

11-APR-B-1

LAUNCHING THE ECUADORIAN MOBILE SURGICAL MISSION FROM RAINY MARYLAND SPRING

11-APR-B-1 Index to APR-B-Series launching Ecuadorian Mobile Surgical Mission to el Guabo, Oro Province, Ecuador

2 The continuing wet cool Spring in Maryland preceeding the launch of Ecuadorian mission as I pack up for the Eastern Shore and turkey time

3 The internetted introductions between Rod Jellema and Eliza Harrison on the recognition of Tim Harrison

4 On the wing, launching the Ecuadorian mobile surgical mission with a flight to Florida, and an inaugural WTOP radio interview, possible rendezvous with Alex Nyugen from the first CinterAndes mission and the re-collection of over-abundant surgical supplies to be packed along with us for Ecuador

5 WTOP NPR radio interview on the fly as I land in Fort Lauderdale and pause in the UHaul to re-pack the surgical kits from the Rodas household and make our way down to our connections in Miami as we pick up Dena Vandertuig and rendezvous with my Ecuadorian veteran now Miami surgical resident Alex Nyugen

6 Aloft—aboard LAN-Ecuador from MIA to GYE (Guayaquil) loaded with surgical baggage enroute to the start of our mobile surgical mission to el Guabo in Oro province, after an evening in Miami with my veteran Ecuadorian mission student, now Miami surgical resident Alex Nyugen through Brickell in celebration of Dena Vandertuig's 26th birthday

7 From Cuenca to el Guabo in Oro province, we launch our mobile surgical mission in the CinterAndes truck, screening patients and discovering two salivary parotid gland tumors for resection after almost a dozen cholecystectomies to be done
April 25, 2011 el Guabo = 3° 14,81 S, and 079° 50.08 W at alt=78 meters

8 From our Hotel Ejectivo base in Machala, seat of the banana-rich Oro province, we are at full operational speed in el Guabo canton, at the "Patronato de amparo Social Municipal" in a day of cholecystectomies in the CinterAndes truck with a good team of ten

9 Our final full operating day at Guabo as we do things by "twos": umbilical hernias, cholecystectomies, parotidectomies, and excisions of lipomas

10 We check out of Hotel Ejectivo and drive through Machala's new boulevard to make our final "round (s)" and drive through the Andes and "desvio" to Cuenca for

afternoon dinner with Rodas family as we pack in to the cottage “Florida”, overlook Cuenca from “Turi” and spend the evening with the extended family

11 Our full Cuenca day and making arrangements for return via Guayaquil: we have our unpacking party at CinterAndes foundation and a half million dollars in American redundancy reaches people in need; we then go to Parque Nacional de Cajas for lunch on fresh trout at dos Chorreras, then to Homero Ortega Museum of the Panama Hat for purchases of our souvenir genuine articles

12 Our full day Saturday as Dena and Jay go to the Pacific beach by an earlier flight to Guayaquil and we prepare to tour Ecuadorian Inca ruins tomorrow as we go to Cuenca Tennis Club lunch today

11-APR-B-2

**THE CONTINUING WET COOL SPRING IN MARYLAND
PRECEEDING THE LAUNCH OF ECUADORIAN MISSION AS I
PACK UP FOR THE EASTERN SHORE AND TURKEY TIME**

April 20—22, 2011

Spring seems harder to come by each year. So much for global warming when it is forty degrees out and abundant cold rain has made it unlikely that I would be out running. I had an appointment to speak to the Publicist Janet Shapiro and am making plans to visit in New Jersey. I also ordered a huge number of prints from the excursion so far this year to put into the albums promised and paid for but not yet delivered. I also made a couple of “PhotoBooks” on line to give as presents.

I made a couple of reservations and commitments by signing up for the GRBR 25 K on May 14 in Grand Rapids, so it will now be a long trip once again by auto through the Midwest with gasoline over \$4.00 per gallon. I packed up for the Ecuador missions and got all the tickets for four of us, to be seen later how all the accounting falls out. Jay Miller has offered to coordinate the details such as the rental of U-Haul truck and the Ho Jo’s Hotel to get a stop in Fort Lauderdale and then on to Miami for takeoff to Ecuador via Guayaquil loaded with all the supplies for Edgar Rodas I have picked up at GW and all of those I had collected before and which were previously sent to Edgar Rodas Jr n Fort Lauderdale.

Then I drove over the Bay Bridge and went to Trappe, probably for the last time, as Carol and Craig are all boxed up in preparation for the move to Delaware. We got into the Craig’s truck when we had rendezvoused with a plan to pull back Bill Webster’s big storage trailer for all of Craig’s guns and ammo to be locked up. We stayed at the America’s Best motel to avoid getting up two hours earlier, and then rolled out at dawn to sit I the woods and look for turkeys. It was a cold wind that was brutal and no turkeys were seen or heard. I actually came in early and talked with Bill Webster, then took them all out for brunch at the hotel Washington in Princess Anne, a place where, yes, George Washington slept there.

We hauled the trailer back and filled it with the stuff from the garage, mainly all of Craig’s ammo and kits. Then we loaded up the coolers I had brought and took this to the Audi as ALL elk venison was jettisoned from the freezers since “Carol does not eat anything without a bar code.” This prime stuff had already been promised to Kramers when I go to run the Frederick Half Marathon on May 7, and to Imme Dyson and Cindy Clark who had so enjoyed it when we had run the Cherry Blossom Ten Miler. I even got a photo of the antlers and skull mounting kit I had sent to Imme who had wanted to hang a wild game trophy on the wall!

So, I drove back home in time to load the freezers and await Dennis Steinauer who is driving down with bag and baggage for the Ecuador trip—always overloaded with too much stuff.

I am packing along the new I-Pod I have received and will try to learn more about all the wonderful things it can do—from the kids who use it all the time. Old dogs and new tricks once again.

So, the rest of the 11-APR-B-Series will deal with yet another Ecuadorian Mobile Surgical Mission, this one out of Cuenca to El Guabo Oro Province.

11-APR-B-3

**THE INTERNETTED INTRODUCTIONS BETWEEN ROD JELLEMA AND
ELIZA HARRISON ON THE RECOGNITION OF TIM HARRISON**

April 23, 2011

Mail
Message

[Reply](#) [Reply All](#) [Read Later](#) |
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From: Rod Jellema <rodjellema@yahoo.com> Thursday - April 21, 2011 9:50 PM
To: <Elizaharrison@verizon.net>
CC: Glenn Geelhoed <msdggwg@gwumc.edu>, <davidjellema@hotmail.com>
Subject: Fwd: Re: An amazing coincidence

Attachments: Mime.822 (24 KB) [\[View\]](#) [\[Save As\]](#)

Dear Eliza Harrison,

I'm very sorry to be sending some words to the Harrison household so very late in our lives -- and after Tim is already gone. Given the tardiness, I hope it does not feel like an intrusion.

To begin at the near end of the story: I started college as a pre-med but got waylaid -- first by Plato, then by Shakespeare, then by poets in general, so I ended up doing a PhD in lit. Later, at 40, I leaped into writing poetry; though teaching was always primary, I've never quite given up on being a poet. My Collected Poems is a very recent outcome, and this means that you and I could swap books --- my poems for Before Oil. Okay? Send me your mailing address and I'll put a book in the mail. (If you are within the 99% who don't read poetry, you can maybe take a

quick glance, maybe give the CD(tucked in the back cover) a spin, and give it to the local library.)

I grew up in Holland Mich. till age 14 (1941) and had never met Tim until we both joined the Navy (June, 1945). Somebody with bad math had made up a "Michigan company" for boot camp with 5 too many guys in it, so somehow Tim and I and three others were assigned to an entire "Hillbilly company" from Arkansas and Alabama which was 5 men short. A great experience. I'd guess that you know some of this story. Tim, myself, Carlyle Marshall, Art Wood, and Mills, living and training with 95 guys from the rural South, some of them illiterate, some who had never before worn shoes, most of them really interesting. Commanding officer was, he told the 5 of us, the Navy's "Hillbilly specialist." We occasionally helped some of them write letters to their girlfriends. (One of them, caught two-timing a girl, received from her a box of chocolate chip cookies made with ex-lax. He spent three days in the base hospital.) Tim had an ear for the sounds of words -- he liked saying the name of one of the guys, Coggins, and also the made-up name of the bar where our commander professed to do his drinking -- "The Blinking Pup." He'd notice little folk-sayings. This was before I knew I liked words. And I was fascinated to know someone who had lived a lot of his life in Arabia -- "before oil."

Tim, Carlyle Marshall, and I all got ourselves lined up to be in the medics, which meant the Corps School in San Diego. I got there a week or two late (delayed by an appendectomy while in boots).

But here begins the story of how Harrison and Marshall became champion collegiate tennis players and Jellema didn't. I was supposed to go to the Hawaiians (Maui) with Tim (we were each of us "honor man" in our class and had this choice), but I got the measles (!!) and was scratched from the list, replaced by Marshall. I was sent instead to ward duty at Great Lakes Naval Hospital, mid-winter, etc.

I'm sure you know the rest of this story. Getting the tennis court built on the beach at Maui by their "up-patients", and Tim and Carlyle Marshall playing tennis for hours and hours daily for months -- Marshall in place of me. Perhaps you can confirm for me the wonderful end to this story (have I exaggerated this for years until I believe an untruth?) -- that Tim at Hope College and Marshall at Kalamazoo College met and played each other for the MIAA singles tennis championship! Is that true? Which of them won? Did they meet two years in a row?

Re Timothy Stone -- when I wrote home from boot camp that I had this good buddy named Tim Harrison, from Holland, my dad wrote back with the story about the name. Paul Harrison said he'd work as a medical missionary if Stone could convince him of the truth of the Christian message. Something like that -- from hearing a lecture? A sermon? I'm not sure where this was supposed to have happened. As I remember, Tim confirmed the story for me -- but maybe not quite? It might have been S. Zwemer -- my dad might have had it wrong -- but then why WAS Tim named after Timothy Stone?

My dad may have met Tim's dad. He knew a lot about him. He told me in the same letter about Paul Harrison's years in Arabia, about an ingenious surgical procedure that he had developed called the Hotpatch Hernia, etc. My dad knew Jock Riemersma, with whom the Harrison boys

were staying in Holland. All this a father's excitement about a friendship his son had made in boot camp.

I now know of the connection between Glenn and Tim. Here's another, or so I believe. My amazing old friend Jim Bosma, before his years of medical research at NIH and at Hopkins, spent a year or two doing research in Sweden, and there got to know a fellow researcher name Tim Harrison. Right? Is it again the right guy, the old Navy buddy? Were you there too? When I found that out -- maybe 25 years ago -- I should have tracked down an address.

Well, not to end on regrets, let me say I'm delighted to have found something of good Tim in these last two weeks. I'd much appreciate any confirmations or notes from you. Mainly I'm glad that I can send you my greetings and very best wishes.

Salaam,

Rod Jellema

--- On Thu, 4/21/11, Glenn Geelhoed <msdggw@gwumc.edu> wrote:

From: Glenn Geelhoed <msdggw@gwumc.edu>
Subject: Fwd: Re: An amazing coincidence
To: rodjellema@yahoo.com
Date: Thursday, April 21, 2011, 8:52 AM

I had forgotten to tell you about the book "Before Oil." You might correspond directly with Eliza to find out more.

GWG

>>> Eliza Harrison <elizaharrison@verizon.net> 4/20/2011 3:04 PM >>>
Dear Glenn,

Always something intriguing when you're around!

I think I get the drift, although not every detail, of your email below. Not sure what is your writing, and what -- if anything -- comes from Rod Jellema, but anyway.

Is Rod Jellema a doctor?

Interesting that he and Tim met in the Navy. Was he a medical corps man, as Tim was?

Tim Harrison, being Timothy Stone Harrison, was -- it will readily be evident -- named after Rev. John Timothy Stone, a great influence on Dr. Paul Harrison's life. But Rev. Stone was a Presbyterian minister in Baltimore, so the story of Dr. P. Harrison's challenge doesn't fit with him. If there was such a challenge, it may, rather, have been to Samuel Zwemer, who was urging/pressing Dr. Harrison very hard at one point.

Of course, it's just too bad that Tim isn't here to give us the straight and accurate story. Do not take what I have written above as gospel truth.

But Glenn, you know these connections are not really amazing coincidences. This comes up all the time -- the universe of Persian Gulf and Kodaikanal missionaries is widespread, devoted, loving, and amazingly connected through personal relationships and memories. Oh, the memories --

By the way, would Rod Jellema be interested in Tim's book, *Before Oil -- Memories of an American Missionary Family in the Persian Gulf, 1910 - 1939???* He should just let me know, at the email address above.

OK. There you are.
Glenn, have a great trip Rubiconning.
Best to you,
Eliza

On Apr 20, 2011, at 2:27 PM, Glenn Geelhoed wrote:

Let me hook up two emails together!

I was speaking with Rod Jellema on Sunday after I had given him my copy of Gifts from the Poor a few weeks before. He said he had not read it but skimmed it, and immediately found a name he recognized--but might easily belong to someone else.

He had gone to Calvin and this other fellow had gone to Hope. They met in the Navy.

[He did not know about later events, but he might have, as I alleged, gone to Baltimore to Hopkins, (meeting Paul Shorb there) and got "pyramided out" to Harvard where he completed at Mass Gen Hosp where he met and married Oliver Cope's daughter Eliza before going on to Michigan and Hershey, PA.]

Both fathers were in medicine. It was during a Harvard lecture that a young skeptic was listening to a presentation by a medical missionary named Timothy Stone. He was intrigued, and challenged Dr. Stone to prove what he was saying and if he could, he might follow him into medical missions. He did and so he did.

That young man was Dr. Paul Harrison, whose stories I have been quoting and whose name I had seen on the plaques on the wall in Muscat Oman, and in Bahrain, and on the birth certificate (as both father and delivering obstetrician) from Kodicanal, India, registered with the US Consulate in Karachi, Empire of the Raj--pre-partition.

And could his son be the same as mentioned in my book as an influence in my life (and dedicatee of my first book in Surgery), one Dr. Timothy Stone Harrison?

You may be able to tell more directly!

GWG

FYI

--- On Mon, 4/25/11, Rod Jellema <rodjellema@yahoo.com> wrote:

From: Rod Jellema <rodjellema@yahoo.com>

Subject: Still amazing-er

To: "Eliza Harrison" <Elizaharrison@verizon.net>

Date: Monday, April 25, 2011, 3:30 PM

Dear Eliza,

Thanks so much for your letter, filling me in somewhat more on Tim. I'm sure you're right on my father's confusion back there in '45 of John Timothy Stone with Samuel Zwemer. (Another crazy coincidence --- Rod Zwemer, a close boyhood friend on mine in Holland, was Samuel Zwemer's nephew. We each had an Uncle in Who's Who and argued about which was the greater.)

I'm sending you a copy of my book tomorrow. I'm eager to see *Before Oil*. The address: 3000 Connecticut Ave. NW, Apt. 229, Washington, DC 20008.

But here's a continuation of things most amazing: during coffeetime at church yeasterday I had a long conversation with Dianne Downing -- about Tim Harrison. Glenn had sent her copies of the Geelhoed -Jellema - Harrison e-mails. She was obviously very well acquainted. I've been going to church all these years with two people who had close ties to Tim and to you and I knew nothing about it!

Dianne has wonderful stories and anecdotes. I must get her out of the noise of the narthex, over a quiter cup of coffee somewhere, for some repeats and more information.

Tim turned out to be as wonderful a fellow as I would have expected him to be. I'll always regret the measles having cancelled me out of the assignment to much leisure on Maui, and my never having tracked Tim down in our later lives.

Dianne confirms my sense of Tim as a guy with a deep interest in people as people and an ear for the sounds of words. When we were 18 and in the unreal demiworld of boot camp, I was a bored high-school dropout (I have no diploma) who had read almost nothing but was beginning to think about college. I was amazed to find someone my age who took such an interest in -- well, in everything. It was probably my first recognition that I'd like things like literature, and could see a little humor or pathos in the sounds that names and other words could make. Tim was a guy my own age alive with what the adult world was trying to tell me.

Ah well.

I'm still wondering if all that tennis on Maui really did lead to MIAA (Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association) singles championship vs. Carl Marshall. Might Tim have been too modest to tell you about that? Or did I move it in my own mind from possible to actual?

By the way, two sentences into meeting Tim I asked him if he was related to Clinton Harrison. In 1940, age 13, I was the young kid on the Holland Novice Tennis Team, and the very friendly guy

who defeated me in the competition was the guy who won it, Clint Harrison. Your brother-in-law. Do/did you know him?

I could go on much too long. Before Oil is sure to tell me a lot. And then there will be much more talk with Dianne and with Glenn.

But I'm very pleased that all this has led me for some moments to you.

Best wishes,

Rod

--- On Fri, 4/22/11, Eliza Harrison <Elizaharrison@verizon.net> wrote:

From: Eliza Harrison <Elizaharrison@verizon.net>

Subject: Re: An amazing coincidence

To: "Rod Jellema" <rodjellema@yahoo.com>

Date: Friday, April 22, 2011, 10:59 AM

Dear Rod (eschewing the formality of a last name),

Such interesting memories and so many questions -- where to begin.

First of all, of course you will have a copy of Before Oil, and of course I'd love to delve into your poems.

You will have to send me your address, of course.

"Our" address here, near Providence, is: 125 Miller Avenue, Rumford, RI 02916.

Your description of the boot camp business is full of detail that I don't remember Tim even mentioning -- fascinating. The part he talked about most was ending up on Maui, with a jeep at his disposal and not much to do except read as many books as he could lay

his hands on.

There is a photograph of Tim with three other sailors -- I wonder if one of them is you????
You will find it on p. 203 of his book, when you get it.

You ask why Tim was named after John Timothy Stone -- he, Tim, said it was because his father, while at Johns Hopkins, attended Stone's church in Baltimore and admired him tremendously; that they became close friends and that they searched maps and gathered information to choose where Dr. H. would be able to offer medical care to the most needy people.

You'll find a good deal about this in Tim's book -- it's clear that Dr. H. was already on a path toward being a medical missionary well before he got to Hopkins.

And yes, it was Tim who was in Sweden. 1959-60, more or less. We weren't yet married.

This, we note, is a very small world.

Please don't forget, in all this excitement, to send me your address.

Best,

Eliza

On Apr 21, 2011, at 9:50 PM, Rod Jellema wrote:

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I'm very sorry to be sending some words to the Harrison household so very late in our lives -- and after Tim is already gone. Given the tardiness, I hope it does not feel like an intrusion.

To begin at the near end of the story: I started college as a pre-med but got waylaid -- first by Plato, then by Shakespeare, then by poets in general, so I ended up doing a PhD in lit. Later, at 40, I leaped into writing poetry; though teaching was always primary, I've never quite given up on being a poet. My Collected Poems is a very recent outcome, and this means that you and I could swap books --- my poems for Before Oil. Okay? Send me your mailing address and I'll put a book in the mail. (If you are within the 99% who don't read poetry, you can maybe take a quick glance, maybe give the CD(tucked in the back cover) a spin, and give it to the local library.)

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Dear Eliza Harrison,

I'm very sorry to be sending some words to the Harrison household so very late in our lives -- and after Tim is already gone. Given the tardiness, I hope it does not feel like an intrusion.

To begin at the near end of the story: I started college as a pre-med but got waylaid -- first by Plato, then by Shakespeare, then by poets in general, so I ended up doing a PhD in lit. Later, at 40, I leaped into writing poetry; though teaching was always primary, I've never quite given up on being a poet. My Collected Poems is a very recent outcome, and this means that you and I could swap books --- my poems for Before Oil. Okay? Send me your mailing address and I'll put a book in the mail. (If you are within the 99% who don't read poetry, you can maybe take a quick glance, maybe give the CD (tucked in the back cover) a spin, and give it to the local library.)

I grew up in Holland Mich. till age 14 (1941) and had never met Tim until we both joined the Navy (June, 1945). Somebody with bad math had made up a "Michigan company" for boot camp with 5 too many guys in it, so somehow Tim and I and three others were assigned to an entire "Hillbilly company" from Arkansas and Alabama which was 5 men short. A great experience. I'd guess that you know some of this story. Tim, myself, Carlyle Marshall, Art Wood, and Mills, living and training with 95 guys from the rural South, some of them illiterate, some who had never before worn shoes, most of them really interesting. Commanding officer was, he told the 5 of us, the Navy's "Hillbilly specialist." We occasionally helped some of them write letters to their girlfriends. (One of them, caught two-timing a girl, received from her a box of chocolate chip cookies made with ex-lax. He spent three days in the base hospital.) Tim had an ear for the sounds of words -- he liked saying the name of one of the guys, Coggins, and also the made-up name of the bar where our commander professed to do his drinking -- "The Blinking Pup." He'd notice little folk-sayings. This was before I knew I liked words. And I was fascinated to know someone who had lived a lot of his life in Arabia -- "before oil."

Tim, Carlyle Marshall, and I all got ourselves lined up to be in the medics, which meant the Corps School in San Diego. I got there a week or two late (delayed by an appendectomy while in boots). But here begins the story of how Harrison and Marshall became champion collegiate tennis players and Jellema didn't. I was supposed to go to the Hawaiians (Maui) with Tim (we were each of us "honor man" in our class and had this choice), but I got the measles (!) and was scratched from the list, replaced by Marshall. I was sent instead to ward duty at Great Lakes Naval Hospital, mid-winter, etc.

I'm sure you know the rest of this story. Getting the tennis court built on the beach at Maui by their "up-patients", and Tim and Carlyle Marshall playing tennis for hours and hours daily for months -- Marshall in place of me. Perhaps you can confirm for me the wonderful end to this story (have I exaggerated this for years until I believe an untruth?) -- that Tim at Hope College and Marshall at Kalamazoo College met and played each other for the MIAA singles tennis championship! Is that true? Which of them won? Did they meet two years in a row?

Re Timothy Stone -- when I wrote home from boot camp that I had this good buddy named Tim Harrison, from Holland, my dad wrote back with the story about the name. Paul Harrison said he'd work as a medical missionary if Stone could convince him of the truth of the Christian message. Something like that -- from hearing a lecture? A sermon? I'm not sure where this was supposed to have happened. As I remember, Tim confirmed the story for me -- but maybe not quite? It might have been S. Zwemer -- my dad might have had it wrong -- but then why WAS Tim named after Timothy Stone?

My dad may have met Tim's dad. He knew a lot about him. He told me in the same letter about Paul Harrison's years in Arabia, about an ingenious surgical procedure that he had developed called the Hotpatch Hernia, etc. My dad knew Jock Riemersma, with whom the Harrison boys were staying in Holland. All this a father's excitement about a friendship his son had made in boot camp.

I now know of the connection between Glenn and Tim. Here's another, or so I believe. My amazing old friend Jim Bosma, before his years of medical research at NIH and at Hopkins, spent a year or two doing research in Sweden, and there got to know a fellow researcher name Tim Harrison. Right? Is it again the right guy, the old Navy buddy? Were you there too? When I found that out -- maybe 25 years ago -- I should have tracked down an address.

Well, not to end on regrets, let me say I'm delighted to have found something of good Tim in these last two weeks. I'd much appreciate any confirmations or notes from you. Mainly I'm glad that I can send you my greetings and very best wishes.

Salaam,

Rod Jellema

--- On Thu, 4/21/11, Glenn Geelhoed <msdgwg@gwumc.edu> wrote:

From: Glenn Geelhoed <msdgwg@gwumc.edu>
Subject: Fwd: Re: An amazing coincidence
To: rodjellema@yahoo.com
Date: Thursday, April 21, 2011, 8:52 AM

I had forgotten to tell you about the book "Before Oil." You might correspond directly with Eliza to find out more.

GWG

>>> Eliza Harrison <elizaharrison@verizon.net> 4/20/2011 3:04 PM >>>
Dear Glenn,

Always something intriguing when you're around!

I think I get the drift, although not every detail, of your email below. Not sure what is your writing, and what -- if anything -- comes from Rod Jellema, but anyway.

Is Rod Jellema a doctor?
Interesting that he and Tim met in the Navy. Was he a medical corps man, as Tim was?

Tim Harrison, being Timothy Stone Harrison, was -- it will readily be evident -- named after Rev. John Timothy Stone, a great influence on Dr. Paul Harrison's life. But Rev. Stone was a Presbyterian minister in Baltimore, so the story of Dr. P. Harrison's challenge doesn't fit with him. If there was such a challenge, it may, rather, have been to Samuel Zwemer, who was urging/pressing Dr. Harrison very hard at one point.

Of course, it's just too bad that Tim isn't here to give us the straight and accurate story. Do not take what I have written above as gospel truth.

But Glenn, you know these connections are not really amazing coincidences. This comes up all the time -- the universe of Persian Gulf and Kodaikanal missionaries is widespread, devoted, loving, and amazingly connected through personal relationships and memories. Oh, the memories --

By the way, would Rod Jellema be interested in Tim's book, Before Oil -- Memories of an American Missionary Family in the Persian Gulf, 1910 - 1939???

He should just let me know, at the email address above.

OK. There you are.
Glenn, have a great trip Rubiconning.
Best to you,
Eliza

On Apr 20, 2011, at 2:27 PM, Glenn Geelhoed wrote:

Let me hook up two emails together!

I was speaking with Rod Jellema on Sunday after I had given him my copy of Gifts from the Poor a few weeks before. He said he had not read it but skimmed it, and immediately found a name he recognized--but might easily belong to someone else.

He had gone to Calvin and this other fellow had gone to Hope. They met in the Navy.

[He did not know about later events, but he might have, as I alleged, gone to Baltimore to Hopkins, (meeting Paul Shorb there) and got "pyramided out" to Harvard where he completed at Mass Gen Hosp where he met and married Oliver Cope's daughter Eliza before going on to Michigan and Hershey, PA.]

Both fathers were in medicine. It was during a Harvard lecture that a young skeptic was listening to a presentation by a medical missionary named Timothy Stone. He was intrigued, and challenged Dr. Stone to prove what he was saying and if he could, he might follow him into medical missions. He did and so he did.

That young man was Dr. Paul Harrison, whose stories I have been quoting and whose name I had seen on the plaques on the wall in Muscat Oman, and in Bahrain, and on the birth certificate (as both father and delivering obstetrician) from Kodicanal, India, registered with the US Consulate in Karachi, Empire of the Raj--pre-partition.

And could his son be the same as mentioned in my book as an influence in my life (and dedicatee of my first book in Surgery), one Dr. Timothy Stone Harrison?

You may be able to tell more directly!

GWG

11-APR-B-4

ON THE WING, LAUNCHING THE ECUADORIAN MOBILE SURGICAL MISSION WITH A FLIGHT TO FLORIDA, AND AN INAUGURAL WTOP RADIO INTERVIEW, POSSIBLE RENDEZVOUS WITH ALEX NYUGEN FROM THE FIRST CINTERANDES MISSION AND THE RE-COLLECTION OF OVER-ABUNDANT SURGICAL SUPPLIES TO BE PACKED ALONG WITH US FOR ECUADOR

April 23, 2011

I am on my way, with altogether too much stuff for our “traveling light” mobile surgical mission. For one thing, Dennis has his usual barge load of gear to be culled in another last minute sorting mission on the dining room floor. For another, I received another batch of surgical stuff at the WISE (Washington Institute of Surgical Endoscopy, on Thursday, just before I headed out to the Eastern Shore for my last visit to Trappe, as the Schaefer’s are boxing up everything to be moving out. I had just done what I could to forward the 11-APR-A-series, order a couple of photo books, and then registered for the Grand River bank Run on May 14 in Grand Rapids, then drove out over the Chesapeake bay Bridge, arriving in time for dinner with Craig, Carol and Jo Ann Craig’s Mom, who had just visited the site of their Ryan home construction already nearly enclosed. Because their own house sold so quickly in surprising them, they will have to move out and into a rental while much of their stuff goes into storage. They are “downsizing” going from 4,500 to 6,000 square feet. Much of that is the accommodation for Craig’s Mother who will have a bedroom and sitting room in the Millsboro Delaware new house, with a basement and much more storage room than they have now. A primary reason for my visit is to help Crag with the picking up of the enclosed trailer from Bill Webster, then loading it all with the huge amount of Ammo that Craig has collected before his gun collection is also cased up and put into the locked trailer to be stored in Bill Webster’s garage during the interval until they can move from their rental into their finished home. I also had brought several insulated coolers to take back with me all the frozen elk, which was a source of buggy concern to Carol who does “not want anything around that does not have a bar code on it.” So, I have transferred back to Derwood three cooler loads of the well-packaged elk, a treat Carol will never know about, and which I have requests from both Clarks and Dysons in NJ for my visit there right after my return when I must go up to NJ to meet the Smith Publicity team with the official book launch on May 1—a date that will occur as I am on my return, in much the same way that I am on the wing on Easter on the way down to autumn in the Andes.

On the subject of making accommodation for the budgeting of our flights, we are taking Spirit Airline, which is allegedly cheap, to get to Fort Lauderdale, where we have to stop to pick up the surgical supplies I had forwarded there to Edgar Rodas Jar, unaware that I was forwarding them to ME! Now, I have to go to pick them up and carry them at heavy excess baggage

surcharges. It will happen twice over since I have a LAN Ecuador round trip from MIA to Guayaquil on my AMEx and a TAME round trip air trip to Cuenca from Guayaquil round trip with a 20 kg baggage limit. The excess baggage fees will no doubt exceed the high prices for the air tickets. Now I am at DCA, I see what a bargain I have got with Spirit. They smile and announce they are charging me \$35 for a checked in bag, but \$38 for my Carry-On! My luggage, which I had reduced for me and each of us except Dennis to only carry-on bags to make room for the surgical gear, “out charges” the air passage for passenger! Furthermore, Janet Walker had some surgical endoscopy supplies she wanted to forward to Edgar, so she UPS express delivered two boxes of gear to the Hialeah Springs Howard Johnson hotel where we have reservations tonight and a notice sent to them that we were common and to hold the package for us—so add two more boxes to our MIA to Guayaquil, and then another surcharge for each of the tom of stuff for the twenty minute flight on TAME to Cuenca. The favor of this “DONATED” equipment is going to bankrupt me on thee “bargain flights”!

Since Craig has been working seven days in a row (and this brutal stretch is now going to be compounded by his adding another 3 ½ hours commute from the site of his Delaware new home to his Annapolis MD job, I told him to simply come over to Derwood, which will make it possible for him to shorten the commute by a full day at the price of fuel which went up by eight cents as I drove to the Eastern Shore on Thursday and back in the rain on Friday. We went to the America’s Best motel in Princess Anne in Somerset County and then got up at five to go to Bill Webster’s for turkey hunting. It was cold and windy and neither of us saw or heard a turkey which would not be interested in moving on a morning when their single most acute sense, their hearing, would be neutralized by the high winds. We then went to the Washington Hotel in Princess Anne, named, yes, because George Washington HAD slept here, and had brunch before heading back to Trappe to stack the trailer full of the ammo boxes and visited briefly with Wayne Walker the decoy carver, and will look at his web site and see about a special piece which might be a fitting Derwood centerpiece. I then drove home in the rain to get there just in time to offload both the frozen elk and the surgical supplies. I then packed up the elk venison and deer venison in my fully packed freezer which needed re-arranging twice over, and offloaded the extra surgical supplies to be packed in the duffel bags from the SCI humanitarian aid. I had not even completed that when Dennis arrived to spread out all his excess equipment which looked like more than our team would be allowed to carry, and he winnowed on that until it was time to leave for DCA in the cold spring rain which has been the signature of the season.

WTOP is the NPR FM radio station I listen to most of the time I am home, and a Kathy Stewart there was eager that they be the first to interview me for the book. They could do this on a rare Saturday taping if I could give them a landline where I might be. I gave them the phone number of the Howard Johnson of the Hialeah Springs where I expect to be after we get the U Haul truck and load it with the gear. Since the Pub Date of May 1 is happening as I am on the wing, this “inaugural interview” might be on the run as we depart for Ecuador and during the scramble to meet with the three first-timers and the returning veteran of an earlier CinterAndes

mission now in his surgical residency in Miami, a life plan largely based on his experience on the mobile surgical mission as he is quoted in the book.

The quotes in the book and the extensive fact-checking and cross checking with witnesses invested in heavy time and cost commitments now seems to be a crucial element in a high quality product since the Greg Mortenson flap which has been occupying much of my time and I hope minimal distracting interview time. I hope to avoid discussing the controversy which is all the buzz right now and the subject of much of my emailing. We need to get back on message since the Greg M story is not in the book except in his brief introduction.

WTOP INTERVIEW BY KATHY STEWART AS WE WERE IN OUR BRIEF INTERLUDE BETWEEN ARRIVING FLIGHT AND RE-- PACKING SURGICAL SUPPLIES

Wonderful! We made it to the FTL airport and by taxi to the UHaul agency. Except for the small glitch that they had recently painted the truck back gate shut and needed a crowbar to open it, we came away with eh help of the I Phone which Jay had programmed to its GPS function which could lead us directly to the elegant tropical home of the Rodas family as Edgar Jar was in a conference in Paris for the next weeks. His home was looked after by his wife's mother and his daughter Anna and his very young daughter Caroline. We backed up to the garage and came to the house where I had asked them for their landline phone as we opened the boxes of WISE instruments that I had gathered in October when Edgar Sr and Jr were visiting..

I had a hard time getting though the automated menu of the WTOP radio station which recycled me several times before I finally got to an operator to report a real person had called me as I was landing saying she was free to interview me as soon as I got to a Landline phone. I had not known of the frenetic "newsroom fast forward pace" of exchanges every few minutes between Kathy Stewart of WTOP on deadline for another story and Janet Shapiro who was also doing the Saturday workaholic number as they awaited my Spirit Airways touchdown so as to be able to turn on my cell phone. They had both called and emailed me, something easy for them to do from their hand held I Phones and other instant communication derives, which Jay assures me I can also do with my newest generation I Pod which I brought along for him to show me the weather at 90* F this afternoon and 50* F tonight in Cuenca Ecuador. I am going to take the postgraduate course on how to use this device, which does everything their smart phones do for them except the phone part which I do not need.

I was cheerful in talking with Kathy and we laughed about my barreling along in a U-Haul on the mission we were re-packing and I promised to call her with the landline phone number at the Rodas family home as we re-packed. Both Jay and Dennis started undoing the boxes and packing up the bags I had brought as SCI blue bags, and I finally go through to WTOP---where I was immediately whisked to Kathy Stewart, since she had alerted all of them to be expecting me. We began immediately as I sat in the Rodas home, where the young Caroline

did not know that I was being interviewed “On the Air” so there was a fair amount of household clatter background until I ducked into her “little girl’s pink bedroom.”

It seemed that Kathy Stewart had read the book and quoted from it primarily. There were few diversions from the themes of “Gifts from the Poor” and there was NO MENTION made by either one of us about Greg M’s name on the cover or the controversy. It was spontaneous and fun, and she kept coming back to the question of how it was possible to enjoy so much the shared experience of so much poverty and illness—and then going on still further to talk of peaca making between warring tribes. It was good to discuss the transformations possible in exposing others to the experiences of the poor, and it was her amazement at the apparent joy there was to be had indirectly assisting the poor by empowering them to care for themselves. She thought it was I who was remarkable, but I assured her that my protégés had uncovered the real source of that resilience among the poor patents of the world and their own ingenuity and resourcefulness that required them to rely upon their own wits rather than technology and that ultimately it was their relationships that tied them through the environmental rough spots. We end the interview as she asked me about where I was going now to do what, and she was intrigued by this further mission and said she might like to have me put her in touch with those who had encountered the empowered poor people of the world to see who had learned more from whom.)11-APR-B-5)

We got back to work and duct taped the final boxes as we drove off to Hialeah Gardens to be near the MIA airport for our early flight tomorrow with the check in of all these excess bags, and the rendezvous tonight with Dena VanderTuig landing at 7:30 and Alex Nyguen getting off work to talk with us and have dinner so that the first team member may mix with the other three first timers to Ecuador. I have just pulled out the I Pod which they can teach me about the “3G’ third generate capabilities well beyond the simple playing of tunes which has not been my first objective, but let’s see just how much more it can do.

Safe journeys....

Best,

Janet

Janet Shapiro

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From: Glenn Geelhoed [mailto:msdgwg@gwumc.edu]

Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 7:41 AM

To: janet@smithpublicity.com

Subject: Re: INTERVIEW TOMORROW WITH KATHY STEWART WTOP!

I am in DCA at this moment and will board for Ft Lauderdale at 10:15 to get a truck full of surgical supplies for our surgical mission in Ecuador.

I will be in the Howard Johnson at the address and particulars sent to you previollsy at some time in early afternoon, but will make myself avaiambe when she is and will phone from my cell ((240/401-0247) when I know what landline I will have and where and when. I am carrying the laptop and will plug it back in whn I am off this flight.

Relay my thanks to her--fellow workaholics of tha world unite!

GWG

>>> "janet@smithpublicity" 04/22/11 10:49 PM >>>

Glenn,

Just heard back from Kathy Stewart form WTOP (fellow workaholic) and she is available tomorrow 4/23 to interview you! What time do you have open to speak with her for approximately ½ hour interview? I will forward you the number to call once I have your time availability.

Thanks,

Janet

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Glenn,

Kathy's feedback. I will get a copy of the interview for you.

Safe travels,

Janet

From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 3:54 PM
To: janet@smithpublicity
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Wow....what an amazing man!

Kathy Stewart (Reporter)

WTOP Radio, 103.5FM, 107.7FM, 103.9FM

Newsroom 202-895-5060

Toll free 1-866-895-5060

<mailto:kstewart@wtop.com> kstewart@wtop.com

<<http://www.wtop.com/>> www.WTOP.com

From: janet@smithpublicity [mailto:janet@smithpublicity.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 3:43 PM
To: Kathy Stewart
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Looking forward to your feedback.

I hope you will be off work soon.

Enjoy the rest of the weekend,

Janet

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212 Piccadilly London W1J 9HG Tel. 020 7917 9812

From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 2:33 PM
To: janet@smithpublicity
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

We spoke and will do the interview in about an hour.

Kathy Stewart (Reporter)

WTOP Radio, 103.5FM, 107.7FM, 103.9FM

Newsroom 202-895-5060

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<mailto:kstewart@wtop.com> kstewart@wtop.com

<<http://www.wtop.com/>> www.WTOP.com

From: janet@smithpublicity [mailto:janet@smithpublicity.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 2:10 PM
To: Kathy Stewart
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Have you connected?

From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 1:10 PM
To: janet@smithpublicity
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

just left message for him on his cell phone. I can do an interview anytime now.

Kathy Stewart (Reporter)

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From: janet@smithpublicity [mailto:janet@smithpublicity.com]

Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 10:46 AM
To: Kathy Stewart
Cc: 'Glenn Geelhoed'
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Good morning,

I just left you a message and understand that you are on deadline. Glenn should be available by early afternoon. This is his cell phone to contact him directly 240/401-0247 and then he will call on a land line for the interview. I have given him your contact information to call you as well when he is available.

Of course I will be checking my messages as well to ensure that you connect and secure the interview!

Thanks very much for your flexibility.

My best,

Janet

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From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]

Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 6:58 AM

To: janet@smithpublicity

Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Newsroom 202 895-5060 <tel:2028955060> . I have a noon deadline for another story...just fyi.

Thanks,

KATHY STEWART (cell 703 577-2828 <tel:7035772828>)

Sent via DROID on Verizon Wireless

-----Original message-----

From: "janet@smithpublicity" <janet@smithpublicity.com>

To: Kathy Stewart <kstewart@wtop.com>

Sent: Sat, Apr 23, 2011 02:45:32 GMT+00:00

Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Great, I will see what time he is available tomorrow. What number should he call?

Good night,

Janet

From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]
Sent: Friday, April 22, 2011 9:23 PM
To: janet@smithpublicity
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Absolutely

Thanks,

KATHY STEWART (cell 703 577-2828 <tel:7035772828>)

Sent via DROID on Verizon Wireless

-----Original message-----

From: "janet@smithpublicity" <janet@smithpublicity.com>
To: Kathy Stewart <kstewart@wtop.com>
Sent: Fri, Apr 22, 2011 22:06:04 GMT+00:00
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Hello Kathy,

Glenna and I are trying to work something out and he is available THIS Saturday, 4/23 before his flight takes off to Ecuador late Saturday evening. By chance do you have any room tomorrow, 4/23? Please let me know, if not we will try to arrange another date - perhaps a Monday as the weekends are becoming a bit tight for him in May.

My best,

Janet

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It was fun! Besides, it got me out of almost an hour of heavy lifting in re-packing the ton of surgical supplies I had forwarded--to myself, as it turns out--as my team was doing all the sorting

and duffel bagging and she and I had a good time on the landline. We laughed a good deal and then she asked how is it we could be having so much fun while directly confronting such abject misery? She had obviously read a good deal of the book and quoted from it. On the plus side from my perspective, she "Got IT" almost immediately, and from the book itself, not by interpretation of it. And....there was not one word about Greg M offered from either side, so it is hardly the only "hook."

I let her know that she was not "one of the first"--she is THE FIRST (and only) interview in advance of the Pub Date and the only one before I slip out of the ether net, to return for what ever else you may have turned up. She was not at all eager to curtail the interview even without a large number of stories or anecdotes, and I do not know how it will be edited but she seemed quite sympathetic to the real heroes--the "Gifts from the Poor."

I look forward to our visit and we can parse out a few of the good and to be made better parts of it and perhaps hit a few of the keynotes while retaining the spontaneity, perhaps with truncated returns in less sound bites but less narrative passages. It was a good first approximation with a very positive responsive interviewer.

Thankd

And, away we go!

GWG

>>> "janet@smithpublicity" 04/23/11 5:29 PM >>>

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size:10.0pt;}@page WordSection1 {size:8.5in 11.0in;margin:1.0in 1.0in 1.0in 1.0in;}div.WordSection1 {page:WordSection1;}-->Glenn,

Kathy's feedback. I will get a copy of the interview for you.

Safe travels,
Janet

From: Kathy Stewart [mailto:kstewart@wtop.com]
Sent: Saturday, April 23, 2011 3:54 PM
To: janet@smithpublicity
Subject: RE: Love to do story on Dr. Glenn Geelhoed

Wow....what an amazing man!

Kathy Stewart (Reporter)

WTOP Radio, 103.5FM, 107.7FM, 103.9FM

11-APR-B-6

**ALOFT—ABOARD LAN-ECUADOR FROM MIA TO GYE (GUAYAQUIL)
LOADED WITH SURGICAL BAGGAGE ENROUTE TO THE START OF
OUR MOBILE SURGICAL MISSION TO EL GUABO IN ORO
PROVINCE, AFTER AN EVENING IN MIAMI WITH MY VETERAN
ECUADORIAN MISSION STUDENT, NOW MIAMI SURGICAL
RESIDENT ALEX NYGUEN THROUGH BRICKELL IN CELEBRATION
OF DENA VANDERTUIG'S 26TH BIRTHDAY**

Easter Sunday April 24, 2011

Happy Easter!! We are celebrating our own sunrise service as we have packed up everything from our U-Haul truck into MIA international and are flying down four hours and five minutes to Guayaquil to begin our CinterAndes mobile surgical mission from Cuenca tomorrow. We have got all the gear I thought I had got forwarded to Ecuador by getting it down to Edgar Jr. in Fort Lauderdale, but had actually forwarded it to myself, even if a little out of the way! Janice Walker had also UPS expressed two boxes to the Ho Jo's in which we had reservations last night, which we managed to duct tape together by making a single box out of two, thereby making for only eight check in bags, whereas all our personal stuff in in hand carry ons only. While Denis and Jay were doing that in Fort Lauderdale, I was doing an NPR remote radio interview, then we got into our U-Haul truck and drove to the Ho Jo's in Hialeah Gardens FL, where we would meet Alex Nyguen, who is now a University of Miami Surgical resident at Jackson Memorial, into which he matched from the final preferences he had listed while with me here in Zumba Ecuador on a mobile surgical mission three Ecuador missions ago. He was eager to see him and learn how he liked the surgery residency (it is very hard, he said, which I believe I can understand!—but he loves it). We also got Dena VanderTuig after her last exam today in Public Health Law and she is celebrating her 26th birthday with us out on the town in Miami's toniest yuppie professional neighborhood—a very California setting of the shortest skirts and longest legs that can be strutted on “Rodeo Drive-equivalents” here in the Village of Mary Brickell—where many of the professionals live and play in the Miami financial district. We went to a nosy but boisterously good natured gathering in B & B—“Beer and Burgers” watching the table next to us try to consume the \$75 Mother Burger while singing Happy Birthday to their celebrant. Ours was somewhat more subdued, but probably better tasting, since Dena got “hot lave” a chocolaty sepal birthday desert.

We then walked among the ostentatiously parked Bentleys' Rolls Royces, Lamborghinis and Ferraris of this Yuppierhood and then drove up Collins Avenue among the beautiful people at play on the weekend. We crossed the Miami River and then the Intracoastal to see Palm Island

Hibiscus Island and Star Island where the conspicuous consumption types such as Oprah Winfrey have a second home for holiday. We are taking our holiday among a different group of people possibly more rewarding I our associations, to get ourselves forwarded –somehow as yet to be determined—from Guayaquil to Cuenca to launch our convoy n the morning toward the southern border of Ecuador near Peru along the coastal range in the fourth leading banana producing region on earth called Oro Province and a village called el Gaubo. We will see if the TAME Air restrictions on a total of twenty kilo for each of us is going to cost far too much in overcharges, and if that is the case, we might even rent another truck and go to Cuenca by road over the mountains. After all, the teammates I have area all young enough to show me on their I-Phones how easy it is to plug into Google Earth or their Gps and go with the directions. They are also admiring my new upscale I-Pod which they tell me will do anything their I-Phones will do except telephone, and without he eighty dollar per month connections fees. SO, I am going to be tutored by the group that lives with this electronic interconnections, and see if I can communicate with you rather like this system I am using now, but not with a few months interlude.

At this moment I can describe to you that I am over Panama looking down at the wide patch in the Panama Canal that is Lake Gatun on which a big speed boat is throwing a wake seen even from this altitude. I will be flying into Guayaquil for the first time (I drove through it in September when we did our Mobile Surgical Mission in Palmar) I have done that since I flew here o Ecuatoriana Airlines from Miami with Donald an Michael as we were on our way to the Galapagos tour. It was a wonderful excursion, and the woman who was our own tour guide was a biology major from University of Florida having studied with the same professors as Donald had at about the same time. It would be great to take a similar trip now when there is a third generation who would be as eager to learn about such things as the second was at that similar time in life. I have a hope of getting a mobile surgical suite inside a container and then put it on a barge and tow it over to the 18,000 neglected indigenous people on the Galapagos who are ignored since everyone goes to the PNG (Parque Nacional Galapagos—another UNESCO World Heritage Site) but never dreaming that there are people who were here and are displaced by the park to the inhabited islands. We could use the same barge mounted container to float the Amazon and also to cover multinational groups since the Amazon itself would cover Peru and Columbia as well as Brazil form Ecuador and Edgar’s background as the MOH would make this a reasonable option. I am carrying the photo I took at Bor near the Hospital which is bombed away and the hospital itself still has no roof. But next to it stands an insulated truck body which was a donation from the Scandinavians for the use as a self-contained clinic OR and has not been used since there seems to be no expertise in how it should be used. Here we are a few meters from the NILE—longest Navigable river on earth, with a huge sweep of destitute peoples living all along the new nation of South Sudan’s banks and an almost ideal situation for a mobile surgical mission that floats. Dr. Rodas and the whole of CinterAndes have a long experience, and not just anecdotal. And it could be used as a container based mobile system, integrated into the care systems that are being set up, with a possibility that the container itself can be slipped

onto a truck flatbed, a rail car, a barge, and picked up by a C-130 and lifted into urgently needed environments as a self-contained system so badly needed in places such as Haiti after the quake. If Team Rubicon consists mainly of firemen paramedics, their expertise is in “Scoop and Run.” But that means there must be somewhere to run TO. There in Haiti that was the end of the rescue—since there was no infrastructure to run to, and the “first responders were essentially the last.” So, a mobile “secondary care” platform such as a container based OR could be positioned in the areas that need it most and the expertise already resides within the dedicated team of CinterAndes and the six thousand plus surgical cases without a single death and with an acceptable low rate of complications in the setting in which these patients need to be treated anyway—within their homes and care systems surrounding them. So, the next generation of CinterAndes, quite possibly to be started up by the likes of Edgar Rodas Sr. and me can be run by the Edgar Rodas Jr generation of trauma and general surgery doctors along with an integrated family practice plan and especially MCH and Nutrition and Antenatal care plans. Surgery has an immediacy of results and quite visible credibility, and from the leadership of that credibility, people will pay attention when such surgeons are advocates for prevention. This is an operating we can do, and believe me, you should not have this operation if there is a better way by which you might prevent the problem in the first place—be that such preventable problems as endemic goiter, tetanus, antenatal care, micronutrient deficiencies—eg Iodine, Iron and Folate.

Edgar and I will discuss this as a possibility to capitalize on his whole nations laboratory of experience to go regional with the Andean pact and then perhaps we can advise such novice MOH programs as that of the not-as-yet-declared new nation of the Republic of South Sudan on what they might be able to do with their idle parked truck and why they are ignoring the biggest and best maintained highway in the area accessible in all seasons wet and dry—the Nile river which certainly will float that boat at all times of the year and to all reaches of the Great Sud—the otherwise impenetrable largest wetlands on earth, the floodplain of the thoroughly predictable Nile with which there are generations past counting and millennia of environmental experience to be distilled into the wisdom of using this resource for health care and its management. The Andes has been proof, the Amazon might be considered a “failed experiment “in trying to make a floating clinic into a pilfered fixed base, and if the container float can be revived as an idea, it can be deployed along the great rivers equatorial floodplains (Nile and Amazon) yet also towed by sea-going tug out to island archipelagos which experience the distress of Tsunami and cyclones. First among these should be the Galapagos for its inhabitants, and then we could prove this with the Solomon’s Islands and the Northern Marianas where Edgar and I first met, and the Philippines where I continue to have good connections from our long term land based missions, but with the option of using the Canadian gift of the SAR vessel to the Philippine Coast Guard—a “Search and Rescue” vessel the San Juan, with the Rotary Club of Manila willing to provide the fuel and the Philippine Coast Guard willing to provide the operational personnel depending on the volunteering NGO to provide the health care. The sis already working well in the model that John Howe (a prior MMHOF inductee) can demonstrate by Project HOPE doing excellent missions of care and education using the US Navy Mercy and Comfort Hospital ships as the

focus of a larger screening and health care program while its on board specialists can carry out definitive care. All the pieces of his larger idea are already in place, and a larger integration of this experience would result in a “World of Good.”

11-APR-B-7

**FROM CUENCA TO EL GUABO IN ORO PROVINCE, WE LAUNCH
OUR MOBILE SURGICAL MISSION IN THE CINTERANDES TRUCK,
SCREENING PATIENTS AND DISCOVERING TWO SALIVARY
PAROTID GLAND TUMORS FOR RESECTION AFTER ALMOST A
DOZEN CHOLECYSTECTOMIES TO BE DONE**

April 25, 2011

EL GUABO = 3* 14,81 S, AND 079* 50.08 W AT ALT=78 METERS

I am in the sticky warm ambience of early autumn at coastal Oro Province in El Guabo coastal Ecuador. We got here by a series of incident-rich steps that involved our dragging a bit of a sea anchor in the form of eight checked super-baggage some of them represented by two boxes of supplies duct taped together. We made it out of FTL to MIA and then on LAN Ecuador to Guayaquil and then on TAME into Cuenca last night after dark to be carried forward by two taxis to accommodate the excess baggage—none of it our personal effects which have all been squeezed into the carry on backpacks each of us carried. Included in that carry on were the laptop you have heard from in these pages and eh photo album from October last year when Edgar and Dolores had visited Derwood and DC at the ACS meeting, following the September excursion as CinterAndes went to Palmar on the Pacific coast. I had just about completed the labeling of that full album when we arrived in the lobby of the Hotel Crespo in Cuenca and we called Edgar and Dolores who were back from an Easter celebration with the whole family.

They both came over to join with us at the Hotel Crespo where I could get caught up on events since our parting at Toledo and forward items of some importance to each—such as the running shoes that Paulo had ordered but did not arrive while they were still in the USA. He had run with 13,000 runners the Jefferson Peres 15K race, named for the only Olympian from Ecuador, and a distance race that might be considered a medium range but for the fact that it loops around Cuenca which is at 8,140 feet altitude, a height that each of us experienced as we were carrying the excess bags out of the vehicles and into the hotel storage, from which we unpacked them only a few hours later, after Edgar and Dolores took us to a restaurant right next to the cathedral from which worshippers were coming from the nine o'clock Easter night mass as we arrived. The restaurant was Raymipampa, and the food was good but the company still better. E will get a chance to regroup later as we return on Thursday but do not fly out until Sunday from Cuenca and Guayaquil for the overnight flight on LAN through MIA and A/A to DCA. We arranged a few things to see and appreciate when we return as I had so much admired everything from the ecology of the Andean environments and the tropical lush jungle and coastal parts of the country to the beauty of its women and the depth of its culture—besides which, who knows, I may need to buy another “Panama Hat”

On our afternoon layover in Guayaquil airport we had looked over my new and highly capable I-Pod which I have yet to learn to use. We had paid an excess luggage fee but not as much as if they had weighed in our carryons which were probably greater than the bulky expensively wrapped sterile equipment we had checked in as eight pieces. One of the boxes never made it onto the plane from Guayaquil, so we waited for it at the airport until a baggage handler named Angel Morocho was good enough to try to trace it. As I was labeling the photo album, he saw what I was and what we were doing, so he was so impressed with his mission he went out of his way to make sure it would be brought in on the TAME flight we would have taken if we came in this morning. This way we were ahead in the event of such a glitch as happened to our one box, and we were able to retrieve that one when Dolores brought us both to the airport to claim it and then to the CinterAndes office in Cuenca where we could put all the equipment into their storage use and we could load up on to the Universidad de Azuay van to make the four hour trip to Oro Province.

We went through very green hills with much rain evident in the growth in early fall as we slipped three degrees south of the equator which runs through at Quito. Behind the vegetation were the rugged peaks of the Andes which I had seen again in labeling the photo album that included the photos of me and Paulo climbing Cotopaxi. We stopped just once as we came down and noted that we had lost a thousand meters elevation from the 2,479 meter elevation my altimeter decrees us to be laboring up the four flights of steps to the CinterAndes office at Cuenca where I greeted Gonzalo's daughter in the office and left the postcards I had written in Cuenca. When we went through the banana plantations we knew we were in Oro Province and found our way over to the Municipal Ministry of Salud Publica, where we are hardly "stealth invaders" of El Guabo. We have already had two press interviews, one radio interview and a few posed photos for the press, with TV Oro doing on camera interview as well of Edgar and I and the wife of the Mayor. She is "Patronata"—the "distaff side" of municipal government who pulls together social series for the needy and for a variety of programs. As every politician world over has a single goal—re-election in those nations so primitive as to require democratic voting—and therefore they swarm around the site of anything good happening to take full credit in association with it, even if, or more especially if, they have nothing to do with others' volunteer efforts. But, it makes for a lot of good will all around as many people are thanking us for the services we have not yet rendered.

But, we walked through the open air pork market and a few other village items to the Pecos Restaurant for the only sustenance we were able to absorb today and we got to work in the municipal building next to the parked CinterAndes truck. We screened patients and selected the twenty eight to be operated on. Surprisingly there are no inguinal hernias, although three umbilical hernias are booked in eight to ten year olds. Not surprisingly, there are eleven cholecystectomies one of which we cancel since she was of excessive BMI Body Mass Index—translation, she was too short and fat to be doing her operation without complication risks too high to take on for an elective operations. We saw several really pretty young women all dressed

to kill as they came in for their consultation to remove a small lipoma that made them less than perfect.

But the really big surprise is the pair of men I found with a lesion they had not seen often and if they did, they referred them to University Hospitals a long way away. But Edgar had seen my recent photos on the Flickr account and said it would be intriguing if we could do these cases here if I were willing to scrub with him. I found a big man with a lesion in his right parotid gland. At first he said it had only been there a year, but later that was clarified as two and a half years, all without any pain at all. This means that it is a tumor, and likely a benign tumor, although a large one, and it is likely to be a very large Warthin's' pleomorphic mixed adenoma. We had found a couple of those in the Philippines as well as a large malignant one as well. So, we checked him over for anesthesia risk and booked him for Wednesday, following a barrage of endoscopic cholecystectomies on Tuesday for which all this equipment we carried down had been packed along. As soon as I had completed that, we found another man, almost "bookends". He has a smaller more superficial parotid adenoma on the opposite side, and this one is a pleasure to treat since it will be below the major branches of all but the mandibular branch of the facial nerve. So, we have booked these two patients for parotidectomy on Wednesday. What good fun!

As we were checking on the pre-op tests we had ordered, a funeral procession occurred passing our buildings so I shot photos of the white truck bearing the wooden coffin with a parade of mourners and family around it in slow procession through the scattered light rain.

Dena is spending five years completing the four years of medical school at Emory plus the fifth year for the completion of the MPH in association with the CDC. She wants to do ObGyn, so we have immediately assigned her to the two BTL's we are doing tonight under the lights. "Bilateral tubal ligations" are an operation she had participated in before, but only as an "open operation" with the abdomen open for a C-Section or similar operation. These will be done primarily, so it will involve the laparoscopic insufflation and ligation of the tubes with the fancy equipment—again, that we just brought down. We will then do a lap chole, which means we will be finishing up after midnight.

We are being entertained by the friendly townspeople and the glamorous Patronata, with a few media folk in between. It is a rule I have noted that the caregivers are seen as pure European and the patients seem to have more indigenous bloodlines. Dennis Steinauer who is asking questions while taking pictures said "Is there National Health Service free care for all?" Yes, is the response. Health care to all is free, just not likely to be available, so the demand is dampened by devaluing the service. As Edgar adds, "Why else would we be here?" If all health care is both free and easily available, what are we doing here, trucking down all the personnel, expertise and equipment to do our voluntary role of free health care in a truck? The answer is, yes it is free, it just isn't. Only if someone will be willing to provide it, can such services be accessed by the people, and when that happens, politicians from everywhere cluster around to

absorb the good will and extra votes of being associated with whatever good is happening in their district of registered voters

11-APR-B-8

FROM OUR HOTEL EJECTIVO BASE IN MACHALA, SEAT OF THE BANANA-RICH ORO PROVINCE, WE ARE AT FULL OPERATIONAL SPEED IN EL GUABO CANTON, AT THE “PATRONATO DE AMPARO SOCIAL MUNICIPAL” IN A DAY OF CHOLECYSTECTOMIES IN THE CINTERANDES TRUCK WITH A GOOD TEAM OF TEN

April 26, 2011

I awoke this morning in a foggy dawn as the busy marketeers were hauling in hog carcasses balanced on their tee-shirt shrouded heeds, and slinging vegetables into the stalls of the central market. A large tricycle passed below my hotel 3rd floor (4th level) balcony as the tricycle itself could not be seen since large stalks of bananas were hanging over every part of it. “Oritas” they are called—the “Little Gold” or Oros Province. made at her working day began for the shoppers who would follow later. The 23rd April is when the world (later confirmed when the UN came to be) recognized the Independence of Ecuador, back in the days of Simon Bolivar, so the school children have a holiday “Dia del Libre y del Rosa.” So the market folk up well before dawn butchering hogs and hauling in fish should be in for a good turnover of shoppers, including the woman who just came to us selling homemade caramels she has made, brought in still warm made in her “finca” (farmhouse.)

When we arrived in el Guabo after our fifteen minute Universidad del Azuay van ride to the municipal compound where our truck is parked up on blocks to level and stabilize it in the careful preparation that is the hallmark of Gonzalo’s craft practiced a day or two in advance of our team arriving, we were overwhelmed by the reception of the patients who had been operated last night and their families. They were all gussied up with a good load of makeup and colorful dresses as their “Sunday best” complete with décolletage and flowers in their hair. {As I had first noted on my earliest excursions into South and Central America, no “Latina” is ever seen in public except at her very best; while only North American women attempt to look casual or go even further into the “Grunge” look} It looked like our post-op patients (two BTL’s and one cholecystectomy) done after dark last night before we dragged our weary bodies to Machala for late check-in into the Hotel Ejectivo for an immediate crashing in bed, were all lined up awaiting us to go dancing or out for a fiesta—which, given a holiday today, they were. One after another asked to pose with me, since I seem to be a Nordic looking blonde as opposed to the contrast with the still-European, but Mediterranean appearance of the others around them. It is like the occasion when I had visited Japan with Michael as an early teen ager and all the Japanese schoolgirls in their uniforms were lined up to pose with him, since the closest they had otherwise come to a young blonde boy was on TV or movies. So, we made “photo op rounds” as the three women patients and their relatives posed with us, so that they would have a souvenir of their benefactors—a “celebrity operation.” One of them posed with Edgar since she was the first

patients done in el Guabo in January of this year, the first CinterAndes visit here. I said that their taking a photo with me was a bit like the politicians who cluster around anything good happening anywhere near their electorate so as to be associated with the beneficence even if, or especially if, they had nothing to do with it except for the photo-op, the celebration of success or the plaque-unveiling. I did my best to stay out of the operating theatre since there is a limit on how many participants can fit in there as observers or operators and I did not want to displace one of our three students or the team from CinterAndes, especially since we also have a wandering photographer who is cruising in and out which also uses up scrub clothes and disposables like aps and masks and shoe covers. So, I am enshrined in their snapshots of their benefactor surgeons having as much to do with their operation as do the politicians and others running for office who manage to get a few sound bites onto the evening news of TV Oro. But the generalized “bon homme” floats all boats, so let them snap away—“photos of me are still cheap!”

On the subject of “floating all boats” I had a prolonged discussion with Edgar as he and I as the senior surgeons should be making plans for a legacy to be passed to others which we might begin in planning and fomenting to others in systems that already work. He already has a successor in a new generation of Dr. Edgar Rodas, Jr. who will continue CinterAndes he has participated in from the start as a student and resident and now as he returns in August to head up the Universidad del Azuay Trauma Program. I had carried here a photo of the insulated truck given to South Sudan by the Scandinavians as a potential mobile clinic, but it has been parked next to the destroyed Bor Hospital as useless as the bombed out building, since no one there has any experience or aptitude for running a mobile clinic, surgical or otherwise, and they might need direction from someone who had been planning and doing even fifteen years before the arrival of the truck. I had suggested to Edgar that this large white elephant with no function in Bor, Jonglei Province South Sudan was a perfect place to bring Gonzalo, whose baby the CinterAndes truck is, and Freddie, who knows how to run an OR in the truck, and Anita who is used to mobile surgical anesthesia. I could try to get a program started for South Sudan based, not so much in the truck they already have standing outside their hospital rotting away as surely as the two new Mercedes ambulances that were also an inappropriate gift of the Scandinavians, but no one ever thought that an ambulance is a conveyance that brings a “scoop and run” victim to an area of higher intensity medical care—which is---where? Nairobi? Johannesburg? It surely is not the Bor Hospital which has no suture, and that which is delivered in the container we just arranged to have distributed in Jonglei for example, is plundered as highly useful materials so the last place one would want to have any of that stuff stored is in the Bor Hospital, where it exists only to walk away with if it should prove to be useful, leaving only a pile of picked over junk with missing parts. This is the expensive stockpiling of mis-guided stuff sent to the far side of the globe to create medical waste, which in this very visible case, includes two Mercedes upscale ambulances and a mobile truck-based unused clinic platform.

Let's assume that it might work, a wheel-based mobile program is a non-starter in the Great Sud, where over nine months of the year all of the putative "roadways" (none are paved anywhere in Jonglei) are muddy rivulets under three meters of muddy turbulent overflow of the regularly flooding Nile, a phenomenon which ought to be somewhat predictable having been recorded for each year of recorded history going back into time immemorial. So, the dry season alone might have some utility to a truck, but it would get a hard hammering on the baked and rutted roads of the limited dry season before it would be mired for two thirds of the following year. Even then, as various programs are dreamed up a world away—like the EPI—"Expanded Program in Immunization"—large insulated containers of vaccines are brought in by air to Bor's airstrip to be lost in the "Cold Chain" that is absent to iffy from that point onward, and only a generator refrigerated vehicle like the mobile surgical truck could function as a reliable source for a vaccine program, again in the dry season only.

I do NOT want to own or operate a large truck, or a train, or a ship or a barge or a cargo plane. Fortunately, however, lots of organizations out there do so own these conveyances but have no worthwhile program of their own to justify their use. We have a long experience in very well-functioning program—which came first—and modest equipment—which came second—which should be transferrable to others in a teachable series. I think it is ideal to have this instructions coming NOT from the FIRST WORLD, which would go to the THIRD WORLD and encourage them to be "like us"—i.e. jump over the SECOND WORLD stage of development and go directly to neurosurgery in the jungle, coronary bypass in a thatched hut. Further there is a fear of colonization by the first world powers, not a fear they need to have from an Ecuador coming to take over and dictate to them what they should do, unlike the US Army, the UN and its monster inefficiency and official graft, or the EEU which will posture for a while and go through the faction fighting that Africans would call tribalism—you know, like the French agreeing with the Brits, etc. So, a n instruction from the non-threatening volunteer second world program form Ecuador will be a good encouragement for the THIRD world to aspire to become SECOND, and not shoot the moon to an unsustainable FIRST.

So, I am arranging a Skype call with Ajak at MCH, to hook up with the MOH of Jonglei Province, and with Jacob Gai the MCH administrator who is going to get a MSU MPH and is likely to return to Sudan as MOH, once this Lost Boy is so equipped, and we will talk about getting CinterAndes to outreach stations of MCH m to come over during our visit next year to look over the truck and get it mobile, with its first stop to the Leprosy Clinic and the Akobo and PiBor Werkok, then MOST IMPORTANTLY, to arrange the all-season conversion of the truck's container as a platform to float the longest river in the world —exactly like the experience on the largest of the world's rivers—the Amazon. Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation were good enough to fund the "Health Promoters" program in Tanzania; here is a bigger yield of an even more immediate type in a program that should be self-sustainable after a helping hand from Ecuador to S Sudan!

I had gone over these details with the CinterAndes team and showed them photos of their Sudan counterparts, including Jacob Gai and Ajak and the District Commissioner and Jonglei Governor and the MOH and the leprosy colony where we would float directly to the Nile river bank village as we would to each of the population centers of Jonglei Province, all of them located on or readily accessible to the Nile so we would not have to develop multiple fixed base clinical facilities. The prevention programs would remain behind even as the curative care mobile clinic moved on—much as does the CinterAndes truck, with the larger yield being the preventive programs and general medical care and training, all of it attracted by the credibility of the curative care done inside the mobile platform which could operate all year-round regardless of weather in the floating mode, or in the dry season, could make extended land based excursions by the same pre-planning as is done now for each CinterAndes mission. There is not even so much as a LANGUAGE barrier! Remember that Ajak's Bible is La Santa Biblia! That is true for all the Lost Boys—Sudanese by birth and Cuban by adoption thanks to the rescue of the boy soldiers from the refugee camps on the other side of the croc-infested river that separated them from the marauding's of the GOS and the Murle and other hostiles with only the predatory wildlife in common on each side of political borders. Since John Garang had met Fidel Castro in Rome and had accepted his offer to adopt and train the Lost Boys in Cuba, each of them grew up and became literate first in Spanish!

Edgar and the rest of the team went to bed very tired last night, as did I, but each still lay awake in the Hotel Ejectivo, thinking about what they have been doing in the truck for seventeen years, and for fifteen years before the truck arrived—having the right priorities, they put the program first from idea to function before they even got started with the hardware, unlike the upside down approach of the Sudanese gift from the Scandinavians who may have had good intentions in giving the Sudanese a mobile clinic platform, but are clueless how to operate it. Now, we can internationalize this program without a threat, since it is not going to be a large cash donation about a dropped off cache of cash which would finance little beyond corruption, but a program from an organization of volunteers that the Sudanese should already recognize as not dripping with cash for no directed purpose, but those who have self-developed a very viable model mobile surgical program as centerpiece of a health care system that can be self-sustaining. I can't wait to get this act on the (RIVER) road!

11-APR-B-9

**OUR FINAL FULL OPERATING DAY AT GUABO AS WE DO THINGS
BY “TWO’S”: UMBILICAL HERNIAS, CHOLECYSTECTOMIES,
PAROTIDECTOMIES, AND EXCISIONS OF LIPOMAS**

April 27, 2011

I have just posed with John Franco, “Hizzoner” the Alcalde” of Guabo with his very photogenic wife who is the Patronata, the benefactress of all social programs here in this canton. As in Chicago during the days of Hizzoner the Mayor, most public works projects have the “Mayor Richard E Daly” logo superimposed on them, and a hundred children have just come through in red tee shirts marked with the name and backpacks each crested with eh name John Franco. His best advertisements are his lively wife, like most of the Latinas here, emerging only when looking their best and strutting their stuff for photo ops and public appearances.

When the laptop battery ran down yesterday, I had been attempting to get it up and running to access the wireless and when it was connected noted the schedule of radio and TV appearances and print journalism that Janet Shapiro has been working on for Smiths Publicity. It seems most of the contacts have been positive, ranging from “this is a must do interview” to “I want to do his interview early and want to be the first.” So I will sort through those commitments upon return. In the meantime, it seems we are squared on the Princeton 10th of May. visit since both Imme and Cindy and Charlie are available only during a narrow window of the middle part of that week, which is right when I should be in NJ for the Smith Publicity scheduling, and before I am supposed to stop in Toledo for the 12th of May at University of Toledo for a function there Imme and Freeman are going to go to England before and California after that date, and Cindy and Charlie will be back from a visit to their kids around the same time. The University of Toledo reception for donors occurs on the 12th of May and the Grand River Bank Run is on the 14th, so I will try to make a single road trip as I had once before in the Spring to cover each of those bases. As I was trying to synchronize each of these, I was also making arrangements with Edgar to return in October, before I am due to arrive in Elk hunting camp, so we would be going to tropical jungle river there named the Jungle part of the Zumba Province to Zumbi (not to be confused with Zumba, where I had gone first) for a mission October 9—13. There is a river there named the Naragantza which Edgar will be exploring later on Thursday when I will already have to be in Colorado. In the Schwar language, “Ntza” means river, so there are many such place names around tis jungle part of Peru. It is not far from the Peru border, but it is quite different from the higher Andean village of Zumba where we had done the February mission last year.

The river here that we cross each time we come from or go to our Hotel Ejectivo is the Jubones River. It runs between banana plantations but is not navigable, down to the sea only five kilometers away, but this river is the border between the provinces of Azuay and Oro. About five kilometers away is the seaport of Porto Bolivar from which the bananas are exported, the biggest output of the Oro Province, the “Oritos”—little gold. As sweet as they come.

So, from the Andean mountains or our first mission in Zumba after the long trans Andean drive around landslides in the spectacular vistas of the Cordillera, we had gone next to the costal Palmar fishing village along the Pacific, and then to this banana plantation coastal area; our next will be to the jungle in Zumbi in October, and we are planning now to go to the Galapagos where Edgar’s nephew has a series of hotels on Santa Cruz and cabins on the Florina beaches. We will still do the planned Otovalo mission to conjoin with Anna Taft of the Tandanna Foundation, but after further objections to the free care performed in a population in which a couple of concerned physicians are concerned about how they can compete with free care done by outside well-credentialed experts. It is a story intriguing enough that the Mayor and his wife came this morning to get further information and then the Television Oro returned to do an interview of me on TV with Edgar doing the translating after my demurral about precise expression in my limited Spanish. They asked about the experience of risk, and I said that any operation or anesthesia had accompanying risk, but the actual experience over seventeen years of operating in the truck showed a highly acceptable level of experienced risk with one risk that is of the gravest concern being the risk of death had had ZERO occurrence in over six thousand cases. I pointed out that the Ecuadorians could be proud of this pioneering program since it had been developed here well before the rest of the world and that we are now beginning the planning to take this same process of cirugie movil to other parts of the world based in the success of this model.

I ASSIST LAP-CHOLECYSTECTOMIES IN OUR SECOND FULL DAY OF OPERATING IN THE TRUCK

I assist cholecystectomies performed by laparoscopic techniques yesterday after the early morning cases were completed and then we adjourned for lunch at the Pecos restaurant. It is a big day since the Copa Santander Libertadores is in its “final four frenzy”—this is the soccer championships of the South America series. Everywhere we looked, we saw the TV flickering of the projection of the games. At our lunch and later at our dinner we watched two professional soccer games as the elimination of the lower teams pushed toward the final champions. When I got back to the Hotel Ejectivo about ten o’clock last night, I began immediately by charging the batteries of the camera and laptop, but then turned on the TV to see the royal wedding reports of those who inserted clips of weddings past, such as Prince Charles and Dianna, the late mother of Prince William and Kate Middleton the bride du jour. So, somehow I missed the wedding, and did not even check the Crate & Barrel bride’s registry to see their wish list!

My morning has been used in the further typing up of some details and making further connections for Edgar and me for later use such as Skyping the connection with Ajak and Jacob in Sudan for later consultation on Mobile Surgery using the unused equipment they already have. But then I will be involved later after the pairs of umbilical hernias are fixed and the cholecystectomies are completed, and then get involved in the two consecutive parotid tumors. We may finish in time to see the Port Bolivar, not far from us if there is still daylight. But we will do most of our sightseeing around Cuenca since we will return via the same route which had gone through a “Desvio” around landslides in the stunning mountain vistas as we drove down from the High Andean Cordillera into the coastal plains where the bananas are grown.

**TV ORO INTERVIEW WITH EDGAR’S TRANSLATION, I MEET
MAYOR AND PHOTO OPS, THEN LONG LUNCH OVER SOCCER
MATCH, ONE PAROTID CANCELED SINCE HE ATE AND I DO THE
SECOND PAROTID IN MINUTES WITH DENA BEFORE AN ALL
EVENING CELEBRATION THAT BEGINS WITH AEROBICS AND
DANCING**

I saw the TV ORO team come back and this time they wanted to interview me, with Edgar translating. I began in Spanish with an apology for my lack of ability to explain the more complex concepts of Mobile Surgery outreach in that language and then Edgar translated my congratulations to them for pioneering the technique that may now be copied all around the world—and I suggested Sudan might be the first to benefit.

I had been dealing mainly with the Mayor’s wife, the Patronata, but now the Mayor wanted to get in on the act, as his name, John Franklin, is attached to more things than the city of Chicago had Mayor Daley’s name. So, he had the US Professor of Surgery who was down here in el Guabo through no invitation or support of his own, but wanted the photo ops and other associations to get full benefit of this boon to the population and take credit for delivering the services to the people.

We took lunch after the long list of cases on our final operating day with the two major parotid tumor cases postponed until after lunch. That had torpedoed one of those cases in which the big guy, despite twenty warnings, ate lunch, so he was canceled right on the OR table after he had already been started with an IV and was about to get the anesthetic induction. We ourselves were taking quite a long time to have lunch as well, since this is the big time soccer team elimination matches for all South American pro teams. I watched the matches myself on the big screen in Pecos Restaurant and enjoyed the drowsy reprieve. But I thought this “seated Siesta” was a bit too leisurely considering that my two big cases were coming up, and not starting until after four o’clock because of the soccer matches, but that was solved by two reasons: my first

case was the big guy with the big tumor which might have been a malignant parotid tumor, since he ate and was canceled. The second reason was that the second parotid tumor patient was one for whom the superficial parotid tumor was almost ready to fall out, and so easy that I had Dena VanderTuig do the skin incision, and then I virtually popped it out, all within less than 12 minutes. But then Dr. Ivan came in and I had him go with Dena through an excision of a sebaceous cyst on the forehead, which he joked had taken them four times longer than my parotid excision.

What followed was an evening of entertainment, in which we began with almost an hour of aerobics, then a special performance by Jay who did a break dance for them, and then a general dance with all involved. I also got some small souvenirs of el Guabo including post cards, which I may be the only one who uses them consistently!

11-APR-B-10

WE CHECK OUT OF HOTEL EJECTIVO AND DRIVE THROUGH MACHALA'S NEW BOULEVARD TO MAKE OUR FINAL "ROUND (S)" AND DRIVE THROUGH THE ANDES AND "DESVIO" TO CUENCA FOR AFTERNOON DINNER WITH RODAS FAMIY AS WE PACK IN TO THE COTTAGE "FLORIDA", OVERLOOK CUENCA FROM "TURP" AND SPEND THE EVENING WITH THE EXTENDED FAMILY

April 28, 2011

It seemed a lot further in going back to Cuenca from el Guabo than it seemed in getting here in the van in the first place. Octavio, the driver from the Universidad del Azuay, drove us back to get from the lowland banana plantations to the high Andes, and once again we had to take the overland "desvio" which shunted us in steep mountains' bypass to get around a landslide occluded road—a lot like the regular events we had seen in the Himalayas.

We got up somewhat more leisurely this morning in the Hotel Ejectivo, as I was entertained as each morning, by the delivery of fresh hog carcasses into the central market of Machala, the provincial seat of Oro Province. Big tricycles also arrived so covered with banana stalks that it seemed that the rider was peddling a Chiquita tricycle.

We waited for Dennis, as always, staggering in late and trying to haul his heavy excess carryon bags behind him. We drove out the new boulevard of Machala, one of recent improvement made in public works. We went to see the one single patient who was still there, since all others had been discharged directly on the day of operation. She was ready to go home. The wife of the man I had done the parotid tumor excision came to give me a big hug. And each of the staff lined up for similar hugs and "air kisses" as we departed. The Patronata asked if we might not be able to come twice per year and that will be accommodated.

We drove all around Cuenca delivering people, and then were almost home at the Rodas compound when Tom mentioned his bags were back in the now-locked CinterAndes office and he was leaving tomorrow. Since most businesses close down for at least three hours in midafternoon, so does CinterAndes and we had to drive all the way back to drop him off and re-open the office, which was making us an hour and a half late for the big dinner Dolores had prepared for us. Dena and Jay were put up in Chris's house as Dennis and I were accommodated in the Cottage named "Florida". It was very pleasant, and we made plans for the number of things we would see and do in and near Cuenca.

We went, (again for me) to Turi the mountaintop lookout over the city of Cuenca, and had stopped at Edgar Vegas ceramic studio. It was just closed as we got there, but when he knew that he insisted that he would have re-opened the shop and done something special to

accommodate us, suggesting a specially commissioned work of art for me. We toured the Old Town of Cuenca, all of it a UNESCO World Heritage site. I know the landmarks principally on the basis of where Edgar had started his clinic and then the association with the Cuenca University until he was Dean there, and then the founding Dean of the new Universidad del Azuay.

Dennis did not accompany us, since he most often takes a nap and is also coughing furiously and has a conjunctivitis which everyone was eager to help treat. He has been ill for some time but it is also apparent that he cannot move around in this altitude. Edgar says it takes him a while to adjust when he has been only two weeks in the USA, since we are living at an altitude now in early fall of CUENCA= 02° 52.64 S and 78° 56.91 W at 2,357 meters (over a mile and a half altitude in the Cuenca Valley.) I did the extended calculations on the relationship of Derwood to a number of other sites, and noted again that Derwood HOME = 2,903 miles at bearing 0.01°. This means that the East Coast of the USA in North America is *directly* over the West Coast of South America.

11-APR-B-11

OUR FULL CUENCA DAY AND MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR RETURN VIA GUAYAQUIL: WE HAVE OUR UNPACKING PARTY AT CINTERANDES FOUNDATION AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN AMERICAN REDUNDANCY REACHES PEOPLE IN NEED; WE THEN GO TO PARQUE NACIONAL DE CAJAS FOR LUNCH ON FRESH TROUT AT DOS CHORRERAS, THEN TO HOMERO ORTEGA MUSEUM OF THE PANAMA HAT FOR PURCHASES OF OUR SOUVENIR GENUINE ARTICLES

April 29, 2011

We had a leisurely start on what seems to be a rather beautiful day, which might turn at this (early fall) time of year into a quick shower. Cuenca is the city of the four rivers, coming together and making the Cuenca River which is the one roaring right now behind the Rodas household. The district where they live is called Ucubamba. There is even a small dirt road on the river bank's opposite side that can carry us to the Universidad del Azuay in a short cut. The four rivers are the Tombamba, the Youancay, the Taracay, (the suffix -cay means "water" in Canari) and the Mechunzara Rivers. It would be only fifty miles westward for the Cuenca to go the Pacific, but because of the four thousand meters Andes here, it goes instead five thousand miles to the Atlantic, becoming a tributary to the mighty Amazon—the watershed eastward of most of Ecuador.

We toured around Edgar's second passion, gardening, and also saw the lettuce he is growing on the top of the tile roof over his bedroom. He has a special locker for his gardening tools and rubber boots and Panama hat. Cosmos are along the drive and the bright yellow Fresno trees are in blossom as they were on my first trip here.

There is a ferment here for a referendum by the Ecuadorian president who is altogether too good a friend of Cesar Chavez, the "wannabe Castro" who is the communist leader of Venezuela and is exporting his brand of socialism funded by his expropriated oil wealth. There is a May 7 vote on ten questions, eight of which are trivial such as "do you approve of bullfighting" but two are essentially the tools of a dictator: 1) the President appoints all judges and 2) the President can restrict the press and media. Raphael Correa is well on his way toward dictatorial centralization of power as his mentor and comrade Chavez has led the way.

The "Florida" home of the Rodases says "Casa de Abuelos"---home of the grandparents—and grandchildren are always welcome. We see them regularly, and they are always cordial, greeting us with a kiss since we are such close family friends. Angelina and Anna Maria are the

two daughters of Felipe and Diana, the Rodas daughter married to a juvenile court magistrate, and they live in the second house closest to Edgar and Dolores.

I had sent messages to Ajak and Jacob at Memorial Christian Hospital in Werkok along with the suggestions that an ideal aid package would be to have the team from CinterAndes come out to Sudan to establish the mobile surgical clinic—Edgar, Anita, Gonzalito and Freddy being the four person team to make it happen. It would be ideal for the new nation since it knows it is not going to be colonized by Ecuador, as it might fear from the world's remaining superpower. We tried to reach them by Skype, but set up the connections and timing of a Skype call and did talk with Zach who is busy getting a TR team to Alabama for debris clearance—a non-medical assistance team headed by Matt Pelak.

We drove to the Universidad del Azuay, having Gonzalito carry us along the riverbank back road I did not know was there. I saw a few folk fishing in the Cuenca River, which is said to have trout in it especially when it had rained hard and they come downstream from further up the mountains—a site we will see later today. We picked up Edgar and went to the CinterAndes office in Cuenca where we had a giant “Unpacking Party.” We got all the bags I had packed and those we had carried forward by U-Haul truck from Fort Lauderdale, those boxes that Janice Walker had UPS mailed to me at the Howard Johnsons for our arrival, and got them divided according to the endoscopic surgical techniques, and all others components. In amazement, Edgar made an estimate that the sum total of wholesale value was well past a half million dollars, all of it new and discarded from American profligate health care redundancy.

As our special celebration of the completion of this event, we picked up Anita and tightly packed all of us in the CinterAndes SUV and drove far up the mountains into the Parque Nacional del Cajas—the magnificent Andean park I had ridden through to get to Palmar on my last trip. This time we had an objective, and that was “Dos Chorales” a restraint built into the rocks at the site of two streams which come together at this site. The waters flow through the restaurant and there is a glass roof through which we can see the environment, a good thing since it is also cold at the 3,500 meter altitude. Those waters are teeming with “truchas”—the trout. They go by the delightful name of the rainbow “arco iris.”

We had a traditional local toast with a flute of a cinnamon flavored cane liqueur, and then each ordered rainbow trout in any way the menu afforded. Mine was delightful as the fillet was smothered in shrimp and other “mariscos.” There are “sinderos” (trails) around here that would be a delight to take on a “hill walking” (British) or “bush bashing” (Australian) or climbing/hiking (my own idiom of American.) But it was cold and breathless, especially since one of us had had coronary bypass and other vascular surgery and was ill with conjunctivitis and a constant coughing so we did not get into it, especially since it began to rain. I had to content myself with seeing and photographing the rainbow trout swimming through the restaurant stream.

We drove back through the rainy high hills after dos Chorares, adjacent to which is a bull fighting ring. But both the bulls and the bullfighters got short of breath when they contested, so the bull ring is now used for other kinds of stock shows as bull fighting at this altitude was never a success. We returned to our cottage as Jay and Dena returned to Chris's house, each with return trip plans that had been made for us by Dolores's travel agent where I had been before when they had trouble with my credit card. I paid cash this time and gave all my particulars to Gonzalito as we were in our "Unpacking Party" while my ticket was for Sunday evening to Guayaquil, Dena and Jay were going to the beaches around Guayaquil leaving Saturday morning. They would miss the excursion to Canar and to Ingapirca—the Indian village in the middle of the Feria—market day (as my first visit to Ecuador at Otovalo with Donald and Michael had experienced in the Otovalo Indian market) The Inca ruins are a special site here for us to see and I would have taken them on over against the beach combing, but Edgar said he understood why the young people would be eager to go to see Moniquia Beach.

We had a good time "in Familia" in the evening, as we wrote thank you's to those who had helped with the supplies I had brought and Skyped to Sudan and talked with Zach at TR whom they had met from his trip to Derwood and trucking on up to Toledo as we stocked the MMHOF "Distribution Center."

Now we can look forward to some Inca history and archaeology!!

11-APR-B-12

OUR FULL DAY SATURDAY AS DENA AND JAY GO TO THE PACIFIC BEACH BY AN EARLIER FLIGHT TO GUAYAQUIL AND WE PREPARE TO TOUR ECUADORIAN INCA RUINS TOMORROW AS WE GO TO CUENCA TENNIS CLUB LUNCH TODAY

April 30, 2011

The news within Ecuador today is about one political and one geological event; internationally it is about spring tornados in the South of the US and the Royal Wedding in UK.

There is an Andean volcanic peak in the center of Ecuador which has been erupting and making for some spectacular video footage, particularly when shot by night, as lava flows are cascading from the cone which is also spewing lava bombs and other mountain building materials with inconvenient consequences for human habitation on the slopes. Ash and steam are venting and this is diverting airline routes around the wind plume of this eruption of **Tungarahua**, blowing its top.

There is a political event also, in which the president of Ecuador has proposed a ten question referendum ballot in which eight of the questions are innocuous, such as “What is your opinion of bullfighting and should it be outlawed?” But two of the questions are the reason he is pushing hard for the “Si” vote “por la Patria” as the futuristic forward looking posters claim as he, President Raphael Carera, seeks to centralize all power in the presidency by appointing all judicial branch nominees, and controlling the press. There is a single legislative body of 120 representatives reapportioned according to provincial populations by census taken every ten years. There are provincial governors, already all appointed, and the mayors and city councils are also elected. But, this referendum for May 7 is looked upon as a power consolidation in the executive with fewer checks and balances.

The headline in the newspaper is of 260 deaths in the US South from Tornados, and we finally connected with Zach Smith last night through Skype to learn that he has been active around the clock in sending the first TR Team domestically to Alabama. This is a non-medical team just sent for debris clearance headed by Matt Pelak. Zach was Leary of the suggested sending of the Ecuadorian team to teach mobile surgery to Sudan since they were not veterans and it would be hard to sell the idea to Jake and William—but, then, their most successful missions to date have been all non-veteran and all-medical and had nothing to do with the psycho therapy of the returning troubled vet which is a theme which seems to have had a resounding failure of its most visible “poster child” in sending a disturbed returning vet into a disaster spot far away from any resources to “help the helpers.” I have already proven the

transformational power of mission service, but it cannot be to reconstruct a disturbed individual through focusing on the problems in an exotic situation toward which some control can be exerted. I am also a direct witness of the complete disintegration of marginal people in confrontation with the world of the poor and needy and a retreat into illness or self-centered “art focus” to concentrate only on the beautiful to distract from ugly reality pressing in on all sides with still needier peoples surrounding the unhappy helper who demands more attention than those we have come to help. The transient heroism of a mission can lead to disappointment on return to the humdrum reality of life in a quite different mode of collateral supporting structure and social roles much more regulated and a step down from the borrowed expertise and capability put into action through leadership from another in an unrestricted environment of post-disaster or humanitarian crisis.

We had continued to try to reach Ajak or Jacob without success through the magic communications systems which are marvelous when they work and very unreliable when not working, which is most of the time. I have a dozen pending appointments as well upon return and it will be necessary to get into a more stable communications environment to answer any of them. At present, we are working toward a return into Ecuador to go to Zumbi in the Amazonian jungle in early October with the mission from October 9-13, following which, I would have to leave directly toward Colorado and the elk hunt. At the end of a week of further Amazon exploration Edgar and Dolores would be going to Alabama where Ron Merrill is building a Japanese style house in the mountains and then will be driving across the US together to arrive in San Francisco for the ACS meeting there. I will have to figure out how all of these activities can be squeezed together with the various kits of different sorts stashed at forwarded destinations—like hunting outfit and rifle pre-positioned in Denver for my elk hunt between Ecuador jungle and San Francisco formalities.

The royal wedding is the other news, as all the pre-historic formalities of ushering one great house to join another in the pageantry of matrimony uniting kingdoms. That these two young people have known each other for eight years and have lived together for the last two years is probably a devalidator for all the reasons behind the pageant, but it is a good excuse for a big expensive party—why not! After all, look how the Fairy Tale wedding of Princess Di and Charles made for a “happily ever after ending”.

THE VISIT TO THE TENNIS CLUB IN CUENCA WITH A REUNION OF OLD FRIENDS AS WE WATCH A SOCCER MATCH IN WHICH BARCELONA SURPRISINGLY GETS BEAT

The activities of the day started with a leisurely beginning as Edgar went to a meeting and Dolores and I ran errands around old town Cuenca. It was a sunny bright day, and Dena and Jay had left early to fly to Guayaquil where Jay has a friend who is a DeeJay as they go to

Monequia Beach for the day and will join us in the Guayaquil airport for our LAN midnight flight tomorrow.

It was sunny by day but later in the afternoon, the clouds came over in a roll and it rained hard as we left from the Tennis Club where we had a pleasant lunch. This being Cuenca, everyone we met there knew and had warm regards for Edgar, including a family that had taken him in when he first went to Florida before he had even met Dolores. It is amazing as we compare notes, the friends we have in common and the unusual places we had met them, such as Saipan, or Europe, or South America, including rather famous names in Ecuador with which each of the families are related—such as Crespo and Toral. We watched the same good soccer player Messi as the Real Sociedad pro team actually won over Barcelona.

11-MAY-A-1

RETURN FROM ECUADOR ON “GIFTS FROM THE POOR” PUB DATE

11-MAY-A-1 Index to MAY-A-Series

2 The last day of our Ecuador stay and the tour of Canar Feria (“Sunday market”) and then the “Ingapirca” the summit archaeology of the Canar and Inca ruins at a temple hilltop with a lunch after touring the farm homeland of Edgar’s family at Tambo

3 The return from Ecuador, Cuenca to Guayaquil and onward though Miami as news of Osama bin Laden’s death reaches us and the disruption of airport security and connections in return makes it obvious that “getting there is *not* half the fun!”

4 The “Pub Day” of first of May!

11-MAY-A-2

THE LAST DAY OF OUR ECUADOR STAY AND THE TOUR OF CANAR FERIA (“SUNDAY MARKET”) AND THEN THE “INGAPIRCA” THE SUMMIT ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE CANAR AND INCA RUINS AT A TEMPLE HILLTOP WITH A LUNCH AFTER TOURING THE FARM HOMELAND OF EDGAR’S FAMILY AT TAMBO

May 1, 2011

The Rodas family has again given me a royal tour of the sites to be seen near their Azuay home, and even closer to the birthplace one province north in Canar province where Edgar was on his family farm near Tambo. Tambo was a rest stop along the courier routes of the Inca – those amazing mountain runners called “Chasquis”—the pony express without the ponies!

Dennis has been sniveling with an Upper Respiratory problem with a noisy coughing and snoring all night and then sleeping much of the day combined with a viral conjunctivitis which means he has stayed in the “Florida Cottage” as we have made several local tours. Those that have been at some special sites that would be good subjects of photography are at an altitude over five hundred meters higher than the 2,500 meters of Cuenca and its valley so Dennis is really not up to altitude of any stress given his coronary bypass and heat and blood pressure medicines. So, more than usual, he has been a sea anchor to drag into any activity which we hope to launch at a given time, and being out of the loop o any Spanish conversations it is always necessary to re-translate for him. I have already uploaded all of my pictures to Flickr and downloaded them for Edgar as well, but Dennis who is always parked in the center of things as he fiddles with editing pictures on his computer, some of long ago missions not as yet posted, is always behind the curve on even, or especially, the photographic recording of the mission as well. Yet despite his being a day late and a dollar short on even this straight forward and leisurely scheduled Ecuadorian holiday without he stresses of African accommodation, he is talking about the Amazon jungle and the Galapagos missions which are our next two Ecuadorian excursions as though he is a primary unit in the planning and operations of each and is even speaking of the long African haul as if he is included already. This has been the case with a number of first-time participants in prior missions who then project forward to all of my coming plans as if one already pre-constructed and admirably hosted mission will include them for all subsequent ones. We will have to limit some of the participation given eh accommodations—such as the inside of a mobile surgical unit, the carrying capacity of a Cessna and the accommodations in sleeping and feeding as well as the lack of critical skills in the most enthusiastic “wannabes.”

THE ALTITUDE, LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF MANY NEW ECUADORIAN SIGHTS SEEN ALONG OUR “PANVIAL” ROUTE

I had driven this way before, when Paulo their adopted son and I went north along the Panvial to get to Cotopaxi to do the climb on the glacier. We left Cuenca (02* 52.64 S and 78* 56.91 W) at 2,357 meters. We climbed higher along the way into Canar Province and its capital nestled in the valley of “Azogues” with a Virgin marry statue on top of the hills around it, already at the 4,000 meter height. The town of 40,000 Population has a twin towers cathedral and a good hospital which InterPlast, the largest surgical traveling program n the world founded by Donald Laub a friend of both Edgar and mine, has used for his missions, largely cleft lip operations. Don Laub has recently had a neurosurgical operation but still continues to try to get around. The other heroes of Stanford that have Jonathon Dunlap in medical school there have a course in international mission medicine to which I had been invited, for which Edgar has been a contributor.

We drove through Bacrua at 3,428 meters, already over a kilometer higher than we had been in Cuenca and it seemed Dennis, who has had coronary bypass and multiple vascular surgical procedures and is on multiple meds, went downhill as we went uphill. We crossed through fields of high latitude potatoes in a wide variety and then to the colorful fields of hops. It is fall here, of course on the opposite side of the “Ecuador”, and it is almost time for harvest. There has never been snow in Cuenca, but there is most years a snowy cap to these mountains, and, of course, I was climbing on an Equatorial Glacier on my last visit when I went up Cotopaxi.

We went through Tambo, a town that was a “rest area” along the route of the Chasquis—the couriers of the Inca. The amazing rule of the Incas was so powerful even if brief, for only about thirty years just as the Spanish conquistadores arrived. They had vast systems of roadways and trails and never invented the wheel. They had the “quipos”—a computer like the abacus with knotted yarns containing information. Much of this information in the messages carried by the Chasquis has been lost since, like the Inca Codex, it was destroyed by the Padres and priests from Spain who knew there was something evil and sinister about the cabal of these advanced technologies.

CANAR FERIA—THE INDIAN MARKETPLACE

CANAR= 02* 32.50 S AND 078* 55.95 W at 3,045 meters

We are lucky (Suerte!) to be here when the Indian marketplace is bustling on Sunday after Mass and the locals are all clustered in their indigenous costumes. However, the thing most apparent to Edgar is that when he was a boy and came here, it was ALL indigenous with NOONE in non-native dress. Now we would frequently see an elderly grandmother with all her layers of woolen skirts over black stocking and a shawl and cape of colorful red wool under a straw hat like a bowler over her long braid. Next to her would be a daughter, perhaps with a red shawl over her blue jeans, and a young child with a Spiderman tee shirt and no trace of any Indian attire. I photographed at least two traditional women with long socks on which was

embroidered “USA.” I shot many photos most all of them from the hip since I noticed as Dennis was lagging behind walking very slowly, when he had raised his big camera lens, the traditional Indians put a hand over their eyes or turned away.

There were colorful carts-loads of the Zambonis as I see in the Philippines. This is a red fruit with soft red prickles on the outside of a sweet pulp with a large seed inside one simply swallows. There is also “Mote” large kernel “kettle corn” which has been popped and caramelized which we bought from a traditionally dressed woman. There was a precious little girl all dressed up in her Sunday finery in white lace and carrying a “Helado” her Sunday ice cream treat. We could see many interesting faces and costumes but Edgar said the whole market scene is far less Indian than it had once been.

We drove passed the site where Edgar had once gone over the side of the gravel road when the vehicle slipped. He was driving and there were four others from the university on a mission and only Edgar was injured and that severely with multiple fractures of the axial skeleton from which he slowly recovered.

We drove through the streets of houses now being planted out here like a USA Subdivision, all of which once was pastureland and rich farm land which his grandfather owned all the way to the river. We went to the ancestral farmhouse where Edgar grew up. There are still chickens running around and they still make cheese and CHICHI –beer—but they now are crowded with neighbors, and the long view from the mountaintop home can see Canar village on the opposite hillside. The young doctor in the town now lives here.

There is a small train station now where the chasquis once stopped on their runs—a “node” in the nexus of their road network for high altitude runners. A great story was told by Edgar that his father had told him, about a local chief who road to Quito on his horse and there acquired a pistol. When he returned to the village, he shot the pistol in the air to demonstrate to the villagers how modern and powerful he was. The sound of the shot so spooked his horse that he bucked and jumped and the second shot by accident went through the horse’s head and he dropped dead under the rider.

INGAPIRCA

THE GREAT TEMPLES OF INCA RELIGIOUS SERVICES TO THE SUN- AND BUILT ON CANARI RUINS, THE ACCESSORY TEMPLE OF THE MOON

INGA= 02* 32.58 S and 078* 52.32 W at 3,058 meters

This is prime archaeology territory and we are here under the tutelage of the discoverer. It was Edgar and Dolores’s friend, Dr. Juan Cueva, who discovered and excavated it. He got

support in this from the person who was the UNESCO representative at the time---who else? It was Ernan Crespo Toral! [There can't be more than six people in the world and I keep meeting them in all the most exotic places, just in different avatars!]

Dr. Cuevo taught anthropology and archaeology at Cuenca University, but was also very fluent in French and was the Ambassador to France twice from Ecuador. He was a very cultured fellow and when he died two years ago he had instructed his widow that he should be cremated and his ashes scattered over the walls of Ingapirca. (The "Inga" is for the "Inca" and the "pirca" is for "Walls"; in other words, they are named exactly the same as "Great Zimbabwe, about which much less is known, but the fact of great walls having been built by a previous otherwise mysterious civilization now disappeared.)

When he died, there were hundreds of mourners at the services held in the Cuenca University, but when his ashes were to be scattered it was just the widow and Edgar and Dolores last June on their last visit here who were present for the event. They had climbed up to the top of the sun tower stone walls where there is always a brisk wind, and in scattering the ashes over the walls, they were blown right back up and over the scatterers. There is a nearby small museum for which a single ticket for entry is also covered along with a guide (which we did not need since Edgar was more knowledgeable than the guide) which makes several references to the discoveries and excavation of Dr Juan Cueva.

The temple of the sun with a Great Zimbabwe-like cylindrical cone tower is facing East, and there is the characteristically trapezoid window of the Incas oriented toward sunrise at the winter solstice in June at this site. There are other features for the observatory on the Equinox---remembering that this is 2* off the equator where there should be perpetual equinox, but it is S of that line which is commemorated near Quito in the "Center of the World"---well worth a visit. This is where the French academicians set up the center of the earth and standardized a unit of measurement from there which we know as the meter---being off by very little, since 10,000 km S of the Center of the World is the S Pole, and 10,000 km N is the N Pole, and that because of the midline bulge of the earth, this is the highest point from the center of the earth. When I had gone there with both my sons at the time I made my first Ecuador visit and then took them to Galapagos, instead of just standing with one foot in each hemisphere---as Michael has done now in Kenya on the Equator and the Prime Meridian as I straddled one foot E and the other W---Donald did a Handstand---one Hand in each hemisphere!

On the later in-flight magazine, there is a feature on Canar and on Ingapirca which I attach as a further explanation of the features of this area of Canar Province.

The restaurant here is owned and operated by Chris's (Edgar and Dolores's second son) wife's uncle---the Posada Ingapirca. [Edgar's very generous nephew who dropped out of high

school has become a successful builder and manager of hotels, and it is he who will host us at the fixed hotel and chalets he maintains on Galapagos on a future trip there.] So, we are on the “inside track” with the most knowledgeable people of Ecuador showing off their beautiful country!

As we passed around an even older structure, of Canari Indians origins further modified by their Inca conquerors, the temple of the moon, we passed a small tree with very large trumpet flowers on it. This is *Datura stramonium*. This is the tree from which the flowers are gathered and Scopolamine is extracted from them. There is a favorite way of stunning people now at ATM machines in the criminal parts of Ecuador in which scopolamine is painted on the surface and incapacitates the person not to mention erasing memories of the event.

In the middle of the ring around the temple of the moon (situated so that the moon would be visible through the characteristically trapezoid window---remember the Inca or their predecessors never invented the wheel nor the arch!) there is an altar. At that site were recovered a priestess with the skeletons of twelve young girls surrounding the altar stone. Around the temple are “Canchas”= “playing fields.” In the distance are the yellow “Fresno”—the tree with yellow flowers for almost half the year.

Dr. Juan Cueva’s father was the Principle of Cuenca University and it is the father who is celebrated in a bust below Turi which I have photographed on each trip. The widow of Juan Cueva lives in an unusual house of black ceramic tiles near the “Center of the World near Quito.

Like the pyramids of Giza, much of the “dressed stones” fitted together here of these Inca ruins were cannibalized and almost every old house and building in Canar seems to have familiar looking carved rock in this foundation. That includes much of the church’s construction. From the temple of the Sun I can see the long stone-paved “Camino Inca” the highway I had once run and climbed in Peru. Along that route now I might have gone to see the “Cliff of the Sun” =”Inti Huyuan” but did not since it was a bit distant and if I could run to it like a good Chasqui, for sure Dennis could not since he was already sitting for long spells and quite out of it. I took photos of Edgar and Dolores holding hands as they toured the Ingapirca—wonderful shots reminiscent of the final photo from my first trip when they delivered me to Cuenca airport and stood watching my sendoff holding hands—a favorite portrait.

We went to a local restaurant where something “tipicos” would be served to us. We began with roasted Mote—the big kernel “Kettle corn” on the cob. Dennis sat staring and did not eat despite several more courses being brought to us and all of them placed before him untouched. I realized that Dennis may have met me in the Montgomery County Road Runners but he is no longer an aerobic athlete, and should not aspire to any more trips with me to an altitude much above sea level. A police car drove us and all Denis could say (and it was repeatedly) “I hope that they are not the “clean plate police.” The grilled meats and the special corn and cheese paste like mashed potatoes were another typical course, which Edgar, Dolores

(with a good altitude base coming from Cuenca) and I—an alpinist, ate as much as we could leaving large quantities, untouched since Dennis had not eaten at all. I had seen some fine woolen blankets and ponchos nearby and might not have bought any but for a few Japanese tourists who came by and mostly wanted the Premium Pilsner beer. But they hoisted up the one blanket I too had seen and did not buy it so I did.

BURGAY AND ITS CHURCH AND NEARBY MOUNTAIN

BURGAY= 02* 38.54 S and 070* 54.97 W at 3,336 meters

We began our way back toward a lower altitude as Denis was saying something about being back in time for a nap. The church at Burgay is picturesque stuck to the mountainside, with a serrated ridge of Andes on both sides of a valley. From the middle of this valley jumps up a volcanic cone “Cojibambo”. This mountain is the target for my next trip since it is drivable from Cuenca up to all but the last 60—100 meters from the top from which one gets a spectacular panorama of Canar. I remembered having written a series of Inca trilogies of the Upper World (Condor) Middle World (Puma) and Lower World (Serpent) and their relationship to the astronomy and cosmology of Inca society and will send on a copy of this to Edgar from my original look into the Inca from my climb up the Camino Inca to Macchu Piccu in Peru and tour around Cusco. I will add to that from these special spots in Ecuador, an even better scene than those of Peru. There is another peak here known as “Taita Charon”, “Taita being another reverent name for “father,” as is often used “Taita God.” It is a good overnight from Cuenca and a good climb. I perhaps should come early in October before our next Mobile Surgical Mission to Zumbi in the Amazonian jungles, since after the mission I will have to go directly to Colorado for the elk hunt and then possibly from there to San Francisco for the ACS meeting as I had once done with Craig when the Rocky Mountain bull elk seen in the Game Room made his way to my house.

When we returned home to the “casa Abuelos” the grandchildren came over in all their vivacious charm. Anna Marie the whirling dervish, has inspired her father Felipe to train for his first 10 K race coming up in June since she had already run one. He has been a cyclist, so I suggested a Duathlon. Jefferson Peres was the one Ecuadorian Olympian after whom the stadium is named in Cuenca, yet it is hard to believe there are not a lot of altitude born endurance runners here, as there now are coming out of Ethiopia Kenya and Morocco. The 15 K Jefferson Peres race was just held a few weeks ago and Paulo finished in the two hundreds of the 16,000 runners this big race attracts. I will have to target that early fall (April in Ecuador) run opposite my own schedule of Northern Hemisphere race times. Coming back from both Ecuador and Colorado for several weeks should help me before the Marine Corps marathon for which I am registered if I do not party in the sea level interval between this return from altitude at the San Francisco ACS.

It was time to leave—reluctantly after such magnificent hospitality. I had uploaded most all of the photos for Edgar and will post them on York and Flickr. I gave him the original of the Calvin January Series lecture. We have made our plans for both October in Ecuador, and then possibly their team arrival in Africa for the first time for each of them where I can guide them as they have guided me.

We went to the Cuenca airport to use the TAME tickets I had bought to deliver us to the night flight on LAN from Guayaquil. In the airport, Edgar met his sister, who was happy to meet me, and then Edgar Vegas, the ceramic artist, whose studio we had gone to after closing on Turi. “Next time” he promised and so did I.

And as I had said in my celebration speech in the Patronata in El Guabo: “Regreso a Ecuador otre vez, otre vez, otre vez!”

11-MAY-B-3

**THE RETURN FROM ECUADOR, CUENCA TO GUAYAQUIL AND
ONWARD THOUGH MIAMI AS NEWS OF OSAMA BIN LADEN'S
DEATH REACHES US AND THE DISRUPTION OF AIRPORT SECURITY
AND CONNECTIONS IN RETURN MAKES IT OBVIOUS THAT
“GETTING THERE IS *NOT* HALF THE FUN!”**

May 1-2, 2011

We uploaded photos of our Ecuadorian third mobile surgical mission and tours around Cuenca for Edgar and Dolores as we had at Toledo MMHOF visit. Many of these show Edgar and Dolores in the wonderful setting of the Canari and Inca prior civilizations which Edgar had grown up next to as both he and Ecuador had developed into more modern forms. We flew TAME airline to get to Guayaquil and then checked in *two* bags—my prior carry-on backpack as well as the SCI Blue Bag now stuffed with the other bags which had contained our *entire* heavy list of supplies we had brought to enhance the operations of CinterAndes. As we were in GYE we saw Dena and Jay who were sunburned from two days on or near the beach at Guayaquil and with a crowd of Jay's high school Dee Jay friends as they poked around in youth hostels that cost them \$8.00 which also included the \$5.00 bus ride an hour north to Monaquia beach. As I sat in the security zones of LAN I saw a familiar face on the TV monitor and could also see Obama giving a special news announcement. Although we could not hear the statements made, I surmised that the disruptive Mister bin Laden may have met his “post-mature demise” which turns out to be the case. Apparently the relentless pursuit of US intel and the teams assigned to get him got him and recovered his body to make sure that no one was deceived—like the “Social Media” spread of Sadam Hussain's demise.

We had waited over two hours for our takeoff, and everyone had been standing in the jetway or already aboard when they told us to go back to the terminal with a \$10 voucher for dinner—and I noted that all flights were similarly held. Which means it was NOT a simple “mechanical” delay as they had explained, but a world-wide alert. I have the good fortune to be traveling on a day when the execution of the mastermind of the biggest attack on America by fueled jetliners was pulled off—and it is quite obvious by a six times checking of my passport that this event and my frequent delays are not coincidental.

I boarded my way to the back row seat I had on the 767 LAN airliners and once again had the predictable happen of a seat which had an overhead light that did not work and a move sound track that was out. There was a fluffy film called “No Strings Attached” but it was only about one third begun before I tried to sleep afflicted by the constant sniffing and coughing and illness that Dennis Steinauer had carried with him throughout the trip. So, I tried to take

advantage of our early arrival in Miami and our almost five hour layover to get to our gate in time and rest up for the last part of the trip.

ALL of those five hours was taken up by overzealous security delays. There was a two hour delay which began after we were already standing in the jetway to get on board the LAN flight for some addition security equipment and when we were turned back we had to go through an additional bag search again. We could hardly move through the passport control and immigration which had about six serial passport checks. Dennis and I were sent through the special additional screening. When our through checked bags were brought for the connecting flights drop off, we were told there was not enough time for their transfer so we would have to carry them to the domestic check in and ticketing—which turned out to be an hour away and in another terminal for which we had to go through an outdoor detour in the morning of MIA rush. We passed our bags over after we had done the work that the baggage handlers should have done in the interval and then went through a long line for the security screening. It is always a tense time as everyone recognizes the arbitrary and invasive process of personal screening as each agent can make up their own rules at the moment.

We were standing in the line when a shrieking screaming disrupted everything. A girl about eleven years old had a full out temper tantrum fit and ran through all security agents and the X-Ray hysterically grabbing for her small backpack, falling to the ground with several people in pursuit. Her parents were the “Let’s reason with her “types who were trying to talk to her in some soothing way as she was going further into a rage screaming loudly enough to be heard throughout D terminal and then she began spitting at and kicking the TSA agents. This would be an indication for immediate general anesthesia induction and paralysis, but her parents considered this a counseling session as things got worse and TSA agents ran from all over.

As I recovered my shoes and tried to get out of the melee, I found that I now had to thread my way along the Sky Train and wait for an overhead tram to move to another part of the airport, arriving in time to meet Jay and Dena each of whom had similar delays but without the drama. Now I am on board the two hour flight to DCA where the temperature is 54* which makes it sound like spring is still not decided to arrive. I have not run since before leaving for Ecuador so that I must get back into at least a couple of short runs before a Half Marathon in a few days and a 25 K in another week. I have seen a few emails along the way but will have to respond to many of them when I make it home, and I will have to do some catch-up there including an ADT alarm which had gone off when I was out, meaning I will have to pay another false alarm call for police to make it to the Derwood woods.

It has been an interesting trip filled with the wonders of the Ecuadorian countryside and peoples made even more remarkable and accessible by the superb hospitality of Edgar and Dolores Rodas and their whole extended families. I will be returning to go to the jungle in Zumbi for an Amazonian mission to be operational October 11—13, but with obligations to go to Colorado for our annual elk hunt pilgrimage October 14 with the ACS Congress occurring in San

Francisco right after that. Following this October rendezvous, he is already very excited about our joining with a complete CinterAndes team including Anita as anesthesiologist, Ganzalito as driver and implementer, and Freddy as scrub nurse and set-up man as Edgar and I would try to equip and make operational the unused truck standing outside Bor Hospital with a team of Lost Boys who are already using Spanish since they were Cuban adoptees. We have the mission organized for right after Christmas, and the first two weeks of January which would cover all of our South Sudan component and then some members of the team could return as well as a few others such as TR could continue on to Chad and CAR. In concluding that tour we can return many of the team back through Nairobi and I and at least a few others would be going on to Philippines.

Next week will include both the Frederick events and the Princeton NJ visit with Cindy and Imme as well as the meeting with the Smith Publicity agents and a long road trip across the Midwest again to Toledo and on to Grand Rapids for a race and some other meetings around that event. At the end of this month I am going back to Pittsfield for the first time in a long interval to the Berkshire Medical Center to give their Grand Rounds around Memorial Day. I may have some Derwood visitors in later after-school let out, and a few of the summer missions such as Burma and an African return are not yet planned, since Tanzania has not had us booked in for a fourth year, and there are several requests for summer time missions from eager applicants.

So, now I come back in for another re-entry, as I try to ravel up the loses threads and make whole cloth of a number of projects still to be projected with a large item revolving around the unplanned publicity program from the May 1 Pub Date of "Gifts from the Poor" which will be discussed with Janet Shapiro and the others at Smith Publicity when I go to Princeton packing in a cooler load of elk venison.

It has been another superb Ecuadorian tour with the next one for the Amazon jungle already planned and a future return for me to Galapagos hosted by Edgars' nephew who has hotels on the Galapagos which could be possible for a "three generation return trip."