessed me with an ability to pour out my hurt through music. The keenness of that ability waned as my hurt subsided. I don't think I could write as meaningful music now. but now the challenge is survival. Survival in a foreign culture. Survival without the immediate constant support of my family. Survival through my love for Debbie. All this creates a low but constant level of anxiety and perhaps that is why I have become more prolific. but I hope not. I hope it's the beginning of a long relationship with the pen. I have always wanted to write professionally (this is my deepest secret for a writer really does no "work"). I don't know if this journal shall ever be read on printed "for profit" basis. But what I do know that God provides gifts on a long and short-term basis as His need dictates. This Peace Corps experience is filled with hidden possibilities and only time will tell what

they are.

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