

11-FEB-B-1

LAUNCH “INTO AFRICA” WITH THE LONG “MIDDLE THIRD” OF OUR GLOBAL PASSAGE FROM MANILA TO NAIROBI THROUGH DUBAI TO BEGIN THE SOUTH SUDAN MISSIONS SERIES

11-FEB-B-1 INDEX to the FEB-B-Series on the missions to South Sudan

2 Our long passage from Asia through the Middle East to into Africa as we launch the series of South Sudan missions into Jonglei Province from Nairobi/Loki and Bor/Werkok, organizing our med/surg mission with our Nairobi joiners to start our health education program among the Dinka and await the arrival of our container of med/surg supplies for the fulfillment of our promise to the competing tribal contenders in Western Jonglei

3 Arrival at Mayfield Guest House as we decompress from global flights and try to reconstruct our luggage trashed in transit by security

4 The day that begins in Nairobi and moves through Wilson Field after a pharmacy pickup and a flight in the Cessna 208 through Loki to arrive in Werkok for a welcome session and a tour of the facilities as we settle in

5 The day begins with my pre-dawn run despite a bad URI along the deserted roadway to return in time for a major meeting with all the MCH staff and the formal introduction to the community with our fulfilling their promise of two items we seek to leave behind to help them: the container that crossed the border at Juba this morning and more importantly the skills we hope to indigenize as illustrated by John Joch in his capable repair before either the plane or the container arrived; we set up the clinic and tutorials front end loaded for those three returnees who will not be going forward to PiBor where expectations could not be any higher

6 A dawn run that brings out three other of our team to run at Werkok as I am still resolving the URI, a long effort at completing the reports of the mission is completed, then mystically deleted, being lost, as we are sweltering in the dry season sun awaiting the arrival of the container and reviewing tropical medicine tutorials

7 The BIG STORY: The personal as well as political crises in cattle culture conflicts that had embroiled our groomed leader in the clan competition takes an uglier turn in a still more intense crisis with the proposed father-in-law's fraudulent default of the concluded but unconsummated marriage proposal of blood-linked clans, each in pursuit of fertility of humans and cattle and seek any chance of enriching themselves through the bonanza of outside donor exploitation; The Macro Culture Conflict illustrated perfectly in the Micro Culture Crisis around

the pivotal figure of Ajak—a Dinka/Bor re-inserted from abroad into the millennia of Nilotic strife

8 A day begun on the run and beginning to operate as Ajak is still held up in Bor with the residual of the failed affairs of the heart and current degeneration into legal breaches of contract

9 My first attempt at (re)-sending email with the attachments of the (re-)typed chapters of our Werkok experience which includes today a smooth and successful major operation under spinal anesthesia—a first-time event for each participant, a thorough ultrasound demo and teaching program, and our first trip to Bor to meet and greet the GOSS and Jonglei officials as Jacob has been diverted to Juba once again to free up the obstructed delivery of our container of supplies now planned for arrival the day after tomorrow’s first-ever Jonglei Marathon

10 The Big Event: the first-ever Jonglei Freedom Run on Saturday February 12, 2011, just ahead of the announcement of the results of the referendum and in order to set up for a potential entry of the new state as yet-to-be-announced into the international sporting competitions of the Olympics: The Jonglei Marathon; I came in first in my age group—in fact, I came in first in the top seven age groups!

11 Sunday, our day to begin the full week at Werkok with the arrival of some interesting cases for exploration

12 The beginning of our full working week at Werkok with everything but the container accomplished as we begin with a major intra-abdominal case—the now obsolete term “Ex Lap” with U/S images in place: our clinical work week start up is disrupted by a lethal raid by Murle dacoits on the sister of a close friend of Ajak’s and a kidnapped child

13 Turning from the distractions of inter-clan hostilities to the health care for which our team is equipped to treat, we have a full clinic and the OR delayed for reaction to the pre-op antibiotic prophylaxis: as we are inserting the spinal anesthesia, Wonder of Wonders! The Container truck rolls up to MCH and we unload its contents in the middle of a busy Clinic and OR schedule, changing many plans as we store the abundance of supplies from Derwood and Toledo now safely arrived intact on the Far Side of the Globe on Valentine’s Day!

14 Another Big Day: beginning in Clinic and OR at MCH and then a field trip to Bor to visit the Jonglei Governor, and then a real field trip to a Leper Colony to dress wounds and to attract support for them; the I delegate the drill on tutorials to John Sutter for the night with the indigenous staff each assigned topics as I drop off in Bor to spend the night to be ready to testify in court in Ajak’s support on the matter of the injustice in his absconded bride wealth

15 An afternoon in transit to Bor to meet with an absent governor, and then on to Malek, to enter the century-old leprosy camp and attend the 470 patients inside the barbed wire of the

now-neglected leprosy colony on the banks of the White Nile River as we dress trophic ulcers and note leonine facies and claw hands, the subjects of last night's tutorial, and then to retire in bor at the new Freedom Hotel, a refuge for NGO's and un workers in preparation for tomorrow's court date in Bor

16 Our Bor court date for appearance in support for the case of Ajak's restoration of all family and friends' cattle wealth absconded in his betrothal bid for Tabitha in the big wedding reception last year

17 The day begins with a sunrise run with a jackal and through a meerkat mob, as we set about the apportioning of the container load for all stations on our last full day in Werkok at MCH

11-FEB-B-2

**THE LONG PASSAGE FROM ASIA THROUGH THE MIDDLE EAST TO
INTO AFRICA AS WE LAUNCH THE SERIES OF SOUTH SUDAN
MISSIONS INTO JONGLEI PROVINCE FROM NAIROBI/LOKI AND
BOR/WERKOK, ORGANIZING OUR MED/SURG MISSION WITH OUR
NAIROBI JOINERS TO START OUR HEALTH EDUCATION PROGRAM
AMONG THE DINKA AND AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF OUR
CONTAINER OF MED/SURG SUPPLIES FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF
OUR PROMISE TO THE COMPETING TRIBAL CONTENDERS IN
WESTERN JONGLEI**

February 5-6, 2011

I am aboard the Emirates new 777 which we boarded at midnight for our eight and a half hour flight over Southeast Asia, the subcontinent, then on into the Middle East to land in the biggest of the Middle Eastern freeports-Dubai. Once the wunderkind of the developing world in which one could go to a Freeport in the desert Emirati and buy a lower cost item such as a full length mink coat as the desert sands outside the airport shimmered in the heat waves of fifty degrees centigrade. It has just opened the “pentominium” a high rise (highest on earth) as I was last here on my way to and from the Kabul of my Afghanistan missions. It had a thousand penthouses each with its own heliport if needed. Now, not even their “guest workers” are needed, since at my last visit, one third of the high rise construction cranes in human history were in Dubai. They are now standing idle as the worldwide recession has bottomed out the real estate of even the Dubai desert kingdom. It could not have happened to a more frivolous and showy conspicuous consumption. And, now, it is my half way stop on my way to Africa after concluding our successful inaugural mission in the mountain province of North Luzon after the usual stirring performance of our Tiboli-land send off in the love bombing of their “Culmination Program.”

We had a nearly endless drive today as we were cramped in eh van that brought us out of the mile high city of Baguio at the John Hay Management Corporation and its Manor House which afforded us an elegant brunch in the setting for our “wrap up session” as the elegant brunch of the Manor House was all decorated for the Chinese New Year inaugural of the Year of the Rabbit—one of the twelve animals marking the calendar. All the good Chinese families are hoping for a Dragon baby, and so every twelve years the schools are filled with “dragon babies”. But if one misses the chance to have eh auspicious dragon fortuitous birth sign, the following one is a year of the snake child—a 180* turn of fortune. SO we saw all the decoration for the year of the rabbit—including trees full of cherry blossoms, even if though blossoms were silk. The setting was elegant in the leftover luxury of the US Army’s R & R spot (it has the requisite

Golf Course) and an elegant hotel ((the Manor House) which was a site for R & R for the warriors of the Subic Bay naval Station and the Clark Air Base of the Vietnam era of US warfare, until that peace has closed up the need for (and legality of) US troops o Philippine soil. The “icing” ns this whole unfolding was a natural disaster—the explosion of Mount Pinatubo which closed Clark Air base, the onetime busiest air field outside the USA. We passed under the blown off top of Mount Pinatubo on the SCTex—the Subic Clark Tendra Expressway, once thee rice bowl of the Philippines until the ash of the Pinatubo eruption covered all the area and caused the citizens to be evacuated and the Clark Air base to close.

Our near-endless drive concluded in the combat feinting of Manila traffic where our exert experienced drives delivered us t Jun and Chona Garcia’s for dinner before we returned to the Shalom Center and had our last shower and further fueling up and r-packing and final round of farewells as we left by taxi to the Nino Aquino International Airport.

When I went through the first of several X-ray screenings, the guard asked me if I had any harmonicas in my bag. Yes, as a matter of fact—the pipe organ for the church of Assa in Exile in Zemio. How many? He asked. I replied “Seven in a matched set!” OK, he added—proud of himself for having identified the x0ray image. As I went through the second of three check points however, they wanted to strip my backpack of a precious item that they said was not allowed—my tiny iris scissors in the dopp kit—a hazardous weapon since it has a tiny point. I have carried that through a hundred airports, and here they delighted in tossing the \$125 surgical instrument in the trash sink it represented hazard to personnel. It is from a cataractectomy kit for iridectomy—which is why it is called an iris scissor.

We were eager to get to the free Wi FI that is supposed to be in the NAIA and I was ready to go, but John Sutter was feeling so good about the fact that I made a flim flam appearance at the first class check in line of only two persons (after the five coach class were told to go to the back of the coach class line where John awaited) and I gave them my Mabuhay number since PAL shares codes with the Emirates. We got our choice of exit row seats with unlimited leg room and also had no trouble getting through the queue, so we bought an entrance into the Emirates Lounge so that we could use the wireless. I was able to read the press releases made up by Janet Shapiro of Smith Publicity and also the Calvin Spark article written by Mike Vandenend about the new book. So I could approve those and also see a number of last minute messages from a number of my fellow travelers who still think the world is wired everywhere, asking for Skype calls in a given evening in the bush. I told them one and all that I was now taking leave of the Cordillera Mountain Province of North Luzon and disappearing into the still more remote African Sud so that it is not likely they will be hearing form em or following me on Face book as was the obsessing of our HDDA Asperger’s fourteen year old who was somehow a member of this MMI team—there is always one weird add on into the mix who has had a directed vision of participation usually for some ecstatic religious motivating and a deductible visit to homeland of ancestral origin. So, I am somewhere over the Burma which I will likely be

visiting again later this summer, I seem to be over this piece of geography even though it is not exactly “next door.” As each of the team was asked to pledge their return trip visits, including those who may not have contributed much of vital importance to the trip, I thought of the repeat visits that may be a mark of failure rather than success if they mean that there is a colony being established rather than an independent group taking over to make such experiences permanent and sustainable. So, we have come and conquered but not to take ownership since there were many more Philippine volunteers than Americana to keep it going.

WHAT HAS GONE RIGHT/ WHAT IS TOAST—AS I CLOSE OUT THE PHILIPPINE MISSIONS AND START UP THE AFRICAN SERIES

For one thing, I am here, on time and checked in, without injury or anything missing now! I had left my shaver in Tiboli land along with the fleece which I would surely have needed in the Mounting Province above a mile high. The latter reappeared when I re-packed in the Shalom Center after a brief stop to take a quick shower and to sort through the check in bag and load up my carryon backpack. In stopping at Jun Garcia’s home for dinner and farewell, he produced a DHL package air freighted from RECH—my shaver. So, I did not have the use of either my shaver or fleece when I needed them but I have been reunited with the on departure.

I got an early ride to the NAIA and went directly to the first class check in as John stood in the queue about an hour and a half deep. I waved my passport and Mabuhay card since Emirates and PAL code-share on this flight and explained I was a gold level member of the PAL and was invited to check in my bags (two—one of them was Jon’s so I summoned him out of the long queue and we got the premier exit row seats for extra leg room. That saved us a couple of hours. I then went through another security check where they objected to the number of rechargeable batteries in my carry on and were about to confiscate them when they discovered the iris scissors which I had used for cataracts in my Dopp Kit. They had more fun throwing away that \$159 instrument than the batteries so my two inch weapon was discarded after faithful service. Almost immediately, I half broke through a nail which might have used it.

We went in search of the free WiFi which is present in terminal two but not here. With four hours until flight time it was worth our while to check in to the Emirates Lounge and use the code to access the wireless there. I got busy trying to find my emails which I have ignored without access. I found I could NOT reply to them without having the cursor jump around in prior sentences and create a word salad since the oversensitive keyboard does whatever it wants even untouched. So, I tried to use three word sentences approving itineraries for AIM Air of trying to open and then proof the several articles about me that had been sent. One was by Mike Vandenend who wrote an article for the Spark which he wanted checked. He reported that the Calvin College had closed down on a school day on account of snow for the first time since 1978

Smith Publicity had typed in some press releases as Janet Shapiro reports that as an unusual exception to the rule she had read the whole of my book at a single sitting. She wrote

some flattering press releases which she had already checked against a phone call with Patty Edmonds since she knew I would be hard to reach. I could not really type a longer response to her since the cursor ump made it a scramble so I just approved them. John Sutter had written a TR blog about our experiences in Philippines, which I could read but not copy so I simply forwarded his notes as an outside observer for another perspective.

Even in typing this note in Windows Seven, I have had to go back and retrieve the pieces of text that went randomly around inserted in prior pauses. So, when I try to open a saved text, the frequent finding is that nothing was saved, and even when the file name is there it will not open. So, I then tried to upload my photos off the SD card into the file folders for which I have them all laid out for the whole of the circumnavigation. The process starts smoothly; after all, it is a simple copy and paste. But, the program then says it can no longer find the images on the cards and incompletely saves the photos so that all the effort I have made to orangeade the photos is for naught since the message is that either the image already exists in the file (even thugh I have never copied it before_ or it cannot be found. So I cannot upload these to Flickr or York as I had planned from the organized external hard drive. That means I must save the cards so that I have a complete, even if unedited photos after turning them right side up.

I had a major tune-up before departing with a brand new laptop with a long life battery and lots of capacity. It had all the bugs cleared, and before I left Dulles airport it was as if an eggbeater were inserted through the USB port and as thorough a sabotage occurred so that it takes me about ten minutes just to find and open a file I had previously save since it cannot be recalled by any technique I had used before like double clicking on it. So. Once again I am serving the technology rather than vice versa. I have windows seven which is not Office, so I get a flash offer to buy the Office program popping up continuously so as to reduce the size of my screen so that I cannot read from left to right in an intact sentence. It is brand new, and already needs a major overhaul and the warranty was never even sent in. So, with many files of text only appearing by title only, I have to start filing them in on a recalcitrant machine. It is likely that I will be busy and have to go through the other details of my leading these missions and not just serving this machine so I may have to shorten down the observations recorded. I have been using the ballpoint pen rather than the more fallible computer chips.

At least I have sent you the outlines of the chpters if it came through and I will try to work out the glitches with one of the more tech savvy folk who are sending me messages asking me to plan a Skype call as if I were living in a well wired world.

NOW FOR SOMETHING WORSE THAN MACHINE VAGARIES

After being annoyed and frustrated by technoglitches that has just made me back up four times to pull errant text out of the middle of this sentence when the laptop decided to send it there, I am now very mad. The current problem is NOT one of a failure of a mechanical system but of arrogance and ignorance. I am now in the spectacular new Dubai terminal along with the

workforce of the world—twenty something year old men from all over the desperate world who are coming here far from family and friends to seek a chance to support the home front despite a shrinking job market in a global recession. I am simply transferring between flights on all the huge new Emirates aircraft on display in this sprawling complex. I have been screened four times already and now I have to do it again. And they find plenty to screen in my backpack, which they have emptied and put through X-Ray six times already. They are looking for the scissors, which they have already confiscated and destroyed in Manila. But, they want to toss out all my Dopp kit since it has a miniature toothpaste tube sealed up in it.

But, they have emptied a lot of hardware into a full plastic bin to confiscate and discard. They have found my expensive and highly useful rechargeable batteries and have emptied the cameras and then taken out every one they can find. “It is NOT allowed!” the arrogant black shrouded woman yelled back to Muhammad, the one who is demanding that the backpack be put through X-Ray for the seventh time. They have now piled up ALL my batteries (about \$300 worth) and are adding my SD photo cards (about \$350 worth). All of these innocuous items are said to be contraband and the stock of what I have gathered specifically for this trip is piling up to enrich some Emirati—who are looking upon me as one of their “disposable guest workers” to harass, even as a multiply screened passer-through who would really rather not have anything to do with the Dubai airport or Emirati except get through them.

I must get forward to Africa where the graft is far more straightforward and innocent!

11-FEB-B-3

ARRIVAL AT MAYFIELD GUEST HOUSE AS WE DECOMPRESS FROM GLOBAL FLIGHTS AND TRY TO RECONSTRUCT OUR LUGGAGE TRASHED IN TRANSIT BY SECURITY

February 5-6, 2011

I am now in Hayfield Guest House and am trying to pick up the pieces of what is left to me that is left after the officious woman in Dubai trashed my luggage and scavenged out of it only the most important parts and the most expensive. I got a chance to do some reconnoitering here at Hayfield and sat with a few folk who are mainly just visitors at Mayfield in going with retired AIM mission personnel back to where they had once worked. I sat at the table and a woman named Kathryn came in and said she was from Michigan. I said I had been there recently and heard they had a lot of snow in what is called the storm of the century, even if it is only eleven years into the century. She said she wanted to hear a Calvin January Series lecture by a Doctor Geelhoed since he might be coming here and she wanted to meet him.

I showed her my Smythson daytimer, and she said: "Oh wonderful! I am getting a ride on your plane and coming to visit Werkok with you!" What? It seems I am no longer just a freebie supplier of all good things to the Africans, but everyone else can also show up and pile on since she decided she needed to carry fifty tee shirts and load up the plane now that I did not have media accompanying me. And, oh yes, a Lost Boy named Aaron is now in Istanbul and will be coming back tomorrow to also ride on my plane. I do not presume that the Turkish Airline is giving him a freebie ride on its airliner, but I am expected to as it seems everyone knows I am flying in and why not just ho[p on? She says she is an ER nurse from St Joseph Michigan and that she is the "white mother of Ajak." She is certain that all she needs to do is contact Jon Hildebrandt by phone tomorrow and she is in, and the idea that the TR group which just sent a photo of them loading at Dulles on Air Ethiopia to make the flight in here tomorrow is not something that she is probably considering since their wishes are irrelevant since all we need to do is pay the bills. I do not know how this is going to evolve, but we will watch this space.

I have pulled out a few items that do not need to make the round trip out to Sudan and CAR. I hope to leave a few of them here to pick them up in return travel to Mayfield on the day of our African departure. I had planned to make a quick trip to either the Nairobi national Park or to the elephant nursery in the morning before the rest of the team arrives, and possibly store up a few more items into the emails that I hope to complete since the Philippine memories will be vanishing in the rush of new data in Sudan and CAR.

As always, I enjoy just hanging out at Mayfield with those coming and going in their transit through this staging area and talking with them about what they are doing and where. One young couple is in the Comoros, one woman in Northern Mozambique, each heading up for

some kind of team conference in Brackenhurst in Tigoni where I had once taught the course in missionary medicine and surgery. A couple from Kijabe who live there with their son Jake in RVA and their daughter a graduate of RVA having dropped out of college in Southern California for reasons of getting mono and running out of money at the same time. I asked that they relay my regards to Brad Bramford whom I had met at the ACS where I was the one who selected him for the International Outreach Award the year after mine. I also have been avoiding those who have kept asking me “What time are WE leaving in the morning?” since I have a good idea when I am leaving, but I am reluctant to invite all comers to hop on to the usurped project for which a number have an interest not to be diverted.

I have no idea when the TR team should be arriving, and we have sent a few emails out to you and to the ones arriving to alert them that we are here awaiting them and to get the consolidated kits together along with the \$1,110 pharmaceutical pickup in the morning ahead of the takeoff. I believe you have now got the three major pieces of the Philippine excursion already sent, Mindanao, Bantua, and N Luzon, and will start up now in the African series, stashing some of my warm clothing here at Mayfield and cutting back on the stuff to be carried all the way to CAR. I received Rev. Oruzu's official welcome to the Murle of PiBor this morning (see 11-FEB-B-4). I have tried to forward the cards from our arrival here at Mayfield through the front office, and will try again to email before the morning AIM Air takeoff from Wilson Field. John has been sleeping a lot and simply resting – a good thing to do at Mayfield, since we will have time enough to be doing and seeing, which was an original idea to try to go to the elephant nursery or the baby giraffe area today, each of which have been bypassed as we await the team. I was eager to clear the deck of the Philippine reports since it is unlikely I would be freshly remembering all of those details as I would be having a multi-venue African series of events coming on top of them.

So, for now, I am among my East African home base staging area awaiting the next move forward to the “new” South Sudan.

11-FEB-B-4

THE DAY THAT BEGINS IN NAIROBI AND MOVES THROUGH WILSON FIELD AFTER A PHARMACY PICKUP AND A FLIGHT IN THE CESSNA 208 THROUGH LOKI TO ARRIVE IN WERKOK FOR A WELCOME SESSION AND A TOUR OF THE FACILITIES AS WE SETTLE IN AT WERKOK

February 7, 2011

We have arrived! We are settled in at Werkok after making it from Nairobi at Wilson Field through smooth flights by the Cessna 208 named after the founder of AIM as its call letters are WP-PCS—Peter Cameron Scott, 1895 AIM founder.

We awakened in Mayfield after the rest of the team had arrived in mid-afternoon on Sunday from an overnight flight on Air Ethiopia to get to us here and re-pack some bags leaving some of the clothing we may have had for colder climes behind. We had dinner and associated with a number of the people who are transients passing through the Mayfield: a young couple with a new baby who are working in the Comoros, a woman who is Australian working in the far north of Mozambique's Nyasa Province establishing an orphanage, and a number of folk who are dealing with Bible Schools or a Nairobi Theologic Seminary. There is a conference on Missionary Training that will be held at the Brackenhurst amid the tea plantations of Tigoni but I noted that it does not begin for another week, so most of those waiting are taking in some R & R in Nairobi. Everyone seems to be aware of what I am doing and is very interested in the peace initiative and the efforts in South Sudan. They are intrigued by my mixed team of special forces paramedics and firemen and the one young woman who is our photographer, They are even more interested to hear that we have a container headed into Werkok and the efforts we will make in using the health care supplies to help the peace initiatives.

WHERE WE ARE AND MOVING TOWARD DESTINATION

JOMO= Nairobi International Airport= 01* 17.19 S and 036* 85.48 E at 1879 meters altitude= cool in temperate climate which is dry

LOKI=04* 12.14 N and 034* 21.04 E at 712 meters= warm with dazzling sunshine, 20 *F warmer than Nairobi which we left four hours earlier

WERKOK= 06* 20.02 N and 031* 39.09 E at 534 meters elevation and HOT and dry

We signed out of Mayfield and I left a check for all of us as well as a thousand Kenya Shillings (85 KS= \$1.00 US) for a few postcards I had written so that they might be sent out as we leave and might even reach the addressees before we do. I had hoped to buy a few more stamps than I had cards and that would cover my cards written at S Sudan and CAR destinations upon our brief return to pick up the left luggage.

We took the AIM Serve van to Wilson Field from which half of us took off to the pharmacy to pick up supplies and the other half tried to hold down the plane and meet Jon Hildebrandt who was flying in from Loki to pick us up. I talked with Jon while we awaited the delivery form the fourteen hundred dollars of pharmacy supplies and he is quite interested in the S Sudan story, but especially intrigued with the CAR/Congo later trip which he is taking a week leave form home to complete to meet with Scott, who was an RVA classmate. He had looked up alternative sources of Lipiodal when he had heard we were having trouble securing any of it, and I will leave him with a copy of the hypothyroidism papers I have carried as he is genuinely interested in the Assa history from the single time he had visited and gone hunting with Scott about the time I was there.

As we were waiting at Wilson Field, Kathryn Thomas and Aaron Bopp also appeared to drop off the luggage that would otherwise be overweight for their commercial flight to Juba from which Jacob Gai would be picking them up by road. They had hoped to jump on our charter since they had been told that there were three cancellations, but they did not know that was a SECOND air charter with the 206 that would have carried in the LA Times writer and photographer and Will McNulty and that we were full up at 1150 kg from the 1200 kg takeoff limit on the Caravan.

When the gang re-gathered we boarded after a brief photo flurry and settled in with me in the right seat as co-pilot with Jon connected by our earphones and microphones. I had given the group a briefing on what they might be expected to see as we flew out of Wilson Field and the sights to be seen as we crossed the biggest tectonic feature on the planet –the Great Rift Valley. On takeoff roll at 10:30 AM we flew up and over Nairobi National Park and cold look down and see Kongoni (hartebeest) and zebras near the watercourse with a few ostriches. On the other side of the plane off our right was Kiberra that massive slum of Nairobi.

We flew toward the Ngong Hills and then the Eastern Scarp of the Great Rift dropped off a thousand meters into the tectonic plate division. In the distance we could see the Aberdare Hills, which is where I had once gone trout fishing and seen the forest elephants.

As a special flightseeing treat Jon dropped a wing and we made a complete turn around Longenot the volcanic Crater in the center of the Rift. We could peer down into the caldera and see the green grass in contrast to the dry Rift Valley around it with a few natron lakes. We saw a pretty cul de sac valley a perfect place for a cattle ranch with wind turbines which might be put up along the ridges on each side of eh contained valley. I could look around Lake Nakuru and

see the salt crusts along the margins at this low water time of year and also see the clouds of pink flamingoes and pelicans of an off-white color as they are there for the brine shrimp that thrive in the salt lakes which have no egress.

We could also see Maringo Lake famous for the bird watching that occurs there with ornithologists logging over 450 bird species as it is an intersection of the dry plains and the Rift and along the flyways to Europe and Middle East Asia. There is an island in the lake with an observatory for those who wish to see several migratory species coming through at certain times of year, and a combination of wetlands and natron lake species mix in flights through the area.

We flew over the Kerio Valley, a side branch of the Great Rift from a fracture in the plate edge of the Western Scarp. There is a road from Eldoret which makes it possible to reach this site. It is along this ridge between the valleys that “Combaunt” (Sp?) region lies the home of the former president Daniel Arap Moi. He was formerly the house boy of the AIM Missionaries Barnett, and for that reason he was always accessible to AIM and their interests. I remember that Arap Moi himself came to dedicate the hydroelectric dam at Kijabe Hospital and he sent his kids to the Rift Valley Academy from which both Jon Hildebrandt and Scott Downing, both MK’s had graduated, one of the reasons that makes this trip special in the reunion the two will have as we go on into CAR/Congo with Jon with us all of that week and holding the Cessna 208 that he will go up to Entebbe to get from the Uganda branch of AIM. He will fly commercially to Entebbe and pick up Scott who is flying Air Ethiopia form Ndjamena to Entebbe into which Tim Williams will be flying form Grand Rapids at the front end of the flight into Werkok PiBor form which we take off on our CAR/Congo next phase of the African missions.

The ground proximity alarm sounded as we were on course for the Chermiyun Hills which rise to 11,500 feet ahead of us as we are cruising at 12,500 feet. We have had a remarkable smooth flight despite the mid-day heat pockets below us, but we have had the advantage of being far above it all after the takeoff from the 1789 meter altitude of Wilson Field to have the ground fall away over a thousand meters into the Great Rift beyond the Ngong (“Knuckles” in Ki-Swahili from the legend of the giant buried there with his hand exposed,)

Part of the Chermiyun Hills is an impoundment called Tuckwall Gorge, a very narrow canyon out of a high valley now dammed by a small but sharply arced dam. The circumstances here are nearly ideal for hydro which has a very steep drop in a narrow gorge for a wide gauge penstock on the top choked down to a narrower outlet for an enormous pressure head to generate pressure for the hydro power in the turbines.

Jon and I talked at length about the aircraft and missions of AIM Air and my being beholden to them for making possible something like the S Sudan peace initiative which he considers quite remarkable. The Caravan in which we are riding is a two million dollar retail aircraft. But the planes bought by AIM Air are reconditioned and retrofitted for the rugged use they get in the bush (think “Checker Cab” more than “Executive Aircraft Amenities”) and the reconditioned

parts supplied by Precision Aircraft Parts are assembled by mission-minded PAP an Ohio-based firm that makes its money in the high priced aircraft maintenance and gives the AIM a cost break in the Cessna 208's it uses. The 208 has a payload of 1200 kgs (unfueled) and a VR (rotation Velocity –length of airstrip needed for average load and elevation takeoff) of 600—700 meters. It burns a barrel of Jet A fuel (that is, 350 pounds, fifty five gallons or 220 liters) per hour of jet fuel at \$1.00 per liter in its single turbine engine which can go many hours without overhaul. This one, as I had said at the start of this chapter is WP- (the Kenyan registration pre-fix) PCS for Peter Cameron Scott, 1895 founder of AIM of which John Hildebrandt (Jon's father) was director before his retirement. I had flown the WP-SP before—named for Samaritan's Purse, the donor, but that is the one that pilot Andy flipped on takeoff at Akobo totaling the aircraft. Our next Cessna 208 will be the Uganda based 208 Caravan that Jon will fly up commercially to retrieve along with Scott and Tim Williams to begin our CAR/Congo phase.

The much smaller, and far cheaper, Cessna 206 is a single engine light plane that burns Av Gas, which costs almost three times as much as the Jet A and is far less available, which is why such institutions as JARS (the Jungle Aviation and Radio Service of SIL –Wycliffe Bible Translators) have to cart in huge volumes of the Av Gas to supply their aircraft. It is likely that Av Gas will be regulated out of existence since it contains lead in order to increase its octane for piston engines. A conversion kit is possible but costs a half million for the 206 to burn Jet A, which might be necessary at some point in the future. I am glad we are flying Caravan 208's the whole way since it can go higher and faster, with a ceiling at 25,000 feet (bottled Oxygen is required at altitudes above 14,000 feet) and can go 165 knots—all of which means it is above a lot of rough air, which is why our four hours to Loki and hour and a half to Werkok are not altogether unpleasant as well they might be at the lower and slower altitudes of the 206. We will be flying much longer and further in the weeks to come as we cross Central Africa on long hauls all the way back to Nairobi.

As we were on the glide slope into the Bor/Werkok area, I yelled to those still awake in the back that they could see the Nile River at Bor fifteen miles from Werkok up ahead, as none of them had seen it before. We will be running alongside it on Saturday. At ten thousand feet I spotted several raptors riding thermals around us. Even at this altitude one must keep a lookout since a big soaring bird like that can do some serious damage to the composite flight control surfaces at 165 knots. We bobbed and weaved down through some bird traffic and bounced over the hard dry air strip of Werkok—destination travel.

Jacob Gai was the first to make it to the air strip apart for a few naked kids who were all eager to pose with us and to try to porter our supplies which outweigh each of them. I will need to transfer a number of our supplies to the longer landing strip of Bor which has a 1500 meter strip that will allow a full load to takeoff when we are ready to go to PiBor with all our personnel and gear, since we will not have “VR” enough here at full load to clear the airstrip. We were trying to shade ourselves under the aircraft wing as we unloaded when I spotted tall Ajak coming

and we ran to each other. Everyone is very excited about our being here in response to the promise last time, but Ajak reports that the excitement here is small time compared to what can be expected at PiBor where the reports are “they are more excited about your return than they had been about the referendum vote!”

The NGO’s and mission ex-patriot staff were all evacuate for the potential for unrest around the referendum but now they are filtering back in as it appears to be more peaceful than at the usual baseline before the elections. It seems that since Bashir will be willing to let the announced election results which are due on Friday as we are here be determinative as to secession, then there might be reconsideration of his International Criminal Court indictment (ICC) for war crimes against Darfur.

In a long file of head-carried loads preceding us to the MCH compound we arrived in the shade to have a drink of water and a brief introduction ceremony led by Jacob Gai general manager (graduate of Grand Valley State University in Grand Rapids Michigan!) and Ajak (“Sudanese by birth, Cuban by adoption, Canadian by citizenship, and back by choice!”)

We settled into our accommodations and then toured the facilities, including the patient whom John Ajok had delivered this morning and repaired a complicated vaginal tear---all this from a fellow who had tied his first knots when we went through the intensive drills when I was here last year and the documentary film crew was here watching this teaching session of surgical instruments and technique—now in use without a white hand guiding it!

We had a sparse dinner with one native touch—a wild honey comb, and then I used the laptop to show Julie Cavallo’s DVD of the missions of the past year she has got from my pictures posted to the online sites. We then watched the Rwanda Video and I distributed some special goodies such as my Surgery text dedicated to MCH and the continuing education effort here. Juma (Samuel Malual) from Duk Payuel and John Mchol are here from eastern Jonglei to get a par to the continuing education and arrived by road for the educational week and we may be able to carry them further to PiBor. Several Bor physicians will be over as time allows, so we have the network already set up for the “Sudanese teaching Sudanese” model of continuing education I had proposed last item with us supplying some support and supplies. The container arrived at the Ugandan border and would be crossing into Juba in the morning so it should be here within two more days, equipped with exemption papers that Jacob Gai had got by fortuitously appearing a few minutes before the offices in Juba would have closed for the weeks around the holidays. I will now try to go to sleep despite a hacking cough from my high altitude Philippine URI and plan to make it out at dawn to try a run through the bush to prepare for the first ever Jonglei Marathon on Saturday—former rivals now competing in a sporting event and collaborating in a continuing medical education event in contrast to a hot shooting war on the opening salvos of my last visit—all within the short—but eventful—six months of the past year!

11-FEB-B-5

THE DAY BEGINS WITH MY PRE-DAWN RUN DESPITE A BAD URI ALONG THE DESERTED ROADWAY TO RETURN IN TIME FOR A MAJOR MEETING WITH ALL THE MCH STAFF AND EH FORMAL INTROUCTION TO THE COMMUNITY WITH OUR FULFILLING THEIR PROMISE OF TWO ITEMS WE SEEK TO LEAVE BEHIND TO HELP THEM: THE CONTAINER THAT CROSSED THE BORDER AT JUBA THIS MORNING AND MORE IMPORTANTLY THE SKILLS WE HOPE TO INDIGENIZE AS ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JUMA IN HIS CAPABLE REPAIR BEFORE EITHER THE PLANE OR THE CONTAINER ARRIVED; WE SET UP THE CLINIC AND TUTORIALS FRONT END LOADED FOR THOSE THREE RETURNEES WHO WILL NOT BE GOING FORWARD TO PIBOR WHERE EXPECTIATIONS COULD NOT BE ANY HIGHER

FEBRUARY 8, 2011

I began as I hoped I would this mooring, against all odds. I was awake a good deal of the hot dark night since I was gurgling in secretions from the URI I have carried forward from Philippines. I was not sure I could, but got up pre-dawn with both my headlamp with which I operate having gone sour so it would not turn on last evening after the abrupt sunset which I captured during its two equatorial minutes, and then in the middle of the night I spotted this glow under a pile of clothing which seemed to be a resting place for glow worms. Since I have not assumed my shirts should have thermo luminescence, I got up to find the headlamp not only on, but also having breathed its last in the effort, so it is time to enlist backup.

THE FIRST RUN—BEFORE FIRST LIGHT, AND HANDICAPPED BY PHILIPPINE MOUNTAIN BRONCHITIS

I walked out in the still dark night and started out along the road I know well, except that it has been subject to the worst flooding in memory the past months so the usual ruts are now big enough to swallow ATV's—i.e. if a were here—one of the things that they have been hoping for, a mobile floating six wheel drive duck blind-type ATV for evacuating patients during the rainy season.

I ran cautiously and alone. The only notices I got about my presence being known was the barking of the dogs which in one of my earlier visits was called Bashir the unruly cur being named after the sitting president of the GOS northern Government of Sudan)--a fellow hoping to have his indictment by the International Criminal Court lifted by his accepting the result of the Secession referendum vote to be announced on Friday while we are still here. The worries about unrest and actual civil war breaking out prompted all NGO's to pull out people who were ex-pats to be returned only if there was some relative stability. It has actually happened that there is more stability now than at any other time of my visits, so there is a net inflow of expats again as everyone returns to work.

Despite my bronchitis causing a few sneezing and coughing fits along the run as it had been the case all night, I was able to make it out ten kilometers before the dawn starting limning the few clouds in the dry season began extinguishing the few planets that were visible at the start of my run I turned

and returned the same ten kilometers “negative splitting” since I could now see my feet and the ruts. I saw a pair of kites swooping down and hitting the road way just beyond where I had stopped to see a column of army ants marching by –and I made no attempt to interfere with this inexorable force of ten thousand grasping mandibles. The kites swooped down and caught something on the roadway, which I only recognized as they made a climb to altitude over the horizon in front of the pink-tinged sunrise eastern sky—a snake! In the course of their struggle, one of the kits lost a big wing feather from its “flight control surface” and it fluttered down, and I picked-it up to carry back to present it to our photographer Brittany Smith, the only woman on our team.

As I came back to get showered—sure enough, there was no soap and as much as John had encouraged me to throw out all the hotel-furnished miniature soap bars that had collected in my Dopp kit which had got such a trashing in the Dubai security hyper search, I gathered them up and carried them in the insect repelling bags in which the new TR logo clothing had been soaked, and carried them with me so that I was able to go back to the room and get one of them to use and leave in the shower stall-- a brisk experience a bit like the Tabu bucket dumped over my head in the Philippines which may be part of the reason I was coughing and stuffy all night.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY, AT the GET GO IN SOUTH SUDAN AS WE COMMENCE OUR MISSION AMID HIGH HOPES

THE GOOD

At a brief breakfast and briefing I reported to them the good, the bad and the ugly and made the assignments for the day, putting Dan, Kirtus and Kannan in the fore since they will be leaving on the 18th and cannot be going on with us to PiBor where all the high expectations are (more “excited about our coming visit than they had been about the referendum voting” is one of eh ways it was described to me!)

The good news is that the Container has crossed the Ugandan border at Juba and is on its way toward us perhaps arriving as early as Wednesday, a perfect timing for us and the dedication service for its use. Our welcome reception here is a big event. The fact that we are about to have a “recreational sporting event” held on Saturday to which the Governor, MOH and District Commissioners are all invited is astounding, since it is a friendly competence among competitors who may have been shooting at each other as they were just last year at the time of my most recent visit. This is the “First Ever Jonglei Marathon” (as described to me in the run from one significant landmark in Bor to another (such as the police station for which we are commissioning them as water stops (I hope of bottled water rather than Nile River water from the adjacent Nile along which we will be running) and may measure as much as fifteen to twenty kilometers. But, who is measuring? After all, it is a big deal just to be staging this first ever event, far bigger than the super bowl which I heard only on departing from Mayfield had been won by Green Bay.

THE BAD

Next, the BAD: There are three parts to a Charlie Foxtrot here to be annoyed about:

One: At Derwood John Sutter had come to visit me and we had gone through the most high priority items to be carried here and among them were the spinal anesthesia kits of which I had packed over a hundred. The other items included sutures of critical usability and a few items such as ceftriaxone and others which I put into a big SCI Safari Bag and John said he would be sure it went into the TR Storage Locker in Alexandria where they would be picked up by the team coming eastward as they stopped for

the Dulles layover to connect with Air Ethiopia, A special trip was made to the storage unit and despite all the alleged arrangements, it was locked up and no one was on call to open it for us,; consequently the most critical supplies I had packed for pickup as John and I were on the far side of the world were inaccessible and never carried;

Two: we are giving a graduate course in sonography, and the Interson Probe that had been relayed back to Grand Rapids to Tim Williams to be returned to InterSon and exchanged for a probe that worked never happened. He saw me as I was “book signing” at a distance and only for three seconds, so no transfer of the bum unit was accomplished which was subsequently express mailed back to InterSon through the agency of Betsy hall and Gene Wright and the West Coast Team was to carry the replacement forward—but never did—meaning we cannot give an ultrasound course for laptop use OB and abdominal imaging. I asked if they could use the B Gan to send back a message to have it forwarded from Marc Fine of InterSon to Tim Williams his arrival on the Feb 18 flight that carries us on toward CAR, but it will only jut BE here if that happens, without any instruction to those who are hoping to use it and later get a probe for their own hooked up laptop downloaded InterSon programs in several locations. This includes Bor, John Mchol (East Jonglei) Juma in Duk Payuel, as well as the hopefuls of PiBor.

Three: I had packed across country to San Diego two SCI Blue Bags with stuff to be distributed, and with the objective of packing them here with the vital supplies we had hoped to leave at PiBor and to carry forward to CAR. When I asked Zach at Mayfield where the blue bags were, he said, “the blue bags are no more.” He discarded them, either unaware of their value as a Humanitarian Service Logo or because of it, since he was eager to re-pack the stuff into Patriot bags—but those will not be left behind to carry on in our absence.

I must plan now to do some re-packing since a number of the items we will need to carry to PiBor and on to CAR should be carried along with two and possibly four personnel to Bor for our departure date on Feb 18. Three of our members will be returning to the US: Dan. KP and Kirtus, and we might pick up Ajak (who would be the medical director of the PiBor project along with Jacob Gai who is just now over the awful road to Juba just now carrying back Kathryn and Aaron after they had brought their luggage to Wilson Field to put it on our flight, exercising care to sneak around me since they had directly called Jon Hildebrand to check on how close we were to our maximum weight.

The Werkok Air Strip is short for the 208 which needs 700 meters to achieve VR (rotation velocity for the pickup lift) and fully loaded it cannot be done with fuel and passengers aboard. We burn a barrel an hour of Jet A fuel and have to use that in going forward from PiBor, and we have supplies to go to CAR and to leave at PiBor. These should be carried forward with us to the Saturday race in Bor so as to be picked up there on the 1500 meter landing strip there. If we can extend John Mchol and Juma's leave to the three days of PiBor on the 18th, we might leave them there since they would be several hundred jarring road miles closer to Duk Payuel. If we can get Ajak and Jacob to extend there beyond our visit, first of all Jon Hildebrand would not need to return them by air to Werkok; second they could monitor our follow up patients, and third that would make an important statement: we would have Dinka Bor and Dinka Jonglei caregivers (a bitter and often hostile rivalry in and of itself) collaboration in the care of the arch rival Murle, and without the hand of any white man present from off a plane from America. This is the “way it is going to be” from here forward in the new “Republic of South Sudan.” in this Network of Mission medicine that I hope to keep supporting here, the continuing education and consultation will be Sudanese teaching Sudanese, as we had done on the last visit here at Werkok.

OUR COMMUNITY ND MCH STAFF OFFICIAL WELCOME AND THOROUGH “BUYING INTO” THE “MISSION TO HEAL” PLAN FOR PEACE AND DEVELOPMENT LED BY SUDANESE ACROSS THE HEALTH BRIDGE

We had a very formal and through introductory session after breakfast, with Ajak leading an appropriate devotional and each of us giving a speech translated alternately by chaplain Peter and Medical Director Ajak to the helping staff of MCH and to the elders and community representatives, including a chief and the two police guards assigned to us for security—their uniform being the AK-47 which is the ubiquitous weapon of this part of the world. There had been cattle for millennial and only in the last twenty years does it seem to have become necessary to have every fourteen year old on up armed with the ubiquitous and indestructible “Original” AK-47's to “protect the cattle” from the non-existent threat of predation by any but rival clans. “Automatisch Kalashnikov-1947” was a thirty caliber automatic weapon that has to be one of the most resilient pieces of machinery in modernity, since those originals which may have been tossed into the murky Nile last year and can be fished out and used on full automatic a moment later.

THEY ARE ALL PAST HAPPY TO SEE OUR RETURN IN FULFILLENT OF THE PROMSES OF THE LAST MISSIONS, AND APPROACHIGN ECTSTATIC AT THE PROSPECT OF PEACE WITH NEIGHBORS OVER A HEALTH CARE BRIDGE IN WHICH THEY EACH PROMISE TO PLAY A CRITICAL ROLE

Each of us gathered in a big circle for a two hour welcome and introductory ceremony that included chiefs, cooks cleaners, security personnel, and the clinical officers—John Juma CO of MCH, Juma Co of Duk Payuel, John Mchol CO of Duk Payuet, and the community leaders who all remember me and are happy with our return.

Our team:

Moi.

John Sutter, MD Medical Director of TR and my veteran of at least eight foreign missions since his first with me as GWUMC freshman Medical student.

Kannan P Samy University of Toledo Senior Medical Student who was with me in Tanzania where he did his first ever operating with me in Tonga Province and is now matching for a surgery residency

Dan Fong, Paramedic pre-hospital scoop and run fire department medic form Denver Colorado

Joshua Webster US Army medic and specialized in retrieval of casualties with several tours in Afghanistan and a litany of special course form jumping to white water to helicopter resuscitation

Zach Smith, paramedic fireman in South California and TR's West Coast liaison and who was responsible for most of the heavy lifting after I got the entire container full into Toledo to its successful entry into GOSS today.

Kirtus Kreiglow, fireman paramedic and the one who managed most of our order retrieved from the Nairobi pharmacies by orders at a distance.

Brittany Smith, Zach's sister and our media person doing still and video photography in place of all the professional media who went missing when the events in Egypt caused diversion of everyone from LA Times to Nat Geo and others.

I have been scrambling to pack a kit for both PiBor at which the surgical volume will be higher and at CAR where it is higher still—as I work on Kannan Samy to skip his return and come along with us. I have already recruited Juma and John Mchol who are going to go with us to PiBor, via our aircraft, thus being several hundred miles closer to Duk Payuel return and a comfortable hour and a half ride as opposed to sixteen hours of road trip misery before still having to go by road further to get to Eastern Jonglei.

The acclaim that met our introductory speeches much of which has been taped, included ovations often and vigorous head shaking as I reminded them that the North vs. South Islam vs. Christian was a thing of the long past now, and the CPA and referendum had buried in distant memory. But what was altogether too well known to them has been the cattle culture raiding between Christian brothers which has resulted in a higher body count including the experiences I had on my last visit here and they had then agreed could not continue. I reminded them that now was the time to collaborate with their brothers even if they had different clans or allegiances, since I was more than willing to support the collaborative network of mission hospital dealing with the health concerns of all Sudanese through the Sudanese caring for and teaching Sudanese with only a behind the scenes supporting role for us as visitors. But that interaction did not include stealing young women or cattle raiding which was a sure way to keep themselves embroiled in a very unhealthy war as they already knew from time out of mind.

I told them that the lesser of two things we had hoped to leave behind were the supplies of a forty foot container that had crossed the border and was on its way here perhaps as soon as Wednesday. The greater of the two was the indigenized health care expertise and continuing education that would now be continued among the Southern Sudanese under Southern Sudanese leadership as we were working our way out of this job. I pointed out that the day of our arrival a difficult delivery was done and a repair of a vaginal tear by a fellow who tied the first knot of his life at the time of our training him on the last visit—and this remarkable success had occurred BEFORE the arrival of either our PLANE or the CONTAINER. Such are the marks of success we seek.

It was clear to all that this was for all and not for one or another clan or tribe or country—both supplies and education and they were accountable for the promulgation of both. They all stood and applauded and prayers were uttered by several representatives—Peter our chaplain, Rebecca our cook and Zach for TR.

Then we started to work as Ajak left for Bor and I floated over the consultation rooms as each of three teams saw patients that they will resent for discussion tonight in the post-dinner

tutorials.

A young woman who had heard about me stopped by from Samaritan's Purse Canada, named Karen Daniels, and she asked me to consider coming to Juba at some point in the future to help them re-develop medical education in the University of Juba which had its last year's in the clinical facilities of Khartoum now moved back to Juba with input from Harvard and Mass General.

**AND, NOW, THE REALITIES OF BAKING HEAT AND A HACKING COUGH
AS I RETREAT TO MY BAT-FILLED ROOM BEFORE OUR EVENING
TUTORIAL AS WE ARE READY TO BEGIN the EDUCATIONAL REVIEWS**

The bats are flying around the baking oven of my room at the height of mid-day when only mad dogs and Englishmen are in motion, as I am coughing out my bronchitis and the bats are being disturbed by the noise. A young kid was led by a robe cheerfully past us as we were on our way to clinic and I invited each to make a brief acquaintance without lunch, as it was shortly rendered into and it took a re-application of the one vital hygienic item I insist everyone carry—dental tape.. I have sucked down four liters of fluid so far today since my morning run and have not felt any urge to pee, perhaps because my highest output continues to be from my nose and upper airway. I hope this is resolving rapidly in order for me to fulfill the greatest fears of each of our teammates and even including the Governor of Jonglei State, the Commissioner and the MOH---all of whom are invited to the first ever Jonglei Marathon on Saturday—that they will be whipped by a senior citizen, a crotchety white man from far away with a hacking cough, which may cause them to lose Great Face, as we complete the Mission to Heal Race on the Banks of the Nile at Bor, Jonglei's capital.

11-FEB-B-6

A DAWN RUN THAT BRINGS OUT THREE OTHER OF OUR TEAM TO RUN AT WERKOK AS I AM STILL RESOLVING THE URI, A LONG EFFORT AT COMPLETING THE REPORTS OF THE MISSION IS COMPLETED, THEN MYSTICALLY DELETED, BEING LOST, AS WE ARE SWELTERING IN THE DRY SEASON SUN AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE CONTAINER AND REVIEWING TROPICAL MEDICINE TUTORIALS

February 9, 2011

I may be disturbing the bats with my coughing and sneezing which reached their worst point since my exposure in the Philippines this morning, not enough to keep me from going out on the run. I did my pre-dawn run and spotted three of my team mates on returning as they set out: Kirtus, KP and Zach out to do a bit less in distance but with great enthusiasm since they are going to try to give it a go in the Saturday run of the Jonglei Marathon!

After breakfast we gathered at the shade tree which has a ring of chairs set up for the conference each day which usually starts with a brief devotional by one member and then a review of the business of the day. The people who were here today included Kathryn Thomas and Aaron Bopp who made it over by road with Jacob doing his least favorite drive—the road from Juba where he picked them up. I have just learned important news—in Kathryn's luggage is an InterSon Probe—not the one we had tried to return but another so we will be able to demonstrate its use after all and then when ours arrives it can go to one of the other laptops which we programmed for everyone to have sonography capability.

This means Jacob was not here for our formal presentation of each of our staff and he asked it be done in a more expedited way to day by me introducing each of the participants—which I did—a good team and the people from the community are impressed with the talents and capacities represented here, such as the personnel recovery and resuscitation of two term Afghanistan Special Forces veteran Josh Webster. I hope his special skills are not needed this time as they certainly were last time. I introduced all around and then they went to clinic to review a small number of patients. We are not on a major road and we do not have a market or intersection nearby so we are fortunate in not having been mobbed as we might have been in Tanzania and as we surely will be next in PiBor and CAR. The slow start may have disappointed a few of the eager, but I used the time to try to get rid of the annoying hangover of the URI which I am going to start considering history as of now. I set to work trying to bring up to date the reports I had written and try to spell check the ones I had typed. The problem was, each time I spell checked it was still undone and would need repeating.

I will give you the good news and the bad all at once. KP Samy built his own computer to start his expertise and is a whizz at debugging. So, with his nearly instant help, I moved out of the only program that would open, the Open Office, and shifted the default to Word Starter of Windows Seven. I tried to get around the problem of cursor jump and did my best to now start re-spell checking in the Windows Seven Word Starter. Good enough.

I had completed the whole of a six and a half page document on 11-Feb-B-4 and saved it. When I attempted to re-open it, all I got were multiple copies of 11-Feb-B-3, the short invitation letter from Rev Oruzu. It seemed that the completed all day 11-Feb-B-4 had just poofed, and even KP could not find it or resurrect it.

I considered cursing all computers for all time, but that would really just erase the link you have with this mission which is really going well, so I bit the bullet and went back to re-do what I could remember of the six pages of 11-Feb-B-4 and spell checked and saved it. I am reluctant to open it to check to see if it is there, since I assure you I will not re-re-do it a third time!

I have teased KP that since I am continuously in technoglitches I cannot release him at the end of next week and he is being dragooned into going the rest of the way with us! But I believe he should do what is best for him without coercion as I think we have a good team with depth.

Much of the day was used in preparation for the arrival of the container which will be an event of some scrambling to get the coverage of this event, and to have the different participants who will share “ownership” of the contents all making allocations of what will be sent along by road transit. We are also assigning the conferences of the selected topics for each participants such as what Dan Fong calls “Bruce Willis”—the disease brucellosis which he has just learned about, the one I call the supreme irony of a cattle culture which seeks cattle to insure fertility which gives spontaneous abortions as a complication.

Since it is now late in the day and the truck has not yet arrived, we will plan for it to be here tomorrow our first operating day on which a number of hernias are scheduled to arrive. We will also have Ajak back from his stay in Bor and we will have a few items packed up from the stock we are carrying as well as additional items we will get from the container to take forward to Bor for our shuttle onward to PiBor. Things are going well even if at a slow stagger start, but the timing should be critically perfect for our launch of the Network of South Sudanese collaborative mission medicine centers for supplies and continuing education.

The topics for tonight’s tutorials include infant pneumonias, trauma resuscitation, malaria and ultrasonography in Obstetrics and antenatal care

11-FEB-B-7

THE BIG STORY: THE PERSONAL AS WELL AS POLITICAL CRISES IN CATTLE CULTURE CONFLICTS THAT HAD EMBROILED OUR GROOMED LEADER IN THE CLAN COMPETITION TAKES AN UGLIER TURN IN A STILL MORE INTENSE CRISIS WITH THE PROPOSED FATHER-IN-LAW'S FRAUDULENT DEFAULT OF THE CONCLUDED BUT UNCONSUMMATED MARRIAGE PROPOSAL OF BLOOD-LINKED CLANS, EACH IN PURSUIT OF FERTILITY OF HUMANS AND CATTLE AND SEEK ANY CHANCE OF ENRICHING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE BONANZA OF OUTSIDE DONOR EXPLOITATION; THE MACRO CULTURE CONFLICT ILLUSTRATED PERFECTLY IN THE MICRO CULTURE CRISIS AROUND THE PIVOTAL FIGURE OF AJAK—A DINKA/BOR RE-INSERTED FROM ABROAD INTO THE MILLENNIA OF NILOTIC STRIFE

February 9, 2011

And there should be wonder about the conflicts in Nilotic cattle cultures?? Right now, I am here on a Mission to Heal in a peace overture between the competing Murle and Dinka and I am seething with intent to kill. The crises are not just abstract and distant as often happens when “we do not have a dog in that fight.” I do. I have at least one big bull, and a lot of “tobacco” as well. And it has all been taken and run with, defrauding the one fellow who is most likely to be the pivotal leader to help achieve peace in this region and in the process, the funds, good will and support donated by all the local extended family of a Dinka/Bor Lost Boy and his even larger extended family abroad, all of whom are ripe for plucking in the ingenuous desire to help.

Ajak is in court today. He went to Bor to see a lawyer. The stakes are higher now than when we were here a year ago in the similar dynamic tension of the concluding “bridal negotiations” in which the representative “ambassadors” of Ajak’s smaller Dinka/Bor clan were pitted against the ever-expanding clan of Dinka Jonglei who smelled money for the plucking as they saw the American doctors and expensive TV cameras behind Ajak and accelerated their demands to “Shoot the Moon.” It was on that basis last year that as I was here and addressing the group of alleged in-laws which Ajak had described as the equivalent of signing into a lifelong subprime mortgage. When we were making our formal presentations to each other under the tree in Bor last year, an English-speaking relative of the Dinka Jonglei behind the “FOB” stood up and read on tape a short but presumptuous speech. “You will know us and you will satisfy ALL our demands; my name is John Ajok Achol.” And he then sat down to a general applause and head shaking as a larger number of distant relatives of Tabitha who had come running since our first visit to Bor when they heard that the Suitor Ajak had a connection with a Golden Pipeline to America and everyone should come on the run to fleece this American Golden Goose and strip

them of everything they have before the marriage could be consummated. Even while they were eating my bull which was designed for the climax of the wedding feast, the greedy and egregious gouging that had already been going on for months since Ajak had announced his intentions, escalated to a higher order of magnitude when we appeared as guests with a film crew covering us. On camera, the FOB announced: I do not know you, therefore you are a friend of Ajak's; where then are all my cattle which you must provide?" I told him he was eating the only cattle I had ever had and that was the last of my purchases in support of a prolonged feast he seemed to be enjoying without fulfilling the purposes for which it was donated. I also pointed out, that like Moses, I was first associated with eh Eastern Jonglei at Duk Payuel, so according to the same logic, I was aligned with the FOB family and was owed cattle as much as any of those who had recently "piled on" never having met the potential bride Tabitha or even heard that she existed, but now found her to be their very favoritesthird order step niece twice removed.

That Ajak and Tabitha might be in love and had promised to be together, as Patricia Edmonds had written, was quite beside the point. In fact, it was the pressure that came from those intentions that kept driving up the price of the dowry well beyond the usual 50 cattle and now became a shouting bidding like the floor of the Chicago mercantile exchange in which the sing song auctioneer held out for still more and better cattle with the FOB's men having scouted out the cattle already delivered and negotiating trade ups for those they thought were sub-prime. I had told Ajak as he was despondent with his head in his hands under the colorful cloths hanging down from the roof of the bridal hut, that the presence of us as his Western friends at the climax of his marriage negotiations was far from enhancing his chance of success and might well torpedo it, so I said we would exit stage right as quietly as we had come and I offered him US one hundred dollar bills as the further "tobacco" required to keep the negotiations going. So we left having filmed the feasting, but never having met Tabitha who was sequestered away and in danger of being kidnapped, according to Ajak—a fear we had considered exaggerated, but it turns out to be exactly what happened next. She phoned on cell phone when he got a new phone card and said not to be discouraged, that all would work out in the end, despite the ever accelerating demands when so much had already been committed for the mortgage of an entire future for the whole clan. She did not know just how greedy the FOB and clan could be, or if she did, it was irrelevant as her wishes.

The FOB took the money and ran. He accepted an alienate bid ALSO, from another Lost Boy who was returning with outside support and Tabitha has now gone off with him leaving Ajak devastated of course, but also ruined financially. It is one thing to defraud the government, another to embezzle from the church and mission, but—HEY!—you bastards also have a thousand of my dollars you have defrauded from my support as well, and I demand blood!

MICRO TO MACRO MAGNIFICATION

Isn't this just about every struggle here in basis? In order to get not just survival, but successor progeny, fertility is a requirement. Nubile young women are a commodity in short supply if there is a high infant mortality and a still higher rate of PID (pelvic inflammatory disease) untreated. With wealth one can acquire a whole stable of the likely fertile women and that decreases the availability for the average striving yearning young men who also hope to be "Big Men" and wealthy—so that people will see at a glance how Big they really are just by

counting their very visible bank account standing around polluting the infants' drinking water and denuding the environment adding a veneer of cattle feces on the landscape—"Look, He has five brides' worth! He is truly a Big Man!"

And, now, some tall Dinka scoundrel is parading around behind the ill-gotten gain of over 201 cattle by fleecing a trusting love-struck returnee Lost Boy who was attempting to play by all the old cattle culture rules with the borrowed resources of his adopted home base in North America. One could have recourse to the courts of law—in a failed state, like the Old West of young America where the only law was produced by Joseph Colt, the law of the land is the AK-47 in abundant supply and in lot of eager hands with "nothing to lose."

Which resulted in twelve casualties and ten deaths on a single day at the beginning of my last visit to the Dinka/Bor less than a full year ago. And I had thought that in the New Republic of South Sudan we were going to try to establish a few of the rudiments of a higher civilization that included the rule of law and the equitable distribution of justice and basic needs support beginning with a health bridge to peace. So, that is what is going to be attempted here at what to our group does not appear very "micro" given the magnitude of the crime, as a start on the "macro" issue of peace and justice among clans and competing tribes.

So, Ajak is having recourse to the courts of justice, however rudimentary they may be in Jonglei Province, the largest state in a not-as-yet-come-to-be new nation. Today is his day in court. The crime is not a very subtle one, so that at the filing of the complaint in Bor, the subject being a breach of a marriage contract—something that they know from long experience and the currency in which any such transactions are made—cattle herds—the FOB was arrested and jailed. That satisfaction was brief since he was jailed on 1/27/11 and released on 1/28/11 and he could retreat to his Eastern Jonglei allies and friends who all mystically seem to have misplaced the cattle that were distributed in the allegiance each of them had hoped to capitalize. So to achieve restitution of the huge losses, which, of course, are devastating to all the family and friends who contributed to Ajak's marital bliss, one would have to take on the entire clan of the Eastern Dinka and that would mean a civil war since they will bring up prior wrongs they have suffered which still have not been redressed, and old scores will have to be settled before the new one can be considered, and the whole society would have to come to resolution of millennia of wrongs righted—a bit like Islamists still protesting passionately about injustices or calamities inflicted upon them a millennium ago. We can use past suffering to leverage our claims for current reparations.

That may be what we are doing here and trying to come in ignorant of all past scorecards. This was going to be the triumphant role of Ajak as he led the Murle health care reconstruction and the health care bridge to peace—and now he is in Bor in court being told he may not even be available to go to PiBor with us in the fulfillment of the very high expectations for the promised health care, if this personal entanglement within the Dinka clans trips up his availability. This is also why I have been keen on getting Eastern Dinka as well as Dinka Bor to be part of the

delivery of the health care to the Murle of PiBor and the other tribes still to be included in the net, and perhaps have them stay longer than the white visitors who drop in by plane but are not the ones organizing, delivering and assuring continuations of the health care peace bridge.

I am an anthropologist at ground zero. And I am a participant/observer. I have a dog and a dollar in that fight. Even from a distance, I could find myself moved to avenge both Ajak's and my losses. That is how we all got into this eye for an eye dead end box to begin with. I am not minimizing Ajak's (or, for that matter, Tabitha's) losses. Perhaps more than should be written and certainly more than they might know, I can identify with being taken advantage of when exploitation trumps any love or charity in forces at a higher level beyond immediate control. Which may be why both Ajak and I are the right folk to be heading the charge into the enemy lines. When he returns from "his day in court" we will assemble our team for the sporting competition of the Jonglei Marathon among rivals and load up the supplies to be forwarded to "the other camp."

11-FEB-B-8

**A DAY BEGUN ON THE RUN AND BEGINNING TO OPERATE AS AJAK
IS STILL HELD UP IN BOR WITH THE RESIDUAL OF THE FAILED
AFFAIRS OF THE HEART AND CURRENT DEGENERATION INTO
LEGAL BREACHES OF CONTRACT**

February 10, 2011

Two things noted on the run this morning—not the usual reportable events of wildlife spotted or distance gone or encounters along the way, but a note about two visceral functions which I almost never report. First, I had told the team to report to me on how often and how much they peed “Oh, yes, I was going to mention that since it seemed unusual!” On the run I realized I had taken off from the pre-dawn start without the need to stop to void after the night. My own calculations are that I have done this twice per day at about one fourth the amount despite several liters of fluid taken in with the addition of Drip Drop” the species of ORS (Oral Rehydration Salts” we have in abundance. I had met the fellow out in California who has the trademark on this salt packet which is mostly in the name, which otherwise looks like the other ORS Solutions I have in my kit also. The second function which has been rare in this environment, only slightly less frequent than that of urinating, is comes with a word of caution. Even in the dry season bush, try to look for leaves rather than the dry and brittle straw of the dead grasslands so that no slivers are carried along on the run.

I saw what appeared to be a civet cat scooting along in the bush on the run at the junction of the dawn and the night. I saw a flotilla of four cranes overhead as they drafted each other, and all else was silent and alone. I encountered no one along the run until I was back after dawn and running by the Werkok—the pond of Kok. There a young man approached my running route with curiosity and asked in stilted but understandable English in bafflement: What are you doing?” I thought the activity might be self-explanatory, and simply said “running” but he shook his head convinced that I am up to some nefarious purposes. And there may be a fair amount of the head shaking going on during the first ever Jonglei Marathon on Saturday two days away with a starting time of nine o’clock AM already too hot. Ajak has been to see the Governors and MOH and invited them to participate—which I consider a fat chance. I also am sure that there may be a few folk who are interested in starting—after all I believe you get the tee shirt up front—but have no intention of finishing. But it will be scenic, through the musty and dusty town (there are no paved roads in Bor—or for that matter the whole of the new state of GOSS. We will go to the hotel which is run by a Lost Boy entrepreneur who was with them in Canada who is banking on a growth in the Bor Jonglei capital with the new state’s secession. We will stop at the Police Station—each of these bottled water stops. And we will probably drop off supplies

for the alter trip to PiBor since they cannot be carried out of Werkok as a full load on the aircraft. It will also be a good idea to pick up a few patients particularly the pre-ops since it is true that the transport from Bor to Werkok is Thirty Sudanese pounds (the New State is too new to have its own currency as yet) which is almost ten dollars, and their MCH consultation is only one pound (thirty cents.) So that may be one of the reasons we are still a long way from over busy here due to its geographic isolation.

We saw patients in the clinic including one small girl with a burn flexion contracture of a ring finger which did not interfere with her grasp but only prevented her extension of her fingers of the non-dominant hand. They were keen on seeing how I might operate on this but it would require a full thickness skin graft and a several week hospitalization since a split graft would contract giving her a bigger contraction problem that she had from the burn.

We have had our tutorial's based on a few of the patients who were in clinic but mostly on the basis of pre-assigned topics and John Jack has been a champ discussing pneumonias from his carefully prepared notes just as he had done for malaria last year. I am assigning both John Mchol and Juma topics for tonight and hope Ajak will return for the quick course on sonography, now that we have our InterSon probe returned. I had loaded the program on the laptop of both John Mchol and on Juma's so they are each hopeful to get the new probe later—a \$2500 donation.

I had to pin out that a couple of “slam dunk” lesions that should have been easy pickings for operations—such as the ventral hernias of a young man with abdominal distension secondary to a bellyful of ascites following chronic active hepatitis B. Of course if these hernias were repaired without the underlying pressure from the ascites relieved, they would recur immediately and not before the constant leak of the sticky colloid of albumin weeping into his belly from portal hypertension. Besides, a closed abdomen would not be a source of the peritonitis that would surely result if it were opened leaking the rich culture medium. So, judgment is necessary as well as technique—much as my interception of an older man who was about to have a parotid tumor removed as a “lipoma” in the ER at LHMRRH in Philippine.

Late word is that the container is in Juba awaiting “clearance.” But it should not need that with its exemption papers, so if it shows these it should be here tomorrow. There may be a point to having the Governors and all the MOH and other eager owners come by so as not to be sneaking things in so that no one can try to get sole ownership. But those invitations are extended by Ajak today and he will return to report on the events of his day in court and his further plans for our week and the weekend Jonglei Marathon for which he was considering having the runners overnight in Bor so as to get the nine o'clock starting line, when I have been vernaly on the run by 6:30 each morning here in Werkok with just light enough to see and before it got so sticky and bracingly hot. I will learn more at our tutorials tonight after we repair a re. current ventral hernia done two years ago somewhere else and an older woman who is telling me “her whole body pins here” due to what appear to be subcutaneous OV nodules

Onchocercus volvuli was the filarial subject of one of our conferences last two days and was discussed as the source of River Blindness. I told them to look for guinea worm and for OV nodules and here this older woman had beaten them to the diagnostic punch. I also heard that a Samaritans Purse team is coming to do a trachoma prevention program across the road at Werkok this week by giving all the young kids an annual dose of azithromycin. We may be trying to gain on the entropic collapse of this corner of the world a little bit at each effort.

A major accomplishment of today was an interview on videotape and then the request by Brittany was for a complete history and current status of the intertribal conflicts and what we are doing here in our peace initiative. I gave as much as she could stand in sitting and then squatting and wore her out in her arm holding the video camera but I did a rather complete run down of how we came to be here and what we hope to accomplish using the macrocosm of the Big Picture of the cattle culture conflicts and the microcosm of the Ajak marriage proposal and its defrauding as the kind of instigating event that has had people warring for time immemorial each with good cause, since it is to their advantage to grab all they can get over and above their reward for legitimate efforts and if no reaction to that egregious gouging to repeat it at a higher level of plunder. At the same time, considering all the people around one to be resources to be milked for one's own advantage and aggrandizement---where do these people think they are—New York?

Oh, and one more thing. As has happened three times in our daily morning circle under the acacia shade as a morning report/devotions/plan of the day is delivered (and usually a very formal repeat re-presentations of each member of the team in case anyone new has shown up that has not participated in this ritual before today—run for your lives if you are a cute little kid wagging its tail and bleating cheerfully. It seems nothing good can happen from your nosing into our inner circle since this is a group of high calorie consumers from the Western World and they need a carnivorous diet to stay docile. So, as each of the kids has nosed into our circle each has been led only twenty meters away to the side of the cook's tukul and there as the kid is prancing and bleating in utter joy at the attention being paid to him, abruptly he finds himself hoisted up with one leg tied to the fence post as he bleeds out on the ground along with the last echo of his bleating. He will be joining us for lunch.

Care to come along and participate with us?

Oh, remember I had reminded you to pack dental TAPE not floss! You're going to need it!

11-FEB-B-9

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT (RE)-SENDING EMAIL WITH THE ATTACHMENTS OF THE (RE-)TYPED CHAPTERS OF OUR WERKOK EXPERIENCE WHICH INCLUDES TODAY A SMOOTH AND SUCCESSFUL MAJOR OPERATION UNDER SPINAL ANESTHESIA—A FIRST-TIME EVENT FOR EACH PARTICIPANT, A THOROUGH ULTRASOUND DEMO AND TEACHING PROGRAM, AND OUR FIRST TRIP TO BOR TO MEET AND GREET THE GOSS AND JONGLEI OFFICIALS AS JACOB HAS BEEN DIVERTED TO JUBA ONCE AGAIN TO FREE UP THE OBSTRUCTED DELIVERY OF OUR CONTAINER OF SUPPLIES NOW PLANNED FOR ARRIVAL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW'S FIRST-EVER JONGLEI MARATHON

February 11, 2011

THE COVER LETTER OF MY THRICE-SENT FIRST EMAILING WITH THE REPORTS OF OUR WEEK TO DATE IN WERKOK

Much as I had tried to send the completed chapters of the experience in Werkok to date and the technoglitch gremlins erased whole chapters that needed to be repeated, today's attempt at internet access and email transmission was completed with a cover letter and attachments and then went "poof" as it tripped over an address it said it could not find—the correct email address for Donald W Geelhoed. But when it is directing me to an Address Book, I also know that this is a one way street and the message is already vanished. This is what happened; then it happened twice more. So, I have sent in exasperation the briefer cover letter and the text which I had tried to spellcheck was just not that rewarding for me to go over each "the" for "the" and try to correct it. I hope you can receive the message which is sent as rough as the circumstance under which I had tried repeatedly to send it.

We are at "Destination Werkok!"

You will see most succinctly in review of the chapter 11-FEB-B-7 the problem of the continuing warfare in this Central African region on both a personal (private and intense the hoped for consummation of Ajak's marriage contract now defrauded by the Eastern Jonglei Dinka clan we

had witnessed on last year's intended celebrations of nuptials) and Macro level (the intended peace initiative of our equipment and continuing medical education efforts in developing a "network" among the SOuthern Sudan medical missions.

It is an exciting tiem, rather like beign present at July 4, 1776, since on Friday the results of teh referendum wittl be announced and certified which will set the new "Republic of South Sudan" into being. At the same time, this has hardly relived teh problems of this already failed, if not yet come to be, state.

An example of that comes form the almost miraculous progress our container has made in getting across the Ugandan border on the day of our arival in Werkok. It should have been a matter of a day's rough travels to arrive here for teh ceremony planned, in which ALL the participatnts will "take ownership" of not only the materials but also of teh reponsibilities of distributing them to help their rivals. There are three complete exemption letters with the colorful seals of th Governonrs and officials from teh MOH affixed and the driver is packing them. however, these papers seem to have "gone missiong" in transit, and one of teh obstructoinsts is demanidng a shakedwon of a lot of funds to let teh container pass. So, one more tiem after having worked so hard for several months in making te aruduous trip to Juba, Jacob is once again boucing over the rugged road to Juba to hand deliver teh certified copies of all exemption letters to free the container form the corrupstion that would have swallowed it many times over to date. If and when it is released, it will arrive in a ceremony here in which the TR logo and the Governor and all the interested parites from Bor will be clustered around on camera to recieve it and take full credit for its arrival after they had met with me three different times on three different annual trips to Bor on which a "wish list" was prestedent each time, and here is at least one part of teh fulfillment of a promise.

But taht promise is conditioned by the use of teh health care equipmetn (the lesser part) and teh continuing medical education and training (the greater part) to be used acorss the clan divisions seen in their most malignant form in the disruption of Ajak's intended marriage proposal--and in their most lethal part in the twleve casualties and ten deaths in a single day on my last visit from Murle/Dinka raids for stealing young girls and cattle. They all know the rules of distirbiution and continued support--that it will have to be used as a health bridge for peace, not an economic advantage over rivals. They are now sporting not only the "Mission to Heal" bracelets but also whistles, and are going to be present cheering if not running in the first ever Jongiie Marahon on teh same theme tomorrow.

It is not easy. At the same time we are conducting this diplomatic overture we are caring for patients in consultation and in operating. This is just as it had been for Ajak in conducting medical affairs while distracted by the wedding negotiations last time and teh days in court for the denoument of that debacle this time (11-FEB-B-7)

But, we are operating today and meeting the Governor and Ministers later this afternoon and doing the run tomorrow (the first ever collaborative sporting event between rival groups) and the first ever "Jonglei marathon" to be held in Bor tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the entire project is going to be under local leadership and control--and not by one language or clan group. From the Eastern Jonglie we have Juma from Duk Payuel and John Mchol from Duk Payuel and each have contributed much to the CME program already from their prior experience in participating with me. We have Akobo and Bor Dinka and Murle from PiBor and we will have Nuer from Upper Nile.

The sharpest divisions are always the closest ones, it seems (11-FEB-B-7 "case in point") and so I hope to have as a demonstration the representation of both Jacob Gai and Ajak (Dinka Bor) and John Mchol and Juma (Eastern Jonglei Dinka) go with us to lead the health care and instruction of the Murle in PiBor but to remain behind us for a short period to re-enforce that this is NOT a "White Man Off a Plane's" idea, but is one led and monitored by indigenous collegiality.

We will continue to try

But, right now, "Gotta Run!"

GWG

THE FIRST MORNING OF THE WERKOK STAY IN WHICH I HAVE NOT RUN, IN PREPARATION FOR TOMORROW'S "JONGLEI MARATHON"

Today might have, should have, been the day in which the container would have arrived, which may have complicated our already full schedule of events including an elective operation that went very smoothly. Despite the abundance of official clearance papers in hand, the driver has been stopped in Juba and passage onward has been denied on the fundamental basis of all commerce in Africa: "Ahah! Here is Manna from Heaven, and it shall not escape until I have squeezed the last personal advantage out of it for my clan." The driver has each of these officials looking papers with the Governor's seal and the Minister of Health and the Exemption, and all of those papers "went missing", of course, in the shakedown to see if some real money can be made by impeding progress. So, Jacob, who has been faithful to a fault on each of these corruptible moments, has taken all the certified copies in hand and set out for yet another trip to Juba to hand deliver the same papers they have.

To get ahead of the story, we got a cell phone call in midafternoon from Jacob announcing he was ON the container and on his way back through Bor to Werkok with it. There

are still many slips between the cup and the lip and we heard from yet another interested party today who would like to be the one apportioning the supplies for a purpose perhaps not in align with our goal of the Peace initiative. But, after all, Manna from Heaven has fallen into my jurisdiction.

A GOOD DAY OF OPERATING UNDER SPINAL ANESTHESIA AND ULTRASOUND DISPLAY BY THE NEW INTERSON PROBE

With minimal instruction, I had helped my senior medical student whom I had led through his first ever operations in Tanzania through the repair of this elective scrotal hernia and he did it well. Kirtus had never seen an LP and I had instructed each of the others in how to do so with an introducer needle so now it was their turn to teach one, and it was done. The clinic patients were seen and one postponed. Our cook is 42 years old and is 43 days from her last menstrual period. She came to ask if she is commencing menopause after having borne six living children or is there something else going on? This was the time for the InterSon probe to be put to work.

On last visit, Ajak had been brought to full speed and left with a lecture and Power Point on U/S and its use in OB and general imaging. So, we gathered all participants and had each load on the InterSon software to each laptop and then demonstrated the use of the probe and gel and the common uses of it in the abdomen of a male (Dan Fong) and female (our cook—in whom POC were confirmed.) POC are “products of conception” and that is helpful as information. The full course was taught by Ajak with me as only backup this time.

OUR TRIP TO BOR AND MAJOR “MEDICAL DIPLOMACY” MEETINGS WITH BOR HOSPITAL DIRECTOR AND A TOUR OF THE FACILITY AND ITS RUINS BEFORE THE INTRODUCTORY STOP ALONG THE WHITE NILE AND THEN THE DROP OFF OF THE NEW TEE SHIRTS FOR TOMORROW’S RACE

We made our first trip in to Bor this afternoon, so that the participants could admire the big city and stare at the skyscrapers (there are now TWO two story buildings). Moreover, they may be able to see the stark realities of what I had been telling them about the Bor Hospital once a teaching center, is the bombed out oblivion it was when the hostilities of North against South, then South against North, and then South against South have knocked it down and kept it down with no successful “takers” on reconstruction in such an unstable area of conflicts.

The overhead sun is not one for the faint of heart to stand around in taking photos, but I did council one shot—Dr. Ajak standing in the skeletal ruins of the hospital in which his father Abraham was once the Physician’s assistant and dresser, as his son was a Lost boy destined to

come back to the same area to try to help his people even as the odds mounted up against that—most from inside.

We sat in the office of the Medical Director General, the same table around which all the payams and Governor and associated claimants have met with me before against the “blackboard” now painted over which was once the chief instructional tool back in Abraham’s day. This time we had received the Medical Director of Bor Hospital and also met with Dr. Deng –Ajak’s partner at all times up to when he first met me at the airstrip in Duk Payuel when he was partnered with Ajak here at MCH and would be later to go to Bor to work for an NGO. The Directors was more and more interested as he heard about me and the container, and suggested strongly that it should simply be brought to Bor since only from here would it get equitable distribution for the purposes I outlined.

I had re-enforced the it was Dr. Ajak who would be in charge of the distribution of these resources according to the plan we had carefully worked out which included some of the Dinka Bor’s harshest rivals the Murle and we would be as volunteer group rather strict about how our voluntary contribution was distributed as once again I stipulated it would be through Dir. Ajak from MCH. I added that I was in the process of assembling another container load and what happened to it would be very much influenced by the history of this one forthcoming now but for its periodic delays on obstructions that should have been cleared by the Governor’s exemption liters. I cited that once before our donated supplies which had accompanied us had been diverted into the black market which was the last dealings we had had with that institutional and its facilities and government and only after restitution would we consider going back. He still thought that only Bor should be the place where any large equipment or specialized technical devices—he cited auto analyzers for liver function tests which his own laboratory is seeking. I pointed out that we might even seek out such materials but only if no corruption of our intent and practice were in evidence.

He also was keen on nurse anesthetists and a training program for them, stating that there was only one in the whole of the state. I pointed out the travesties I had witnessed in Kardugli in the Nuba Mountains in which I had tried to get spinal anesthesia for C-Section and they used the one drug they knew Ketamine and inappropriately at that. All mothers who were so anesthetized usually hours before surgery and then left lying in hallways where delivered of non-breathing infants who never were resuscitated despite my course in teaching spinal anesthesia and neonatal resuscitation leaving all the equipment for each which were diverted immediately from the public hospitals to the private clinics.

We then took the tour—through all the devastated facilities and the patients which were temporarily housed just as before. We saw a few children with burns form scalds. We saw a young child with a very large swelling of the knee—proabaly inflammatory rather than neoplastic and likely to be TB. Other possibilities of a mass that large lasting for many months include Ewing’s sarcoma.

We met a 70 year old man with a large family in attendance. He has overflow incontinence from an obstructed lower urinary tract. I suggested if it were benign prostatic hypertrophy we might be able to operate to correct that if they had a triple lumen catheter and could be expected to solicit intensive nursing care from the extended family with him as I have often employed in such settings in Malawi and Chad and Ethiopia. He was eager that we come to do the operation in Bor and we may do so (having just seen the spacious but empty OR) but only if the man's baseline health screens are OK and he has a sonogram for which he is scheduled. The patient himself is less than eager to have an operation but if he declines he will face a Foley catheter indwelling for the rest of his life.

As we left from a "ward by ward" review that included the Maternity where the midwives were the most effective clinical group (invited them to come run with us tomorrow!) we made a brief stop down on the Nile River so everyone who has not seen it before—all but I—could take their pictures and see the cattle abattoir and the folk fishing in and drawing water from as well as doing all other functions in the same waters, as clumps of Nile Cabbage and Hyacinth come floating down from Uganda and Lake Victoria.

THE BIG NEWS ON OUR RETURN TRIP FROM BOR—JACOB IS ON HIS WAY FROM JUBA *WITH THE CONTAINER!*

Jacob called by cell phone to announce his own breakthrough as he had hoped they would be driving through the night. We will see.

Oh, and yes—you will be interested to know and probably already know more than we about the details: rebel army groups under autonomous commanders are deserting from the army in the power vacuum left after the referendum voting and they are either going to go to the North or to make their way as independent warlords until they see what suits their own advantage. And as long as they are packing their heavy armaments, there is not much that can be done to stop them

In Upper Nile Province near Malakal about a hundred miles from Jill Seaman in Old Fangak a clash of the rebels and army resulted in a hundred deaths in Upper Nile Province with 47 of the deaths being civilians. This is not in our sandbox right here. It DOES however show the generalized lawlessness and rivalries of ancient clan cattle culture conflicts I had witnessed in Upper Nile as well as Jonglei Province. The Peace initiative if and as it works should be generalizable as well.

11-FEB-B-10

THE BIG EVENT: THE FIRST-EVER JONGLEI FREEDOM RUN ON SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12, 2011, JUST AHEAD OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE RESULTS OF THE REFERENDUM AND IN ORDER TO SET UP FOR A POTENTIAL ENTRY OF THE NEW STATE AS YET-TO-BE-ANNOUNCED INTO THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING COMPETITIONS OF THE OLYMPICS: THE JONGLEI MARATHON;

I CAME IN FIRST IN MY AGE GROUP—IN FACT, I CAME IN FIRST IN THE TOP SEVEN AGE GROUPS!

February 12, 2011

We are all winners here today! That was the subject of one of my briefest speeches on record, as we came to the Winners' Circle and the Awards Ceremony at the conclusion of the first-ever Jonglei Marathon—actually closer to fifteen K. It was also the first ever sporting event in the as yet-to-be-announced New Republic of South Sudan. In that heady appreciation of what this week has meant, I could add a context. I was not present on July 4, 1776 when the new nation of the United States of America was set in motion. I was not present 2,500 years ago when Phidipedes crossed the finish line in Athens to announce that the Spartans had been defeated before falling over dead, beginning the endurance run to which the town gave its name—Marathon. [I was present at my own MCM Finish Line in October 2010 to celebrate that 2,500th anniversary with a special medal.]I was not present in 1896 when the modern era resurrected the Marathon and the other events of international competition to inaugurate the modern Olympics. But here I am today and here are all of them today watching as this new era is unfolding in their eyes to tell their grandchildren where they were and what they were doing at the moment of inception of the new events sweeping them up toward modernity.

Ajak had told them they would not have Americans coming over to do all the things that need doing for them. In fact, he pointed out that Doctor Geelhoed who has been their most consistent friend has promised them that he would not be coming to DO anything for them other than help them do their best and improve and enhance what that capability might be in each subsequent visit of which this one is a prime example. That would be true only if they worked together including harsh rivals, of which competitive sport is an example as we will run together, and we will work together including with the same groups that were the cause of many of the casualties in recent times. There was a lot of rebuilding to do; and South Sudanese cannot hire Kenyans to run the Marathon or the Spanish to play their football, or the Americans to keep on giving to supply their needs which will have to be answered by themselves. And to that end, today's Jonglei Freedom Run—with the tee shirts supplied by one donor and the prizes for the finishers supplied by another and the course laid out by the all Sudanese indigenous team with

the support of the whole community and the publicity from their own radio and media were set together for all who wished to register and it was the first three places which were won by South Sudanese---as it should be. The winners got the “Mission to Heal” whistle hung around their neck on the platform and were handed an envelope with their name on a certificate and mementoes of the event. The first place finisher was John Deng, and he completed the course in about forty four minutes, and the fourth place finisher was (our own) Josh Webster who came in around forty seven minutes. I came in at one hour and 12 minutes, to be first in my age group.

Of course, I may also have been LAST place in my age group, since I was a bit more than twice the age of the next eldest runner in the pack of fifty five registered and about twice that many bandits running with us. One of those was the first woman whom I had hoped to give some award, but she rode in the back of a pickup truck for about two thirds of the race, which is a lot like that race I had done to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the University of the West Indies in Tortola in which I kept passing the same people repeatedly. I had been offered a ride in a pickup truck at the foot of every big mountain slope, but had declined. When I got to the Stadium finish line, I was acknowledged as “the only person who had run the entire course of the race instead of taking the usual ‘lift’ at the upslopes!”

I had talked to the midwives on touring the ruins of the Bor Hospital yesterday and encouraged them to participate. They thought that this was a hoot, but DID show up at Freedom Square to see the sport. They have no doubt carried a lot of water on their heads in their growing up as girls, but they had not run. They were dressed in long skirts and white pressed blouse tunics of their job---and flip-flops! Nonetheless, when the “Mission to Heal” whistle was trilled to start the race at what was supposed to have been 8:45 AM for our seven AM departure from Werkok to Bor, it actually could not get its act together until 9:15 AM---certainly the latest starting time of any major race I have done and a time I would consider about three hours late for the Equatorial tropics. Cases of water were set out with half liter bottles I picked one up as the whistle trilled.

In a cloud of dust, the pack ran along the Freedom Square and out into the “Main Drag” of Bor, where people paused in their grilling of skinned goat heads or pouring petrol into plastic Coke bottles (the standard unit of measure for fuel all through Africa.) A number of these fuel bottles had been placed on the stage at the Freedom Square along with a generator and boom box speakers guaranteed to drown out any sound of a generator engine when the festivities of the finishing ceremony would greet us on our return. I met up with Zach who was giving it a good try, then passed ahead to see a few of the stragglers of the lead pack which had included Josh. I fell back and handed Zach the water bottle I had started and then saw John Sutter way behind. I loitered a bit to get to a kid who was running closely pacing me, and I asked him repeatedly to stick to John. Then I “heard” the midwives.

The slapping sounds of their sandals and the swishing of their skirts showed they were giving it a good try under less than perfect circumstances. I got behind each of them and slapped

each on the back, and they would accelerate with that encouragement. Just like little kids, they would “fartlek” running forward at full speed and then stop and walk and then slowly run until I came up behind them and start the process all over. Many of these first timers, whom I was continuously goading, actually crossed the finish line in front of me eventually. Dr. Deng and Dr. Ajak, both sporting brand new and sparkling white running shoes, with Ajak also wearing a “CUBA” blue warm up suit, were doing the organizing along with a local sporting announcer, and neither ran. Each were on the vehicles, the official Jonglei State health Dept. Toyota Land Cruiser and a similar pickup truck from which they cruised ahead and handed out water and took video of the runners passing by. The ambulance with its flashers had been meant as our pace car, but we passed it in the early one hundred meters.

I had to bob and weave around braying donkeys hauling a fifty five gallon oil drum of Nile River water—“I yelled out “Hey! Get your ass off my course!” humoring at least Kirtus who heard me. I was watching the bemused smiles of some of the men, but on every occasion I could as women were intently staring, I would wave to them and yell “Kudwell Arreit!” They would inevitably burst out in cackling. The one woman mimicked an exaggerated pace and ran alongside me as I took her photo. I shot photos of me as I passed the pack of kids running alongside of us. And I kept encouraging the midwives.

I saw John faltering at one of the turns from the main drag as we turned toward the police station. I had tried to link him with one of the kids running barefoot through the soft sand of the unpaved (naturally) road and then went ahead seeing him in the back of a pickup truck later as he was brought to the water stop at one of the turns. He got out, drank several bottles of water and re-joined, and ran the back half with him—a good comeback!

I could hear the boom boxes as I saw my chronometer point to an hour, and we headed toward the Freedom Square and the gathered crowd all cheering us on as we sprinted toward the finish line. It was a while of milling around and little kids wearing tee shirts that said “For Sale School Books—Never Used” and another with a Barrack Obama tee shirt. One was wearing a tee shirt dealing with a peaceful voting of the referendum and another was urging “secede!” The miscellany of first world tee shirts is always a treat to see in any developing world country and a bit of a wonder about what their sponsors would be thinking if they could see them now. About like it, I am carrying back my own Jonglei Freedom Run tee shirt to see what sense could be made of it in the other world. Probably about as much as my only other acquisition on this trip which I have changed into after the brief shower up after the run—my Banaue “Ifagao Appreciation Day” in 2008, with the back of the tee shirt announcing “Proud to be Ifagao!”—I am always the “Odd Man Out.”

As we distributed the awards and saw all the finishers with a personal hand shake and my brief speech screamed over the PA set to the rap music of “Black Ninja”—no, I am not being funny!—we got in the vehicle and sucked up the rest of the liters of fluid we had packed along. I had anticipated perhaps encountering our big truck and its forty foot container with all the many

interested parties seeking to have it diverted from MCH Werkok to their own “distribution networks” when I could not have been more clear about how this volunteer organization had volunteered to donate this gift to the medical mission network of mission hospitals and only as a health bridge to peace among competing tribes and not as an exclusive to anyone of them. We did not see it and it is now likely that it will come forward tomorrow, Sunday, when any good government official cannot be found which is all to the good.

We had passed flocks of hadeedah ibis on our morning trip to Bor, and on return I could point out the Sacred Ibis at the drying up pool at roadside. A mob of baboons were parked on top of the rubble tossed up from attempts to move in the rainy season mud, Sentinel males were posted in the trees as females with young were foraging along the road side. We have made it back to sleepy high afternoon sun in Werkok and will now try to assemble and send the reports back to home base on the first of two rather major events anticipated here—the Running of the First-Ever Jonglei Marathon. The second event, soon to follow and I had feared might coincide exactly is the arrival in triumph of the fulfillment of promise in the Peace Initiative—itsself a pawn in power plays by many of those interested in persisting in zero sum games of advantage rather than collaboration in the NEW South Sudan, the forty foot container full of Derwood “Mission Control Room” supplies via “packing parties” of prior mission participants and shipping out of Toledo Ohio to make it to the “Far Side” of this troubled globe.

11-FEB-B-11

**SUNDAY, OUR DAY TO BEGIN THE FULL WEEK AT WERKOK WITH
THE ARRIVAL OF SOME INTERESTING CASES FOR EXPLORATION**

FEBRUARY 13 2011

I met a fisherman who came to the pond that is dug out behind my cabin and was carrying to metal tipped spears, pointed but without barbs. He waded in to the thick and stagnant water. A short time later he returned to sell us the products of his efforts which I ate as part of dinner---three catfish that looked like the kind that can actually breathe through their skin and also walk on their bony pectoral fins when the pond dries out, which it is well on its way to doing. Next to them were five thick and tasty tilapia. Does this represent the “aquaculture” I have been trying to start at Werkok and had discussed with Matt Frackelton and his colleagues as well as with the EWB (Engineers Without Borders) at GWU? No. These are the kinds of native fish that were swimming in the hospital compound and were being caught in the road in front of the hospital and leading to it. They just had to swim away somewhere when the waters receded leaving havoc behind in the roadways and they hung around in the pond—nature’s way of repopulating various ponds with a variety of species, at least in the greatest wetland on earth.

I have often run by the similar side-of-road puddle turned pond before we get to Werkok and its pond (the “Wer” of Kok) and each of the last years I have been here there has been water in it at the start which has run out by the end of my stay. In the early days of my dawn runs each visit, I see hammerkopf and ibis wading in the water with cattle egrets and occasionally the grey necked herons (which I noted have built large dried grass nests at the water tank up on the platform over the compound)—our source of water thanks to a contribution of Grand Rapids Kiwanis Club. I imagine right now, as I have seen the water level disappear from that shallow pond out to a puddle, that it is “summer time and the fishing is easy!” I should see the backs of the tilapia as have the wading birds and other predators, even those without a spear which I hoisted in the air as a salute to this fisherman’s prowess.

We are settling in to a routine here as the container is expected almost any time. Juma is going to visit his family in Bor and taking John Mchol with him. Ajak is seeing to some further paperwork that had dealt with the Jonglei Marathon and will return on his motorbike. We have the potential for a couple of bigger cases to be done in the course of this week here or in Bor. We have not heard further about the potential prostatectomy in Bor Hospital.

But a fourteen year old pre-menarche girl came on an eight hour walk with her father to see us in order to have the presence of a tender mass in her abdomen evaluated. She had a similar episode of abdominal pain in November which seemed to resolve spontaneously. She has had the recent onset of a similar pain, and it is located just to the left of the midline. It is associated with a tender mass which is about five cm in diameter and is easily palpable. She has

not been febrile or particularly sick. She is not aware of the sensation of a mass moving around in her abdomen. It is too high to be adnexal and she has no GI symptoms. It could be an ovarian neoplasm at her age, likely a cystic teratoma which might have become symptomatic when it twisted, the kind often found to contain teeth and hair. We have no X-Ray, but we do have the next best ideal machine to help differentiate this.

The sonography probe shows an almost fetal skull like shadow with relative echoic consistency within it. I just happen to have the Study of Surgery here which I had prepared to differentiate just such a mass. So, she has fallen in at the right time to be studied and fixed and she has come a very long way to go back without help. SO, we will arrange for her to be operated here at MCH.

**HEALTH CARE IS THE SHORT TERM: LONG TERM EVERYONE
HERE RECOGNIZES THAT THE TRANSFORMATIONAL POWER OF
EDUCATION IS THE ONLY WAY UP AND OUT OF THE CURRENT
STATUS OF STAGNATION CYCLE AND “ENTROPY INDUSTRY”**

I think the phrase is a useful one: “Entropy Industry.” It means that almost every developed system passed along from the first world breaks down without maintenance and is sent to the graveyard here of the developing world where it cannot be resurrected without the parts and expertise of the developed world mind set.. Therefore, a major enterprise in developing world arenas is “breaking down” whatever has been sent from the developed world that is no longer functional and reducing it into parts small enough to send back to get recycled back up the scale into something useful for value added. This is why the people along the roads in Zambia are pounding apart the rubble of the walls and structures which have crumbled and perhaps salvage a few bricks, and if not, make for the kind of gravel that might be component parts of cement. This is why there are salvage crews wandering through the deserts of the Horn Of Africa looking for broken down vehicles that have been abandoned, or—as seen in Asmara Eritrea, a whole military hardware graveyard, where carcasses of war machines that have been strafed, blown up and the human “consumables” have been burned away, and the scrap metal may be useful as some kind of salvage. This is also why Pakistan, without any iron ore, limestone or coke, is one of the leading steel producers and exporters in the world since it carefully searches “Jane’s Book of Ships” to check on the aging fleet of freighters and purchase the whole of any ship and its cargo to buy and then ram it up on the beach of a suburb of Karachi and peel it away layer by layer in “Ship Breaking” to create an iron and steel export industry from foraging among the scraps of the developed world to send back to them the used and recycled parts after they might otherwise be sunk as artificial reefs.

Here, the dumping of developed world fancy health care systems such as the notorious anesthesia machine which has never been made to work despite whole teams being sent here to salvage the lemon sent here at great cost---and a handsome writ-off to the donor (a featured item

I “Gifts from the Poor.”) Now sitting outside the container depot here is the twisted remains of the hydraulic operating table. Three of my trips ago, we thought we might put several of our mechanically gifted folk to work on this hydraulic table which raises, lowers and is set to different positions as it might accommodate several specialized operations. While part of our team worked on it for several days, jury-rigging hydraulic lines to substitute for those that had been bent, and doing whatever might be ingeniously substituted, the rest of us operated on multiple cases side by side on the gurneys which do not have any flexibility in position but were good enough to get the job done. Finally the repair team conceded defeat—there was no way that this special purpose OR table could be made to work, so it has been sent out behind the container depot to sit through the rainy seasons and dry seasons until someone decides that one of its parts will make an effective boat anchor. Meanwhile, it has a single function—it is one of the weed clogged covers under which the cat who begs scraps from us carries off her kittens each night to spread them out in different locations to prevent the total disaster of some predator discovering the intact covey of all her brood in one spot. Divide to survive is her motto, and that is one of the themes of “Entropy Industry” as well.

Making use of “found parts” also as a wonderful French term “bricolage” and the artisan who can do that is the “bricoleur.” Cobbling together the pieces of another world and making use of them for more fundamental purposes here in this world is a bricolage of the first order in survival skills—like using the infant bed nets impregnated with insecticide to fish for carp in the Nile River—eat today and worry about disease tomorrow. Immediate gratification is the spark to fuel all such attempts just to get through another day.

Now, the next phase of that is the reaction of those with whom we work. Clearly they are caught between two worlds with an envy of the lifestyle and power achieved even at much lower social levels in the own society than in the other. They see, quite clearly, that the single most useful thing they might achieve to help in their own personal mobility through the strata of each society is education. So, each will be eager to sit through our tutorials which have been quite good. Our participants from Team Rubicon have had many courses taught by the Special Forces or by at least ten graduate programs in my case, and the power and potential of such knowledge is quite attractive—to each. Several of our team mates have expressed an interest even if quite wistful—“if only”...(I did not already have a wife and kids, or a job, or a life style that requires me to be making a good living rather than getting re-encumbered with a lot of debt, or if only I could get support, etc.

Now, with almost identical yearning, the indigenous folk have come to me, most recently Gabriel, one of my trainees from last year. He had to drop out of MCH as one of my more able surgical trainees in order to achieve his primary school certifications. He cannot go further in any application process until he had this out of the way and at considerable expense and support he did get that accomplished in in the past year. Remember the embarrassment this caused the Lost Boys on arrival in the USA when they were first brought in. Here they were under the assumption that they were at least eighteen—many had no idea how old they were but hastily

assented to that as their age, when as tall as they were they might have been fourteen at that time. They were going to start a new life in the USA and wanted to get into such as Junior College. But first, this twenty plus year old must fold up his six foot six inch frame in a school room chair to study the three R's to get advanced into placement for a secondary starting school. It is embarrassing enough to be the only black man in class, but then to be twice their height and half their speed in the take up on the primary school lessons?

But those who did, also found it was hard. It is difficult studying the supposed trivia of any discipline when one might have visions of returning as the "Jefe" of the village. Many envisioned an "entry level" return job as, say, Minister of Health. I have all the tickets punched and credentials passed counting and still would not think I could walk in with immediate acceptance as the Director of a national budget on any large program—which they figured was going to come to them as a matter of course. After all, they were to the manor born, they were sent abroad to take up this responsibility, and they wanted to get started since they were already advanced beyond the ages that these jobs would be taken up since they had squandered a good number of years, not studying but wandering the bush at night in fear of predation by wild animals and wilder tribes, and strafing by day from Antonov's. They hoped to get "advanced Placement" from this "Post Graduate Equivalent Experience." But clearly they would not be competitive in such a role against the applicants from another world who had not had these impediments. "Affirmative Actions" as we have already discovered, has its drawbacks, and puts a lot of pressures on those it is designed to help. Many cannot take that heat, and most have some weaknesses in confronting their expectations against their capabilities.

My longest conversations with John Dau have been about the current status of his education and what he must do when the inevitable already-told story becomes yesterday's news. As compelling as his life story is, he is not alone in it, and it has already been told. If he wishes to equip himself to lead any kind of redevelopment, he cannot expect all of the power and responsibility to come to him from having led smaller boys across rivers into Ethiopia, when his completion will be carrying PhD's and technical skills more useful in the modern world. But, he is now the "President of the John Dau Sudan Foundation" and going back for this lifestyle of jetting from one tony hotel to another and TV Interviews and public appearances to sitting in a classroom doing declensions of some common languages is not something to consider. Especially since he is already acknowledged as a Big Man. After all he has a wife, purchased at a great cost in cattle. And now has several children. This is a rule with many of the applicants such as Gabriel who came by last night to say hello and to pose his plight.

He has received the special training with which I had helped Francis the Nuer at Old Fangak; he is qualified to do the trachoma lid eversion procedures. This skill is limited but valuable to certain small segments of populations who need it. Can he parlay that into the next level and become a CO Clinical Officer, like John Ajok her or Juma at Duk Payuel? Well, that is what Kathryn had proposed and come close to promising. At the time the CO School—the only one in South Sudan would cost six thousand dollars a year, and she pledged to see what she

might do to raise such funds. Almost immediately Zach said “Well, TR could help!” Wait. The current tuition is \$19,600 per year to get to be CO, and that certificate is not assured from that investment in the training. That is not a sure thing that making that investment will get the outcome anticipated by the donors, since there may be a couple of different agenda involved in the applicant’s efforts to matriculate. If one considers Gabriel a “student” remembers that a number of the would-be students that had always followed me through Africa from the Horn of Africa and from Assa Congo and from Malawi and Tanzania to name a few, come along with a few “impedimenta.” Like at least one wife and in Gabriel’s case, four children. Living expenses therefore are usual cumbersome. And using Juma as an example, he is the CO of Duk Payuel and BECAUSE he is the CO, members of his extended family have re-appeared from out of Ugandan Refugee camps and claimed their dependency upon him, including the five children of the niece of his dead father’s third wife—close enough to claim total dependency. SO, once one is “in for a penny,” the donor is in for an infinite number of pounds, Sudanese.

Besides, advocacy means there is one such person standing before us when there are hundreds—no, probably every single one of the developing world’s citizens, standing right behind the one being advocated with every bit as legitimate a request. As stated in “Out of Assa: Heart of the Congo” the fundamental principle is irrefutable: “If I had all the advantages you have had, I could be YOU!”

We have already promised support in US \$100.00 bills to Jean Marco for support of his daughters to get to be nurses. After all, I had once previously left money in a check to support just such education and it was allocated to other sources of aid every bit as urgent I am sure, but unknown to either JM or to me. And it would be far cheaper than trying to support someone already further upmarket such as Gabriel who already has finished his primary schooling now and even has some medical skills imparted by me on the last trip and through the entropion repair skills he had achieved on prior visits. Whom should we support and at what level, when there are so many with needy claims for help?

Jacob and I had had a discussion that he has been working hard as the manager here, and is rather poorly compensated and needs a break from the continual demands upon his time and talents. (See following as to the next chapter in the saga of the Container and its mishaps in making its way from Derwood to Werkok, and how Jacob has been called out each time to make the killing repeat trip to Juma to re-do the already accomplished “slam dunk” of clearance of the container and its load of donated supplies..)

Jacob is a Lost Boy who is a Michigan resident, which is how he has become affiliated with PCC Sudan. He is a graduate of Grand Valley Statue University. Given that fact, he might apply for support for the next level of skills enhancement—he has sat through several of our tutorials and considered that he might be capable of doing some of the things we are involved in and has expressed an interest to me of getting an MPH. OK, this is a good idea. But, now, from what pot are those resources withdrawn to support this objective and to what end? How that

investment would pay off is easily apparent if considered from the perspective he brings to one such view, his own, but how does that forward the cause for the MCH of PCC it inevitably becomes to regardless of the pledges of better and more for Sudan? He could return as an effective representative of MCH, but, as seen in all the ministrations for the container, he is already doing that and the eighteen months minimum subtraction from that post would absent him from such work. Then, if he came back even to do the very same job, it is expected that his skills so enhanced would require a higher compensation, and already all the PCC Sudan MCH workers are functioning on a cutback in their salaries by 25% with the fall off of the charitable support for PCC Sudan among all other charities in the USA with the Recession that has hit them all. So it might be interpreted by some that the investment in further training of a worker already employed would lead to a NEGATIVE return and a good deal of frustration for the advance which would not necessarily be forthcoming and an almost guaranteed departure.

If the help that each seeks as a way to advance is not intended UP FRONT to be the “Ladder Up and Out” it inevitably becomes so regardless of the pledges of better and more faithful service to the sponsoring institution by more capable employees in the future post-graduation. Indentured servants do not make very contented employees, and their very ambition and resourcefulness will cause them to seek much greater opportunities than the limited scope of an organization which in itself has a sunset provision for the next phase in its development, that is a transition into the local and traditional way of doing business, which the outside help has elevated in a qualitatively and quantitatively higher demand.

Most organizations in the field deal with only one or a few charitable targets and the universe becomes one of advocacy for the narrow and often parochial base. I cut across all of them being a member or dependent of none of them so I can see that some get more yield and effectiveness than others. As some mature they get very sophisticated in their fund raising, if not in their effective delivery of services. They do not count on donor fatigue and expect that every subsequent fund raising period will be outstripped by more and better resource support. If they are effective, should they NOT be phasing out and require less, rather than more support? My statement about that is that it is a series of very short steps from Advocacy to Agency to Ownership of a people and their problems which then entails a vested interest in failure to perpetuate the program for taking on a life of its own. I see that the fund raising of any programs that becomes a major source of support to the DONOR always get more shrill and parochial and brand named as they are less connected to the solution of a peoples' problem and get more vested in a security system as an employment agency for both first and third worlders.

I have just spoken with several who are riding a crest of popularity often associated with a book or media event—the John Dua movie and the Greg Mortenson book being examples of each, and the presence of the principle fund raiser on the platform seems to be the barometer of their fund raiding effectiveness, with “air time” exceeding “on the ground” programmatic time. The fund raising frenzy leads to feast and famine without any sustainable and long term transitional plan toward local development. Much is foolishly allocated when times are flush

and much is cut back with all the local frustration when the inevitable lean years come. Popular support in donor aid is a very fickle platform on which to build a future, when such a future might include another tsunami, or Haitian earthquake, or 9/11001 or cholera outbreak, or subprime mortgage debacle—all of which are going to be considered much more important than the project already underway when the “Next Big Thing” happens along.

This then becomes an “advocacy niche group” and who screams louder for support from constituencies already worked over by others. The sub-differentiation starts to occur—“We are building a Tiv Reformed Seminary” (from my earliest experiences in Nigeria) or the “SP Evangelicals are re-building the churches bombed away by the Islamic Northern GOS” (from my earliest ventures into Sudan a decade ago during the war before the CPA) which appeal to smaller groups which have to ante up in greater numbers than a general appeal across a wider range in flusher times for the common good of many more who are disadvantaged. Doing Good Carefully is not easy.

**AND, NOW, ABOUT OUR STAR-CROSSED CONTAINER TRUCK,
WITH JACOB ATTACHED TO IT AFTER CLEARANCES AND
COUNTERCLAIMS ENROUTE IN TRIUMPH TO WERKOK—WHEN IT
BREAKS DOWN: THE MISSING PART AND A MECHNANIC CANNOT
BE FOUND IN MONDIR NEARER JUBA THAN BOR WHERE IT IS NOW
STRANDED, AND BOTH ARE BEING FLOWN UP FROM MOMBASSA,
DELAYING REPAIR, AND ITS NOW-POSTPONED ARRIVAL IN
WERKOK WHERE IT IS AWATID WITH A CEREMONY STILL
PENDING MULTIPLE PARTICIPANTS’ POSSESSION**

Nothing is simple. This is Africa, after all, and we are dealing with all the imponderables and immoveable forces and the law of entropy in its purest primitive form. The truck broke down. After all the good news of Jacob’s having made hand delivery of the same letters of clearance and exemption that were already present with the driver but had gone missing in the hopes of private profit in impeding the forward progress, the truck made it out of Juba and on its way to Bor. The LAST place I would like to have the container stranded is in proximity of the clutches of those who have already expressed a preference for their own more evenhanded distribution of the precious resources as favors within their own patronage. But the container, contrary to first report, did NOT make it to Bor, but got to a village called Mongir, where the truck itself broke down. They made it back to Mongir to seek out help from mechanics which, of course, are not in abundant supply scattered through the bush between Juba and Bor. Most all “long haul over the road trucks” in Africa (which happens also to be the chief vectors in the spread of HIV, by way of our information in the tutorials) are moving parts depots. Except in this case, the missing part is not available and the mechanic’s skill is not present either. Remember, we own the content but not the container. Our leasing the truck (which we also do

not own) is along with an insurance policy on its breakdown, part of the nearly \$20,000 fee to get it here. So, the owners of the truck and the container box itself are at risk for the down time as well as we, so they called down to Mombasa where it is home ported and they said they would send both the part and the mechanic to repair it. If this were to be by road it would be months, but their down time is going to have to prevent that, so that the truck owners are going to fly the unknown part and mechanic to repair the truck—just where they will rendezvous with it and those details are sundown, but the long estimate on the timing of the truck's eventual arrival is five days now, which puts it at the outside limit of our visit here.

Of course, this is subject to change without notice, as have each of the prior changes. Faithful Jacob is going to return by some other road transit to get back to Werkok. We will go about our clinical activity as if the arrival of the container eventual will be an unplanned surprise windfall into our schedule. And all of this proceeds through our educational program of nightly tutorials which seem to be very rewarding for all those who participate which has been everyone who is here. That excluded D. Ajak who was still in Bor last night. It excluded John Mchol and Juma who were also on our van to get to Bor early yesterday morning for the Race (which I have just heard has elicited interest from ESPN!) but they are visiting the family and dependents that Juma is supporting from his employment at Duk Payuel. He had received a note that Dan Reid was one of the people who would be coming to Duk Payuel but long after any of the referendum election unrest was expected to peak, and insisted Juma be present on February 26 since there would be a session on Ultrasound technique. Juma could report back he has just had that session and is loaded with the software on his laptop having already used the U/S probe in practical applications here at Werkok.

The nightly tutorials have been good. The topics covered are those I have done every time I have visited any of the stations, but I was the one who gave all such discussion in the past, and then I assigned one or two to the participants who had traveled with me. Last year I made a point to be transitioned through from me on the first days, to half of the topics given by the other visitors on the next days and by the last week, 100% of the topics were by Sudanese teaching Sudanese. This time we have started with a mix, (since all other travelers are first timers except John with me) and last night's topics were HIV, Hepatitis, and STD's with each given by Kirtus, Dan, and John respectively since we were short all but John Ajok from the Sudanese team. By the end of the week, everyone will have gone through the whole curriculum and have presented at least twice, in time to have all the presentations left with the Sudanese for the "Network CME Program" which I envision to be all Sudanese teaching Sudanese and convened and run by Sudanese here at MCH with only backup support and materials supplied by anyone from outside.

ACTIVITIES OF DAILY LIVING

With baking enervating afternoon overhead sun temperatures in the proximity of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, not much is happening in mid-afternoon. It has been remarkably cool in the evenings and mornings and we ran the race in probaly the only overcast morning in

which it was not insufferably hot by ten o'clock so we used up a lot of our luck yesterday during the run. Nonetheless, we each drank in two liters and never peed until return.

The dry season plague is “flies in the eyes.” This is a real annoyance for Europeans, but Africans hardly blink. The source of any moisture for these pests is the eyes, ears and nostrils of adults, as well as kids who often have several other moist orifices exposed for the flies to cluster around (which is why they fit in the “Five F’s of Trachoma: Fingers, Flies, Feces, Families and Fomites”). A scorpion wandered in and scurried between stomping feet at the tutorial night before last. The ever-watchful raptors here, the kites, swoop over head at our dinner time and last night one made several close passes to inspect and try to clear our plates of any of the goat that had been slaughtered the day before to be turned into our dinner with the beans and bread. It is necessary to guard the foodstock from predation by animal life around here including the cat that is always carrying around a litter of kittens, spreading them out to avoid having them all in one place overnight. I saw another civet cat on this morning’s dawn run. It was a solo run since none of the others were up or out, presumably since they had already made their one exhausting run for the week. The bats that are thick as fleas in the hospital like especially to hang out under the cloth covers of the instruments and get scurrying around whenever anyone enters. They should be doing a better job of catching the pesky flies so we would not have to blink so often.

But, mosquitoes have not been a major problem. In this middle of the dry season there is very little standing water, and what is around has been so concentrated it is virtually mud. Wading birds include the hammerkopf and cattle egrets and the grey necked heron (filling the same niche as the Great Blue Heron and looking like it at the same size.) Both Sacred and Hadeedah Ibis are flying over in V formation at dawn and dusk, and all day long the cooing of the African Mourning Dove is heard. It is not unpleasant as a breeze is rather constant making one unaware of the heat unless one is out of the shade and in the overhead sun, which, of course, only mad dogs and Englishmen ever do so.

It is easy to get lulled into the mid-summer leisure, even by a team which has come here ready to “DO IT.” But today’s discussions distilled many of the topics from the tutorials and I could hear them all coming to the same metaphysical question every first time visitor in such a trip to Africa starts to ponder: “What on earth am I doing here? Any intervention is moral and has all kinds of consequences, both good and bad. If I save a life” what then becomes of it and haven’t I caused more problems in doing so for which I will not be present in the future to address?” etc, etc We will discuss the “Demographic transition” in our later public health discussion and talk then about what role an outside agent has in supporting development from mainly education as opposed to dropping in and Doing Everything to his or her own satisfaction, and then leaving—creating as much frustration and setting back progress of indigenous development by the extravagant outlay of resources in a few beneficiaries while frustrating so many more. These are the big questions for which I am going only to sharpen the inquiry without furnishing the answers—which will stay forever elusive out ahead of them no matter how many return tips to Africa they might make.

11-FEB-B-12

**THE BEGINNING OF OUR FULL WORKING WEEK AT WERKOK
WITH EVERYTHING BUT THE CONTAINER ACCOMPLISHED AS WE
BEGIN WITH A MAJOR INTRABDOMINAL CASE—THE NOW
OBSOLETE TERM “EX LAP” WITH U/S IMAGES IN PLACE**

**OUR CLINICAL WORK WEEK START UP IS DISRUPTED BY A
LETHAL RAID BY MURLE DACOITS ON THE SISTER OF A CLOSE
FRIEND OF AJAK’S AND A KIDNAPPED CHILD**

February 14, 2011

**BEGINNING WITH A “MOONLIT RUN THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT
BUSH” ALONE IN THE COLD LIGHT ON THE RUTTED ROAD**

Weird. I just got up and had the same leisurely wakening with the rooster crowing and stood around with the others drinking coffee awaiting the new day. Why?

After a good series of tutorials and a plan of action for the coming week since it seems we will be still not getting the container any time soon, I turned in as I heard the generator still going as I looked at my watch and discovered that it was very late for that to be happening, almost 2:30 AM. A young dog was yipping incessantly at about 330 AM and John Sutter rolled over on his cot and said “Do me a favor and shoot that dog.” I got out in the cold light of the two thirds moon and peed, and came back to sleep for what I figured to be two hours. I awoke and looked at my watch—it was 6::15 AM, the time I usually hear the rooster crowing and a few birds chirping and I get on my running shoes and move out.

So, I did so. I had got out to the gate when I encountered the chained fence and everything locked up in the compound. I saw no guard. I saw no one. It is the cold light like an LED lamp with the outline of things and even a shadow on the ground behind me, but nothing clearly outlined, especially not the fence and its places where I might climb it. This could have been a good excuse to give up the run, but I continued, carefully selecting a place where I could climb over without getting torn up on the single strand of barbed wire on the tip tier of the fence. I made it over and figured I would not have to worry about repeating that in the dark since at least on my return after dawn, as usual, it would be open

I turned on the illumined dial on my Iron Man watch and confirmed that it was now 6:25 AM and I could see that it was set for the chronometer, and shuffled off carefully picking the high and hard spots in the rutted road. The rainy season had done a real number on the road. It

is this very spot in the road that was the best spot for catching big fish in the rainy season only four months before. The attempted passage of a vehicle had left ruts so deep as to lose major appliances let alone twist an ankle, especially in the dark. So I run along slowly with moves like advancing a foot to see the depth of the road in front of me—akin to wading in to a river from the bank through murky water. I always start my run in the pre-dawn dark (which is why the Jonglei Marathon was so unusual, being the latest I have started a run out here with fears for the coming heat of the day.) It often takes the first half of the run, before the sky gets tinged with color, and that always happens dead east from the road making for good photos over the pond at Werkok on return, whereas on the way out I might hear the croaks of startled grey necked herons and the splash of the feeding tilapia in the pond being preyed upon by the stalking birds in the shadows. Almost always a stray dog will come out to sniff at me on the way through Werkok or a kid will see me and wave and chuckle or some sing that I am recognized for this weird behavior of running when no one is chasing. Especially through the pre-dawn dark.

Nothing. Not so much as a heron's raspy croak. No sign of a dog. No kid. No notice of movement at the police outpost at Werkok. No woman carrying her twenty liter bidon to go for her twice daily chore from time immemorial of hauling water back to the tukul—as a mobile family appliance. No sign of life. It was still the black and white of moonlight, or more accurately, the grey and dim off-white of moon shadows. I focused on the heavily rutted road—a chiaroscuro of rugged peaks and valleys immediately ahead of me—conyonlands for a runner. It reminded me of the name for the terrain in South Dakota that was assigned by the early pioneers “The Badlands”—for “Bad land to cross.” It was not getting one faint lumen lighter.

I got out a half hour toward the tukul which marks the last in the “suburbs” of Werkok, and approached the barren bush where I had seen all the topi—the herds of antelope I had run through last year and had deceived Julie Cavallo into believing that the sound of the gunfire around us in this area was from antelope hunters, when it had, in fact, been the dawn opening salvo in the massacre of the twelve Dinka of whom ten died that day. I thought that the area is still as isolated, especially for a lone runner wearing a Jonglei Freedom Run white tee shirt which stands out like a glow-in-the-dark target, but it was even starker in contrast, since last night we could see this distant point from the MCH compound as a long rim of fire. This was the large fire front of the bush burning yesterday. I could see and smell the char along the road sides. It was here that I often turn at the thirty minute point for a one hour run.

I turned around and made it back, in the same cold light without a glimmer of improved visibility when I am usually going out in the dark and coming back in the dawn. I began to get the picture, but figured I would check it out when I returned to the gate which should no longer be locked if it is the usual 7:30 AM time when the guard unlocks it. I got back to the cross ruts where the vehicles now cross the ruts of the road in front of MCH—the “Fishing Hole” from the rainy season in the roadway. I punched the watch to finish the run at an hour and turned the

clock function back on—7:30 AM, just as predictable as sunrise. But, this time, the sun had not risen.

I picked a spot for the fence climbing, envisioning my self-getting ripped up by catching some part of my running shorts on the barbed wire as a visual picture to prevent that from happening by identifying by feel every sharp spot in the fencing before climbing it. I made it over with just a scrape on the left thumb. I came back in to the compound where no one stirred and even the ducks and the roosters were still somnolent. I crept back in where John was sound asleep and sat in bed without taking off the running shorts figuring to nap until the compound awoke.

When they awoke, it was four hours later. My watch now records 1:29 AM. Somehow, in pushing buttons in the dark, my watch had got re-set five hours ahead, and I had got out according to my Iron Man watch for a “Moonlit Midnight Run”—an early start for a good Monday operating day!

THE CASUALTIES OF AN ORDINARY WEEKEND: “FIGURE AND GROUND” AGAINST WHICH OUR EXTRAORDINARY PEACE INITIATIVE WITH THE “REGULATION MURLE” APPEARS UNIQUE: AJAK RETURNS FROM BOR WITH A REPORT OF THE MURLE BANDIT RAID THAT KILLS THE SISTER OF HIS GOOD FRIEND

Ajak has returned after a weekend in Bor apologizing for a coincidence of absences and “distractions.” He reports that he will not detail the reasons for last year’s severe restrictions on his availability and the denouement of the involvements of his betrothal that had so unsettled last year. Despite its hopefulness, it appears that it had degenerated into the classic case of rivalry leading to both personal and public political disruption previously detailed in Feb-B-9. But now, this year’s visit has had another “incident” reminiscent of the “background” events of Murle/Dinka conflicts, both official and in banditry of the kind easier to sustain in a lawless environment. It is these very incidents that show how unlikely the official peace initiative brokered last year with the Murle officials in PiBor is so miraculous.

On this weekend, Ajak was enjoying a bit of the post-race glory in the wake of the successful first-ever Jonglei Freedom Run with his friend Madonki in Bor. It was close to midnight, that Madonki, Ajak, and a number of their Dinka friends were rallied as vigilantes to come to the aid of Madonki’s sister—too late, as it turned out. The whole region was under Murle surveillance. The sister was in a LOCKED tukul with a number of children at a village of Makwotchi (Sp?) between Bor and Werkok. It was midnight, and the sister of Madonki, Elizabeth by name, was a grandmother in her own right and had collected the children in the tukul and locked the door. The Murle bandits are after cattle and children, and had cased the area and

knew that this tukul was inhabited by only women and children, both fair game. They tried to break through the door at midnight without success, so they set fire to the tukul. One of the children, hiding under the bed, a 6 year-old boy, began to scream. Elizabeth scooped him up in her arms and decided she was better off outside the door than inside the burning building and made a break to open the locked door. She was holding the child in her arms and was half in and half out of the tukul when the Murle outside gave the order to fire on anyone coming out. Elizabeth was shot through the head and killed instantly and her body was half burned, whether before or after the gunshot was unclear. The child was snatched from her in either event and has been kidnapped and not heard from further. That was the scene that greeted Ajak on arrival with a group of Dinka who had all armed themselves almost by osmosis, since AK 47's were suddenly materialized and thrust upon them as they got into the vehicle. They had pledged that anyone on the road would be an enemy at that hour and no friend so they were going to come in shooting. But by some miracle, the roads were clear and they saw no one until they got to the burning tukul and saw the grisly scene.

Madonki, understandably, was out for blood and wanted to give chase and engage the perpetrators. Ajak prevailed in urging calm and foregoing vengeance. These are bandits and not official Murle who are under the embargo of violence in the promise made last year. The official Murle position would be as anti-violence as the Dinka involved since they both have a very great deal to lose—especially with the container of supplies and the promised medical education redevelopment overture about to arrive the very next week. It was difficult, but through the night, Ajak talked the hot blood of revenge for the death of an innocent sister and the kidnapping of a grandchild into passive acceptance, without revenge. We will bring up incidents of this type with the Murle Commissioner when we meet him next Monday and see if they can ferret out the perpetrators, and it can be expected that Murle officials will deal with such violence more harshly than even the posse of vigilantes let loose from the Dinka Bor might do since they have a lot more to lose if any such official condonation occurred of such lawless raiding for which the peace initiative was promised to prevent.

Figure and Ground:" it would be easy to say that no mass violence has taken place between Murle and Dinka because the whole tenor of the time has changed and that the referendum might have brought about a reduction in violence Yeah right! This incident underscores as the exception that proves the rule the tinder box crucible in which these two cattle cultures are in abrasive contact, and would be at each other's throats I wholesale were it not for their mutual interest in improvement in health care to assure some improvement in their fertility. That would be not just for themselves, but also for their cattle—which they are not at all far from worshipping, using deity terms in the description of these beasts that put them into the "range wars" familiar to those who have romanticized the wild lawless West in the early USA.

My own relief is that Ajak was not caught up by chance association in a firefight. We have far too much to use and almost no reward from armed conflict between the groups we seek

to serve as honest broker, and much as the USA in negotiating peace between the Arabia and Israeli sides in the Middle East, it often is seen as a No Win situation—a classic “self-fulfilling prophecy.” If Ajak had been caught up in a firefight by direct encounter with the “Dacoits” there would be NO benefit to the entire peace process that could result. As it is, he has gained some further currency as a peace broker by getting his close Dinka friends from foreswearing vengeance, even under the heavy goading of the provocation of the death of a sister of a close friend. It just may be true that “Every year Dry Geelhoed comes by at a critical time of distraction by major events which could dissuade us from our ultimate goal, but we continue to seek the longer term benefit of a peaceful independence, rather than the shorter term balance of scores on a never-ending hostility scale that has plagued us for centuries’.” It may be that the very distractions that befall Ajak on each of my visits are the very “cases in point” that add the credibility to the peace initiative and show that the likely outcome of peace and development is a contingency and can hardly be assumed as a given in automatic progress. It is hard. It is also worthwhile.

“THE COW IS GOD WITH A WET NOSE”—Dinka proverb

These reverent terms for the adulation of their cattle are indicators of the esteem in which these beasts are held. They are more than totems, as potent as those are in representative culture. It might be easy to trivialize this at a distance to say that I am over hear trying to resolve disputes between competitors for grazing or water rights. No. This is not trivial. An attack on owned cattle is an attack on the heart of the Culture, be it Dinka, Murle Nuer or Misereri or other Nilotic peoples with whom we are dealing. I can become frustrated in their fixation but that does not change it. Even a Dinka Lost Bo living in Fargo or Washington, or Grand Rapids, or Skaneateles or Atlanta or Edmonton is going to have the same fundamental currency for the things he most values—and that happens to be literally embodied in cattle. So, there is nothing trivial about an affront to the Murle or Dinka pride by saying it is just a squabble over livestock. It is as real as a half burned sister’s corpse and a missing six year old who is crying tonight in some strange tukul facing a life of change into a new language, a new culture, both revolving around the “God with a wet nose.”

11-FEB-B-13

**TURNING FROM THE DITRACTIONS OF INTER-CALN HOSTILITES
TO THE HEALTH CARE FOR WHICH OUR TEAM IS EQUIPPED TO
TREAT, WE HAVE A FULL CLINIC AND THE OR DELAYED FOR
REACTION TO THE PRE-OP ANTIBIOTIC PROPHYLAXIS**

February 14, (Ironically enough, Valentine's Day) 2011

**: AS WE ARE INSERTING THE SPINAL ANESTHESIA, WONDER OF
WONDERS! THE CONTAINER TRUCK ROLLS UP TO MCH AND WE
UNLOAD ITS CONTENTS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY CLINIC AND
OR SCHEDULE, CHANGING MANY PLANS AS WE STORE THE
ABUNDANCE OF SUPPLIES FROM DERWOOD AND TOLEDO NOW
SAFELY ARRIVED INTACT ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE GLOBE ON
VALENTINE'S DAY!**

It has arrived! A Valentine's Gift from around the world has just rolled on to the dusty rutted path in front of the MCH and the gate I had climbed over in the middle of the moonlit cool night, now in the baking dun of mid-day has just rolled open to have the Somali driver, his "road assistant" and Jacob Gai come tumbling out of it! We were just at the point of monitoring Juma doing the Lumbar Puncture to start the spinal anesthesia for the fourteen year old girl with the abdominal tender mass when Aaron came over and asked me "Were you expecting a container? Because there is a big one coming up the road through the gate!"

And there it was. A big Volvo tractor with two sleeping compartments in the cab had Jacob tumble out of one and the driver, a Somali looking down from the high up driver's seat as he deftly made nearly right angle turns to haul the tractor trailer and its forty foot container up against the front of the hospital. The women who work in the compound came forward in the swaying dance and ululation of the happiness that comes to these people so seldom and bubbles over so easily when it does. They swung their arms over their heads and danced as the container came to a slow crawl and halt and the big engine was shut down. They danced around as I had filmed it and the magnetic TR Logo was slapped on the side and tailgate. I took a video of it being opened up and the gleaming OR equipment from tables to new beds, which are capable of both electrical and hand cranking to change their positions. We saw the Hubbard tank for the treatment of the burn patients and the boxes of all the things I had put together into the Penske trucks in Derwood to get to the University of Toledo warehouse where it was repacked in the container than then—through Zach Smith's efforts, made its way through Missionary Expeditors

to Mombasa, and then from there through Uganda and Juba –through Jacob Gai’s tireless efforts, got around the diplomatic, political and corruption obstructions to finally succumb on the last breakthrough to an overheated engine in the middle of the stark bush ten kilometers from Juba. Jacob got out and walked with the Somali driver through the blazing sun back to Juba to try to get a mechanic which finally materialized after the company that owns the truck flew one out from Mombasa, and some part of the compressor that allowed the cooling of the big diesel engine was replaced in the bush. Then, having used up all his cell phone battery in prior messages, Jacob could not tell us about the progress he had made and got into the big Volvo cab and came up to arrive at noon in MCH with their entire forty foot container still intact and sealed until we swung the big doors open and saw the unpilfered supplies inside

It is a miracle, not to be taken for granted. It is a contingent event, with the contingencies involving the efforts of folk as generous and tireless in their patience as Jacob having made his fifth trip to Juba to get the Exemption letters delivered as they should have been accepted on the first pass. Then the vagaries of driving a big behemoth of a truck like that over the very same terrain I was stumbling over last night in my midnight run by moonlight in the deeply rutted roads all flooded out and torn up by the rainy season mud baths. It cannot be easy any way it is counted. The truck came right through the chaos of Juba where a thousand would be new government officials are eager to rip off the NGO’s and UN agencies for a handsome living by delaying and obstructionist tactics from which they profit in outright bribes. It came by the village where the Murle raid killed the sister of Ajak’s friend while it was still stuck in the nearby bush. It drove through the Bor Jonglei Headquarters where several officials have decreed that any such donation be given only to them to enrich their own fiefdoms and not given to distribute to other mission stations, above all NOT to those who have a history of hostilities to the same officials and their beholden constituencies.

But the “Mission to Heal” has made it thus far. We posed all the people who will take responsible ownership of the contents and recognize its value for the people they serve. As we opened it up, we off-loaded it by the old-fashioned African way, with head loads of stuff being portered to the ultrasound storage room where I had put Jacob in charge as the Chief Load Officer. I looked around and saw patients we had just seen, including the fellow with a goiter who was waiting for his ultrasound of the thyroid to see if he had a colloid nodule or a cellular neoplasm. There were women who were to have gynecologic evaluation who were dressed in colorful cloths abruptly leaving the front of the hospital waiting area and joining in the parade of porters with loads on tier heads. We had many sacks of flour and many more of rice of both American and Indian kinds and bidons of vegetable oil and whole cartons of egg noodles and powdered milk and can you believe it?—instant coffee!

There are also seven beds with electric mobility as well as hand cranked back up mechanics. The Hubbard tank for the treatment of burns such as I had seen here t Werkok two visits ago and had seen last weekend in Bor hospital. We had OR tables and gurneys and the

surgical equipment I had loaded at Derwood including OR anesthesia monitors and the surgical sutures and disposable gowns which will never be disposed and the gloves by the gross and sutures by the caseload. When the question had been asked frequently as we had during each clinic and tutorial “Do we have any....?” The answer has changed to “We do now!”

How this cornucopia is apportioned is going to be a delicate issue and I am glad I am not that final arbiter of that, but had delegated that specifically to Dr. Ajak and to Jacob Gai, the Medical Director and the administrator who made it all possible and our “point men” to the Murle on our last visit to PiBor. They know the purpose envisioned for this Mission to Heal Peace Initiative and the principle piece of the overall puzzle—to achieve a continuing education ongoing symposium among the representatives of EACH mission in and among the various factions of tribal loyalties, with an equitable distribution of the largesse of both the education and the equipment to facilitate it spread out with no one taking exclusive ownership except to serve their rivals with health care and its delivery and health care education.

We have made a good start with a full week of the tutorials with fewer of them being given by me each evening and more by all other participants with half or less now being given by the TR team and increasingly the assignment of the topics going to the Sudanese to prepare as their “dress Rehearsal” for coming Missions Network Symposium.

CLINIC AND OR WERE ALSO AT THEIR BUSIEST DURING THIS EXCITING INTERVAL OF THE CONTAINER’S ARRIVAL

While this was happening, our biggest clinic to date was in progress as the waiting patients were entertained by the sight of the staff scurrying back and forth in scrub suits carrying loads of stuff into storage. Forty two outpatients were seen by John Mchol alone, as I was involved with Dan Fong and John Sutter as the anesthesiologists in chief after Juma instilled the Spinal Anesthetic and they supplemented the adequate coverage with IV analgesia. Kannan and Juma were going to be scrubbed with me assisting and Ajak looking on as we opened the abdomen and found a distended uterus which was the tender mass in this virginal fourteen year old. She was squeamish about a vaginal examination and we agreed to do that while she was under spinal anesthesia. She had a negative Gravindex and had never had a period at age fourteen. She had already developed other secondary sexual characteristics and would be considered past due for menarche so we had an idea in the differential diagnosis—she may have had an ovarian teratoma that twisted in November and gave her the tenderness then which had untwisted and re-twisted in the last few days which gave her such pain that she walked the eight hours each way to get her with her brother. He speaks adequate English, but medical terms and body fluids are not his strong suit so we would explain what is going to happen as he would translate to her.

Her operation had been delayed since she developed a rash to the pre-op dose of cefazolin and we had given her Benadryl to counteract that. We had no suggestions that this was

an inflammatory disease but had focused on a congenital and developmental disorder figuring her to be past menarche by several months and two other possibilities were likely —“hematocolpos” a collection of pent up menstrual blood in the upper vagina held back by an imperforate hymen, or “hematometria” a collection of unshed menstrual blood retained because of an undilated plugged cervix. We found out that the second was the correct diagnosis. We closed up the abdominal laparotomy and while she still had intact spinal anesthesia put her heels together in frog leg position and had Kannan insert a hemostat to gently dilate the imperforate hymen which had fibrosed to a thick peel. With the entry into the upper vagina, a gush of “tomato soup” appearing uninfected unclotted old blood gushed out in over a liter quantity. The uterus was massaged to expel another half-liter and she has a permanent correction and entry into the new life a young menstruating Dinka woman.

Her brother had an explanation of this situation which I thought was rather thorough but then Dr. Ajak also asked him to step through the OR door. He seemed to me to take it all in and start wavering on unsteady feet when he saw the now released pent-up menstrual blood and I figured this was a discussion that could probably take place more adequately in the ward from which he had come in his waiting. We also busied him in being part of the porter parade as items continued to come out of the container.

I also evaluate d a large goiter in the clinic in a woman of bout age fifty which was not impairing her airway but she was genuinely interested in having it resolved. It is not one that is symptomatic and I would be willing to relive her of it but she should be done with an endotracheal tube for airway protection and a general anesthesia. A woman who had had an earlier inguinal hernia repair here has now got a femoral recurrence which will be our next day’s case. We saw many miscellaneous patients and admitted a young girl with severe malaria and started her on IV quinine therapy while she was vomiting from the illness,

All in all, I believe we took rather good care of a full clinic and OR schedule during the excitement of offloading a fort foot container with all the things that may keep this center and a half dozen satellites functioning at a higher level of care competence in the course of the next year.

“MISSION TO HEAL” ACCOMPLISHED!

11-FEB-B-14

ANOTHER BIG DAY: BEGINNING IN CLINC AND OR AT MCH AND THEN A FIELD TRIP TO BOR TO VISIT THE JONGLEI GOVERNOR, AND THEN A REAL FIELD TRIP TO A LEPER COLONY TO DRESS WOUNDS AND TO ATTRACT SUPPORT FOR THEM; THEN I DELEGATE THE DRILL ON TUTORIALS TO JOHN SUTTER FOR THE NIGHT WITH THE INDIGENOUS STAFF EACH ASSIGNED TOPICS AS I DROP OFF IN BOR TO SPEND THE NIGHT TO BE READY TO TESTIFY IN COURT IN AJAK'S SUPPORT ON THE MATTER OF THE INJUSTICE IN HIS ABSCONDED BRIDE WEALTH

February 15, 2011

On the run this morning, and I do mean morning rather than the middle of the night under the cold glare of moon light as I had the prior run, I stumbled through a whole mob of meerkats! These are mongoose relatives and are in a comical social unit always playing games like otters and standing upright to peer around as if nosy. I hope I may have even got a few photos of them as they cavorted their way out of my path as I also photoed the sunrise over the tukuls with the kites swooping in the pink dawn sky.

Today may be a different sort of day—mush like yesterday in its start, but then an official field trip in a return to Bor for a medical diplomacy meeting with the Jonglei Governor, before a more important extension of our trip to go to the Leper Colony, now neglected with no obvious support from any agency. Established by the British o century ago, and supported by the Dutch until the signing of the CPA (Comprehensive Peace Agreement) all support stopped with eh CPA and they have been on their own and completely neglected since then. One of our reasons for going is to bring in bandages and to dress the wounds to limit their inevitability of auto amputations. I had given a complete outline of the disease leprosy last night and left an “indelible mark” here in Werkok. That is because I used the back side of the PCC Sudan sign as a “white board” and marked the curve of multibaccillary Leprosy on the left side and Paucibacillary leprosy on the right in a Sharpie. SO, for all time they will have this single slide critical to their understanding of this slow motion human communicable disease, which is more a result of the body's reaction to it than to the damage inflicted by the mycobacterium itself.

“COLONIES”—“LEPER” AND “OTHERWISE”

“Leper Colony” is an ideal term to make obsolete. Empires fall, times change, wars ebb and crest. The “Other World” is fickle and easily distracted into self-absorption. As I had

outlined in three generations for this group of people along the White Nile, they were dependents on the mighty Raj of Victoria, who had a keen conscience on the ostracism of the "Leper" based in the Scriptures and the Old Testament penchant for identifying the patient with the disease. [No modern thinking person would ever, of course, inflict the poor victim with our fear of the scourge they bear, would they? Except, for every new one and all the old ones in turn that have ever come to be recognized, from venereal diseases to AIDS, to poverty itself....]

So, the infantilization of dependency has loitered long after the colonial era has been disabused of the idea that someone somewhere else knows what it best for you. As listed the British Empire had its sunset on the Union Jack, and the Dutch, largely for their own Biblical reasons took over the care and feeding of the people in this Leper Colony. In parts of Malawi I had written of the leper colonies and the "Leper Door" which was bricked up at Embangweni when the people there had not become more enlightened, but moved the problem away by re-siting the colony so it would not have to be so obviously next to them. In Old Fangak I had been treating lepers, many of them the same ones, for each of my many visits there without any evident "colony" to which they were assigned. They seem to have been "mainstreamed" largely by collapse of the colonial system, not by loss of fear of their dreaded contagion.

Lepers are people that should be isolated, then cared and fed as necessary but out of contact, as specimens in a zoo might be for those of us who have passed well beyond such an era of plagues and pestilences. Really, there is no need for Leprosy Colonies as there now are no needs for TB Sanatoria, with modern multi-drug therapy (including, form males only, the resurrection of the dread drug "Thalidomide!") which makes these patients ALL into the uninfective "paucibacillary" patients of either one of the Mycobacteria. They do not need colonization; they need "cottage industries" jobs, commerce, and integration into a community. In this way, no one can take credit for their care as a charitable indicator of their helping the neglected and down-trodden, and many of the "colonies" are kept around as historic pieces of nostalgia—as much for the dependency of the inmates as for the self-congratulations of the society that instated their care. That they should become rivals competing in the open market with those of us "Clean" folk is a bit much.

"Unclean!" The call must be uttered in advance of any progress for the leper or for leprosy. Renaming it "Hanson's Disuse" does not de-mystify it, any more than Ghandi's re-naming "outcasts" "Children of God" changed their status in Indian caste systems. The idea that all Lepers are a contagious threat to those of us more righteous citizens and the threat is that we, too, could look like them with body parts missing and eaten up by the ravages of painless passage.

Leprosy, is, in fact, contagious, second only to measles at its peak in contagion in a high reproductive rate of the disease, and a single sneeze can put billions of mycobacteria into aerosolized spread. But, that is only the kind of leprosy that is "multibacillary, the stage at which it is least apparent and the fresh new case stage we will not see today. In fact, the rare patient

who could develop the multibacillary stage of the disease (formerly called ‘lepomatous leprosy’) is one who is at severe nutritional and immunologic compromise. Only those with other diseases already known and much more lethal such as AIDS would be so vulnerable. As the disease progresses, all the mycobacteria are cleared and the “infectious disease is long gone when the inflammatory one lingers on.” The reaction of the body to the mycobacterium Leprae is so strong as to eradicate the organism which tries to hide for its last holdouts behind the nerve sheaths of the blood brain barrier and the neurolemmal sheath in which the leprae hide out for their last stand. The body keeps on attacking where it once was even though the infectious disease invading organism has been long gone, often decades later. These “reactions” are what deaden nerves. It gives the thickened nerve roots palpable behind the ears and the anesthetic patches in the skin which can sometimes be depigmented as well. Then one day a foot drop is noted. Next month a “claw hand develops.” All this occurs painlessly.

In fact, painlessness is the point. It is because of insensate limbs that minor traumas are not avoided or noted and the thorn in the foot becomes the deep erosive ulcer which finally becomes the autoamputation. In the “Gift that Nobody Wants” Paul Brand described Pain as the thing that allows us to defend ourselves from the slings and arrows of daily living. Without that pain as a signal, patient’s burn, cut, stab, injure themselves all unconsciously, especially on those interfaces that are closest to the environment and with the heaviest pressures—the feet, the hands, especially the digits.

So, today, after formalities with the Governor (which I have repeated so many times consisting of effusive thanks for my services and a reminder wish list of those items still to be delivered in his wish to become my dependent as though I were a UN or NGO agency with mega-largesse) we are going to visit the outcasts. They have a big fence around them. In fact, the only piece of modernity there is the fence. This, I presume, is not to prevent me from cutting my way in! These are the paucibaccillary lepers or Tuberculous leprosy victims of long dormant Leprosy now suffering from the ravages of self-inflicted unconscious limb-threatening minor trauma which if not dressed, padded, cared for, will result in amputation, with or without medical surgical help. So TR is gathering padding and gauze and dressing materials and any old shoes that can be filled with sponge rubber. And this Modern Swift Response Team is going to journey across millennia to address an ancient scourge—the Slowest Motion Infectious Disease with the largest of the inflammatory reactions which self-destructs in reaction. Perishes this is an analog of our Peace Initiative in South Sudan as to prevention of self-immolation in response to recognized wrongs done to one, and the subject of my own “day in court” in Bor. We may be able to export this model to the Middle East in the Palestinian crisis, or every other fratricide worldwide.

**“SOCIAL SERVICES” FOR THE NEW INTERNALLY “LOST BOYS
& GIRLS” IN CONFLICT ZONES OF SOUTH SUDAN CATTLE
CULTURES**

In the other activity that will take me to Bor, I will try to attack another social leprosy of a different kind, including my own. My response to the wrongs inflicted upon Ajak was to have at the perpetrators, and settle this swiftly—the most common reaction all through South Sudan for any grievous wrongs done to another. Such a wrong was done just two nights ago, and Ajak was in the band that talked the relatives out of revenge and will have recourse to the constituted authorities systems here. I will now do the same for Ajak. As he requires witnesses of the events last year in which the egregious rip off of his bride wealth occurred, I will go with Jacob and get this process on the correct path for resolution—the infamous “due process” that takes so long that tempers are flared out when resolution finally results if at all.

So also is the system of bush justice in which I will report to the Murle Commissioner and authorities and paramount chiefs that we have been troubled by the death of a woman and kidnapping of her grandchild. As vested as the Murle authorities are in the Peace Initiative they have pledged, there is no place for these perpetrators to hide in all of the bush in South Sudan. For one thing, they must surface to “fence” the child. There is a unique child protective service here that has been effective in recovery and return of such kidnapped children, five of six in recent memory here in the Bor Payam. Among the group of those active is a MURLE WOMAN. She is obviously at very high risk, but is continuing doing this as it is right. She has a network of contacts who know where and whose children are that have gone missing and she makes a very committed bloodhound in tracking them down and returning them out of the Murle ranks to be returned to the Dinka. I would not be selling her life insurance, but she is akin to the Imam in the Nuba Mountains who is my go-between in negotiations for release of slaves. Each is heroes who shall not be named.

So, after the OR and clinic today (which is busy because there was an announcement in each of the churches on Sunday that we were open for business) we will go forward in 1) a Bor visit for “medical diplomacy”; 2) a unique field trip to care for the leprosy patients in the abandoned leprosy colony along the Nile; 3) the attempt to see justice take its course in the defrauding of Ajak in the clan rivalry between Dinka Bor and Eastern Jonglei Dinka which I was so closely involved with on last year’s visit. Mission to Heal is still going forward on a half dozen Peace and Justice Initiatives on top of a successful Health Care and Health Care Education mission.

11-FEB-B-15

AN AFTERNOON IN TRANSIT TO BOR TO MEET WITH AN ABSENT GOVERNOR, AND THEN ON TO MALEK, TO ENTER THE CENTURY-OLD LEPROSY CAMP AND ATTEND THE 470 PATIENTS INSIDE THE BARBED WIRE OF THE NOW-NEGLECTED LEPROSY COLONY ON THE BANKS OF THE WHITE NILE RIVER AS WE DRESS TROPIC ULCERS AND NOTE LEONINE FACIES AND CLAW HANDS, THE SUBJECTS OF LAST NIGHT'S TUTORIAL, AND THEN TO RETIRE IN BOR AT THE NEW FREEDOM HOTEL, A REFUGE FOR NGO'S AND UN WORKERS IN PREPARATION FOR TOMORROW'S COURT DATE IN BOR

February 15, 2011

I am in a new “hotel” room00the Freedom Hotel at Jonglei State-Bor, Southern Sudan at FREE= 06* 12.68 N and 031* 32.91 E in the hot and dusty town of Bor, through which we ran the Jonglei Freedom Run only three days ago.

That race was run from Freedom Square, hot dusty soccer pitch in mid town at BOORT= 06* 12.43 N and 031* 33.44 E. The repercussions of this event which may seem to be a regularly recurring event in my life, has had ripples all through the GOSS and Jonglei State as they are now dreaming of Olympic Glory and have even got some interest from our blog on ESPN.

I have just left the Malek leprosy Colony on the banks of the White Nile where we set up shop under the village central Neme Tree at LEPR= 06* 03.87 N and 031* 35.87 E

So, now you know where I am, leaving only the query about what I am doing? You may have had some broad hints of that since I gave the full dress Leprosy Lecture last night at the tutorial and left a permanent white board “slide” explaining the Leprosy mycobacterium and the two forms of the disease in humans—the only species it affects, and that severely in some cases, whom we have gone to see today. I had explained a bit in the 11-FEB-B-14 preparation for this visit that I am not eager to plant or support “colonies” anywhere, leprosy or otherwise. It is hard, however, when one sees the victims we saw and treated today, now newly neglected one more time as times and fortunes have shifted away from them stranding them in isolation again, not to have a compassionate urge to “adopt a leper” and the colony that contains them as one’s own dependents for a commitment as fickle as any other distractible source that has given them a boom and bust attention in the past century in their White Nile riverbank location.

We completed our operation under spinal anesthesia of a femoral recurrence of an inguinal hernia in a woman which was obliterated in two layers, as we also exercised the ultrasound on two young women who had inter-menstrual bleeding but without ever showing a positive pregnancy test. As soon as we were through with eh clinic and the preliminary sorting through the “Big Ticket” items from our container stock (Such as the hospital beds, OR Lights, Hubbard tank for the soaking of burn victims and other trophic ulcers such as many of those we saw in lepers today) we had our Toyota Land Cruiser driver and vehicle awaiting yet another pounding trip to Bor over the fields around the biggest of the ruts from the rainy season residual. Each trip is accounted for since a car and driver is 200 pounds for today’s excursions, for example, at 33—40 Sudanese pound to the US Ten Dollars—so about seventy dollars US for the two vehicles and the fuel and driver that will get us to the Leprosy Colony—our major objective of the day with only an incidental stop in Bor for a meet and greet with the Governor, twice postponed already.

SKIP THE MEDICAL DIPLOMACY WITH GOVERNORS AND COMMISSIONERS IN FAVOR OF THE POOR, THE LEPERS AND THE REAL PEOPLE WE CAME TO SERVE IN SOUTH SUDAN

I know that my continuing rounds as medical ambassador for handshakes and mutual congratulations and effusive thanks, always with the codicil of how much more we might do and bring and give and take over for them (“a full container! Ah, yes, but we really want to vehicles—you know—as ambulances, etc”), so I was not disappointed that the Governor was not in, after returning from Juba this morning, and taking an afternoon off after the grueling drive in his A/C new Toyota SUV with driver and escort. I declined the opportunity to make yet a fourth trip to Bor to see him in the middle of our last full operating day on Thursday two days hence, since he and I have already shaken hands and exchanged amenities often, and it would only be for the TR blog that we would be showing the colors and wearing the uniform as we shook hands with the higher officials. I suggested as John Mchol came out in his imposing bulk and colorful clothes that I shake his hand and we could put that on the blog since the handshake with the whole team standing around in uniform from Patriot Outfitters was in front of the guarded Governor’s Office with all flags flying. We can add dark glasses to keep John Mchol from having to go to further state dinners.

Jacob called the Commissioner who also knows me well and used the three phone numbers but did not raise him on the cell phone, so he suggested we go to his residence, where I had been once before. I said if it is on the way to the leprosy patients we could do that as long as we did not stop for more than ten minutes. The commissioner was also taking his mid-day leisure so we did not even have to shut down the diesel engines on the Toyota Land Cruisers but kept on going along the rough road paralleling the Nile River. There were grass fires sending smoke into the sky between us and the river after the women had already gone out and cut the long dry grass for thatching. This is the smoke that makes for spectacular sunsets every evening

in the Equatorial Quick Time of about four minutes at this 6 degrees North Latitude. At night it makes for a “pillar of fire” along a vast horizon, especially prominent when I was running by the LED Cold moonlight in my midnight run two nights ago.

Along the way, the one commodity that seems to be the item of exchange are the burlap bags sewed shut over an overflowing bag of charcoal. This is a major source of deforestation, as people hack the scrub wood down and set it afire in the dry season and then smother it with sand. All along the East coast and central Africa, the cooking source is charcoal and the forests have dwindled to less than scrub. The practice used to be the biggest roadside commodity in Kenya and still is in Tanzania, but Kenya has outlawed it since it is deforesting their lands.

We passed the roadside town of Malek, and turned in. We went between two rows of obviously planted trees as if we were going in to some “Tara”—a plantation era from the same time frame, since the Leper Colony dates to 1905 when it was set up on the White Nile River bank choice site by the Brits. The old order changeth, and the Brits have had their sun set on the Union jack, and the Dutch came in to take over. But, worldwide recessions happen more frequently than the fall of empires even, and are far more fickle, and the Dutch said they were calling it quits with the signing of the CPA—after all peace would now be coming to South Sudan. Of course, that was specious in two ways—first the peace that was most needed was that between rival tribes and their own civil war merely suspended in intensity during the all-out North South conflict but resumed in deadly earnest when the North no longer sent Antonov’s over the south to deliver ordnance. Second, the Leper Colony might abstrusely be considered the most lucky place to be during all the conflicts. The big steel fence with the concertina wire on top was the most viable sign of the more powerful isolation force that kept them in a safe and secluded island of tranquility during all the wars—the fear of the disease.

It might be ironic to consider these destitute and neglected peoples the “Lucky Ones.” But outside that concertina wire people were becoming instant amputees with arms and legs blown off by strafing, mines and AK -47’s and painfully so if they were so fortunate to survive which most were not. Inside, the late stage of untreated leprosy gave the reactions which gave nerve paresis and the slow and painless autoamputation and disfiguration that most of us might choose if one or the other were necessary to occur.

As we skirted around the fence to come in the back way along the beautiful Nile River bank with floating island clumps of hyacinth and Nile cabbage—favorite forage of hippos—floating down all the way from Lake Victoria and Jingu, outlet of the White Nile. A couple of stately palms waved in the river bank breeze on the far side of the river as a branch around an island came in, the palm being too porous to make into charcoal had saved it as a suitable backdrop for the camp.

And here they come! They knew we were on our way due to our circuitous route and the message they had received. That meant they went into action in their swaying dance and

antiphonal chorus made all the more poignant since the shuffling feet had no toes. The waving hands over head and the shouts of Hallelujah could not distract from the observation that a few of those hands were “claw hands” and none of them had a full complement of digits. Most were metacarpal stumps which they would still bang together and clap in a dull thud.

And several of the older women came to me on knees since they were not “plantigrade”. Long since their misshapen feet had been given up on for weight bearing and they were developing trophic ulcers on knees and hips, for butt-scrunching forward across the clean swept hard packed mud now hardened to cement in the dry season. And they looked up at me with unblinking eyes and a classic “leonine” Hippocratic face—the end stage of the infiltrative lepromatous leprosy leaving its scars in thick fibrous tissue so that they are in a plastic expression of intent interest without the ability to change that expression. Like the "Phantom of the Opera" they wear a plastic mask in fixed expression. Then from their semisolid lips comes, of all things, a Hebrew Word---“Hallelujah!”

They are heart rending to look at, and they know it and are performing for us since “At last, someone has finally come to help us, after all the empty promises and now you are here to take over our care...” I gave a speech that Jacob translated saying that the term “Colony” was not ours to use and theirs to assume. They were not our dependents and we certainly did not know what was best for them. But my suspicion is that rather than being fed and cared for, they would rather try to make their own way in the world and to work free of the dependency that had kept them in the camp for over a century with various colonizers coming and going with fickle changes in the world elsewhere outside their control, and that we were certainly not coming as the new colonizers since I would predict that we were a far more fickle source of support than their previous patrons who kept it going for a century. Btu, I would offer some kind of help that might make them more self-reliant and less dependent, and we could see that this kind of care was institutionalized with regular visits from the staff of MCH of which we were the front edge of the wedge. We could de-worm, immunize and check on nutrition all the sorts of things that show that they have the usual health problems of a neglected people quite apart from the additional burdens of leprosy, so we would try to address the both of their problems right now with wound care and trophic ulcer dressings but also general check up on the usual diarrhea acute respiratory, Malaria, Measles Malnutrition of DAMMM and the Neglected Tropical Diseases and we could start that now. I had John divide the group in to four teams with one of the Dinka speaking translators in each and picked out four ‘go to’ guys, one being William with a Bret Favre Green Bay packer’s jersey as the point man as he spoke English. Each of the team taught one of the locals led by Dan Fong who was doing surgical scrubs of the feet and hands of several acutely ulcerated people who were at threat of limb loss. Several others were already beyond it since they had no treatment at the time they lost the Gift that No one Wants, and their anesthetic extremities were hacked away and auto amputated, now crawling. We had a couple of Una Boots and a few other trophic ulcer kits treatments but the rest of the time we treated malaria, pneumonia and diarrhea as well as a few eyes. I had detailed Kirtus to pull the kits and

the backpacks designed by Patriot Outfitters were stuffed with the kinds of treatments we might find, and we certainly found them all. We plundered the kits which were lately stocked from the pharmaceuticals purchased in Nairobi on the way out of Wilson for PiBor and CAR and will now need restocking on return to Werkok as we open and apportion the container supplies. I got some good filming and images of the TR team in action in their most intensely emotional setting to date. “Can’t we just come back and camp our here for a week?” asked Zack plaintively.

I nodded at the others and said simply, “Now if ever again I mention a claw hand or a leonine face you will never again have to look it up in your notes as this is a once –in-a-lifetime paramedic exposure in a vanishing disease pattern that should be vanishing even quicker and mainstreamed in community care through DOTS multidrug therapy and preventive practices. These people have fallen through the cracks, so we are here to give voice to these voiceless ones, at least while the elders last, but the children are going to have to get integrated into the New South Sudan and no longer getting the original luxury of being an isolated dependent colony as war swirled all around, and now a backwater as the new nation gets under way in what is hoped to be peaceful. Now it is time for them to be unremarkable citizens in every other ways and not museum pieces of wonder to observe and photo as a vanishing species.”

We got the Toyota started up as we usually do—pushed to start. Several small boys followed us with their triumph in hand—a clutch of hanging live birds brought down by their “catapults.” Catapult is “British for “”Slingshot” and these fellows are not miscreants who enjoy killing songbirds as deviltry, but they are out to provide for the family pot. Upside down I could point out in answer to Josh’s questions that “Here is the Yellow Rumped Barbet I told you would be the subject of a complete dissertation on the Strangler Fig—but later.” There were three different species—for the edification of us bird watchers (☺) including a colorful burbul. I said I had once transited Africa with a bird watcher who was eager to further his “Life List” but had a moral quandary when the first bird of a species he had seen and was eager to “list” I pointed to as it hung upside down on the belt of a small boy with a catapult in hand. In the end he agreed that this one did not really count.

On the way along the long and dusty rutted road I had a chance to point out both sacred and Hadeedah ibis again which most had already seen, but then in great majesty a “bataleur Eagle drafted overhead. This raptor’s name comes from the French for the Tightrope Walker since it tips its wings in drafts the way the “Battaleur” uses his crosspole.

The team did a great job in caring for all the lepers who presented themselves to us for care. The spokesperson complained that a team once came from the government and promised them comprehensive care and so they set to work and built a dedicated clinic with their own resources and industriousness—and you can imagine how much longer it takes to build the tukul without fingers. It sat there behind us already disintegrating since it was never used since no one ever showed up again after that first promise-them-everything politicians visit. I pointed out we would like to under promise and over deliver, and we will establish a link between MCH and the

colony for both training of William and the others and supply them at regular intervals if THEY take charge of their care in a responsibility we will try to share but not direct. I believe TR has a new adoptee.

As I arrived at the Freedom Hotel, I feel once again as I once did when I stepped into the OLS (Operation Lifeline Sudan) HQ in Loki during the war—it is the bar scene from Star Wars. There were Albanian pilots in jumpsuits and cheap Chinese tennis shoes waving US dollars they earned from the UN to buy Tusker lager and the affection of passing Turkana maidens whose wares were always on display, as they considered it deceitful to cover up with clothes. There were world wanderers who were exchanging tidbits on fresh conflicts where money was to be made dropping ordnance or rice on people they never knew—no matter which, the pay was about the same.

Here I am coming down to eat a buffet in front of a TV set showing AL Jazeera giving commentary on Obamas' Press conference, saying he has taken every opportunity to turn all questions into the Iran question, whereas all over the Middle East the oppressed peoples are rebelling against autocracies—tonight it is against Yemen and Bahrain after Tunisia and Egypt have toppled and the big question is “What about the Saudis and Kuwait?: next to me is a woman speaking Russian and looking like a blonde extraterrestrial as she accompanies outspoken Slavics who are here to sell aircraft parts. Another is wearing a tee shirt that states he is with “Ukrainian Helicopters.” I saw both Samaritan's Purse, UNHCR, UN WFP (we passed their HQ on the dusty road from the Leper Colony at Malek on our way to our running route through Bor,) I am the only galactic traveler through space and time not seeming to be making a buck on the sudden shift in the unstable terrain here, and I do NOT own one of the ubiquitous Toyota twin tank diesel Land Cruisers with door seals and snorkels and a big radio antenna sticking up in front to call in air support in the case of an evacuation emergency.

I am on my way to court. And that will be the subject of 11-FEB-B-16 starting up at 9:00 AM tomorrow morning which means I am foregoing the tutorials at Werkok tonight as the locals step up to give their presentations without me; I also forego the dawn run tomorrow morning but my day already started with meerkats at play so that will have to hold me another day or two. Stay tuned for more reality from the Far Side.

11-FEB-B-16

**OUR BOR COURT DATE FOR APPEARANCE IN SUPPORT FOR THE
CASE OF AJAK'S RESTORATION OF ALL FAMILY AND FRIENDS'
CATTEL WEALTH ABSCONDED IN HIS BETROTHAL BID FOR
TABITHA IN THE BIG WEDDING RECEPTION LAST YEAR**

February 16, 2011

My Room #23 in the brand new section of the Freedom Hotel has a door lock and a key, and that is all good. That is good for at least twenty minutes in ether direction. That is, if I am attempting to get in or to go and lock or unlock the door, it requires up to a half hour of manipulation, and the only active ingredient in the nearly random event that it opens or closes is the passage of a certain obligatory amount of time. I always envision being pursued by a pack of hostiles and fumbling at the door to get entry, and turning to them and saying: "Now you all wait right here since it is going to take me at least a half hour to get into this room so you just cool your heels until this random access is allowed!"

The room also has a hot water tap—at least that is the helpful and hopeful red color indicator in the center of that faucet and hope springs eternal. But this is Africa and reality sets in soon like a cold douche. It may actually be hot at some time of the day, but that would not be early morning when I would want it, since the black plastic water tank on the roof would be gathering passive solar during the heat of the day. Then, of course, I will be nowhere near to get the advantage of the uncontrollably hot water since both hot and cold water taps are equally the temperature of the solar heated water.

I have a quite basic room, and was advised that the electricity comes on with the generator at about 6:00 PM. That is good enough to light the lights and to give a cooling circulation form a fan and it would keep circulating through the night, of course, if the generator does not run out of fuel and it should not, since this is an upscale new hotel catering to the trade in NGO and other expatriates rushing in to take care of the money to be made in the "peace bonus" to be carried back to the nations of origin. I described them last night as they gathered around the buffet that comes with the room which is a lot like the dinners we have at MCH of rice and beans with the addition of Ugali and greens—the standard fare over much of Africa called You di Mia in Africa or falafel or fufu depending on the language, meaning the flour and water paste made by pounding cassava and pouring over it some kind of sauce or gravy. If you are way up market, it can contain some stringy meat, for which a roll of dental tape is the dessert course.

I had described the “Star Wars Bar Scene” cast of characters much like the mercenary band I had joined in Loki during the heyday of the OLS “Food bombing runs” of giant Hercules Airlifters roaring overhead of the tukuls every half minute during daylight flown by a ragtag UN Air Force of soldiers of misfortune, who gravitate to the earth’s trouble spots where US dollars are the currency of Aid Agencies to finance hopes and dreams—if not in the target nation, surely in Albania, Ukraine, Belarus or anywhere ex-military aeronautic training can be put on the block for US cash for hours in flying Jet A tankers with pallets of flour pulled by parachutes from out of the swinging back bomb bay doors, sometimes scoring direct hits on the waiting citizenry below. Most are looking up occasionally as the single TV Set is showing al Jazeera, which is broadcasting street clashes all around the Arabic speaking world from Tunisia and Egypt to today’s hot buttons in Yemen and Bahrain with a few clips of Iran thrown in. There is future speculation about the stability of solid US allies such as the Saudi hegemony. The other news story is that of the birthday celebration for Kim Il Soong, whose freaky photos are visible and his third generation successor is shown also in family portraiture, having re-arranged the birthday to coincide with eh thirtieth anniversary of his father’s birth—no doubt the grandson’s birth date will be re-arranged for mythology purposes also should his father survive long enough to be revered as well as widely acknowledged as a Kook.

But, my basic bed in a simple hotel does not come cheap. The accommodation here is One US One Hundred Dollar bill. That occasioned a scramble for me and for Jacob who came early to pick me up. The US one hundred dollar bill must be engraved since 2008 and not folded. It cannot have any mark of a ball point pen upon it. But it cannot be this year’s as 2011 bills are not legal tender. My US \$100.00 Benjamin Franklin is 1999, which is ancient history and the currency is suited only to lighting big black cigars. That limits me “out of the money” since I have n made a practice of rejecting OLD hundred dollar bills. Fortunately Jacob has five in his possession and one passes muster as valuable currency for this private transaction.

THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE GRIND EXCEEDING SLOWLY—BUT (?) EXCEEDING FINE (?)

We are parked under a Neme tree and Jacob and I are, well not really, “cooling our heels” but waiting in the heat of the day. We are doing what legal systems do world wide—waiting as nothing seems to be happening. It has given Jacob and me a good period of quality time for many discussions. I then pulled out the laptop under the neme tree to begin the typing process which should have taken them on notice to call us immediately since I was caught up in the throes of the usual computer glitches. First, the Word Starter takes many different attempts before it actually opens. Then it did and I typed in several paragraphs which were then frozen as “protected” and not subject to editing. This meant I could not continue typing nor spell check nor SAVE! Since Jacob has an IT degree (a BS from GVSU after a two year Associate Degree from GRCC so that his entire degree process was accomplished in the eight years of his being at Grand Rapids. His first four years he got a job in grocery store so he never used his food stamps,

for which he was allocated a three month supply. His two years in junior college and his next two years at GCSU got him his BS degree and he and I have discussed his potential for return to get an MPH from MSU which at his current age 31 should have him with the degree at age 33. He would then be in a position to have the experience of running a mission hospital and at age 33 he might return as a potential Minister of health of Jonglei Province and could take over the ruins of the BOR hospital and rebuild it as he already has the MCH. All of this still strained his abilities to re-do the laptop so that the Word Starter program would open quickly and as the default word processor rather than bogging me down in the Open Office which locked up on “permissions” and also loses all spell checking when I try to get it saved as the Word Starter which I would prefer.

So, we used up the majority of the balance of the laptop’s battery life trying to get the machine to boot up and still lost all the text I had tried to save, so I started over. Even that did not induce our 9:00 AM court appearance to get started at 1:00 PM in the afternoon four hours into our discussion under the neme tree.

I joke to Jacob that he is too much Michigan American since he was early since he likes to be on time. Non one else was in the corrugated pan roofing fence around the “supreme court, which has tukuls just like any other village center under a neme tree. It is only marked by a number of people standing or sitting around in desultory waiting, not dissimilar to any other African pastime. Occasionally, however, a few boys are led in procession through the middle of the group with a fellow in front and three behind each packing AK-47’s to discourage bolting for freedom. We pulled out around the corrugated sheet steel fence to watch goats forage in the trash and talk of long and short range plans for the MCH, for Jungle State and for Jacob. We taped a few passages since I found I have packed a spare tape. I had given the marching orders to the team back at MCH who will likely not find any cases to operate on without me, but with a frittering away of most of today’ productive time, there is no way I can “continue” this Court appearance date through tomorrow, our remaining OR day—which is why I had declined to make a social call for political purposes upon the Governor, who came past us under the Neme tree as he was in his A/C SUV in convoy—akin to the daily appearances in Washington DC on Pennsylvania Avenue.

This road is the “main drag” and will be allegedly the first of the tarmac paved roads in Jonglei State—the very route we ran on Saturday down through the heart of Bor capital of Jonglei. There has been talk of putting up an annex to the State capital functions in a capital centrally placed in the state, but nothing is likely to come of that since they would hardly have the capital to undertake the construction of a new capital, and still try to run it. This is the mark of a tyrant state such as Papa Banda’s (our “Beloved Kamuzu”) in Malawi. The steel “pan” roofing is the mark of the compound of the “palace of Justice” marked only by a balance scale in stylized chains on the gats. It is a play act with serious dramas going on as we learned from the “preliminary matters” of which such “due process” is always protracted. I could consider that

this is a wasted day, but the troops back at MCH should be going through the container load and apportioning the treasures to at least isolate out the stuff to be carried to the high hopes of PiBor and to pack forward our restocked kits after the plundering of our supplies at the Leper Colony—all in good cause. .

At first, there were no appearances from the family of “Aweng Deng Chol—the defendant ex-father-in-law which Ajak still refers to as the In Laws and I refer to as the Out Laws. He has conceded the direct payments transferred to him in the bride wealth although he cannot seem to get his hands upon these assets. He denies any of the “collateral payments” all those funds given to other family members such as his brothers and all the kin who materialized out of the bush when they learned that their “dearly beloved niece Tabitha” whom few of them had ever met nor may even been unaware of her existence) was about to be married to a source of great wealth—a golden pipeline to North America ripe for the exploitation. The totals in expenditures in the bridewealth are 103, 895 SDG and the balance due is 83, 907 SDG allowing for the “celebratory expenses—e. g. my bull and other “tobacco” already consumed in the merry-making of the foiled marriage celebration. If the opposition defaults in appearance here there would be a summary judgment for that amount. Not until late did Jacob spot the “brother in law” to whom he had given the 500sdg and had given the promises and delivery of the cattle. So, this would mean “Game ON” since Jacob would be the counter testimony as a representative who personally delivered the goods—all of which are denied unless the go-betweens are present to attest. My presence is a weighty one, even though I am only moral support, since I do not have “dog in that fight” or more accurately ”a bull in the pen” since my contributed bull had been consumed along with a designated quantity of cases of beer and cases of pop and money to put up the youth at all points along the way including Ajak’s new tukul in Bor and at MCH an if all the expended food and accommodation were actually to be repaid, there would be a windfall return of the ~ \$35,000 +/- already expended in “good faith” turned bad. There seems to be a high likelihood that there may be some fractional return from this charley foxtrot affair star-crossed from the start.

LATE BREAKING NEWS—A FRESHOUTBREAK OF KILINGS TODAY NEAR AKOBO AS THE NUER HAVE RETURNED TO AVENGE THE LOSSES OF THE MURLE RAID OF OUR ARRIVAL LAST WEEK

As for late word that has just broken, there are other star crossed conflicts that underscore the highly improbable Peace Initiative still holding here in the groups we have intervened between. Two weeks ago as we arrived the alarums went out that we were entering a war zone with a fresh set of Murle raids at a town called Wuoro (Sp?) in which a civilian chief and his deputy were killed and thousands of cattle rustled from the Nuer. Today, the classic revenge of the Nuer occurred in which fresh fighting and heavier loss of life have occurred near Akobo form which Michael Puit was trying to come to Werkok to join with us in the continuing medical education program and to go home with the portion of the container equipment we would be

setting aside for him in preparation of a future visit of ours. There would be no way he could either leave or return to Akobo now so it is good he is still there. As it is, we may have troubles getting Juma or Mchol through the recent scorched earth after their stay at PiBor. But the stringent control exercised by the Murle chiefs and especially Rev. Oruzu in anticipation of our visit has meant there is no “piling on” for this Headquarters of the Murle who like the Dinka had sworn off retaliation as part of our agreement and as we are about to appear, right now would be a highly sensitive time for them to settle any scores with the AK -47’s which are not in short supply anywhere between here and there.. our highly improbable—possibly unique—Peace Initiative has held, for the moment, for the year, pending our arrival, and I hope to have it hold after our departure with a residual presence for several days thereafter so that the parties on all sides recognize that this is not the idea of a distant white man who popped off a plane with this idea but is the ardent wish of the loyal Dinka Bor and Murle together.

The young lady whose Hematocolpos we had treated has gone home already—merely an eight hours walk pre-op, who knows how long post-op—with her brother Paul. Paul is a Lost Boy who was brought to Rochester New York and knows the group of Lost Boys represented by John Dau at Skaneateles and Syracuse. He came back for family issues not related to his sister but came the distance with her when he heard we were going to be here. He expressed his gratitude for our treatment and heard about our initiative and said after I had introduced him all-around as a repatriated Lost Boy from Rochester NY, and described the 78 sub prefecture chiefs, 2 paramount chiefs and District Commissioner of the Murle all foreswearing violence in order to redevelop their health care on their own efforts if only they could be assisted by expertise and education as well as some specialized equipment help from abroad: Paul said: “That is good, but do you have the blessing s of Rev Oruzu, who is the real leader of the Murle?”

He is going to be our host and it is he who has invited us!

Our long delay had been further delayed. Even as an anthropologist dropped down into the heart of the birthing pains of a new nation state and all its baby mis-steps, this wait would be tedious if it were not that at last I got the recalcitrant laptop to use its last battery life to get started on the record of the events of the day. Periodic comings and goings came to a lunch break. Jacob and I went to the Garden Resort Hotel, which was started up by an entrepreneur of the Lost Boys scooped up by John Garang from the camp in Ethiopia and brought to Cuba as guests of the Fidel Castro offer to take 800 of the Lost Boys. As I settled in to eat the chicken and rice and greedily slurp the mango juice and the first bottle of water (Ruwenzori after the Mountains of the Moon as they are so called on the Ugandan side and Ruwengeri on the Rwandan side—the volcano that gave the magma for this whole African shield volcanic central plains.) As I finished I got up to use the outdoor wash basin and immediately had visions of my youth conveyed by the smell and color of Lifebuoy soap. As I left to do so, a kite circling overhead swooped down brushing Jacob’s face as it made precision hit on my plate to carry off the chicken leg bones from my finished plate!

We threaded our way out from the UN vehicles marked WFP (World Food Programme) and UNICEF and UN (not otherwise specified) and returned to the court. As I cranked out the laptop to begin again, a motorbike drove up with a fellow dressed to the nines and swinging a swagger stick—it is my well-recognized affront-giving FOB Aweng Deng Chol the “Out Law ex In Law. At least the opposition is now here and it is getting to the fashionably late hour of 3:45 PM for our 9:00 AM court date and starting time. It is already going to be dark at the time of our return to MCH when we can almost immediately start up the tutorials and show the movie that will be the foundation for Jacob’s MPH thesis using the health care bridge as a public service toward peace to reduce the violence in which his laboratory is the Murle of PiBor and the Dinka Bor in collaboration on this new health care initiative. I am advising Jacob to take this ball and run with it as a thesis as well as the heart of his proposal for support to get sponsorship. It is beyond health care, but is a much needed “Make Peace” effort. Blessed are the Peace Makers.

RESULTS—PENDING!

Have about given up on our being called to the bar today I have logged off with only 17 minutes of battery life left, too little to attempt spell checking until I get back and hooked up to the generator to recharge the laptop for its extra efforts exhausting the life of the battery with both Feb-B- 15 & 16 completed on the charge within the battery—so it was energy well spent and I am glad that I was able to salvage some of this down time besides simply watching the peoples of the bush come and go as if they were in the Inns of Court. It is an imitation of one culture inside another, with only the white wigs missing as I had seen them flaunted on black heads in Nigeria and the Cameroons. So, this theater is definitely not a comedy, and we will hold off now until I have results to report.

We were still waiting when the five o’clock time came around that was the presumed time that the court would adjourn. I was still waiting when we were called as a group to file in to what might be called with a few apologies for a prior claim “The Black Hole of Bor.” A small room was filled with a lot of people who could be sensed but not seen, as they squatted in silence along the walls. At a central desk a man sat in a suit and a broad yellow tie—as incongruous an outfit as any could be imagined for the hot and airless tight quarters. He had a rolled over legal pad and was scribbling details on a new page for each witness. At that point the only reasonable thing to be done was to evict all the current group of witnesses and recall them one at a time as all the witnesses of the defendant family remained in the room against the walls

Jacob was called in about 5:12 and was asked a few questions mainly about how much money he had given and to whom—the brother-in-law he had seen enter as we sat in the vehicle. That was all he needed to contribute to ice another “line item” of the many claimed in the list that Ajak had furnished the court. I was then called in and asked to state my name and what nation I came from. I stated my name and gave him my card which he copied down. He then asked what was my business in the court and what evidence I could produce that would help

move the case forward. I said that I had been a friend to many different groups I south Sudan and that these included the families of the eastern Jonglei represented by the alleged bride's family. He said "What would you know about the events in this case, and how I might know anything at all about the customs of a bridal dowry and negotiations over it?"

I told him I had presented my card as a Professor of Surgery but was also an anthropologist and had made a study of the culture and kinship patterns of Africans in general but the Dinka Bor and other South Sudanese cattle cultures in particular and had been a party to the negotiations in other such arrangements in Duk Payuel and other parts of Jonglei. So, I was interested in doing a film of the events here and was particularly concerned that they be done right and represented accurately. So, I had attended all the festivities of the wedding celebration in Bor for four consecutive days and had brought with me a TV crew of two videographers and a sound man and we filmed the entire process. He said he was interested in how much money had gone into this and I told him I had supplied the "tobacco" for the lubrication of the negotiations so that they might be concluded. He said "That you gave money to Ajak is of no consequence since he could have done anything with it." I agreed, but added I had contributed considerable detailed gifts directly to the wedding party including the bull that was killed for the wedding celebration that went directly to the wedding party without Ajak having any knowledge or possession of these other contributions which are NO listed on the sheets he has presented to you." They are impressed with the large outlay in the filming of the wedding events and are not even taking into consideration our interests in the successful conclusion of the bridal party and the arrangements which were told me directly by both the potential bride and groom to be their most ardent desires which appear to have been thwarted by other interests than theirs."

The man in the suit paused and pondered. "Have you anything else to contribute?" I added only that "I am an admirer of and show respect for the institution of marriage and the role it has among the Dinka Bor in securing the family and do not want any malfeasance to taint the institution for exploitation of love and family." It seemed that my brief testimony may have hit it out of the park since I added nothing personal and had no interest from y side in recovery of any assets, which have all been consumed. I was here for the general support and encouragement of Ajak and that justice be seen to take the place of exploitation or vengeance.

I thanked them and checked out taking my leave. We will hear of further progress when Ajak returns to Werkok and MCH tomorrow. We will now turn our attention to the limited remaining time we have at MCH and get set for the great expectations at PiBor which has been an isolate island of calm hopefulness while the Murle have been involved in firefights on nearly all other fronts.

Jacob and I immediately got into the vehicle and started back toward Werkok as the dusty road was darkening. On the way back a jackal darted across the road. We arrived in time for the evening tutorials, with John Ajok leading off on "Antenatal Care" which got us in to the discussion of Misoprostyl and its lifesaving role in intrauterine fetal death and salvage of the

mother. I reminded John Ajok that it was sitting in that very chair in that very spot giving that very same tutorial that Deirdre Benzing last year was talking about the similar issues, when she returned to Washington with us, she was appointed the Executive Director of the William J Clinton and George W Bush Haiti initiative, for rehabilitation of the earthquake of which we received the news while here at MCH in Werkok just a year ago. SO, there have been other epochal events that have surrounded us in the past as well as present, and things we are trying to do to prepare for such help and to make peace an progress are never wasted whatever the current wave of news events seems to indicate. We are on our way in both the Micro (Bor Court Appearance to rectify a grievous wrong against an individual) and Macro (de-fusing the centuries of rivalry and violence against whole populations just because of which name inside the cattle cultures they happen to have been born into.) Ours is just to work toward peace without distractions and not be weary of this well-doing!

11-FEB-B-17

**THE DAY BEGINS WITH A SUNRISE RUN WITH A JACKAL AND
THROUGH A MEERKAT MOB, AS WE SET ABOUT THE
APPORTIONING OF THE CONTAINER LOAD FOR ALL STATIONS ON
OUR LAST FULL DAY IN WERKOK AT MCH**

February 17, 2011

On the pre-dawn run this morning in cool air as the full moon had sunk to leave the deep ruts in shadow, I spotted movement ahead of me on the rough path. As I go closer, I could make out the “fox-like” outline of a jackal, which would turn to look back at me, and then trot out ahead for a distance of about four hundred meters—safely out of range for photos or anything more lethal that I might have been packing. I ran along with him in this “jackal drive” for over five minutes, taking futile flash photos in the pre-dawn dimness.

On my return as the big red ball of the sunrise crested the bush horizon, I spotted a large number of scurrying shapes on the road ahead as I had made my turn back toward Werkok and MCH. I recognized them as the meerkats I had seen two days ago—“meerkats manor” with up to fifty to sixty individuals spread out on the road. They were curious about me and would look back with an “up periscope” stance and all swiveling their heads in the same direction simultaneously. They had a hard time coming to a consensus about what to do next and which side of the road to flee to, so when I approached I “threaded the needle, slipping in between the two groups as they had divided to either side of the path. I looked to either side and saw beady eyes looking back but they still could not decide what to do—they were a classic committee frozen in inaction. It is a comical reflection of human foibles, which is probably why we are fascinated with this mongoose relative and like to laugh at its foibles.

We had a hominid example of that this morning after the “reports” in which John Mchol raised the concerns that I had reported on return from Bor and having heard the news of Nuer revenge on the Murle at Akobo. It came as news which alarmed several of the participants including those who had heard and even commented on it when I presented these events last night. Abrupt they had responded in fear mode. First of all, we should NOT be going to PiBor said one and the other said certainly not with Jacob and Ajak. Then Jacob came to report he had called the Commissioner in Bor last night and asked for the security of the arrangements of our going to PiBor and he said there was no problem. So that he agreed that there would be easy travel by air, but that there might be some concern about road travel with a coveted treasury of med/surg supplies in the vehicles.

Then Kathryn responded to my suggestion that we would be going up to PiBor with Ajak, Jacob, John Mchol and Juma, and that these Sudanese from two different clans and regions of Jonglei would be remaining behind for several more days to reflect that this is a SUDANESE peace Initiative and not just some crazy American professor whose idea everyone went along with until he delivered the goods and left and then they could go back into a free fire zone. Kathryn's biggest concern was being left with John Ajok at MCH although she would be alone for less time that has already happened each week we have been here since Tim Williams and a construction team is coming in on the back charter of the flight that takes the six of us out of PiBor on through Rumbeck re-fueling stop and on our way into CAR at Zemio and Obo. Since that flight is coming in and no other planned, that might mean that the pair of Juma and John Mchol for a road trip from PiBor to Duk Payuel which they would be closer by twelve road hours. If they came all the way back to Werkok to get commercial road transit back as they had taken it here, then they could also take home some of the materials we have sorted out of the container and earmarked for them. But everyone is now thinking how much more convenient and "safer" it would be to fly around on charters that would be every bit as costly as the one we had sustained in getting here. I cannot afford an air transit service to support the "network" all through South Sudan which would be a wish list for each of the clinical officers like taking a shuttle from DCA to Boston.

Kathryn then expressed her fears and said that the flight that comes to pick us up at PiBor (with a Ugandan Cessna 208 which Jon Hildebrandt is flying commercial up to Entebbe to get to carry us, just keep coming back here to drop off all four---Juma, John Mchol and especially Jacob and Ajak since she does not want to be here with John Ajok for the extended days that would mark this as a Sudanese initiative. Her concern was voiced in a rather imperious way and tempers flared out of my earshot when Josh pointed out that the whole mission should not be jeopardized for concerns for convenience and she shot back that she was the one paying Ajak's and Jacob's salaries and she would determine where they went and what they did. I was not called in to this little teapot tempest, but the others including John Sutter and Zach went to soothe the strong feelings on each side and reported to me later that it seemed each was reacting in an interest that was personal rather than for the good of the mission.

The very fact that the Murle seem to be embroiled on all fronts except the Dinka Bor agreement side seems to underscore the highly improbable likelihood that any of this would be possible without the intervention of the last year's miraculous mission in which the pledges were made and kept—and how fragile this peace might be if one side is viewed as reneging or welching on their promises. We have sorted through the container to divide up a "depot" of supplies for each station and a large quantity for PiBor but with a good amount of "earnest" which we will hand carry by forwarding it to Bor with several of us as passengers so that the Cessna 208 can make it in to Werkok's short strip and take off light to pick up and carry the additional load from the long and spacious strip at Bor. It seems that people only peripherally involved are now making demands that will undo much of the agreement brokered between the

Bor Dinka and the Murle based in either perceived threats or convenience and at the very least an “unfunded mandate” that I pull in later air charters to fly people out of PiBor as we are gone to CAR and re-distribute then throughout South Sudan even though they have managed to get here to Werkok on their own means.

We have actually worked very effectively with the indigenous team and not run interference on the visitors who are here for different terms and different purposes, Yet each have made a couple of attempts to “ride in on” our charters or container or visits, and it is precisely to avoid this kind of exploitation that I have made my representations in a full day of support to Ajak in the Bor “supreme Court.” It would be the last thing I can imagine to be undercutting the indigenous leadership here by prescribing what it is that they should do, especially when some of that is based in fears and interests that are not shared with the perceived threats that outsiders have been expressing as to their comfort level with uncertainty or news of distant violence or near misses.

MISSION CONTROL ROOM RE-VISITED A WORLD AWAY

We have sorted through the boxes and opened up much of the materials and seen the stuff I had once known from my sorting through and packing it in the Derwood Mission Control Room. Much of that is missing --still a half container’s worth in Toledo. Much has been added. I am pulling out some high value operative stuff as our “earnest” supply to PiBor, and have tried to soothe the nervous folk who seem more alarmed now with rumors of violence at some distance than had my all virgin crew last year as bodies were piling up in front of the hospital when there was no imagination needed to see a threat of violence nearby. It seems that everyone is cool with all but the subject of potential air charters to pick up and return people to the various venues from which they had come without me but now need a faster and safer ride to get them back home. We will work that out according to the possibilities.

Ajak has not yet returned from Bor so perhaps his court case was “continued” which would place it beyond our ability to count on him for the leadership of the PiBor initiative— another casualty of the “most intensive times of his life are always during Dr. G’s visits!”

RESOLUTION ACHIEVED THROUGH TWO DROP-OUTS AND A FULLY PACKED VEHICLE SENT TO BOR FOR EARLY AM BOUNCE AFTER WERKOK DEPARTURE AT EIGHT O’CLOCK

Jacob was planning on sending his wife and another passenger to Loki this week from their home in Bor and it turns out that our return flight from PiBor stopping at Werkok is an ideal one for that purpose. It will pick up the three of our TR members who are returning to Loki to get the commercial ALS service to Nairobi and Mayfield tonight and then on their way out tomorrow to return home for the events of their lives and jobs. We had stocked up all the materials that would be donated to each of the stations and especially those we would be carrying along to PiBor so that part was ready and there was a return of Ajak from Bor to announce that

there would be one more business meeting in the court to round up the several additional witnesses of payments being made. It was suggested for Monday but Ajak said he would be indisposed since he still counted on our PiBor peace mission and leadership in it. I had hoped that the two Dinka Bor, Ajak and Jacob would be leading the group and that the Eastern Jonglei Dinka John Mchol and Juma would be also staying on to give an all-indigenous tone to the peace initiative as coming from the Sudanese brothers and not from an American who flew in last year and flew out and did so again this year. They have very high hopes and I do not want any excuse to have at it again after my departure with the white members of the team. But John Mchol was unsettled by the news of Murle/Nuer conflicts and he and Juma both were unnerved by the statements of who could and could not go for how long and under what circumstances but definitely not by ground transport in returning.

So Jacob called the session together when Ajak had returned and I showed them the results of the container contents being apportioned. I spoke first with respect to the hopes attending this peace initiative and the way it could be done while getting into the air from the short strip at Werkok with half of our nine passengers—eight of us minus three, with four of them picked up in Bor. I had also arranged to see that each were returned by air if they extended a few days beyond our own departure to give the project a Sudanese “ownership.” Then John Mchol spoke. He expressed his concerns about the fighting he had heard about and the places it was going on may be distant from where we were going but he was not at all sure about being in the middle of the Murle headquarters as a member of an Eastern Jonglei Dinka family. He said he had just heard of a course he should take in Juba starting on Monday so he would be excusing himself from participation on this round and going to Juba instead.

Then Juma spoke clearly unnerved by the earlier and somewhat impassioned pleas spoken of this morning and incubating them all day. He did not go to see the stock from the container and expressed no interest in it since he was not planning on carrying any of it. He said anyone could be killed now in PiBor and everyone would simply dismiss this as something the Murle had done since clearly they were already doing it to others in more distant places. He therefore said he would try to come along “next time” but would be making his way back by road from Bor tomorrow so as not to extend his leave which happened once before when he was having trouble getting access to government transportation.

So, “two down” we are almost getting to takeoff weight from Werkok without needing to do the Bor landing. Then Ajak spoke and told us of a Murle in Bor who is getting some government funding as a bonus for the peace initiative in place and he might be interested in going with us. He has no phone and no one can contact him so Ajak said he would go back to find him and get him ready to join us, being picked up at Bor airstrip. I immediately packed my bag and added it to the PiBor boxes of supplies and the CAR kits already in backpacks and stacked them all in the vehicle. Aaron then took off for Bor to stay the night there and will guard the packages for our Bor pick up of this freight plus Ajak and the un-named Murle to fly from Bor to PiBor after picking us up at Werkok, and then return from PiBor to Werkok to pick up our three departing TR teammates and Jacob’s wife and another and fly to Loki. With all of these thrice re-cooked logistic squared away, we got the intact team assembled for a group photo—better here and now than at the airstrip with engines revving—and we kept both Juma and John Mchol here for the final tutorial tonight at which Jacob will set up the projector to show the

Calvin January Series lecture as a summary to all their tutorials for those “graduating” and departing from their first-ever African trip tomorrow.

OUR CHANCE FOR A “HIGHER CASE ‘H’!”

MISSION TO HEAL MOVES TO THE MURLE

This will end the 11-FEB-B-Series from Werkok and Bor, at MCH, the Jonglei Freedom Run, the Arrival of the Container, the Leper Colony at Malek and the Court Date at Bor in support of Ajak, and now will launch the 11-FEB-C-Series—the Peace Initiative action in delivering right into the heart of the “hostile” Murle country the health care that will be the bridge to the Higher Case “H” on the Mission to Heal.