


Dear Sweet Ladies,

I didn't even \*dream\* of starting this until Ben and Robyn left. But now they are gone, and so here I am again. I'm hoping the cathartic value will be enough for awhile for me. I seem to remember Jewel saying that her heart was so with her daughter Phyllis (in Honduras) and Phyllis' co-workers, that it literally ached. I can very much relate to that. I'm quite sure many of you can as well so let's keep praying for each other.

School is done for today and the boys are trying out a few new skype features that I have to admit to finding fun. Mainly because they have involved me . One is a lie detector feature (that oddly, seems to work), and the other, a new sketch pad that both people draw on at one time, each on their own computer. The value of these may be questionable, but Jon and I sure had fun for awhile.

Stephen just got up from his nap and smelled the cookies and stated that cookies are his favorite ingredient. "Ingredient for what?" I asked him. "To a good day" he replied. "And when friends are here too". It is fun to see them all having fun with one friend. Just like when at home, it doesn't matter too much how old the friend is, they all claim the one fellow who is brave enough to come over for the afternoon. Today, Anthony is spending the afternoon. He goes to the British school and the British and American schools are still on break. His parents are from Lebanon, they have citizenship in Canada, and they've been here in the UAE for 11 years (Anthony is 12). We know another family who come from India originally, the children were raised here but are now too old to be on the parent's visa. After college in Australia, the children are undecided about where to go now since returning to India is out of the question for them. The parents have good jobs here and will stay. Such is the case for many people who work here. They are, in some ways, global nomads, with various places they call home, but all of which seem not quite home. My heart is so grateful to have a place to call home. And even more grateful to God for my true home in heaven.

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This month "zone report":

~Out in the harbor, there is a barge piled high with sand, I think headed for the island out there. It has been there for a couple of days, and not in a place that makes sense (for loading or unloading purposes). It appears to have gotten off course and was listing pretty badly looking like it would sink. They still seem to be struggling with it so I'll keep watching. -And the post script to this story is that they pumped lots of water out and tug boats hauled it out the open sea and we have no idea what that was all about :-D

~ Now don't get me wrong, I'm actually delighted, but the new taxi service available for women only has women drivers and only allows women (or mom's with little boys like Stephen, who has just sprouted freckles btw) to ride, is now available here (evidently they are pink but I haven't actually seen one yet).

~maybe I've mentioned this one before in some way, but once we are done with our schoolwork, etc... and could go do some shopping – nearly everything is closed until 4 or 5 (which is when I want to be getting supper). Bleh.

~they sell heavy winter jackets in the store 🖨️📄📞

~this is just a personal one here but there isn't a sound in Arabic like a "P". My name can't be done. 🖨️📄📞

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The next door neighbors have not, as previously thought, moved out. They simply no longer leave their bikes and skateboard out in the hall by their door. So we've made their acquaintance, as well as that of a couple other neighbors.

We've had a great time getting to know Carl and Roslyn Yoder and their children, as we mentioned in the last letter. We visited them over the border in Oman a couple weeks ago. They took us to a very interesting spot with black rocky mountains and a wadi in the valley. It was just fun to get out and run around and discover things. We call them our \*other\* Yoders :-D We did not have any trouble getting across the border as some do. We were told that it was because of our large family.

School has started up again full swing and we are counting the months until we return to the U.S. They will turn into weeks and days soon enough. We figured out that we have had company here more than not, and we have more on the way, which is wonderful. All the emails, letters, and packages have been such a blessing I can't even begin to describe. And the prayers for all of us are, even more so (I would word that more strongly if I could). Thank you for everything. I have discovered many things, but a very notable one is what a big baby I am about being so far from family and friends. I guess it's good that I know that. I have to be aware of my limitations lest I foolishly think I have none.

Until we return – I shall continue to ply you with my thoughts fairly regularly. Thank You for reading.

With much love and fond affection,

~Pam.

Psa 139:10 "Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

p.s. I am still \*very\* interested in your days, thoughts, and musings....





