



Pacific Waves

Volume 20, Number 3



May – June 2007

Life at *El Vertedero* Dump

By Victor Bloomberg, PCV Paraguay

The pace of life is slowed by the heat and humidity. A common relief is a quick, cold-steep tea called *tereré*. Drinking it is an ancient communal custom. In the calm Paraguayan routine, anyone can be the server. The *guampa* (handleless cup packed with the herb) and *bombilla* (metal straw that filters) is passed by the server to each person. Everyone knows that their turn to sip will come. Conversation is likewise tranquil, each person talks as long as desired and the gathered listen. Side-talk is quiet and accepted.

At the municipal garbage dump *El Vertedero*, in a shaded area by the side of the road, women and children gathered to talk with a Paraguayan organizer. *Tereré* went around. Their conversation was not orderly as is common in their meetings. The wise-cracking and laughter flowed in all directions, punctuated by occasions of seriousness when decisions needed to be made.

La Comisión de Mujeres (Women’s Commission) was meeting to discuss who would work at the new lunch program that would soon open to feed their children. *La Presidenta* wore a bright green, new smock to cover her clothes that were thoroughly soiled by a day’s work mining the garbage. *La indigena* (a Paraguayan with virtually no European ancestors) wore a multi-colored dress; the infant in her arms was wrapped in cotton to protect her from wind-blown dust. Her toddler was wide-eyed, bare-foot, and grime-covered. The new mother with her infant looked no more than fourteen years old. In all, there were eight women and a dozen children.

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(below) *Work at the dump.* [photo from Victor Bloomberg]

Letter from Zambia

By Tim Muldrew, PCV Zambia

Yes, I am still alive (a few close shaves here and there – read on). Allow me to give you a small glimpse of my experiences so far as a volunteer in Zambia.

Peace Corps training was very stressful. We were barraged with many new things in a short period of time (jetlag, a new culture, landscape, biking, language lessons, tech sessions, a host family, etc). After training, I traveled to the Northwest provincial house to wait a week before placement, and met my fellow NW volunteers. Our province has 35 volunteers, 9 women and 26 men. Most of my time was spent gathering supplies, eating ice-cream and hotdogs, and watching DVDs while vegging out on the couch. I also tried to learn as much as I could from older volunteers about my site. The previous volunteer from my site had left suddenly, and I didn’t know how the villagers would react to my coming.

Arriving at the Village

Once in our village, we are supposed to spend three months doing “community entry” without any major traveling to become

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Annual Meeting

Election Meeting
May 19:
Be a Board Member!
Great Things Will Happen!

Event

CALLING ALL COOKS!
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Print of a Parent

By Kendra Goffredo, PCV Ecuador

As a child, I faced the wrath of a notoriously tidy (some would say “anal”) father each time my dirty little paws found their way to the stark white walls of his scrupulously spotless home. After I graduated from climbing our stairs on my hands and knees, I steadied my feeble balance with the wall leading up the side of the stairs, innocently smudging my father’s pride with home-grown grime. In my own little room, a cloud of black stains surrounded the light switch where my entire hand had repeatedly flipped the switch, instead of just my pointer finger as my dad would have preferred. Like those white walls with my filthy fingers, my childhood was forever imprinted with the words, “Your hands! Keep them off the walls!”

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From the President...

Dear Members:

May is almost here and it is time yet again for Board elections! I have been privileged to serve on the Board for the past four years and am grateful for the opportunity I have had to work with some wonderful people and meet so many of our great members. Our organization continues to make great strides, offering a variety of service and social events, grants to current Peace Corps Volunteers, an extraordinary newsletter and website, and dedicated membership support. I am so proud of everyone who has committed their time and energy to SDPCA.

Peace cannot be kept by force; it can only be achieved through understanding.

– Albert Einstein

It is now your chance to be a part of this dynamic organization's leadership! Please consider the opportunity to guide your local RPCV community--one evening a month and some time in between for the committee on which you are serving. Worried about the time commitment? Team up with a buddy to "share" the duties of something like Fundraising or Community Action.

Best wishes and I look forward to seeing some of you on the 2007-2008 Board!

–Nikol Shaw, Mauritania 1999-2001

Minutes of the Board 3/07 and 4/07

3/7/07–Marjory Clyne, Lynn Jarrett, Sharon Kennedy-Darrough, Sira Perez, and Nikol Shaw

Speaker's Bureau: Sira reported that a SDPCA speaker spoke at two Rotary Clubs and one Cub Scout group in the past month. Two RPCVs spoke at High Tech High. Girl Scout and Lion's Club speaking events are coming up. SDPCA speakers are participating in Peace Corps General Information Meetings at UCSD.

Social: Cultural Kitchen (March 1) - 80 attendees, representing 4+ organizations. 47 SDPCA members/friends responded. **Banff Film Fest (March 24)** - Evite sent. **Annual Meeting (May)** - May 19th.

Fundraising: Marjory reported that she is still selling a few calendars. We have sold all of the calendars except for 8 and the 17 which will be given to the donors to the Mark J Tonner Fund.

Communications and Membership: Current 112; past due 6 months–14; past due 12 months–62; 13 free members and one new member.

Global Awards: Nikol reported that our one award recipient (the coffee project) is ETing for family emergency reasons. Nikol sent e-mails to all of the country directors on Friday and 5 bounced back. She will resend the letter to the second in command. One CD wrote back and said thanks. Nikol has already received 2 more proposals for the next go around.

Old Business:

- **1WOW** event at Joan Clabby's was not well attended. Discussion about whether or not to take on 1WOW project. We would need a project manager to take this on. It might need to be a board position. Perhaps service learning programs at high schools could be involved. No decision made.

- **Earth Day April 22nd** – Peace Corps LA is mailing boxes of brochures for the day. Some people have already signed up. PCLA paid for the booth.

- **Global Awareness Award** – deadline to decide is in April. Ideas: the Bookman, 1WOW, Volunteer

San Diego, Study Abroad Programs, Interactions for Peace.

4/11/07 –Marjory Clyne, Lynn Jarrett, Sharon Kennedy-Darrough, Kate McDevitt, Nikol Shaw

President's Report: Board members should prepare their binders to be given to the next person to take their position; Reaffiliation with NPCA is complete.

Membership: SDPCA current member 124; past due 40 members; from past 6 months–11; 17 free members and 4 new members.

Community Action: Rock'n'Roll marathon is June 3. SDPCA is staffing one of the water stations.

Fundraising: Auction update – Marjory has gotten some items donated for the May Celebration and meeting and she will continue to get more items. Idea came up for having services/dinners donated by members for the event as well. **Earth Day April 22nd** – still needs a few more people to help out. Marjory will contact the recently returned volunteers to see if they will help.

Global Awards: Deadline is May 1 and we already have five proposals.

Social: Banff Mountain Film Festival was great – 13 SDPCA members attended with 8 showing up for the pre-show happy hour. **Cultural Kitchen** was very well attended with 48 SDPCA members. **Future events: Cultural Kitchen** in June at Hostelling International in Point Loma – SDPCA members teach how to cook a meal and then someone from the Speaker's Bureau can talk about Peace Corps. Hostelling International is hosting their **Peace Conference** in spring 2008 in San Diego and they have invited SDPCA to participate at no cost.

Old Business: Global Awareness Award: several organizations were nominated. Vote: Motioned and seconded for **One World Our World**. Passed!

Next year is the 20th anniversary for SDPCA! March 1988 was initial month/year.

–Sharon Kennedy-Darrough, Thailand 1989-91

In Memorium

Warren Wiggins (1923-2007) Helped to Define Peace Corps' Vision

By Patricia Sullivan, *Washington Post Staff Writer*
Sunday, April 15, 2007; Page C07

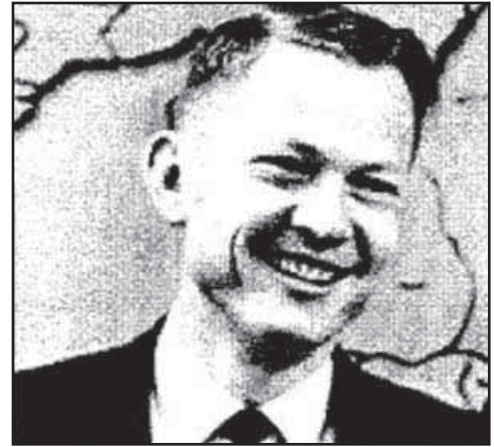
Warren Wiggins, the major architect and organizer of the Peace Corps who wrote the basic philosophical document that shaped its mission, died of atypical Parkinson's syndrome Friday at his home in Haymarket, Va. He was 83.

In 1961, Mr. Wiggins, who became one of the leaders of the high-profile agency in its earliest years, was an unknown foreign policy adviser whose brief paper, "The Towering Task," landed in the lap of the Peace Corps' first director, Sargent Shriver, just as he was trying to figure out how to turn President John Kennedy's campaign promise into a working federal department.

Shriver, burrowing through correspondence shortly after midnight on Feb. 6, 1961, was electrified by the treatise, which urged the agency to act boldly. A small agency was more likely to fail because its projects would not be consequential enough, Mr. Wiggins wrote. Using specific examples, with a proposed staff size and budget, Mr. Wiggins suggested that Kennedy act through an executive order for the quickest start.

Shriver fired off a telegram at 3 a.m., directing Mr. Wiggins to appear later that morning at the Mayflower Hotel, where he had his office.

When Mr. Wiggins appeared, he was astonished to find his exposition had been mimeographed and distributed to Shriver's task force. According to the 1994 work "A History of National Service in America," Shriver ordered everyone to read the paper, then said it came closer to expressing his views than anything he had seen.



"Shriver from the beginning saw him as someone who had the spirit of moving big and fast," former Sen. Harris Wofford (D-Pa.), who was there, said

in an interview. "The Peace Corps, small and symbolic, might be good public relations, but a Peace Corps that was large and had a major impact on problems in other countries could transform the economic development of the world."

At the time, Mr. Wiggins was a 38-year-old deputy director of Far East operations in the International Cooperation Administration, but "totally dissatisfied with the manner in which American overseas programs were run," wrote John Coyne, a historian of the Peace Corps.

Mr. Wiggins never went back to the ICA. Three weeks later, the Peace Corps was born, by executive order.

As associate director of program development for the Peace Corps, Mr. Wiggins was at a White House meeting when Kennedy's aides decided the fledgling agency should report through established foreign policy bureaucracy. Mr. Wiggins, alarmed, fired off a cable to Shriver, who was overseas. Mr. Wiggins then asked Bill Moyers, deputy director of the Peace Corps, to take a copy of the cable to Vice President Lyndon Johnson and argue the political benefits of an independent Peace Corps. Johnson addressed the matter with Kennedy, and the decision was reversed.

Mr. Wiggins later served as deputy director of the Peace Corps. He left in 1967 to form TransCentury, a private firm that ran a job center and a remedial education program.

New Members: Welcome!

We hope to see you at our upcoming events! Your presence, your stories, your fresh ideas and your participation keep us alive and connected to the world!

- **Jennifer Arrowsmith**, *Samoa (1998-2000)*; Teacher; **jenarrow@hotmail.com**
- **Lisa Eckl**, *East Timor (2003-2006)*; Rural Health; **lisasas2003@yahoo.com**
- **Greg Michael Alder**, *Lesotho (2003-2006)*; **galder@hotmail.com**
- **Nancy Kathleen Irvine**, *Togo (2005-2006)*; **nk Irvine@yahoo.com**
- **Patricia Edwins**, *Bolivia (1969-1971)*; Secretary & Teacher; **AngelsR4everyone@yahoo.com**

—Lynn Jarrett, *Ukraine 2001-03, Membership*

Book Review

Enrique's Journey

By *Sonia Nazario*

Enrique's Journey is a non-fiction re-creation of a boy's journey from Honduras, mostly on the tops of trains, to try to find his mother in the United States. The writer met him during his trip, and again at the end of his trip, then flew to Honduras and took the same trip he had. She interviewed people from his story as she went, and wove Enrique's true story with others to tell the hardships endured every year by children trying to join their parents in the US.

The book is both frightening and fascinating as we experience vicariously the violence and kindnesses of people he met along the way. *Enrique's Journey* is based on the Los Angeles Times newspaper series by Nazario that won two Pulitzer Prizes. HBO is filming a mini-series of the book—read it before then!

—Joan Clabby, *Senegal 1985-87*

Banff Mountain Film Festival



By Sean Anderson, Romania (2002-04)

On a Saturday in March a few adventurous SDPCA members attended the Banff Mountain Film Festival at the Natural History Museum in Balboa Park.

What is this, and what does it have to do with Peace Corps?

Let me bring you up to speed. You see, every year the Banff Center in Canada hosts a Mountain Film Festival. Professional and amateur filmmakers from *around the world* submit their works for evaluation. The film categories are mountain *culture*, adventure and sport. The festival-winning films then tour the *world*, and San

Diego is privileged to be one of their stops thanks to sponsorship by the Natural History Museum and Adventure 16.

We vicariously enjoyed kayaking the Mekong River in Southeast Asia, base jumping in Mali, West Africa, climbing in British Columbia, extreme mountain biking, and much more.

We only caught one day, but the film festival lasts three days with different films each day. As RPCVs, we could relate to some of the cross-cultural stories as well as be transported by the incredible cinematography. Next year, join us! I know you will not be disappointed.

Letter from Zambia

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well integrated. My Peace Corps Volunteer Leader and I pulled up to my house to find the door off its hinges, holes in the roof, my outside latrine falling apart, and large pig laying in front my house. We traveled over to the school to find that the people in charge of readying my house were running “a little” behind. One of the teachers put me up in the headmaster’s house until repairs on my house could be completed.

I stayed for about a week at the headmaster’s house while he and his family were out on school break. Next door to his house was a family of eight that I got to know pretty well. The father is a math teacher at the primary school. (Months later, I now work with him teaching the Chongolo “Millipede” Club, an afterschool club that is part of a national organization focusing on environmental issues in Zambia.) The mother runs the house during the day. They have four girls and two boys, all under 13. I ate most of my meals at their house. After dinner, we danced traditional dances such as the Katimbo, Manchacha, and Shonongo. I thoroughly enjoyed that first week because of the friendships. Since I moved into my own house, I still remain very close with this family. Looking back, I’m know I would not be as well integrated in my community if my house had been ready at my arrival. On the other hand, I felt that after having lived at the school, I was a little secluded from the rest of the community. I tried to offset this by spending my afternoons at the marketplace.

The market is at the intersection of the paved main road and the dirt road leading to the school. It serves as a hub for transactions, social gatherings, drinking, and playing games. In the beginning of my service, I hung out there a lot. I brought my frisbee and hacky sack to play with the kids. I even began to teach chess, and this led to teaching a weekly school club. You never know, the next world champion chess player may hail from Zambia! I also learned a game called “draft” which is like checkers on steroids. In the game, all pieces can jump backwards, kings can jump as many spaces as they want, and if your opponent misses a jump, you get to take their piece and receive an extra move.

Early on, I was faced with a choice: I could save my pride by secluding myself until I was comfortable with my situation, or I could make a fool out of myself at least ten times a day for butchering the language and for not being as strong or as fast as other Zambians. I chose the latter. Now, whether facing down a headmaster, teaching in the classroom, playing football, conducting a meeting, being stared at or called muzungu—it doesn’t bother

me much. I am rarely in my house. If I did mind what people thought, Zambia might get the best of me. The important thing is to take everything in stride and even laugh at myself.

Names

My first few weeks in the village, I sought out everyone. I was told many names only to later forget them. Now, I am having to relearn most of those names one-by-one as we begin to work together. The usual clues that I use to recognize Americans aren’t that effective in Zambia. My skills for recognizing Zambians have improved, but it still takes a couple of tries before I connect a person’s face with their name. I’ll have people come up to me and ask me how I’m doing, and for the life of me I can’t remember who they are and where I met them. Some people get irritated, but they only have to remember the one white person within 30 km!

Language

When I first arrived in my village, everyone had high expectations for me because I studied Kikaonde a lot during training. However, nine weeks of intensive training does not mean mastery. I realized I had been babied by my Kikaonde trainers. Although I was further along than previous volunteers, I still had my work cut out for me. I really put up an effort to practice Kikaonde with people by sitting down with my books. However, the training materials were rather formulaic and not adaptable to everyday conversation. I gave up on trying to write everything down that people were saying, and sought to engage people and just listen. I did continue to study vocabulary and refer back to grammatical structure. This method of study worked, and my manner of speech and comprehension gradually picked up speed. At the moment, I have hit a plateau and so am starting language tutoring with my senior headman. We meet three times a week and work through Kikaonde novels, school books, conversation, wise sayings, and various aspects of Kaonde culture. Overall, I believe this will give me a broader outlook of the language.

Churches

As a Christian nation, almost everyone attends church. Churches are an excellent form of community entry because I get to meet people that aren’t a part of my normal routine. I told people that my home church isn’t found here so they couldn’t direct me to attend a particular church. Instead, I would tour the five local churches, and decide afterwards. The churches found in my community are: Evangelical, Catholic, Assembly of God, Watchtower, and People of Destiny. I have attended all once and

Letter from Zambia

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I am starting another round. The services are conducted in Kikaonde, so I don't understand much. Sometimes an English speaker sits next to me and interprets, but I've found I'd rather sort things out myself. I tried to actively decipher the sermon, but that leaves me with a headache. Church services are painstakingly long (three hours or more). I pay attention as long as I can, then zone out. I bought English and Kikaonde bibles to refer to the verses they mention. I bought a Kikaonde songbook, but haven't used it yet. Most churches have singing and dancing with drums, or choirs.

Palace

About a month after living in the village, I received approval to take a trip to the Chisemwa Chi Lunda festival in Munilunga. It was in Kilunda, a language I don't know, so I didn't understand much. We stayed at the Chief's palace. This isn't a palace in the traditional sense of the word, but rather a bunch of buildings surrounded by a wooden fence. When in the presence of a chief you have to get down on your knees and clap until he acknowledges your presence. You are also expected to bring some type of gift for each visit. As Peace Corps volunteers, we don't give extravagant gifts due to our salaries and to prevent high expectations for future gifts. Usually, a chicken or a bottle of vegetable oil and sugar will suffice. Zambia is interesting because it has both political parties and tribal hierarchies represented in the same country. Now, I am planning a trip to meet my own chief and present the work I am doing in his kingdom.

Transport

Transport in Zambia is always an interesting experience. The number one rule is there are no rules. Several transports I've been on have broken down and one almost flipped over. I've hitched on a truck carrying dynamite and on the back of a flatbed with nuns singing. There are four transportation choices: buses, taxis, NGO vehicles (whose drivers take pity on poor PCs), and flatbeds. You can only catch buses in large towns and cities. They follow predetermined routes, you get "relatively" set prices, but you'll have to pay extra for your baggage, and the drivers wait until they totally fill up before they finally depart. Mini-buses or vans have more specific destinations, but you have to wait at each stop. They are much cheaper than taxis, but are in various states of disrepair and drivers don't always drive safely. With taxis, you can go directly where you want, but they will try to rip you off. I often hitch rides because there are no other "legitimate" forms of transportation available. Hitching here doesn't have the same connotations as in America, and it may be the only way for volunteers to get around in a reasonable amount of time, especially outside cities. To hitch in Zambia, you stick your hand out flat, palm down, and wave it up and down to approaching cars. Sometimes you have to wait many hours before being picked up. I used to get impatient sitting beside the road waiting, but the act of waiting began to hold its own allure. It is kind of comforting that I don't need to be anywhere anytime soon. So what if I miss transport, and I have to stay at the nearest volunteer's house? My village will still be there the next day. Zambia has its own pace; it's own rhythm. You can't rush things.

Hut

My house is made of mud-bricks and has a thatched roof of short grass, elephant grass, ngosi (a tying material from the fibers

of tree barks), bamboo, and poles. It is about 10x15 meters (big for a volunteers house), with a living room and small bedroom. Part of the house is concreted. The bedroom is just compacted dirt. I have an indoor bathing shelter, with a small hallow in the floor and a pipe that drains outside. I had four small windows until I cut out eight more because I felt that I wasn't receiving enough light. The roof leaks, but I counteract this by moving things that I don't want wet elsewhere. I had no furniture on arrival, but have acquired five stools, two chairs, a bookshelf, and a table from various sources. I constructed a small chicken house out of black plastic, bamboo poles, and black plastic ties. I had four chickens until a wild cat killed two of them, and an eagle got another one. Luckily, it was New Year's so I gave the one remaining chicken to some neighbors to prepare for dinner. I built a more sturdy chicken coop out of bricks, logs, bamboo, grass, and black plastic. Now I am doing some major renovating of my house and its surroundings.

Spider and Snake

Zambia is a peaceful country, but it's not all fun and games. Shortly after being placed at my site, my upper lip swelled to gigantic proportions. I think it was either because I had an allergic reaction or some type of spider bit me. Anyway, I had to go to the hospital and they put me on antibiotics. This experience earned me the nickname "fatlip" from several volunteers for the next month or so.

Some of you may have also heard about my snake encounter. I was clearing up my house when I heard a rustle. I thought it might be a rat, but the amount of things that were being displaced made it seem too large. I didn't even have a chance for this to register before a large cobra reared up about three feet in front of me. It spit out a stream of venom that caught me in one of my eyes. I yelled and bolted from my house as fast I could. Two kids outside my house also ran because they heard me yell and didn't know what was happening. I went across the street to my neighbor's. I was half blinded from the venom-induced burning in my eyes. My senior headman was away from his house at the time, but his wife gave me clean water to wash out my eyes. She put some medicine in my eyes to lessen the pain. Soon after, men carrying large sticks began to appear and we headed back to my house. I decided to leave killing the snake to the professionals. My door was still ajar from when I ran out. I felt certain that the snake was still inside. I gestured to my house and said, "mulolo mu nzubo" (snake in house) to the men carrying long sticks. Standing well outside my door, they shifted things around inside with the sticks until they located the snake. They prodded it with three long sticks to line it up for multiple smashes to its head. Then they picked the limp body of the snake up with a stick and brought it outside to my yard. It was over one meter long and about two inches thick. My senior headman arrived later and dripped a traditional snake venom medicine into my eye. I thanked them for their assistance and tried to rest in my house. Several hours later, after a lot of crying out the venom and washing my eye, the pain began to ebb and finally stopped.

Food

The traditional Zambian diet in the village mainly consists of nshima. Nshima is made from maize, sorghum, finger millet, or cassava root. The dried seed or cassava is pounded in a mortar and pestle or pulverized via a pounding machine connected to a diesel engine. The finished product is called mealie meal. By no means have I perfected the fine art of nshima cooking, but I am under the tutelage of many masters: heat a large pot of water, dumping in

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handfuls of mealie meal while stirring until it clumps. Once the pot begins to boil, put in small handfuls until it turns to a paste and finally a solid. All the while, you should be evenly stirring the mealie meal into the mixture by gripping the pot with one hand and your spoon with the other. Stirring methods differ, but what's important is to spread the mealie meal to make a solid paste.

No traditional Zambian meal is complete without relishes. In America, "relish" is something we put on hotdogs. In Zambia, relishes include all vegetable and meat products that are drenched in oil and eaten along with nshima.

"Meat products" are anything that moves except, oddly enough, reptiles, amphibians, and hawks. So far, I have consumed chicken, beef, pig, dry fish, fresh fish, eel, guinea fowl, goat, antelope, caterpillar, rat, mice, and giant rat. Although it is hard to come by, I prefer chicken. When I went to Lusaka, I tried crocodile meat at the crocodile farm (although many Zambians would not consider crocodile an acceptable meat).

Bishu (vegetables) are the main relish I consume because meat is hard to come by. Bishu includes potatoes, yams, beans, maize, soya pieces, Chinese cabbage, sweet potato leaves and root, okra, cassava leaves and root, cabbage, swiss chard, rape, eggplant, and some types of weeds. My favorite is eggplant. To eat a relish, roll a small bit of nshima paste into a ball, make a small indentation in it, and scoop up the relish with the nshima.

[Continued Next Issue...]

Calling All Cooks!

**SDPCA will host a
Kitchen Connection -- June or July 2007!**

Kitchen Connection is a weekly volunteer-run activity at the Hostel International-San Diego hostels. It is a great opportunity for community members to meet world travelers, sharing their cultures and experiences over international cuisine. SDPCA has been asked to host one of these dinners in June or July and share our PC experiences with the international hostelling community!

Volunteer Responsibilities: Our SDPCA volunteer team will be responsible for choosing the menu, shopping for groceries, and coordinating meal prep and cleanup. HI-SD will reimburse us for the groceries, but the goal is to break even on the cost. The hostellers usually pay about \$3 – 5, depending on the meal. Guests sign up in advance at the Hostel.

During the meal, SDPCA volunteers will formally or informally have the chance to talk with hostellers about their Peace Corps experience!

**Contact SDPCA Social Chair
Kate at: social05@sdpca.org**

Bitten by the Travel Bug



By Florence Williams Welch, Western Samoa 1983-85; Niger 1986; Jamaica 1995-97

Sorry, I am unable to write an article for your newsletter because I am completing my second travel journal and still have a third to write. You see, in 1979, 80, and 81 I traveled America on a Greyhound bus writing Haiku poems and painting watercolor scenes of America. In 2004, I finally sat down and worked on the first journal that covered thirty-three states in the summer, fall and early winter of 1979-80. I traveled the Midwest and Mid-Atlantic states in the summer, New England, up-state New York, and the Great Lakes in the fall.

The trip was interrupted when an S.O.S from my teenage son, who lived with his father in Los Angeles, turned me around and I headed to California. I traveled Greyhound through the southwestern states, and after I settled the problem for him, I traveled up the Pacific Coast, across the Northern Rockies and back to New York.

I had just completed my Masters in Religion at Fordham University in Bronx, New York. I took a job working for the City of New York for two years, then decided to return to California where my children were living. When I turned in my resignation, I was told I had sick-leave coming and should take it. So, in the spring of '81, I spent ten days traveling the south and southeastern states on Greyhound. Because of the limited time, I took photos to paint later. My son joined me, and we continued the trek across country traveling to the states I missed earlier. We covered the southern Rockies taking photos through Wyoming, Colorado,

Utah, and Nevada, arriving in California for Mother's Day, 1981.

As life would have it, I had two Peace Corps assignments in Western Samoa and Niger, lived in Germany on two occasions, and called both New York and Florida home, before leaving for my third Peace Corps Assignment in Jamaica, returning to California in 1997. In 2004, when I finally started working on the journal to accompany the poems and paintings, I had the original sketchbook of watercolors, but could not find the photos. My son suggested I take the southern and south Rocky Mountain trips again. With an autistic granddaughter, I knew I could not take the Greyhound bus. In spring of 2005 we flew to the East Coast and began what would be a 15,000 mile car trip that took us from Maryland down to Tennessee, across to Little Rock, Arkansas, then down to New Orleans, following the Gulf Coast to Key West and back up the Atlantic Seaboard.

From Washington, we flew to Anchorage, Alaska. That was the only state I had not traveled. In the fall of that year, we flew to South Carolina and helped my cousin move to California, retaking photos of the Rockies that I had lost.

Would you believe, in fall 2006, the son I'd lived with in 1981 called to say boxes he'd stored in his mother-in-law's garage belonged to me. My son of the travels brought the boxes of photos and paintings home to me here in Carlsbad. Yes, here were all the photos lost for twenty-some years.

So now I'm having to step back and regroup to see how I can work with both the original photos and the gold-mine of photos taken in 2005. I have work to do!

Print of a Parent

from page 1

It has been eleven months since I have lived within the protection of my father's walls. Eleven months ago I left both my father and mother to pursue my own dreams in an Ecuadorian village where walls, if painted at all, are sullied by the smudges, smears and stains of poverty. The first step toward making my house feel like home was painting the walls in a fashion I knew would make my dad proud. This past week not only provided my father and mother the opportunity to see those walls, but also to experience my daily life in Ecuador. For me it provided a glimpse into parenthood.

Babies are born into this world completely naive, entirely unable to communicate, oblivious to the dangers around them and unable to fend for themselves; such were my parents as they walked off the plane in Quito. And, like a new parent, responsible to defend her flesh and blood against all that is evil in this world, I tried desperately to protect my father and mother from pickpockets, stomach parasites and el español.

Like a paranoid mother aware of how capable this world is of harming her child, I cautioned my parents to leave all valuables in the hotel and to be continuously vigilant of the undercover thieves we would encounter in the capital. Recounting the full panoply of worse-case scenarios, I prepared my parents to walk through a district as famous for its gringo-friendly shops and restaurants as it is infamous for its gringo-partial pickpockets. Ironically, it was my own camera that was stolen right out of the case suspended from my neck. Like my own unselfish mother, I was so worried about the wellbeing of my little chickadees that I forgot to think of myself.

In the ongoing effort to protect my parents from harm, I insisted on spending the extra time and money eating at reputable restaurants,




Kendra (center) with her parents Tony and Meg Goffredo [photo from Kendra Goffredo]

which, I believed, would only serve healthy, wholesome and amoeba-free food to my parents' susceptible stomachs. Imagine my feelings of failure then, on Day 5, when my mother awoke ill, an aggressor having slipped past the protection of her inadequate guardian. I wondered if this is how awful my mother felt when, at the age of 8, despite all she had done to shield me from pain, I dropped a boulder on my tiny toes and split the skin right open. Knowing my toe faced imminent infection, my mother washed out the wound with antibacterial cleanser, and when the cleanser hurt worse than the bone-crushing boulder, she assured me with an encouraging smile that the stinging meant the medicine was working. I forgot how it felt to receive that kind of parental assurance that seems so contrary to a child's common sense until I told my mom she had to drink every last drop of that vile concoction of rehydration salts designed to restore the electrolytes her body had lost during her illness. I assured her with an encouraging smile that the repulsive taste meant the medicine was working.

While taking on the responsibilities of tour director felt a lot like parenting, no task was more taxing than translating. My parents, like small children, were not able to express their feelings or desires to the rest of the world. As a result, they relied on me to communicate for them—to direct the taxi driver, to read the menu, to ask for the location of the bathroom, to inquire about the duration of the ride. For ten days, I served as the liaison between the language we spoke together and the language everyone else understood.


When the final day of the trip arrived, my parents still happy and healthy, I felt a sense of satisfaction in my newfound motherly role. Since then, however, my parents have returned to the United States, resumed checking on me with weekly phone calls, and, it seems, recommenced their roles as my parents. But before all that could happen, I said goodbye, returned to my village and walked into my room to discover a little gift my father had left me: a greasy handprint, smack in the middle of my previously perfect wall.

DIVERSITY DAY - MAY 21



"I think we have to own the fears that we have of each other, and then, in some practical way, some daily way, figure out how to see people differently than the way we were brought up to."
--Alice Walker

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"All humanity is one undivided and indivisible family."
--Mohandas Gandhi

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(left) Inside the home [photo from Victor Bloomberg]

President of the commission requested that CCF schedule another meeting with the mayor. It has been over one-and-a-half years since the census was submitted by CCF, but citizen identification cards have not yet been issued to the people living in the city's garbage. The ID cards are a basic right of citizenship in Paraguay and are required to move freely throughout the country.

After the day at the dump, I headed home and entered my living quarters in a poor barrio in town. Things were hot to the touch, turning my thoughts to our solar oven project. The cooperative hopes to provide a solar oven to each family being evicted from the dump. At present, garbage dump residents use scavenged wood for cooking fuel. In town, bottled gas is most commonly used along with wood. Some families have small electric appliances. The expense of cooking fuel is a major portion of every family's cost-of-living. In 2006, the Paraguayan government declined an offer from

Life at El Vertedero Dump from page 1

The Paraguayan organizer is always present at commission meetings. He is helping them prepare for their eviction from the dump in 2008. My role is to observe and review events with the organizer, confirming or expanding his perspective.

When the meeting adjourned, about half of the women walked to a group of homes in a grove of small trees. Their homes, constructed from recycled things, somehow withstand the torrential rains that move through here, but stench from the mud, garbage and hog manure assaults the senses and flies attack the skin.

A second gathering grew as men and women came in from work under today's hot sun to convene a meeting of *La Comisión del*

Vertedero (representing all residents that live and work in the dump). The Paraguayan organizer facilitated this meeting, also. Together, the two commissions form a cooperative enterprise, owned by the workers, to lead the organizing effort to create a viable future. *La Comisión del Vertedero* was approved for a US \$36,000 grant to create the cooperative to run three businesses – worm compost, recycling and flower production.

This particular meeting covered a broad range of topics, shifting from Guarani to Spanish as needed for the foreigners. The Project Coordinator for *Crece Con Futuro* (CCF, a non-profit organization from Spain that is doing charitable work at the dump) was invited. The

Bolivia to sell bottled gas to Paraguay at a discount. Life will continue to be difficult here, and the use of solar energy will help.

My role has been to design a solar oven that is easy to build and use, cooks efficiently, is inexpensive, is durable and is easy to repair. Some neighbors have been watching me tinker and experiment in the patio. Their response consistently has been "How long does it take?" Their faces reveal a polite and disinterested smile when the good news is given: "It cooks a supper, ready by the end of the day." After a month of this kind of interaction, a neighbor laughed warmly when I asked if what is needed is el almuerzo (the mid-day, main meal.) No one would tell me directly. Culture affects design.

(below) A home from recycled trash [photo from Victor Bloomberg]





Never have the nations of the world had so much to lose, or so much to gain. Together we shall save our planet, or together we shall perish in its flames. —John F. Kennedy

RPCV Founder of NETFLIX

Reed Hastings (Swaziland 1983-1985) is chief executive officer of Netflix, the largest online DVD rental business in the U.S. with 70,000 movie titles and 6.3 million subscribers. He recently told a New York Times reporter he spent college summers in a Marine boot camp at Quantico, Virginia, but decided after graduating from Bowdoin he was better suited for Peace Corps. Hastings served in northeast Swaziland for 3 years then attended graduate school at Stanford.

“I started my first company, pure Software, in 1991. I was 31. As the company grew from 10 to 640 employees, I found I was definitely underwater and over my head.” So, he sold it.

One day he lost a rented “Apollo 13” video. “It was six weeks late and I owed the video store \$40. I had misplaced the cassette. It was all my fault. I didn’t want to tell my wife about it.” On his way to a workout, he realized his gym had a better business model. “You could pay \$30 or \$40 a month and work out as little or as much as you wanted.” Hastings founded Netflix in 1998.

San Diego Spanish Tertulia

This Spanish conversation group is organized by native speaker and former SDPCA Board Member Barbara Casillas (Mali 1996), and is open to all. If you would like to keep up your Spanish skills, contact Barbara: sd_tertulia@yahoo.com, or register at <http://groups.yahoo.com/sandiegospanishtertulia>.

—Brenda Hahn, Nepal (1964-66)

International Peace Days

- One Day In Peace.....J anuary 1
- Freedom Day.....F ebruary 1
- W omen’s Day.....M arch 8
- E arth Day.....A pril 22
- see p. 12 => Diversity Day.....M ay 21
- Interfaith Day.....J une 22
- CoOp Day.....J uly 7*
- N o N ukes Day.....A ugust 6
- Peace Day.....S eptember 21
- E nd H unger Day.....O ctober 16
- T olerance Day.....N ovember 16
- H uman R ights Day.....D eceMBER 10

<http://www.betterworldcalendar.com/>

**Great site for Peace-full things: Check it out!
Books, quotes, links, ideas, heroes, clubs, resources.**

WANTED: Donations

Donate Your Skills to the Silent Auction

(a la *Slides of March* for long-time members!)

Do you have a great skill that you’d like to share with other SDPCA members? Please consider donating your time and talents to be auctioned off at our Spring Celebration! This is a great way to meet and build relationships with fellow SDPCA members.

To get your wheels turning, some donation ideas could include:

- Hosting a dinner party in your home for 4-8 people (possibly featuring a menu from your host country)
- Babysitting, pet-sitting or house-sitting
- Tutoring – Russian, surfing, computer, knitting and more
- Airport transportation service
- Art – Family portraits, sculpture, quilts
- Grant-writing
- Massage sessions
- Pottery lessons
- Lawn-mowing, weeding, or gardening service
- Cooked meals
- Dog-walking

All proceeds go to projects for current San Diego Peace Corps Volunteers.

Want to donate? Please contact Marjory Clyne at fundraising05@sdpca.org or 858-576-9909

Recruiter’s Corner

Hello! My name is Jacob Hall, and I’m the new Peace Corps Recruiter for the San Diego area. My Peace Corps service was in Nicaragua from 2000-02, where I was a small business volunteer in the city of Ocotal. Coincidentally, a nearby volunteer in Nicaragua started a small library with one of SDPCA’s mini-grants. I used to go there often to add to the collection!

I’m excited to be assigned to San Diego because of the great schools, laid back and friendly people, and the energetic SDPCA! I’m still learning about my role as a recruiter, and about the San Diego area. I currently live in Orange County, am originally from Fresno, and also lived in Milwaukee for awhile.

This summer we’ll have some weekend events at Border’s bookstores, the downtown library, and some other community locations. Also, from June 20-23 we are conducting a 50+ outreach campaign, with events targeted towards retirees and other older Americans.

I look forward to working closely with SDPCA, and hope to meet many of you at the annual party! Feel free to contact me with any comments, questions, or suggestions you may have to help me trumpet the opportunity of Peace Corps service! I can be reached at jhall@peacecorps.gov or (310) 356-1114.

The San Diego Peace Corps Association is a non-profit corporation of returned Peace Corps volunteers and others interested in world peace. Its mission is:

To build and maintain an active membership of RPCVs, their families and friends; to support and inform RPCVs and local communities through social, educational and community service activities; to provide funding for PCV projects overseas; and to influence the direction of Peace Corps through advocacy.

Pacific Waves is published bimonthly by the SDPCA which is fully responsible for its content and is a very diverse group culturally, religiously, and politically. We welcome the opinions of ALL our members and endeavor to publish as many differing opinions as we can. Except for copyrighted material, articles may be reprinted without permission with credit to the SDPCA. Contributions are encouraged: (1) e-mailed (2) text file on disk-Mac or PC, or (3) typed copy.

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Calendar

May 1, Tuesday—Mark J. Tonner *International Support Fund: Proposals due.* See online <http://sdpca.org/programs.html>

May 19, Saturday—*Annual Party/Silent Auction/Celebration*, Friars Village Clubhouse, 5pm–9pm, see p. 4. See p. 10 for Auction needs

May 21, Monday—*International Diversity Day.* To further the adoption of the Universal Declaration on Cultural Diversity by UNESCO on November 2001, the General Assembly, in *Resolution 57/249*, welcomed the Declaration and the main lines of an Action Plan for its implementation, and proclaimed 21 May the *World Day for Cultural Diversity for Dialogue and Development.*

May 26, Saurday—*Work Party at Peace Resource Center, 9am to 3pm, see p. 4*

June 3, Sunday—*Water Station for Rock'n'Roll Marathon, Water Station 14, Ingraham Street & Ski Beach.* 5am to 1pm (tentative--times tba), Contact Lisa Rivera 619-795-2437, see p. 4 for activity details

June or July, tba—*Cultural Kitchen Connection.* See p. 7 for announcement. Watch for Evite and online calendar for final scheduling.

Every second Monday—*Inter-Agency Coalition on Human and Civil Rights*, 9 am to 11:00 am, Blessed Sacrament School, 4551 56th St. 619-236-6420.

Every third Monday—*San Diego Coalition for Peace & Justice*, Program meeting, formed after 9/11 (call for info), 7:00 pm-9:00 pm, 3850 Westgate Place, San Diego. 619-263-9301, [http:// www.sdcpj.org](http://www.sdcpj.org)

Every Wednesday—*Morning Coffee*, UCSD International Center, 619-534-1124. Join international student families, make new friends, from 10:00 am-12:00 pm, informal.

Every Friday—*UCSD International Café*, UCSD International Center, 619-534-1124: Join more than 250 others for informal lunch and conversation during the academic year from 11:30 am-1:30 pm, \$2.50 for complete menu.

**New Address?
New E-mail?
Please let us know!**

Silent Auction Donations Needed!
see page 10 --- Shhh!!!

let us know -- communications05@sdpca.org



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