

Hamjambo, marafiki (kiswahili for howdy, friends)!

I know that many of you are patiently waiting for this second year's installment on

“Tales From Tanzania”



And I had my air ticket, my visa, gifts and clothes for the kids, lunch dates with friends in Dar Es Salaam and Mwanza..... when I heard from Sister Helena that:

“the Busega police are very angry with you...they say that you are a spy..”

And, from a certain perspective I guess that is true: I am a photo-journalist.

And, at Sister's request, I did report on the political corruption that I witnessed,. But she thought it might be too dangerous for me to return this year.... the politician I tattled on did not win his re-election bid.. He was replaced by a more honest man.

In a quandary, I called my teacher in Little Rock, and asked her to, literally, look into the matter, with her psychic visioning. Anna did, and definitely agreed with Sister Helena that I shouldn't return to Lamadi this year, or to Tanzania at all. She reported:

“Hmmm.. South Africa looks bright.
I think you're going to work in a family medical clinic with traumatized children and families.”

Within a few hours, I had traded my Ethiopian Air ticket to Tanzania for a strangely great deal on a flight to Capetown. No visa required.

Isn't life fascinating?

My new air ticket is also for three months, departing December 4th. Other details are pending. But, if you'd like to join me for the
“Tales From Capetown”,
dear readers, you're welcome. If you'd like to un-subscribe , that's fine, too.

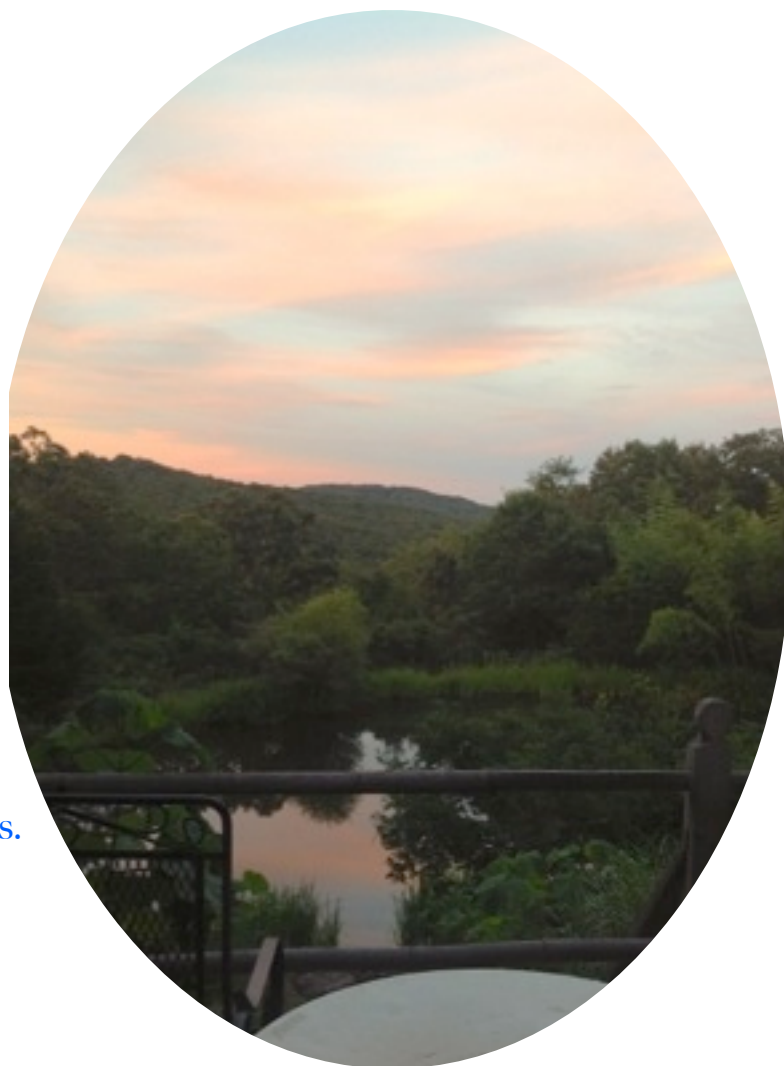
It was such a wonderful year at Wattle Hollow....

Here's



Thupten Dorjee, blessing the new mud building that we worked on this summer:

I'll be closing up Wattle for the winter and saying goodbyes this week.



Happy holidays to you all, and many blessings.

Joy

This year, in an attempt to avoid being locked out by my email server (which happened every week last winter!), my web helper Cynthia Morin is going to send you the Tales from stateside.

