

# Jan 24 1983

We had a real "up" weekend so I wanted to write it down quick! Seems like mostly negative stuff gets written in here so I figured I'd better capitalize on my high emotions and write.

First we had Keith (Paulsen) from EC-33 (now in B'dos) stay with us this weekend. Though it strains our budget (to put it very mildly) its also very nice to have him. Not that Deb and I are bored with each other (hardly). Its just that "third person" relationships help us put our experience in perspective. We were overjoyed to have him complement our home and surroundings and I've been amazed that the Ambassadors have hardly played at all. I'm sure that this place appears to be very ideal to him. Lately, it has been. He also talked about EC-33 volunteers in B-dos so we have caught up on that gossip. I'm feeling better about Debs & my experience here in St. Vincent. Not only because I know that other volunteers are having a tougher time, but just because I've begun to want to stay here. And I know that this experience is being shared all over the EC (and the world for that matter). There is a kinship there. A rather tenuous thread which links PCV's in a way which can't be duplicated. Yeah, its still tough. I'll still get depressed (seem more manic/depressive I'm manic now). I want to see my family. But the bottom line is that I'm feeling OK about being here. I



I know that I like the feeling.

The second thing which made this a nice weekend was

the trip to Bequia. The boat trip was fine (if crowded). I saw actual flying fish for the first time. I fell in love with sailboats! Bequia is a sailors haven. I could just imagine sailing down from Florida or even the NE coast to come to Bequia. Its beautiful. The beaches were clean, quiet and virtually uninhabited. Though the coral was the greatest, the snorkling was OK. Swimming was great. Its really the tropical island. Quaint shops, boats on the beach and in the harbor. It's quite a place.

Thirdly, we went to the beach at Ottley Hall (Keith & I). We swam out to the wreck and along the beautiful reefs there. Found some huge sand dollars. Basically it was good exhausting fun. Keith has rented a bike so we may go to Barroulli today and check out some projects going there. But the bike came in handy in going to Ottley and up to Fort Charles. Things are looking up for now.

This is just to put this manic/depressive thing in perspective...Got a letter fom Mom this AM (small packet actually) which contained a letter, a Zion "Herald" and two Poli Sci exams (from 1980!). I

suddenly realized just how poor a form of communication a written letter is. Mom said she'd be sending along Debs files and books but it would cost "a fortune". I thought I had said for her to send the files (at any cost) But to bag the books if they were too expensive. Sounds like she is sending the whole thing. Egad. It is so frustrating to deal long distance. I've got to call and it all straight if possible (another expense). So that letter, and its full implication, has burst my bubble.

Another thing. Mom sent along a X-mas letter from the Yapps who live in England. Charlie when on and on about Prince Charles & Lady Di, how they met & were asked to a party, etc. Both the Yapps children have very good jobs with General Foods. Just because George "got them in the door". Made me realize just how much the "rich get richer and the poor get poorer" is a real statement of the conditions of man. The rich have the means to perpetuate themselves, the poor just struggle to stay alive. Grant that Jeff & Nancy have something on the ball or else GF would send them packing. But are the same employment opportunities offered to all on an equal basis? Or was it that Mr. Yapp gave them a little push? I guess I am angry in that I know I could perform or out perform Jeff or Nancy but I'll never have the chance. Life just isn't that way. The poor here in St. Vincent would love to have the same chance as those two. I doubt they even come close.

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Revision #4

Created 29 May 2023 17:03:22 by Admin

Updated 5 January 2026 21:25:15 by Admin