



Gulf News June 2009

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Wed, Jun 3, 2009 at 11:50 AM

My Dear Sweet Ladies,

At the moment we have suitcases all over the place as we're packing to return home for the summer (16 plus carry-ons, purses and laptops). With temps at over 50 ° C (=122 ° F), it's rather hot even in the air conditioned places. Now you may have noticed in that first sentence, the phrase "for the summer". Yes, as it turns out we'll be here for one more school year. The good news about this is that you will be receiving more letters like this one. I guess that would also be the bad news :-/ . We'll be leaving Thursday night even if the neighbors that keep passing through the house to say goodbye, are still in here.

This was not our original plan but as you all know, life often demands things we wouldn't choose. So though we deeply regret not returning for good to our people and our home just yet, we are looking at being able to continue our friendships, relationships and responsibilities here for a bit longer.

We have had the recent pleasure of getting to know a newly here young couple from Texas, along with their 8 month old baby daughter, who come for visits and for our church service. She is a midwife at the hospital nearby. They bring us much cheer, especially the baby :-). They are very likeminded and fit in very easily to our family. Whenever we get visitors who join us for church or prayer meetings, here or at home, I try not to scratch itches or rub my eyes lest they think we're charismatic ;-). (as if it all depends on me). I'm sure you've all had the same thoughts.

"Attempting to determine our schematic
Expectantly they want to fit in right
So I control myself as quite phlegmatic
To give the right idea is quite a fight
The picture is not at all charismatic
But all my itches suffer desperate plight"

I took all of the children to Abu Dhabi recently. As you may or may not recall, this is a long 3+ hour trip and then the driving (and "parking") is loathsome in the city. So when I find a relatively legal and safe place to park, we walk or take a taxi from there. Our main purpose was the final visit (for the season) to the orthodontist. I took all of them so we could all say goodbyes for the summer to a couple of families we hold dear. And though it is a fairly difficult trip, I always find something new to think about. I left a few of the children with one family, while my friend and I and 2 of my girls took a walking shortcut through very hot, dusty back streets and alleyways that only those who know would ever use. The sights, smells, speech,

and that other sense that keeps you from falling into a hole, has become very familiar to me now – and I realize I have become a street urchin.

The "Zone" report:

~ The neighborhood roads have all been torn up. A few have some asphalt on them but there is a problem with the manholes so there are barriers around them. Around *our* place, they are still not paved and work has been suspended- reason unknown. But we currently can't get in the driveway because of the height difference from our yard and the road. Now I'm no civil engineer...but I wonder if all this wouldn't have made more sense to do before the houses were here.

~Shopping centers and hospitals being built can take many years. There are a few near us that have been in various stages of going up for 6 or so years. I'm not exactly sure the reason, but in the U.S., this would be a tremendous hold up of revenue...

~almost everyone here marries their cousin.

As I mentioned, we will be home for the summer, which will give us a chance to reconnect with our people. Some things planned are VBS, drivers ed. for 2 of them, activities with friends, camping, Oh, and I almost forgot ;-) - Robyn's wedding.(!)
Yeah and I'll be turning 50 this summer, which seems to be an endless source of mirth to my children. To celebrate, I've been writing aging poems that occur to me at odd times but sadly this is about the "best" (hence you'll find them nowhere else).

My Neck has moved

I checked the other day and found
Against the law I'm losing ground

Of gravity I've fought the fight
At first it seems it isn't right

But then see reason. Yes you must
We sink and sink until we're dust

So sure I think my neck has moved
But in the scheme it's simply proved

That though it seems we're getting old
We're really nearer streets of gold

Where everything is new again
So I'll take heart because I can

Begin in heaven the place where
No sadness and there's no night there.

Because of Jesus, there I'll be
(where there's no wrinkles, presumably)

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I know ::rolls eyes:: But I am encouraged by the fact that it isn't the first bad poem I've written and it won't be the last.

We still find great enjoyment in the British/ Aussies speech patterns.

The latest realization for me was that even though you don't here much of the "r" sound in general, many of them pronounce an "r" sound at the end of a word ending with a vowel sound, when the following word begins with a vowel. (or quite possibly it's pronounced at the beginning of said following word) E.g. – " Amanda riz going to the stoah."

Until September then.

"The sure provisions of my God attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be my abode, and all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest while others go and come;
No more a stranger, nor a guest, But like a child at home"
(Isaac Watts)

Much Love and Fond Affection,

~Pam.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I."
(Psa 61:2)

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9 attachments



Lauryl's birthday tea with neighbors.jpg
56K



tires on fire.jpg
45K



fire's out.jpg
61K



Happy Birthday Robyn! Ras AlHikma Makhafat Allah. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.jpg
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assalaamu.jpg
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deadly tip.jpg
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stone staircase.jpg
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Stephen up the steps.jpg
58K



door to a fort.jpg
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