

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.

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