

1999

Gaborone, 29th July ~~1989~~¹⁹⁹⁹

Addendum to five page form letter

Many thanks for yours of last Christmas, last month, and the travel reports. I was so sorry you were mugged again, but I don't want to sound heartless, but don't walk in Jo'burg alone — ever.

Apart from that, your holiday sounded marvellous. You have certainly covered enormous areas of Southern Africa. I spent a week outside Kruger Park in '77 with Doris and Jo from Chicago. I disliked the park intensely! All those tarred roads. And after an 8 hour trip into the park with a guide we saw almost nothing. Give me Luangwa any day.

Your "magazine" really covered a lot. I noticed 2 errors of fact — concerning Seretse, who was automatically chief after his father died; and Canaan Banana did not visit Botswana for asylum — he was on his way through to meet Mandela.

Apart from that, it was excellent.

So, you're coming back next Feb. I keep on hearing of Merrill Lynch's problems, and always wonder if you still have a job. I'll be here next Feb., so this time we should meet.

Cheerio and all the best,

Love Muriel

P.O.Box 56
Gaborone.

14 July 1999
29

My dear David

Life has been eventful again since I last wrote, but I'm not complaining.

This has been - and is - a year of anniversaries. Our local Christian Council has a 4 page insert in one of the local papers, and I read in December that the final weekend of the World Council of Churches Assembly in Harare would be devoted to their golden jubilee. So at one week's notice I decided to go. I asked one of the local delegates to tell them I was coming, & off I went. As there were 4,000 attending - delegates, staff, observers, advisers, visitors etc, I thought accommodation would be difficult so I booked into MEIKLES Hotel, which is 5 star, has been there since long before independence, and is still very colonial.

Although the Assembly was ending 2 days afterwards, there was still a table manned by a volunteer at the airport. He found me a WCC bus, and I was taken to Meikles, then by another bus to the University - As I got out there was a former colleague from Mindolo! that Saturday afternoon I met a few people, including Jean & Nicole Fisher, and I got myself organised. Sunday was the big day.

It started with services in the town, and I crossed the little park to the Cathedral where the Archbishop of Canterbury preached, luckily finding a seat. There was the usual tea, and I greeted the ABC, and as he shook my hand I asked him to cleanse me! of course he was surprised. I explained that in February that year I had shaken Clinton's hand and many friends were appalled, so he could remedy that! "My dear", he said, "I can dine out on that story for months."

In the afternoon was the big celebration, attended by Nelson Mandela (oh yes, and Mugabe) Dear old Madiba was his usual charming self. He opened by saying "I am here today as a President because of missionary education. Most African Presidents would say the same. " So I want to thank the churches for doing what colonial governments would never do...." He was there for about an hour. He was greeted by a former General Secretary, Philip Potter, who is also 80. It was a real inspiration.

Then Pauline Webb, an earlier Anglican from the 50's and 60's introduced a celebration which took the role of video tapes of the former 7 assemblies. Beforehand, anyone who had attended earlier Assemblies was invited to collect a ribbon and sit in the front seats. I was in New Delhi in 1961 and Nairobi in 1977 so I had 2! at the end of each video, we were invited to stand and be seen! The press took photos & afterwards several people came to greet me. Finally, former staff members were asked to stand, so that was my 3rd time.

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As a day visitor, we had been told there would be no room for us in the hall, so I was very lucky.

Finally, there was an ecumenical service in a huge tent, conducted in many languages. So Sunday 13th December was a real highlight. I discovered afterwards that several old friends were there, but we never met. Apart from Fishers, I met David Gill, Clement Janda, Arnold Temple, Emilio Castro, Bob Bilheimer (in a wheelchair and deaf, but he has attended every Assembly); Martin Conway, and others.

The Fishers came on a 2 day visit to Botswana 2 weeks afterwards, it was lovely catching up on the news. They were in Zambia when I arrived in 1960, and I've since seen them in Geneva, and Nicole at Mindolo.

My second anniversary was in Kitwe - St. Margenet's church, also 50 years. It was my first return to Zambia since leaving in December 1995, and I was half dreading it. I'd heard how much more run-down it was since then, and I thought I was prepared, but I was shocked at the poverty and continuing minus growth.

I spent 4 days first in Lusaka, with Phil and Carole Scribbins. Phil took my job when I left Geneva in December 1959. He later went to Kenya, and 6 months after I left he followed me to Zambia, as U.C.Z treasurer. It was lovely seeing them and so lucky that the UCZ synod compound is right next door to the YWCA. They made a big fuss of me, and Mary Kazunga, former G.S, arranged a lunch - tea party for me with all my old Y friends - including Inyonge Wina, Isobel Masuku and others. It was great. I then flew to Kitwe and stayed in a Mindolo Guest Wing for a week. So many old faces.

St. Margarets had a dinner on Friday 4th June and a service on Sunday 6th June. Apart from me, there were 2 others from the 1970's. Bryan Coates was our minister then, and he was on a 3 month sabbatical, so taught at the UCZ college for a month, came back with me for a week, then was in South Africa for the rest of the time. Bob Banham was a teacher at the UCZ college also in the '70's, and had come back to teach for 6 months to help out. Bryan and Bill were in a UCZ house, so when I wasn't out (every dinner) we had lunch together.

The dinner was held in the church hall and I must have met all my old friends. I was a member for 36 years minus 2 months so held the record. The Sunday service was very inspiring which I appreciated after the dull services here in Botswana.

I decided to hire a car in Kitwe and was asked to produce an identity document. When I pulled out my passport, the woman laughed and said "Those passports have not been valid since 31st March." I pointed out that I had come through immigration and nothing had been said. Imagine, the Zambia High Commission here in Gaborone had said nothing.

29th July, 1990

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I had been at a reception with the High Commissioner just the week before leaving, and he had said "can I do anything to help you?" I wondered what would happen when I left. The female Immigration Officer just laughed and said "It's an old passport", stamped it, and sent me on. I wonder where else that could happen.

Murray
I had dinner with ~~Junay~~ and Eva, Flo and Derry Chandalala, the new Director of Mindolo Mask Masters; ~~the~~ with Monica Fisher who is very badly crippled with arthritis but very alert; and with Byan and Bob drove to Ndola to take Bishop Shaba out to lunch. We went to the Chembe Bird Sanctuary for a picnic; had lunch with the Hara family; and spent most of 2 days wandering around Mindolo. They are suffering too, but the new director - an American Methodist - looked as though he would be able to improve matters. But he has a challenge. When I left in '95 these were 80 foreign students, this year there are 48.

It was very good having Byan to return with me, he mainly went bird - watching and visited church work. Lovely combination!

My third anniversary will be in South Africa. The LMS arrived there 200 years ago and soon started Kuruman (Moffat) and a school, Tiger Kloof where Seretse studied. So in September I'll go with Derek and Joan Jones for their celebrations.

Another mountain peak was a 2 week holiday in South Africa, in February - starting with a night at the opera, and ending with a world flower show. The first year I was here in the flats my next door neighbour was Ailison, a primary school teacher, and we became good friends. She moved to Hout Bay on retiring, one of the most beautiful places I've even visited, on the Cape Peninsular. She invited me for a holiday and I realised one evening while watching T.V, where they were advertising "AIDA" at Pretoria in the rugby stadium, that it was the weekend I was travelling.

So I went. It was billed as an operama, produced by a travelling Italian company, I'd never been to Pretoria, only 40 minutes from Jo'burg, and in my mind it was the bastion of apartheid. The rugby field was huge, the sound was excellent. There was no conventional stage, instead there was a huge wooden board with several levels, with little stages, and very steep steps. Pictures were beamed on to this edifice of the Nile, and teh war, and Egyptian gods etc. I've never seen anything like it. and there were thousands. I was so anxious to get there that I never thought of how I'd get back to the hotel; it was quite a challenge, but I made it. One bonus was meeting the caste at breakfast next morning. I later saw it on TV and that filled in the parts where my Italian let me down.

29th July, 1999.

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The week in Hout Bay was all I expected it to be. I even swam in the Atlantic/Pacific - near where they meet. The high point was the day we went to Robben Island. There is a tour lasting 2 1/2 hours, and I'd been longing to go since it was started after I left Cape Town in '96 we were taken round THE prison by a former prisoner. It was quite a hot day so we could realise in the lime quarry why Mandela's eyes and knees suffered so badly. Another plus was the day on Table Mountain. There is now a new lift, Swiss, which rotates as one ascends, to an Alan Ayckwin play, and altogether had a marvellous holiday. I then flew to Scotburgh for a week, where former Kitwe friends Monty and Nan Croissant and Mary Pace live. The Croissants were shortly moving back to Britain; we had a relaxing time. Another couple Val and Dave Abraham, from Zambia days live 1/2hour away, and I spent the last 24 hours with them, going to the Durban flower show and being bowled over by the flower arrangements of the 19 categories, most were abstract, and quite incredible.

Reading this, it sound as though life is all adventure. There are quiet weeks and even months! Eight days after Bryan left, I had 2 more visitors. I have known Ed Hawley since 1946! He is a congregational minister who was sent by his church in America to help out the British churches after the war. He was in London for 2 years, came back in 1951 to the second Depthford work camp. He was chaplin to the political refugees in camps in Tanzania in the 60's, and we met then. We have met in the States and I spent a special week in Denver in 1982. He was back in these parts with his daughter. They only stayed 2 days but it was hectic.

Meanwhile, I work in the mornings on my Nature Reserve Accounts. I go to French conversation twice a week, yoga once a week swim between September and May most days; act as book-keeper accountant to the Women's Shelter, attend lots of committees, church on Sunday. I enjoy my sport (especially wimbledom) and news on DSTV, visit the cinema, attend various embassy functions, and entertain.

My health i'sn't bad, I'm still being affected by the virus I had last July, which has left fluid on my chest. My arthritis is gradually getting worse. I find walking on hard surfaces very difficult, but when I was in the Cape in February. I walked 2Km along the sandy beach, it was so encouraging. oh yes, I enjoy the monthly book club meetings, not to mention reading the books.

The family is fine. Ian seems to be quite a good V.P. I don't see much of him but we had a long weekend on the family island in the Okavango Delta so that was a bonus. Dale is in Ireland, Marcus in Norwich, the twins and Jackie here, and Ruth continues with her Red Cross and other activities.

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What can I say about Ireland, Kosovo, Siera Leone, Congo As I write, I've just heard that the Ulster Unionists have turned down the proposals. I've never liked David TRIMBLE, he's not a No 1, and obviously can't handle his party. So where now? Nobody could have tried harder than Tony Blair. Living as I did 20 miles from Congo - Zaire, it seemed obvious to me that the country was far too big to handle, with such different provinces. I have no faith in the latest so-called peace talks - in Lusaka. A few years ago I watched the Angola "peace" agreement, and that never got off the ground. I didn't agree with the bombing of Yugoslavia - but I couldn't figure out what would work with Milosevic.

As for Sierra Leone, I kept thinking how lucky I was that Zambians and Botswana's are so different. As the hatred in Yugoslavia has been there for hundreds of years, what hope is there for Siera Leone?

Cheers for now, and all the best.....

MURIEL. Many thanks for yours of last Christmas, last month, and the travel reports. I was so sorry you were mugged again, and I don't want to sound heartless, but don't work in job's alone - ever.

Apart from that, your holiday sounded marvellous. You have certainly covered enormous areas of Southern Africa. I spent a week outside Kruger Park in '77 with Doris & Jo from Chicago. I disliked the ~~road~~ park intensely! All those jammed roads. And after an

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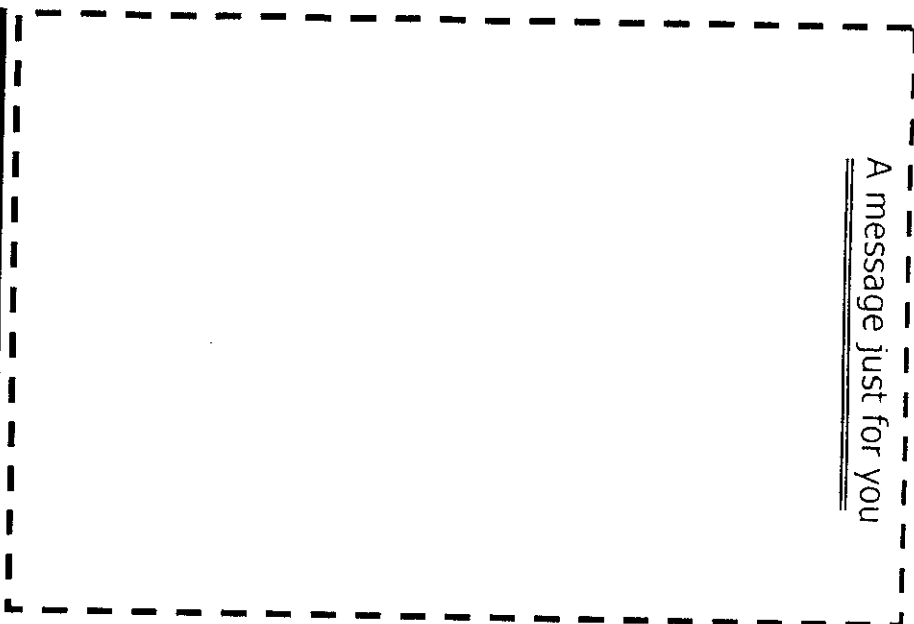
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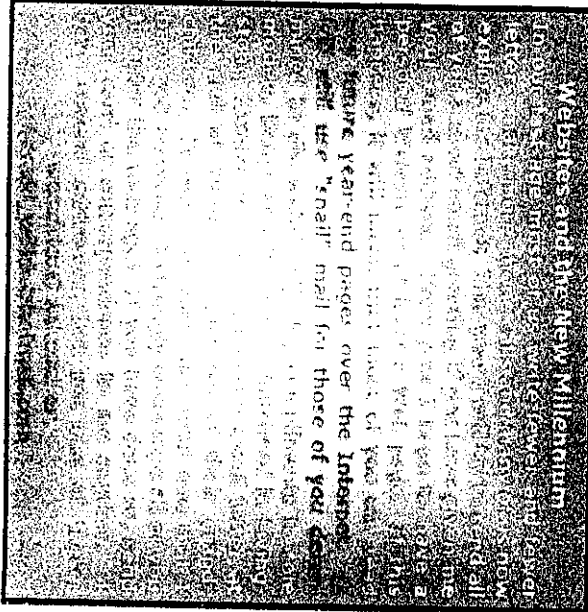
Love
Muriel

A message just for you



Websites and the New Millennium

The world of the Internet and World Wide Web is a place where information is available to all. It is a place where you can find the answers to your questions and learn more about the world around you. It is a place where you can connect with others and share your thoughts and feelings. It is a place where you can find the support you need and the resources you require. Year-end pages over the Internet and use "mailto:" for those of you who prefer to send me a postcard or letter.



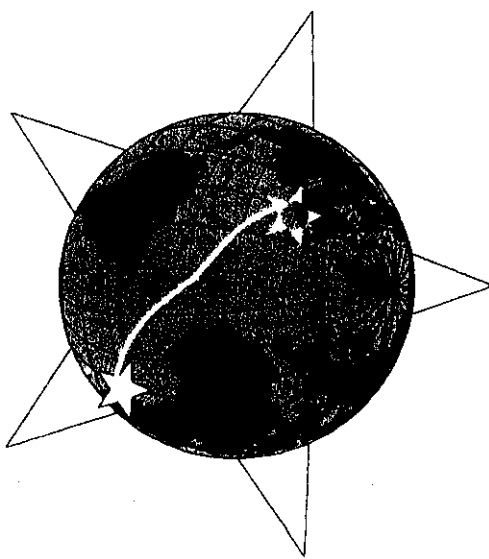
**Abandoned Children in Zambia
Regrettably Not Personal Names**

Thanks for the collective responses to my end-of-year page regarding the abandoned children of Zambia. Others, realistically suggested I continue helping existing organizations, and economic distress in Zambia, along with current constraints, would defeat me. To try to be like drops of "water on a hot stone." Arrival in Lusaka, the sadness of the problem when an old friend and I stopped to talk street of Lusaka (Cairo Road) and we were surrounded by beggars that included hungry children and blind people and their dependent children. A physical danger, I internally panicked and had to end the conversation and get away. Later, by a government bureaucracy often unworkable, and government must unite it's bureaucracy and non-profit organizations to solve the problem, drafting this brochure, I was pleased to see it in a series of a Zambian newspaper - via the Internet. Churches are struggling to deal with the problem. To see their hands in Zambia, I am grateful.

Conservative-evangelical groups, which I would like to see in Zambia, get money to needy children with little bureaucracy. (You can designate non-evangelical and outreach projects aiding children.) The Christian Missions in Many Lands, P.O. Box 100, Lake, NJ 07762; tel: (732) 449-8880; and Christian Dept., P.O. Box 7900, Charlotte, NC 28241 (704) 588-4300. Two groups that I don't recognize too much of their budgets go for fund raising. Some overhead are Save the Children and Christian Children's Fund.

Into the Bosom of God:
I have had many pensive moments since late summer when Shirley Franks Romine, who was almost exactly my age, died in Ohio. Also the end of October was the 30th year of Zindi's death. Many other dear ones also come to mind, including Purnia Deralane (4 years ago here in New York City) and Paul F. Wilkin (2 years ago). Though gone, fond memories linger.

December 1999 — a new millennium lies just ahead



Best wishes and love from
David Wilkin

1999 - Year-end
The one thing I always see in highlights of my life is the year-end page. It is a place where you can find the answers to your questions and learn more about the world around you. It is a place where you can connect with others and share your thoughts and feelings. It is a place where you can find the support you need and the resources you require. Year-end pages over the Internet and use "mailto:" for those of you who prefer to send me a postcard or letter. In February/March and again in October, I was in Zambia. It was a time of great joy and excitement. I was able to see the children and their families and to share my love and support with them. It was a time when I felt that I was making a difference. Although it meant working long hours, I felt that it was worth it. I hope that you are also experiencing joy and excitement in your lives. May God bless you and yours.

African Safari — February/March 1999

Since I have chronic writing "burnout," you may not have heard about my lovely six-week trip through southern Africa in February and March, so here is a summary. In Jo'burg, four besides myself squeezed into a Toyota Corolla: David Carlson (Iowa), Peter Njovu (my old Zambian friend in the 70's), plus two Malawians, Alexander Ajibu (who traveled around the Kalahari with me in early 1998) and Robert Sayint George. After visiting the amazing Kruger Game Park in Mpumalanga in eastern South Africa, we passed through the lowlands of eastern Swaziland and then spent a fortnight along the Indian Ocean beaches from Durban to Port Elizabeth. Game viewing in the park was awesome and then after reaching the Indian Ocean, being an overage beach boy on lovely beaches with a superb surf and warm ocean water was unending fun. Peter and Robert saw an ocean for the first time. In Port Elizabeth, Zindi's family greeted us warmly. We stayed at a beach-front hotel in PE, but they visited us and we visited them many times.

On our way north from Port Elizabeth we stayed one night in Craddock in a huge restored old Afrikaaner house, with a wonderfully modern kitchen. (Self-catering hotels are common in South Africa and we sought them out to accommodate our different diets.) We paid US \$85 and would have paid \$200-\$400 in America or Europe. Had time permitted we would have stayed longer.

South Luangwa Game Park in October

On October 7th, I made a fortnight visit to Zambia. James Kanga and his family (plus Stanley Kamboyi) met me in Lusaka. Bwalya's friends and relatives had the Toyota ready and a within 24 hours of my arrival Peter Njovu and I headed east. Unexpectedly, 120 miles east of Lusaka, the Great East Road became the Great Potholed Road changing the trip from resful to a stressful, avoid-the-holes-or-damage-the-car drive at 15 miles an hour. Moving due east, Peter and I briefly visited Lake Malawi, but soon headed back into the South Luangwa Game Park. Accessible by car only in the dry season from July to October, South Luangwa remains isolated. Still it is one of Africa's greatest game parks; and the amount and variety of game rivals all other southern African game parks. Most noteworthy, we saw two prides of lions. The elephant herds are huge, among the largest in the world. Instead of paying \$250 a person as foreign tourists, we stayed for \$25 a person at Marula Lodge — across the Luangwa River from the park. Elephants roamed around the Lodge at night, one was 6 feet outside our window when we woke one morning. When they approach everyone stays a respectful distance away!

Spring and Summer Trips — Iowa & Canada/Ohio

Shortly after I returned from Africa, I visited Bwalya in Iowa to compare notes on our trips to Zambia and on life in America. I think our chats helped us gain better perspectives on our homes on both sides of the ocean. (Some of you will well appreciate our bi-continental tugs, pulls, and dilemmas; others will not.) In the process, I had a chance to again hug Kalalwe, Bwalya's adorable 4 year old daughter and visit her mother, Joyce.

In June, Margaret (my stepmother) and I once again drove from northern Ontario to Ohio. As in 1998, we picked up Marion Snyder. (This year, Marion gave me possibly the most beautiful gift that I have ever received — a handmade quilt made from my late father's neckties; she also made another quilt from the ties for my nephew, Danny Allen Wilkin, II) When we drove back to North Bay, we spent a night with Lillian Wiseman, near Niagara Falls. Throughout the trip, the weather was beautiful.

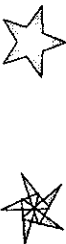


Earning a Living

Due to restricted chances for creative growth in graphics — necessary in the new Internet world — I made job changes. I only work at Merrill Lynch part-time on the weekend shift from 10:00 pm to 8:00/10:00 am. During the week I work nights at the Bank of America, where I can expand my graphical skills. Also on the positive side, BOA is in Midtown, 15 minutes closer to my home, and has awesome views of Central Park from the 48th floor. Conversely, the room I work in reminds me of the old radio commercial, "who put 8 great tomatoes in an itty bitty can?" with eight graphics specialists squashed into a space half the size of my living room. Thus, as the year closes, my work situation is very fluid.

Current Night Lifestyle

Some of you are appalled that I am happy making nights my days and days my nights, especially when you know that I feel working nights may have ruined Zindi's health. (She did what many of my workmates do: worked nights, had active days and then slept whenever she could.) But with this knowledge ever-present in my mind, I diligently sleep 7-8 hours daily at regular hours. Hence I go to bed between noon and 2:00 pm and get up between 8:00 and 10:00 pm.



Retirement

Looms closer but is most definitely not for me yet. Rather, I intend to take ever longer vacations, especially to southern Africa and Atlantic City / Las Vegas. I plan to work for the next five or ten years if in good health. Despite disillusionment with particular employers, I like the challenges of the rapidly expanding computer and communications age. I am excited going deeper into the world of computer graphics. Also, competing and sharing ideas in the super charged atmosphere of NYC investment banking, with workmates often less than half my age, is a tonic against old age.

Visitors

This fall, delightfully lingering with us, has been very busy. Not only did I start a new job and visit Zambia, but also I had the most charming visitors from Iowa, Ohio and South Africa. It was wonderful having Mary Valentine Hudson come for a long weekend, to reminisce about Cleveland 35 years ago and accompany me to two Broadway shows, Ragtime and Kats and the Kings, both with strong social themes. Bwalya visited a week later and Frank Molteno came shortly thereafter at the start of an American business trip. Bwalya saw me off to Zambia and when I returned Frank ended his trip along with his son, Timothy — currently studying in Texas. For the rest of you out-of-towners, a bed is ready!

Pooper Scooper Shift

The night shift is usually called the "graveyard" or "jobster" shift, or as I call it: the "pooper-scooper shift," since investment bankers in NYC's world financial centers — where mind-boggling flows of money occur 24 hours a day — slowly collapse from lack of sleep during this shift and hence maintain graphics and desktop publishing centers to clean up their presentations in the late night hours while they grab a little sleep. Thus, my decision to "go with the flow" and embrace working nights. I am even happy working for weeks on end with no break. (When I take an occasional night off I do not break my sleep routine, rather, I simply work at home all night on my computer or go to Atlantic City, whose lights are brighter and more fun at night.) Working this shift for long stretches makes more travel breaks affordable. Interestingly, the night shift in NYC coincides with days in southern Africa, seven time zones away. 2:00 am in NYC is 9:00 am in Jo'burg and Lusaka, so sleeping there during the night from 9:00 pm to 5:00 am is the same as sleeping during the day from 2:00 pm to 10:00 pm in NYC — figure it out! The result was less jet lag on my trips this year to southern Africa.

Doc 9/99

2000

Gaborone, 16th January 2000

My dear David,

It was such a surprise to have you on the phone recently.

Our visits to Africa seem fated! The result of my heart tests have led in Jo'burg last week have led to a heart bypass operation and a new valve — next Thursday, the 20th. So I will be away 10 days, off work all Feb., so I couldn't go away in March; except for a weekend. As I feel fine and do everything I want, you can understand that the doctor is puzzled. Me too!

We all had a lovely time in Serowe at Christmas.

While most of the family camped at the pans in the Okavango desert for New Year, I returned here and spent New Year's evening with friends. I also watched TV for 2 news seeing all the festivities all over the world.

This is just a short note to explain what's happening to me.

Let's hope we can meet.

Love Muriel

Thanks for your long letter. I was intrigued to read of a Frank Molteno. I've just read a book by a Molteno (Cecilia?) who was in Zambia. "If you can walk you can dance", this mother?

received
11/26/2000

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Gaborone
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Gaborone, 12th July 2000 (rec.07/27/'00)

My dear David,

Many thanks for your various cards and letters. The timing of my op. was not good as far as your plans went.

Imagine — you were in Gaborone! All March I was at Ruth's home, 25 km north of Gabs. I'm surprised I haven't heard since you returned -did you not write your usual "report"? I hope it was a good holiday. How did you find S.Africa? I still think it's a miracle — especially compared to Latin America.

Do you still have a job? I'm always hearing about Merrill Lynch on the TV news.

I didn't go to Jo'burg until Feb 14, because I had to find £L18,000 before the hospital would let me in. So I was able to go the week before to Pretoria to see to see the operama [?] "Madame Butterfly". It was disappointing, quite the wrong opera to be performed in an enormous rugby field. "Carmen" would have been ideal.

I saw the video "Life Is Beautiful" last night — very good indeed. Due to all the sport I hadn't seen any videos lately.

Cheerio and all the best.'

Love Muriel

When is your next trip to Africa?

011-267-375800

rec'd 7/12/00 July 12th 2000
called at 11:30

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PO Box 56
Gaborone
Tel: 375800

12/7/2000

My dear David

This letter will be quite different from the past ones, because I have nothing interesting to tell you about.

When I went into Gaborone Hospital to have a chip of bone removed from my knee in December, the surgeon was suspicious of the fluid on my lungs, so he examined my heart, and I saw for myself the blood going both ways through a valve, in gorgeous Technicolor on a computer. So no operation because no anesthetic.

In January I went to Johannesburg to see a cardiologist – he gave Seretse a pacemaker. He wanted me to return for 2 days in January to go in hospital to have an angiogram and heart x-rays. He came to see me and said I needed a new valve and bypass. He'd never seen anyone with no symptoms such as heart pain and breathlessness, and who looked so fit – I was swimming every day.

Although I subscribe to a local medical insurance they wouldn't pay. Believe it or not, they had sent me to a doctor for a medical before joining, she detected heart trouble but never told me – so the medical insurance backed out.

I took a month to raise the money, and then went down in February for the operation.

I still can't believe it's the year 2000, and not 1900. They told me nothing. And I know no one here, so I didn't ask the right questions. I was 5½ hours in the theater, and 3 days in intensive care. I didn't realize I was back in the ward for 2-3 days. I then discovered that my legs were being dressed, they were still numb- and that a doctor had stripped the skin off the veins from thigh to ankle to make the quintuple bypass. I'd assumed it would be artificial material.

I hated the 11 days in hospital. I only know 1 couple in Jo'burg, and although friends of friends looked in, all the 4 other patients in the ward were having husbands, sisters and children. Milpark hospital is supposed to be one of the best, but I wrote a letter of complaint afterwards about several poor facilities. The Cardiologist urged me to do this.

Unfortunately, I was there at the end of the heavy rains, and the ward was below ground, so as Jo'burg is 6,000ft above sea level, I suffered from the cold, dull days.

Instead of coming home after 10days, the doctors wanted me to stay with "relatives or friends" for another week. As there are no nursing homes, they put me in a frail care home. I could write a hilarious story of this appalling place – I can see the funny side now, but not then. There were 8 inmates, all "gaga", so I held no conversations with

them – impossible. It's an ill wind. A friend here in Gabs lost her mother that week in Jo'burg and she came down for the funeral and visited me twice – marvellous.

Ruth came down for the first 3 days, but I didn't remember that. She then came down the day before I returned and brought me back. I then stayed with her for 5 weeks. She looked after me extremely well, I was pretty helpless. She did a fantastic job.

I came back to my home in April and started work, and got better quickly. For the first time in weeks I felt I was in charge again. I couldn't drive so I relied on hiring cabs.

Everyone says I look very well. But my legs are a pain. My right knee is still very painful, my scars are sore, and I have arthritis. I only started walking properly last week – after 4 months.

Easter was special – I started driving and had my first bath! I'd been going every other day to the doctor to have my scars dressed and they only finally healed at Easter.

Our weather has been incredible. The rains didn't compare with Mozambique, but were very heavy for here, and I couldn't open my back door for 3 months. Then "winter" started a month early, mid April, and it's still very cold. I feel it because my circulation is still poor. I'm still wearing my thick white stockings because it's too cold to take them off. It will probably be cold for at least another month. This week it's raining again – in the middle of the dry season.

I have thoroughly enjoyed watching tennis on TV recently – Hamburg, Italy and Paris. I'm most impressed with Kuerton – because he so obviously enjoys himself. Then Wimbledon's to come. *Now over – fantastic. I love Pete Sampras!*
Now it's Euro 2000 – so I watch 2 matches most evenings. It's lovely seeing so many goals, in Italy 8 years ago it was all goal-less draws.

I went into my travel agent today and asked him to find out about cruises in the Indian Ocean – I believe there are some from Durban for two weeks, stopping at the Seychelles, Madagascar, Comores, well it's fun to dream. I spent so much money on my operation, which other people are enjoying, I decided I'd spend some on enjoying myself. I hope by then I'll look okay in a swimsuit, at present it would be far from pretty, with long leg scars and even passes what looks like a cleavage!

I get fed up with all my visits to the hospital – (blood tests, massage, check ups), to the doctor for my legs and knee, and to the chemist for my 3 pills a day plus vitamins. I wonder what ever I did in the afternoons before!

I am leading a normal social life again, and don't get tired as I did at first. The hospital never gave me a diet sheet – but my problem wasn't high cholesterol, it was diseased through the virus of '98 most probably.

*Cheerio
Love
Shirley*

Nov 2000

P.O BOX 56
GABORONE
BOTSWANA

Dear Friends

Fortunately I feel a lot better and I appreciate all the letters of sympathy.

I went on 2 weeks holiday to Swartkupmund on the Namibian Coast during the last 2 weeks of October, and it did me so much good and I wondered why I had not gone earlier. The Indian Ocean cruise was cancelled.

It is my year for not being informed. The Antarctic touches the Namibian Coast, which results in a stretch of low clouds all down the coast. So I had to buy warm clothes! I stayed 10 days at the coast and half of those days I saw no sun, but react very positively to the sea and I could see the daily improvement.

I spent 2 days in Windhoek, the capital, en route. It is a lovely city, resting in hills all around, and beautifully laid out. Then I got a special train, the Desert Express, from there to the coast, taking 20 hours but including 6 hours in a siding at night. It was boring as the dunes are all near the coast.

Unfortunately I developed an abscess on one of my few teeth remaining, and for 5 days I was living on pain killers. I then went to a dentist in Swartkupmund, four days having the gum drained and then a temporary filling.

So my three outings were all in the second week. First I went to Walvis Bay, three and half hours on a little boat, touring the harbour, racing dolphins, feeding seals which climbed on the boat, riding round fishing factory boats from Russia and Spain mostly. I was taken by an independent tour operator who drove me all around Walvis Bay during the afternoon.

Then I had a day in the desert, in a Land Rover with 2 Germans and a fantastic guide who made me feel I was at school all day. We only saw 2 living creatures - beetles - all day.

Last, I went on a day's pleasure flight north to a village near the Angolan border, just a pilot and 5 passengers. We visited the most primitive village I have ever seen, and after lunch we flew back down the Skeleton Coast, at 100 feet where we saw wrecks and seal colonies.

The days I spent in Swartkupmund I walked around the beaches and swam in an Olympic size heated swimming pool, usually alone.

The Germans were only in Namibia for 30 years, but they left their mark. Walvis Bay was British so they built a harbour at Swartkupmund. They built a pier there too, as well as a railway along the coast and up to Windhoek 5000 feet. The buildings are most attractive. When I think of the many years the British were in Rhodesia, but they did nothing.

Because there is no water around the south, there had never been any African tribe and I was amazed to hear that there are more Germans in the town than Africans. In some ways it was like being in a time warp.

I have been to African 17 countries, and Namibia is quite different from any of the others.

Nov 09 2000

Since my operation in February, I have had two setbacks with the blood thinning not behaving itself and the blood gathering in my bad knee. So twice I could not walk nor drive for a month. I also have sciatica and arthritis in my back legs and knees. So after a month of not walking properly, the sands of Swartkuppund really set me up. It has been too cold to swim here before I left. Since I returned it is in the 30 degrees so I am swimming most days.

As I write, the fiasco of the American election is filling the news, closely followed by the Middle East.

The main news in Botswana concerns AIDS, it is reported to have the highest percentage in Africa. I attended the opening of parliament this week and the president spent the first 15 minutes (out of 90!) speaking about AIDS.

The post office just issued new stamps, so some will be attached to my envelopes. The Presidents, are Sir Seretse Khama for P1.00, Quett Masire for P2.00, and Festus Mogae (current) for P2.50. The 3 chiefs who went in 1895 to appeal to Queen Victoria to save them from Cecil Rhodes, are for 35thebe. So I'll have fun sticking on more stamps than usual.

The family is fine - Ruth was in England in July for Grandson Marcus' graduation. Dale is in the British Army in Germany. Ian is enjoying being the Vice President after a dubious start.

The game park whose book I keep, closed the town office on 31st of May, so I drive 20km to the park 3 times a week, and work 2 days at home. Those of you who have visited and seen the 2 cheetahs will be amused to hear that the last time I went on to visit them, one was very friendly, rolled over on his back for me to rub his tummy - clutched my legs. I now have cheetah scars alongside the others! (Cheetahs do not retract their claws.)

Gaborone is like a building site. 6 - 7 years ago they built a 10km carriageway by-pass and I use it to drive to Mokolodi (work). When I came 5 years ago there were almost no buildings. Now there are housing estates offices and factories, a huge technical college and shops. Unfortunately apart from this road the others are too few, so there are road-blocks everywhere.

Cheers and all the best for Christmas and a Prosperous New Year!!!!!!!

LOVE

Quett

Ps. we had 7 extra channels
on Digital TV for the Olympics -
so I saw plenty.

6th December 2000

Voëlkop, near Brits, northwest of Johannesburg, South Africa

Dear family and friends,

While sitting on the edge of the front verandah of my stone chalet, I can almost touch a totally green pear-shaped thorn tree (shrub?) with its delicate large round yellow blossoms and new thorns (about as long as my small finger). Looking further down the hill, larger trees and shrubs are also green. Two weeks of rain have brought this semi-desert valley to life. The camp is hidden away in a quiet valley that lies off the main road between Jo'burg and Sun City, which are each an hour away. This place has been a little corner of paradise for me the last few weeks. The nearest small town/city is Brits, which is as well equipped with as many modern stores and supplies as any similar-sized town in America, Canada or Europe. A delightful place to shop.

Seasons in South Africa. As you may know, the seasons in South Africa are the reverse of the Northern Hemisphere. Thus, as in Australia and Argentina, winter is midyear but relatively mild. Highs in most areas are 12-15°C (up to 60°F) and lows above freezing. It was early summer when we arrived. Normally the major rains in this part of South Africa come in December or January, but with disturbed weather patterns in Kwa-zulu Natal — on the Indian Ocean coast — heavy rain has fallen earlier than usual; hence a sea of green plants.

Ill with good care. I learned about Voëlkop, this hidden paradise, on my trip last March with two friends when we spent several days camping here. Now I have returned with one of these two friends, Petulo (Peter) Njovu from Zambia, and we have enjoyed ourselves again. Unfortunately, when I arrived in Jo'burg three weeks ago, I brought along from NYC a serious chest cold or bronchitis plus conjunctivas and have just recovered — almost! Peter has taken wonderful care of me. Other friends here introduced me to a wonderful doctor who has given me superb treatment. Probably I will be totally well when I start work in NYC again!

Botswana. Last week I visited Muriel Sanderson in Gaborone, Botswana, plus other friends. She was not well, but Muriel, Peter and me had a wonderful time reminiscing over past decades when we all lived in Zambia. We also had a chance to see the plot just outside Gaborone where Fred and Sue Morton and their extended family hope to start building a home soon. Their daughter, Khukhi, made a wonderful tour guide.

Mokolodi Game Reserve. In Botswana, Peter and me stayed in Mokolodi game reserve about 25 kilometers outside Gaborone and saw all kinds of game that we had not seen in much larger game reserves in past travels. Especially exciting were the white rhinoceroses. The senior male rhino made our visit especially noteworthy because he decided to charge the small car we were in. Since he was larger than the car, we were happy to be ahead of the family and accelerate ahead when he got very close. Also seeing several male cheetahs up very close was interesting and the giraffes were awesome. The game reserve was started some years ago so that children could see wildlife that is rapidly being killed off in the wild. It is an admirable conservation effort.

Earlier travel this year in South Africa. My three weeks of travel in March in South Africa was also in the north. Peter, Alexander from Malawi, and myself circumnavigated Gautang Province (Pretoria/Jo'burg) with our old friend Nellie Smith (who has retired back to South Africa from NYC) and Isabelle (her niece from Cape Town). As with this trip, we also visited Gaborone. That was near the end of the summer in South Africa.

AIDS and orphaned children in southern Africa. No, I have regrettably not found a way to help out personally, but the problem is becoming overwhelming throughout all of southern and eastern Africa. It is heart-breaking, even in South Africa with its modern economy, to see great numbers of homeless children, uncared for since their parents died of AIDS. (The problem with orphans in Zambia, Zimbabwe, and Malawi is much more obvious and even more serious than South Africa.) Unfortunately, South Africa and many other countries were slow to acknowledge the problem and now over 20% of the adults between 20 and 50 years of age are HIV-affected. A pandemic of unbelievable proportions is rapidly progressing. Some months ago, Richard Holbrook, the U.S. representative to the United Nations, described the alarming prospects of armies of hungry and homeless young orphanized children and youth destabilizing many countries in southern and eastern Africa. In South Africa, political parties are uniting to seek long-term solutions to the problem. Nevertheless, it will remain a traumatic crisis for the next twenty years as societies cope with the dying.

Life, Work and Health in NYC. All is well for me in NYC. My work goes along as usual and retirement is within sight — 3 to 8 years. Except for the ailments that I carried from NYC to Africa, I have not been ill this year, thank God. No, I have not developed my website this year. My knowledge has not yet grown that much. Maybe next year. By the way, those of you with email addresses do email me at WCAAFRICA@aol.com any time as it will be nice to hear from you. (I have stopped using the Merrill Lynch and Hotmail email addresses.)

THE XMAS WERE T EARLY WERE!

December: An update (since 6th December)
New York City. Alas, wonderful holidays
("vacations" to my fellow-Americans) must come
to an end. Thus, I am once again in exciting —
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Botswana: Three rotations. a) After Peter and
me left, Muriel had to be admitted to the
hospital. Fortunately, when I called her 2 days
ago, she was back in her home. b) Khukhi
arrived from Gaborone last week amidst an
Iowa snowstorm and had to stay in NYC while
the Midwest was cleaning up. (c) Madeline
Albright had the good taste to follow our
footsteps and visit Mokotoki Game Reserve on
her last official visit to Botswana/South Africa.

Other Travels. It was wonderful to spend time
with Bwaya and his family in September. Also,
it was an annual pleasure in August to visit see
many of you, old friends and relatives, in
Ontario and Ohio when driving Margaret (my
stepmother) from North Bay to Newark, Ohio.
Very special thanks to John and Mary Flake for
organizing an evening reunion in the eastern
part of Cleveland. So nice to see so many old
friends that I had lost touch with 20+ years ago.
(Sorry, I could not also see old friends in the
western part of Cleveland; maybe next year.)
Last, it was extraordinary fun to make two short
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Happy New Year and, once again, love and a special "thank you" to all from David Wilkin

Many thanks to all of you who
have sent me End-of-Year cards
and letters, both at the end of
1999 and in the last few days.
Also, thanks to those who sent
cards on other occasions. While
I have tried to send many post-
cards when in southern Africa, I
regret that I had to give up all
other correspondence this year.

Last, my thanks to wonderful
people I worked for this year:
Evelyn Dawkins Capers, Jerome
Richardson and Richard Kueh
at Merrill Lynch. Also, Dr.
Agnes Whitaker and George W.
Martin.

Gaborone, 20th December 2000

My dear David,

It was lovely seeing you again and I am most grateful for all your hard work after the "flood". I hope you enjoyed the rest of the your holiday. Did you win at the Sin City?

Ruth took me to the hospital outpatients that Wed. afternoon, and my knee was worse, so I came home, packed up and went straight back to hospital. I was actually relieved to get some help for the awful pain. On Friday the surgeon took out the piece of lose bone — quite large — and some congealed blood in the muscle, and I was there 12 days. I think my body decided I'd had enough, and was protesting — I had and have absolutely no energy. I went back to Ruth's — again! — for a week, returned here Monday because I wanted badly to be home. We had lunch with friends and immediately after I got the most awful stomach pains and was sick — I'd caught tummy but doing the rounds. I pigheadedly stayed here and am eating dried bread and your syrup and jam and fish! So I'm not getting any better and feeling very sorry for myself.

Patricia told me you had phoned — I would ring you if I could figure out the best time. I can't remember when you work nights.

So, this coming weekend we are all planning to go to Serowe — 4 hours drive. I was to have gone Friday (2 days from now) with Ruth in her packed van, but now will go Saturday with Jackie. I'd rather stay here, but of course they don't want to leave me alone. I feel like Scrooge — "Christmas humbug!"

So you finally chose a President! What chaos! And it was the wrong one! I hardly saw TV in hospital, but have seen it since. Also Clinton in Ireland. And do you know that Madeleine Albright was here 2 days, and I had a bush braai at Mokoladi? Quite an occasion — too bad I was in hospital!

I hope you have a nice Christmas, I can't remember what you said you'd do. I saw pictures on TV of the awful weather in parts of the USA and Canada.

My knee is quite stiff and I don't feel like walking so it will take time.

Excuse this miserable epistle. By the time it reaches you, I hope I'm lots better!

Love Muriel

Box 56 Faberme

20-12-2000.

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3

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