

Jan 17th

EGAD Already!?! I can't believe that it has been so long since I written. Much, much has transpired in the past few days (10!) I'm so fearful of losing touch with the important goings on in my lifes past. Time tends to make most events black & white. The greys just fade away. I'm under a time constraint so I better move on.

Most joyful, exciting news is in the family area. Mom & Dad & (presumably) Gramps & Gram are coming down this "spring" sometime. We got a letter stating that she had won a free trip and that Gramps had won a free trip to Puerto Rico. I don't understand how they "won" the trips I'm just glad that they are coming. I'm also worried about it, too. Worried that they will find our living conditions "deplorable". Worried that they will be hassled as tourists. The poverty and general dirty-ness of Kingstown may overwhelm them. Both Deb and I want it to be an anxiety-relieving (rather than anxiety producing) experience for them. So the news is greeted with both pleasure and concern. Deb and I need to do some scouting around to learn more about St. Vincent and the Grenadines. We also need to find them suitable lodgings. We would like them to stay at our house but doubt that we could support them in the manner to which they have become accustomed. I doubt our beds or our board would be able to keep up with four people. Plus the Ambassadors Club, the lizards, the roaches and (more recently) the dreaded "40-legs" I doubt would be a comfortable experience. We will entertain however and be more than happy to show them around the place and perhaps, go to Bequia while they are here. Frought with anxiety, we're glad to hear that they are coming down to see us!

The next activity of great satisfaction is our garden. After faithfully turning sod, weeding and tossing out rocks we're finally toward the end of our labors. I set bamboo posts for the fencing and just need to wait until we find an economical supply of chicken wire and also need to wait for our living allowance to be deposited. After two weekends of nothing but digging and weeding, the worst of it is over. We have the seeds (save the sweet pepper and cabbage) and need only buy some insecticide and spray can.



The next bit of news is that we may get a dog which is both a blessing and a possible "curse". I would like to have a dog to patrol the yard and also for companionship. It would be a nice diversion for Deb and I. But it would restrict our freedom and drain our pockets. Mrs Douyon says she'll take care of the expense and responsibility when we are away but I hate to saddle her with such a burden. We'll see.

Deb really opened my eyes last night. She was talking about how much I looked to "home" as being in SLC with my family rather than with her here in St. Vincent. I have never given that much thought, really. She said she was jealous of that relationship and close family ties that brought "home" to mean my mom and family rather than her. I do look to SLC as "home" but not in such a concrete way. Being away from my family and the U.S. both has put a great deal of stress into my life (I'd love to see my BP). To relieve that stress I think of a return to "things familiar" in the states and I tend to conceptualize it all into the house in SLC where Mom and Dad live. Granted, my true home (literally) is here in St. Vincent. But if indeed "home is where the heart is" then home is in SLC because my heart, my longing, is, right now, to be there. Perhaps not always easy to accept but nonetheless a very real feeling. Yet having to choose between here with Deb and the states with Mom and Dad I would definitely stay here. No doubt about that.

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