

Still homeless in Liberia – Fox Newsletter 10-15-25

Praise:

- Getting closer to well and un-jet-lagged
- Classes going well
- Renewed friendships
- Date settled for 1st midwifery workshop
- CC Yekepa is alive and well
- Very nice weather!

Prayer

- Continued good recovery
- That tenuous transportation for midwifery workshops and women's conference will all work out
- For CC Yekepa's young pastor, Richmond Gbotukpah, and for a place where they can worship

In Liberia 2 weeks, and we still find ourselves camping in House 1 and living out of suitcases. Gradually more and more things are exiting suitcases and migrating from storage in House 4 as we can find (at least some) essentials. Purchased provisions are still in boxes lining the kitchen counters. Six-packs of 1.5 liter drinking water and two flats of eggs delivered to House 6 (because we would be there in a few days, and there was no refrigerator space in House 1) are beginning to be carted back to house 6 one six-pack or half dozen at a time.

Progress is being made, but the end is not yet, and more tile and cement dust and debris are accumulating. Meanwhile, the stove was checked, and the good news given was that it works. Well, except for the fact that when you turn on one burner and light it, all the burners light. Could that, maybe, not be the definition of, "it works?" As far as I know, the oven actually hasn't worked for years, and I don't know if it will be looked at along with the stovetop or if either is repairable, but there is a technician coming (sometime) to check it out.

I realized on first inspection, when we stopped off to put supplies in the freezer compartment on arrival, that the kitchen cabinets that we had been told were newly replaced weren't. The 4 broken, unusable drawers are not that much of a problem since the kitchen is so big, but since the entire framework is termite-riddled, we have the delight of a kitchen uniformly dusted with sawdust every morning, and we were greeted with drifts of winged soft bodies along the countertops, though, comfortably, they appeared dead, for whatever reason, and not wriggly and crawly.

The window screens are, well, deplorable. I'm hoping I have enough aluminum tape remaining to patch all the mega-rips and gaps and holes. For some reason mosquito bed-nets no longer seem to be a thing, in the Monrovia guest house, House 1, or House 6. Fortunately, we have one of our own that I'm looking forward to getting put up and sleeping under one of these weeks. New furniture in the living room holds promise of sitting to work without backaches, but the mattresses on the king bed need to be switched with some older, more ragged, but firmer alternatives fortunately available on twin beds down the hall. The greatest happiness of all is that we get to have our wonderful Rebecca as our house help once more, and she will make it all okay.

Just thought I would share some of the special joys of this round of living in Liberia.

How about ending with some of the beautiful treasures blooming around us in this well-watered, green world:

