

## Haiti Day 3 - Monday

Our first work day. We were up at 5:45am. We were treated to a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and toast. It got the day started right. We piled in the van and set out. Blokis. Remember this word. It is Creole for traffic. Blokis. Nearly an hour to get where we are working (at the church where we were yesterday - twice). The streets are so crowded. Traveling is an adventure.

We arrived at the work. The inevitable planning took place. The powers that be put their heads together to think through what we were doing. Our first task was to clean out the old earthquake damaged church building which we did in good time. The remaining roof was removed preserving the tin which will be used to build a fence for construction and then used again as roof for the new building.

Bob, Don and I took up the task of removing nails from the used planks. Dan and the Haitian boss (I am sorry I don't know his name but he is a delightful man) began the process of bringing down the walls. A lot of hammering was done and the walls were ready. It would have been nice to march around 7 times and see the walls fall. It wasn't that easy. The first wall came down. I actually got a picture of it. I am very glad no one was killed. A second wall came down in a similar fashion with similar relief that no one died. Two walls remain for tomorrow.



After the walls were down, we went into Haiti time. Flexib. This is another word you should know. That is Creole for flexible. Say it - flexib. I think we sat for 2 hours waiting for something to happen. Flexib. That's what we were. Unfortunately, we were also waiting for lunch which was not until about 1:30. We ate at a nearby house which belongs to one of the church leaders.

I must mention that I am learning what little Creole I have from Wesley. His full name is Wesley Danger and I am not making that up. He is a good friend of Tommy's and is with us constantly as our interpreter. He teaches English so he is very helpful and lots of fun.

After lunch, we returned to work. Tommy had been able to get permits and returned with a backhoe following. We were a bit surprised that the operator was a female (relax, this is not sexist). Wesley said it was very unusual. At one point, according to Bob's count, 19 of us stood watching the backhoe work.



She was in very tight quarters but started to clear things out. The equipment returns tomorrow.

We cleaned up a bit and left for the Gambrill home about 5:00pm. We arrived after 6:00. After a shower we sat down to a supper of sweet and sour chicken.

Auntie Rachel and Grandma Lena were involved in adventures with the Gambrill monkeys, I mean children. I understand water balloons were in the air. The girls have been doing silly dances, the fork dance, among them which they infer I formed. Not so. But be sure to ask them about.

I need to quit. I confess to being a bit tired and look forward to a restful night with minimal sweat.