

A few people have asked me when and where I walk each day. I usually walk in the afternoon, but we are in a short rainy season, so I might vary things and walk in the morning. Sometimes I have just guessed wrong or the weather has changed quickly and I got caught in the rain. The good thing is that the temperature is warm, but the bad thing is the top layer of mud becomes slippery over the harder ground that the water has not penetrated. It is a bit like walking on snow that has just fallen on top of ice! So, I have to walk carefully—and then get rid of all the mud on my shoes later! Some days I start my walk going through our village of



Tungi. There is a new Catholic church in Tungi, but as you can see it is in its beginning stages of construction. The outside shell has been built, but there is much more that needs to be accomplished. Tungi is a small town with a main





road that has different shops and houses on both sides of the road.





After walking through Tungi, I usually turn right onto a road that is under construction. A high-speed rail line, linking Morogoro to Dar es Salaam is under construction. There is a new highway that will run beside it for at least part of the way near Morogoro. The road is in the foreground and the high-speed line is actually about twenty feet below the surface beside the road.





After walking along this road for a while, I cut across to the road that we usually take back and forth from Morogoro to our house. There is a tarmac highway at the end at the base of the mountain. What a great view to have as I walk!





There are a few houses along the way, and then I pass the property of two religious communities: the Holy Spirit Fathers and the Claretians. You can see how HUGE their properties are. Both religious have been in Morogoro for about 25 years now.





After I walked past the Claretian property, I pass a cattle station where the Maasai buy and sell cattle. The conditions are very primitive.



I usually say “Jambo” to the Maasai whom I pass. They always smile and say “Jambo” back. But yesterday, this young Maasai (about 25 or so) asked, “Do you speak English?” I told him that I did and then he wanted to know where I came from and where I lived now and what my name was. He told me that his name is

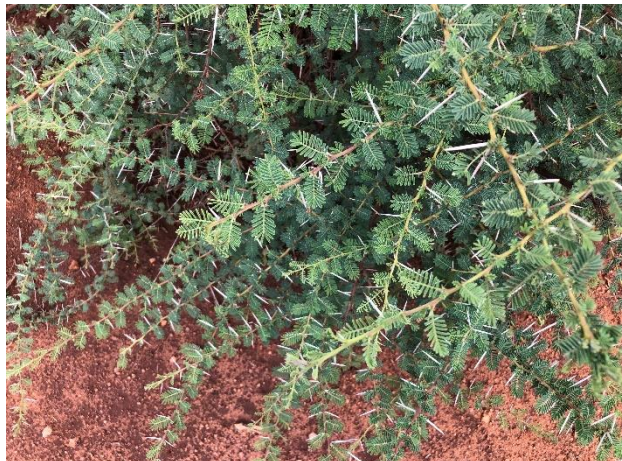




Jeremy and that he has studied English for years and he was so happy to be able to practice his English with me! So, we talked for about 10 minutes, but then his buddy and the cows they had were both making noise and he went on his way. By the way, I almost always come across someone herding some cows on the road.



At the end of this road, there is a place where buses pull in so that passengers can use the restroom and have something to eat and drink. Just past the red sign on the left, in the distance, is Jordan Catholic University where our men study. Sometimes I will stop and have a diet Pepsi at the bus stop-over place! Vero and Sympho are the two young women who work there. They try to teach me new Swahili words whenever they see me! Then, I turn back and walk home, always careful to avoid brushing up against the prickly bushes on the side of the road.





It is also common to see herds of goats on the road. There is a young man, Ulysses, who tends the goats of the Blessed Sacrament Sisters (our next door neighbors) who I usually run into...or try not to run into! Sometimes, the goats really keep him moving! When Ulysses is not on the run, we exchange an elaborate handshake that never seems to be the same each time!



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