

# PLANTAINS, PINEAPPLE, PAPAYA, AND TWO LIVE ROOSTERS

Subtitle: Loguatu – Another Wonderful Workshop, and Another Sad Story

Nov 22, 2025

Off once again in the early morning mountain mists, this time to Loguatu, a stone's throw from the Ivory Coast border. The trip was smooth and without incident. Spirits were high.



We were greeted by a cheerful contingent full of dance and song. The Officer in Charge (OIC) and Registered Midwife (RM) for the clinic were gone, I wasn't clear why, so the RM we had met in Duoplay was present to host us in their stead. I had been looking forward to seeing the young, energetic, passionate OIC we had met on our previous visit here, over a year ago, so that was disappointing.





We were able to set up in the large, open-air palava house, which worked great instead of a crowded, dark corridor in the clinic, although not conducive to projecting videos. That's okay, because this workshop began with me asking what topics were on their mind for prenatal and postpartum care, for which they are responsible on their own in their respective villages, and the questions were really good ones and kept us busy the entire day. Two questions had to do with eclamptic seizures, prenatal, and postpartum, which was confirmation of the key topic I was hoping to cover, what with concerns for Abigail, even in the big city (she is still not doing well).



Thank you gift for our team

The weather was beautiful all day, with a pleasant breeze. Not until we were just getting packed up to leave did the wind turn gusty. The sky opened up with a deluge that delayed us about a half hour before it lightened enough to pack the plastic tub of supplies out to the back of the four-wheel-drive Toyota Hilux for the trip home.

While this is Gio (Dan) country, in the closer communities Mano was often understood also, but this far out not so much. It was good to have the Duoplay midwife present to help with interpreting when it was past the skills of our more Mano-speaking contingent for whom Dan was quite secondary.

**Sad Story Two:** The first thing we learned when we arrived in Loguatuo was a sad story from Anita from the previous week in Larpea. A woman came to her in early labor after attending antenatal care in another town nearer her farm instead of coming to Anita in Larpea, where she lived, so Anita did not know her. She proceeded to gather some history, found that the woman had birthed more than six children, putting her at higher risk for catastrophic postpartum hemorrhage, and also learned that she had been bleeding, so she immediately referred her. I was not clear if she directed her to the nearer, larger clinic in Karnplay or instructed her that she should proceed directly to the hospital in Sanniquellie, but the woman did neither. She, instead, found a tiny, one-room clinic in a smaller village

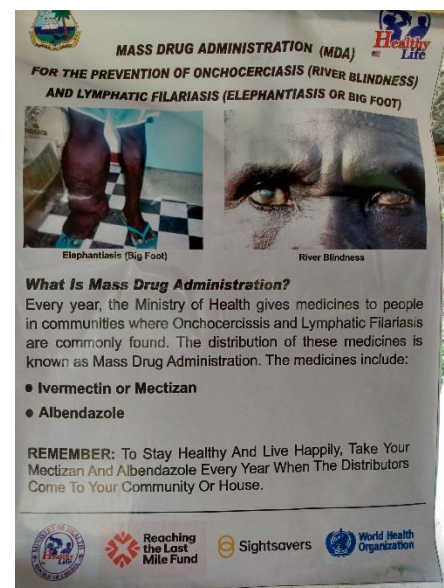
attended by only one nurse with no other staff, and there she labored for three days. Then, she returned to Anita because of the lack of progress, was again referred immediately to a higher level of care, and this time the woman went. But, her husband had gone off hunting when he dropped his wife off in labor, and he could not be found for some time, and, of course, the hospital would do nothing until the husband could be found, which was many hours later, to provide funds for a cesarean. By then, it was too late. The woman's uterus ruptured, and both she and the baby died. This is Liberia.



This from Richard Moccor at CC Saving Grace: "Pray with him: His name is Handsome Bleh. He is one of the elders from Calvary Chapel Bleh Town. He been sick over the months and needs medical care."

I don't have any further details, and the photo isn't great, but it looks like his legs are swollen and not very healthy. It could be anything from heart failure to peripheral vascular disease to some manner of tropical disease.

Some of you will enjoy this poster I noticed at the Loguatu clinic, although the use of ivermectin, in this case, is for endemic problems like onchocerciasis or lymphatic filariasis, both caused by varieties of microscopic, parasitic worms carried by black fly and mosquito bites, respectively.



Mpox is a thing. Here are posters from the clinic at Zorgowee. We started noticing hand-washing buckets around campus Sunday, and I wasn't sure why. Turns out we had a student on campus who was diagnosed. I don't know who it was but don't have any indication that we were directly exposed.

There is a new clinic room arranged on campus at the back of the chapel since the old girl's dorm where it was housed is now housing an overflow of female

students as the student body grows. Happily, the school has kept the concept going after Poandeh Bryant, who began the practice on a volunteer basis, retired, and they have hired an RN to run it. It

provides some basic meds for headache and such and, if the student comes with a positive malaria or typhoid test (which is frequent), often has treatment available for students at no cost to them.

**Gifts.** Anita came with a live rooster when she arrived at Loguatu, insisting that Kathi must feast on a real Liberian meal before leaving. She also sent us with a ripe papaya that was not needed for lunch. The attending traditional midwives and birth attendants had also brought a rooster, along with a couple of full stems of plantain and a large, ripe pineapple, as their thank you to the team. The roosters were somewhat competitive with Kathi, and with each other, during the training day, on who could speak the loudest, and when a local rooster finally decided to take exception and enter the palava house to have it out with the beautifully-feathered specimen pictured above, we did need to let him know such behavior was not allowed. Lunch, as usual, was pepper soup with fish, this time with papaya rather than banana as the accompaniment. We were able to leave a few helpful items behind, as with each site where we're able to teach.

On our return to ABCU we stopped once again at Hope Center to gift Anita for her new teaching room with the teaching books and materials we have been using. Kathi is hoping to return to use them more, but when that will be is an open question and in the Lord's hands. Pray for Anita's dream of developing a full Traditional Midwives' and Birth Attendants' Training Center in this place.



Hope Center kids housing (notice the lovely attached planters and happy kids)

Anita's Birth Center visible above the pineapple plantation



## CC Yekepa

Saturday was a work day for CC Yekepa on the new church site, and this coming Saturday will be as well, with the plan to move church service to the new site on Nov 30. Please keep this fledgling congregation in prayer as they have big plans. Photo essay below.

## CC Yekepa in Photos



November 27, 2025

Classes are over except for finals, which begin today. Saturday will be Kathi's last midwives' workshop for this round, this time closer at hand, at the Camp 4 Free Pentecostal Clinic, just 15 or 20 minutes down the road. Sunday is Baccalaureate, and if possible, attending Rita's Girl's Club of Yekepa, also, in the afternoon. Our exams are scheduled Monday morning and afternoon and Tuesday morning. Then, grading, packing, banquet, graduation (Dec 6), and soon to be home with you all. Keep us in prayers. We drive to the airport Sunday Dec. 7 and fly out late that night, arriving in Sacramento late on the 8<sup>th</sup> (which would feel like 6 the next morning, Yekepa time) and home, God willing, the following day.

Lest you think we've been suffering here, feast on a recent Sunday morning breakfast with us:



Buttery sourdough pancakes topped with ripe bananas and fresh-roasted pralines, drizzled with real maple syrup. (I know you're saying, but where's the whipped cream. Just a lack of forethought to have mixed and chilled the powdered cream beforehand and taken time to beat it into frothy heaps; well, yeah, that part would have been by hand. Gotta do a little bit of roughing it.) Blessings all.