

Introduction

What this represents is the journal I wrote while we were in the Peace Corps from October 25th, 1982 until December 1984. Originally I was just going to scan and present the actual written pages but after checking what the scanned PDF's would look like, I decided I would transcribe them for easier reading. HOWEVER, my plan is to retain the misspellings, the poor grammar and syntax which might drive the real authors among you to squirm a bit, but I decided to stick with the plan as is.

[DISCLAIMER] There are biased and racist views expressed here. It was tough to go back and reflect on the mindset of myself as a mid-twenty-something. I was from a white, middle class background and from a state that had few, if any, black people that I was in daily contact with. I was, in short, a racist. I don't like that. I hope that I have grown more wise and measured in my views but this is my journey and journal in the Peace Corps. There was a lot of growing up going on. I hope I don't offend you but if I do, please forgive me. The views here have been (mostly) outgrown.

I haven't enabled comments or ratings on the pages, but I might at some point do that.

I knew this date was coming for years and always planned to transcribe and present the journal, but as most plans go, the date approached while I was busy with life. I'll try to keep up going forward.

An additional note:

The title comes from an early experience I had when we had moved into our own cottage. Culture shock was peaking, Debbie and I had both, at different times, wanted to pack up and leave. One afternoon, after a particularly difficult day, I walked back to the cottage and saw what looked to be a cat spread out on the front step. The cat failed to move as I approached and it actually looked like it had been severely burned. Since it didn't move I assumed it was dead. I distinctly remember thinking to myself "Great, even a dead cat on the doorstep to make my day complete!". Amazingly, the cat jumped up and slowly limped away, one leg was burned and stiff. The cat walked in a way that was reminiscent of Ahab in "Moby Dick". So, we named the cat Ahab. I didn't expect Ahab to live. The burns looked too severe and I expected some dog on the island would catch this injured cat. But, somehow Ahab managed to survive the injury and the environment and Ahab was a regular camper on our doorstep. Ahab never allowed us to get close, or feed him but he hung out at our cottage during the two years we lived in St. Vincent. Ahab, in some ways, was a representation of both the struggle and the success of our Peace Corps life.



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