



We had a problem with our water supply during the last week of August. Our well is 80 meters deep and the water is pumped through an 80 meter hose that connects to a water tank that stores the water for our use. For some reason, it stopped working. We—I make it sound like I added something of substance to the resolution—checked the pump and the electrical connection, and both seemed to be in working order. Then we examined the 80 meter hose to see if there were a problem with the hose. It was getting dark and we did not notice until the next day that there was a crack in the hose from which water was leaking, undermining the water pressure. At dinner—before we discovered the problem—we were speculating about the cause of the problem. The day before, Fr. Andrzej and I had visited the Blessed Sacrament sisters who live next door. They told us that they just finished drilling a 120 meter well for their primary school. We "wondered" if the Sisters had somehow re-routed our well water! Thank goodness we kept this speculation to ourselves, because this was NOT the cause of our water problem!



Examining the pump pulled up from the well. I was "helping" by taking photos!



Francis, Gervas, Peter and Phillip did most of the "hands on" work. I was standing ready with advice. Below, "we" are putting the pump back into the well with the 80 meter hose.





I lost my supervisor role when Fr. Andrzej returned home.



Once we found out that the hose was cracked, we removed 20 meters of the hose as a stop gap until we could replace the hose entirely. The water was flowing, indicating that the well has a great deal of water in it, as we had removed 20 meters of hose and still had water. The next day, the man who had constructed the well three years ago arrived on a **motor cycle** carrying the new 80 meter hose! No more water problems for now!

I have been walking in the neighborhood and it is very common to see people herding goats and cows. About half way on my walking path, there is a station where the Maasai gather and sell cattle. They are a very interesting people who live in Kenya and Northern Tanzania. Maasai society is strongly patriarchal in nature, with elder men, sometimes joined by retired elders, deciding most major matters for each Maasai group. As a pastoralist tribe, their traditional diet consists almost entirely of milk, meat, and blood. More recently as the Maasai territory has been claimed for pasture and national parks, they have supplemented their diet with grains and maize-meal; for example ugali (a thick maid-based porridge) is a staple food now.



Photo credit: José Ángel Morente Valero. <u>https://www.wired.com/2012/09/milk-meat-and-blood-how-diet-drives-natural-selection-in-the-maasai/</u>

The Maasai are distinct in their appearance. They are taller than most people in Tanzania and they proudly wear their traditional clothing, often red.



This is view of the cattle station from my walking route. Cattle are always coming and going.





Cattle crossing the road to go to the Maasai cattle station.

You might notice that the cattle have humps just behind their shoulders. These cattle can go without water like camels. As I walk by, the different Maasai will wave to me and I wave back. The other day, as I was walking, I passed a Maasai man and said, "Hujambo?" which means: "How are you?" He replied, "I am just fine. I speak English. I hope you have a good walk!"



We have the most beautiful sunsets every night. Tanzania is just south of the equator, so we have almost equal times of daylight and nighttime. The sun usually sets about 6:30 p.m. and it usually rises about 6:30 a.m.



This photo was taken just outside our gate at 6:20 p.m. Phillip, Leons and I made another trip to the market on Saturday to buy fruits and vegetables.







We did not buy any spices, but they look great. The pile of silver are dried sardines.



Phillip and Leons know what mangos to pick. They are super good!



Potatoes and cabbages were the last things on the list!

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