

# Nov 9, 1982

The ride up to the training center is quite an experience. The road between Spanish Town & Sligoville is not necessarily in bad shape, but rather it is its narrow design and tortuous route, which it winds up the mountain to Sligoville. Traffic is not very heavy, yet each ride is a new experience in anxiety. More so for the trip down than during the trip up. The vehicle is so busy trying to stay on the road while we wind past the myriad of pedestrians that each time that an oncoming vehicle is encountered the word fear is given a whole new meaning. Fortunately weâ€™ve had no mishaps, yet.

The training center itself is a thing of beauty. It is perched atop a hill (mountain) which overlooks Kingston and Spanish Town. With the recent rains and cool weather, fog & clouds, often partly obscure the towns & gives a translucent, surrealistic look. It reminds me very much of Salt Lake. It doesnâ€™t do much to relieve my homesickness.



The homesickness comes and goes. When the mosquitos are biting, the heat and high humidity high, the dogs yowling at night, I remember the cool, clean quite dry climate of SLC. After living through a hot summer and feel the cool, colorful beginnings of fall just to be plunged into a hot summer again (which is cooler now) is a bit of an environmental shock. My initial reaction was to go

home. I have since mellowed, I'd like to go home as soon as practical. Next X-mas seems much too long, but it will go fast. I just hope we can get the money together.

The training pushes on. It's now week #2 and, with all of our anxieties expressed, we've settled in for the long haul. We continue to be decadent Americans. Constantly planning parties and trips to tourist areas. The Jamaica World Music Festival is coming up in two weeks and several trainees are planning to go to Montego Bays to join in the festivities. The biggest problem is that the American Embassy is having its Thanksgiving Day celebration the same day. We're supposed to be there. Deb and I have volunteered to do some cooking for one of the 20 turkeys. Wow! After so much turkey before I left the states, I thought I'd never want to eat it again...I was wrong.

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