

# Nov 24 1982

Well, I successfully passed my 27<sup>th</sup> birthday without complications. We had a morning at the UWI and spent the afternoon at the New Kingston Hotel. If it wasn't for this flu bug I've had for two days, it would have been a great day. How many birthdays will I spend lounging poolside in this season



enough to count my blessing for the day.

Besides with Deb there & a bunch of other trainees (who bought me a drink) it was a very good time. I was expecting a great deal of depression in not having family around nor the 'usual' trappings of a birthday. Actually the day passed as I wished it to. It wasn't terribly painful.

The realities of the morning kind of cast off any possibility of retaining a celebratory state. Joan was ragging on Debbie about using too small of a load in the washing machine. Heck, short of packing it in with a 2X4, we have been overloading it. I would guess that the light bill came yesterday and Joan hit the ceiling. She's trying to blame it all on us. We are hardly here at all and only use a fan to keep the mosquitos off. My guess is that it is her tube-jockeying daughter who is the culprit. Regardless, I resent this woman for her responsibility shifting. She asked us to stay here. If she can't live with that decision, then she ought to tell Pearl (the placement person) to move us. We wouldn't mind moving. With the "silent" treatment plus the resentful looks and accusatory remarks, we would be glad to move. We've only 7 days left. It's almost a lifetime.

Outside of host family problems, we're doing OK. I believe I'm settling in (initially) to the West Indian lifestyle. Granted some things are difficult to deal with, but if I can

remove most of the environmental stress (dogs & mosquitos in particular) I believe I can handle the rest.

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