

**A Country Home!** Turned the calendar and realized the time to think "home" has come.

- my sandal soles are flapping again like Donald Duck's beak and no more superglue;
- the M&M's we use rather than x-lax are long gone;
- t-shirts and undies are full of bleach holes and we are suffering "exposure;"
- we have read all novels at least twice, and
- cans of "Off" are empty as the big jug of Avon, Skin so Soft, and the bugs know!

Yesterday another "first" of many occurred. The end of worship I was invited to do the benediction. I had practiced my lesòn so prayed briefly in Kreyòl. I do not remember so many "amens" for a benediction or the applause and joy that followed.

After many months, tears and frustration, the water proposal has been sent to GBGM and KEC for consideration. Joe now relaxes playing "Hearts" on his lap top with an audience and help moving the cursor and tapping the touch pad. "You not have kats?" Well, yes we have cards but computer games are not generally contact sport.

The lists for home grow with requests for dictionaries, flashlights, picture books, flip flops, school supplies and "things like dat" we have. Do they now realize we will be returning or assuring us of the need to return? We also have mail to deliver and shells to share with those who care. Separation anxiety becomes more ours than theirs as we leave "home" to go "home."

My head tells me this place and people have been here without us for centuries. They know hunger and misery in ways we only experience with our eyes and ears. The winds and rains come and the sun burns up crops, regardless. The sun and the sea are constants as is the poverty, illness and death of 30 year old birthing moms. My heart says, "but, who will care, while we are away?" God, forgive my audacity!

Father Roosevelt called about a physician who would like to work here for "just" \$1000.00 US a month plus home to live in. Before the plane we meet with Lambi Fund of Haiti, two scholarship students, talk again with Father, and reschedule Missoules visa hearing. Payroll for September and instructions to Louis will send us on our way in a pickup without a muffler and tires waiting replacement on return.

Communities wait for us to agree on a way to disperse, with justice and equity, some designated funds for the hungry. As the wind blows, possibly Hanna passing, the clinic, shower and toilet need to be cleaned for "rat and company". Joe is actually shaving which means it is time for me to cut my hair. Missoule is washing the Haiti mud and dirt from my walking shoes so when I tell the airport officials I have not been to the "farm" they won't give me away. I have been to the "farm" but I call it Haiti, a "country" home.

Shirley, La Gonave, Haiti, Monday, September 01, 2008