

## 11-JAN-C-1

### LAUNCH CIRCUMNAVIGATION WEST-2011: WEST COAST TR AND THEN ASIA INTO MANILA, MINDANAO AND LUZON

11-JAN-C-1 Index to JAN-C-Series at the Launch of Circumnavigation West-2011: West Coast, Philippines for Asian missions in Mindanao and Luzon

2 Takeoff from IAD Washington—my destination point—heading to San Diego for a NGS taping, a TR reception and fund-raiser, and an inaugural TR Board meeting before the flight to LAX to start the Philippine missions on arrival in Manila

3 Birthday greetings from Michael, Donald and Martheen as I am winging my way west

4 The events of the Team Rubicon reception in a LaJolla mansions among donors and supporters with the premier of We Are the Ones, and a meeting with my Sudan co-workers

5 The arrival in Manila and a close approximation to the other members of the team departures to Gen San at 7:00 AM while we waited that interval hour for the arrival of John Sutter's late bag, assisted by Jun Garcia and his Auntie who make sure we got to the Shalom Center for a shower and a lesire day in an overcast tropical warm Manila, walking Manile Bay, Rizal for the evening

6 Aloft over Mindanao as I begin the first week of Philippine missions in TECH at Edwards in South Cotabato by way of PAL to Gen San and then shuttle to TECH with John Sutter beginning his eighth medical mission trip with me: Consider the philosophic differences between MMI "colonization" missions and my goal of sustainable indigenized missions without a central control of the evangelical leadership

7 Arrival at TECH Mindanao, after obligatory stop for a pineapple ("OD"! ) and begin operating immediately, doing multiple thyroidectomies with Cagayan de Oro staff without apparent reference to the constraints relayed to me by phone from MMI Central

8 A second full day operating in TECH with goiters and cancers excised as a big parotid malignant tuor resection was performed and I operated on the "Manobo Princess" and did some outpatient work with BBahby Muvvico before a late night turn in

9 The day begins as it always should and is rarely able to do so—a run along the roads from TECH along the Tiboli Village and then a return to operate on goiters and a woman with an eight week pregnancy and a twisted large ovarian cyst, before we adjourn to go visit the Tiboli Village and I show the videos to the Philippine contingent for their appreciaton of the African mission that will follow

10 Alone in tropical birdsong at dawn, I run along the South Cotabato roadways to begin our last operating day in TECH at Edwards to be climaxed by their evening celebration of “Fellowship and Performances”

11 Departure Day from TECH at South Cotabato, drive to Gen San, fly to Manila, then begin long drive to N. Luzon to arrive in Benaue for our weekend before the work week in N. Luzon

## 11-JAN-C-5

**THE ARRIVAL IN MANILA AND A CLOSE APPROXIMATION TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE TEAM DEPARTURES TO GEN SAN AT 7:00 AM WHILE WE WITED THAT INTERVAL HOUR FOR THE ARRIVAL OF JOHN SUTTER'S LAST BAG, ASSISTED BY JUN GARCIA AND HIS AUNTIE WHO MAKE SURE WE GOT TO THE SHALOM CENTER FOR A SHOWER AND A LESIRE DAY IN AN OVERCAST TROPICAL WARM MANILA, WALKING MANILA BAY, RIZAL PARK AND LOADING UP WITH STAMPS, CURRENCY AND ARRANGING A DINNER WITH JUN, CHONA AND MY GOD-DAUGHTERS FOR THE EVENING**

### **January 23 (22 has gone missing in the Pacific Dateline) 2011**

It is a long way from there to here! How long? Well it took five hours to fly from IAD to SAN then forty five minutes to go to LAX, then five and a half hours to go to HLU for a refueling stop of an hour more then a twelve and a half hour flight to MNL. Without the stop in either Guam (as listed) or HLU (as it turned out we actually did) the arrival time would have been 4:40 AM when the team was already awaiting us. It would have been possible to take the seven AM flight to Gen San. But our arrival was a 5:30 AM because of the stop for fueling the big 747, and that meant we still might have connected with the seven o'clock flight but for the baggage claim. Jun's Auntie is the one on the lookout for us and found us as she is terminal supervisor, as Jun Garcia awaited us in front of the terminal. John's bag was the last one off the carrousel, which happened at 6:40 so there was no way for us to catch the flight that the others had made to Gen San, and ours is now booked for a day later same time. So Jun Garcia picked us up and carried us to the Shalom Center on an overcast Manila tropical day that looked like it was about to rain any minute. We showered and changed in the Shalom Center and had a bit of breakfast, then walked to the Manila Bay and I took john (again) around Rizal Park and out to an ATM machine to buy our postage stamps and other items that we will need pesos for which on the black market rate seems to be about 45 to the \$1.00 US

Jun immediately invited us to dinner with eh family at six o'clock and we said YES. He had a friend whom I had met last time or two ago who was setting him up with endoscopic surgical kits and gear, and I told him of my inside track at WISE (Washington Institute of Surgical Endoscopy) and the landfall I got for Edgar Rodas for Ecuador—then invited Jun to Otovalo Ecuador with us. He is thinking about it with his two girls going to Korea as exchange

students in May after the April 23—28 Mobile Surgical Mission, so it might work and then I could load him up with surgical endoscopic gear on departure as I had Edgar last October.

The delicate matter of how to handle Alison's campaign and the fact that Jun is the trip leader for the second week in North Luzon will be a subject for later discussion. I will see that the Garcia family gets "the Book!" Jun will be the team leader for our N. Luzon surgical mission with which we will conclude the Philippine series as we leave from Manila to go westward about as far as we have come already—which I figure to be about one third the global circumference which we will be repeating in two weeks, before the African series of missions by extensive AIM Air charters before the third third of the globe's circumference by Air Ethiopia.

John had been here once before five years ago when he came with me to the missions in both Malaybalay and Mindanao at South Cotabato at TECH. At the departure day, I had walked around the Robinson Center here and shown him Rizal Park and Manila Bay. We did that again today. Almost immediately out of the church-run Shalom Center on approach to the nearly deserted Pedro Gill (the avenue is named after the man and the name is pronounced "heel") I was approached by three stunningly beautiful young women who were smiling appreciatively and sidling up close. These are, in the euphemism for the second largest industry in this area called "GRO's" (General Recreational Officers—the workforce of the sex industry which is second only to the Philippine export of English speaking health care workers). John said "I guess we are not in the Baptist Shalom Center anymore!"

It was a Sunday morning on a muggy overcast day, and a lot of people were at the Manila Bay, along the Imelda Marcos Fine Arts Center doing ancient Tai Chi exercises in one area and a modern dance routine in another. There were even quite a number of people bathing, or at least wading out, mainly mothers with children on their hips as I think I could see the SAR vessel the San Juan—a gift from Canada to the Philippine Coast Guard which was going to be the platform for the mission that Juanny Montero was hooked up to the women here who is head of Rotary International and he had sent me an email with his Philippine phone number asking I contact him while we are here. We walked around the Rizal Park and the area where there is a diorama of the execution of Rizal with about the same number of mythologic details added as George Washington's cherry tree or wooden teeth. Rizal and Washington occupied the same niche in national origins, 150 years apart. We made a brisk walk to exercise just enough to give us a reason to come back to the A/C of the Shalom Center for a brief nap before a slow afternoon in which I could complete my arrival postcards and also type up these few notes in order to send back a brief message that our first week in Mindanao begins by air at pre-dawn tomorrow after our dinner with the Garcia family tonight. Our second week will take us back here to Manila by air to begin the fourteen hour rough ride to north Luzon by road to arrive in the UNESCO World Heritage Site of Banaue—the Boondocks—the only Word in the English language that comes out of Tagalog. These are prehistoric rice paddies terraced into the high mountainsides made from mud and hard hand labor over millennia. The North Luzon mission will be led by my

friend Jun and will conclude the Philippine missions before we work our way around the globe the second third, and enter the two weeks of South Sudan and then the two weeks of CAR/Congo to conclude in March as we make our third third of the globe westward to arrive right back where we started from.

**11-JAN-C-6**

**ALOFT OVER MINDANAO AS I BEGIN THE FIRST WEEK OF  
PHILIPPINE MISSIONS IN TECH AT EDWARDS IN SOUTH  
COTABATO BY WAY OF PAL TO GEN SAN AND THEN SHUTTLE TO  
TECH WITH JOHN SUTTER BEGINNING HIS EIGHTH MEDICAL  
MISSION TRIP WITH ME**

**CONSIDER THE PHILOSOPHIC DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MMI  
“COLONIZATION” MISSIONS AND MY GOAL OF SUSTAINABLE  
INDIGENIZED MISSIONS WITHOUT A CENTRAL CONTROL OF THE  
EVANGELICAL LEADERSHIP**

**January 24, 2011**

Last night we were treated to a reception at Jun and Chona Garcia’s new home which they are remodeling as it goes up steep stairs to loft levels and we had dinner on the rooftop terrace. I swapped names of both Edgar Rodas to see if he could accompany me to the Ecuadorian mobile surgical mission to learn to do lap cholecystectomy in the truck, and Juanny Montero for the use of the San Juan, the Philippine Coast Guard’s SAR vessel which may be a useful platform for a mobile medial mission here in the Philippines. I enjoyed a chance to play with my “granddaughters” who call me “lolo”—“grandfather. I showed them the pictures from the experiences Jun and I had shared such as the tour of the Gen San Tuna port, and also gave them one of eh first copies of the new book signed for them. They were interested in john, and also showed the progress in their remodeling on their new house. When Jun had accompanied us on the drowsy ride back to the Shalom Center for our early turn in for our earlier check out, we had a drive through the second biggest industry in Manila. Beautiful young women, not too much older than Gazelle and Hanna, their daughter, are standing on the streets in the entire neighborhood of the Shalom Center around the University of the Philippines Medical School and the School of Public health, and all of them like the mannequins in the store front windows being living advertisements of the second biggest trade fair in Manila, These are GRO’s in front of sings which say KTV—the latter I still do not know the significance. It was a hazy dreamy ride through a day’s worth of jet lag—from one end it probably looks like heaven---beautiful youthful women in short skirts or long evening gowns; from the other end it probably resembles hell. It is a somewhat more glamorous face of the poverty and opportunism we will be confronting in the coping skills of populations trying to exploit whatever resources they may have to better their condition, for however brief a time.

I am looking forward to the reunion with my many friends at TECH, although somewhat confused by the preliminary warnings I have had about manipulations behind the scenes. I had been told by a “cold call” from someone I had never met named Bryan Picuch from MMI, that I should only be assisting a more senior surgeon with greater experience and skill than I and not taking the lead on any major operations. With respect to the most frequent operations to be done in TECH, thyroidectomy, whom might he suggest? Second, it shows what is wrong with the whole mind set of establishing “colonies” for those of us white folk with superior skills who are coming to dispense care to the impoverished peoples we serve—the plan is to institutionalize drop I care by another world’s techniques and personnel, rather than trying the indigenous staff to make this sustainable. So, if I am only to operate as an assistant to more senior and experienced surgeons ( a commodity getting in ever-scarcer supply!) what dews that do to training purposes which are preeminent for me?

I suspect that the perspective that one individual has on my competence and character could just possible be correct. But that would then mean that a whole multitude of much more knowledgeable people I have trained would be diametrically wrong in their contrary opinions—such as Jun Garcia, Regan Espina, Dr. Cruzado, David Walker, Trish Moo Young, Jack hardy, John Sutter, Kevin Bergman, and scores of indigenous trainees, to name only a recent few, one of whom is sitting nearby as he is starting his eight medical mission trip with me, and committed to following me all the way around the world. Since these are people I know and trust, I can most likely discount the opinion, sent forward without my representation, that has a much lower probability of being right, and has a lot more factors of insularity and jealousy threat to give it much weight except among those who have not shared these experiences with me like all those named above.

The MMI has a bit of defrauding to account for as well. There is a “mission fee” associated with each mission after the volunteer pays for all the air fares including both international and this round trip on which I am flying now. That fee is to cover on –the-ground expenses. But the fees have been going up and only the minority of these fees comes to the field. The majority, over a thousand dollars of the fees paid for this trip for each volunteer participant, is virtually a TAX on volunteering, quite apart from the upfront “application fee” before any missions expenses are started up after This “tax” is imposed on each participant, not for THIS mission, but for the “vision” established by MMI pastors for a Millennium Plan of Five Hundred Fixed Base Centers around the world in which similar “drop-in” health care teams would be working in the future—essentially “making a market” for future dependent health care. This “tax” is imposed with established affluent practitioners in mind, and certainly not the students who typically accompany me. The “student “perspective is not a prototype in MMI, since it does not view itself as a learning organization. We have come to take over and DO and not to TEACH. With one or two exceptions, in which it is more important to PREACH than to TEACH and perhaps even to do. “Working our way out of a job” is not the model for the MMI

five hundred fixed base centers for which the least likely people to support the huge financial burden of colonizing the world must fall---those volunteers actually already OUT HERE, and paying for all their own expenses and a number of those for others here and accompanying them here.. SO, I am a “general worker” according to the suggested re-classification of my skill set—a bit of an insult to the one man with the greatest number of international missions perfumed and the highest credentials in the number of degrees, certifications, and tenured professorships. I am akin to the multi-tattooed “Biker Bill” who accompanied us to Cambodia for “sharing his testimony” except that I can lift and carry patients which Biker Bill could not since he had a bad back that did not prevent him from rally riding on his Harley.

We may have more than a conflict in personal views and a jealousy brought about by a smaller perspective on the world. The MMI “Ministry to a dependent world” may be incompatible with my view of enhancing the indigenous skills in a sustainable empowerment of those here to help themselves. I am looking at a future in which I have worked my way out of a job, while they are expanding an empire of dependents, and taxing me, the volunteer, and my less experienced accompanying persons, to support a scheme that is not honestly acknowledged up front. What this missing is probably doing more than anything else in the view of the MMI HQ is fund raising, since there is over a thousand dollars per participant being banked to expand that fixed base empire according to the Millennium view of the pastoral types who have decreed the vision statement for MMI and are using us, the volunteers who are operationally involved to capitalize an ongoing business plan 180\* away from my perspective in “ownership” of the mission, in crediting the indigenous staff with the ongoing care and only by periodic visits upgrading their skills rather than imposing our foreign standards and techniques, returning with a number-cruncher’s score card of operations done, souls saved, and credits accumulated.

I have made an annual mission to the essentially “second world” system of the Philippines, in which Alison has set a standard that is just picked up from Kingston Ontario and imposed here. The Board of Directors who have endorsed this model is not the Philippine participants or anywhere else such missions are carried out, but a board room of pastors from Dallas Theological Seminary and run by the Director Pastor Willy Hunter. Such folk have probably not had the same course I had in epidemiology and anthropology, but have learned up the Great Commission to “Go...and Make Disciples” rather than “Learn and Listen to your Illiterate Leaders.” Gifts from the Poor” is not a theme here as much as “Look what we have done for you—now repeat the following creedal statements as a condition for our continuing foreign aid.

I am the leader of almost all medical missions I carry out except in these MMI’s in which the leader is typically a preacher or a combination practitioner/performer and a teacher involved in On-the-Job Training is not in their ideal model. So, I may have been an incompatible match from the get go, and never have spired to being the hero of a fund raising operation scorecard accumulating and church mission committee “deputation” delivering Sunday School simplistic

supporter. I may already be too advanced I my senior surgeon modus operandi to convert to their way of thinking as well as retail delivery of charity care, and I believe they are not likely to change what they view as a successful colonization model judged by their standards and with the insular perspectives I have heard from at least one of their participants who objects to me both on the basis of professional and personal conflicting mind sets. So, I have more than enough world to treat and will continue my model as they may continue theirs for another kind of appetite for this experience.

**11-JAN-C-7**

**ARRIVAL AT TECH MINDANAO, AFTER OBLIGATORY STOP FOR A PINEAPPLE (“OD”!) AND BEGIN OPERATING IMMEDIATELY, DOING MULTIPLE THYROIDECTOMIES WITH CAGAYAN DE ORO STAFF WITHOUT APPARENT REFERENCE TO THE CONSTRAINTS RELAYED TO ME BY PHONE FROM MMI CENTRAL**

**January 24, 2011**

It almost seems that the MMI Central phone call had been a mirage. I arrived at TECH and said Hello to everyone, a surprisingly indigenous team of mainly Cagayan de Oro folk several of them last minute recruits, and Allan had even introduced me as the “Master Surgeon” as though he were not at all involved in the conspiracy of constraint alleged to be in place for me. My first case was even at Alison’s own anesthesia table! When I started out by saying to Natasha (“Tesda” as she is called here despite the Russian origin of her name) “this is my first thyroidectomy” there was a pause and Alison said “that can hardly be the case” “of 2011!”

So, I assisted the young surgeon “Tesda” in three consecutive thyroidectomies, with hardly a word said other than thanks for the expert help and advice and appreciation for it as a learning experience. I will introduce the others in this mixed bag of personnel as I learned them.

John and I touched down in the Airbus 330 at the broad sunny pad of General Santos City’s airport with eh volcano as a beacon at the end of the runway approach. It is breezy with eh fresh sea winds, and posters everywhere advertise its single biggest product—tuna. The big plane is used for this domestic run to carry back loads of tuna. We collected our bag and met the driver “Mark” and a local nurse who had recognized me in the crowd whose name is--no joke,-- “Bimbo.” As we raced at the highest speed the Cute Ute wild travel, weaving in and around the motorbike rickshaws overloaded with passengers carrying bamboo poles that made them look like the Battaleur tightrope walkers, I asked we stop at the Dole pineapple stand, as always, which we did, and we did our mandatory pineapple OD on “Super Sweet” pineapple shards squeezed from the expert swift and deft moves of the pineapple carvers—a skill that even the youngest here seem to know and a practice without even looking while no USA side chef has ever performed this in my presence at least. We saw the pyramids of exotic fruits some of which have names that were given to me only in Tagalog, and then careened around pedestrian and carabao traffic toward TECH where we walked in as the team was slowing a morning’s work for lunch. I was introduced warmly as the returnee and John was recognized for having been here

five years ago—his last mission in fact—and then we went to work—for a total of 19 cases by the end of the day at eight o'clock. We always have to push to add a few more and we can never quit while the sun is shining so we gather for an exhausted dinner. Every meal seems to include rice and pork, such that John said he really enjoyed the stop at the pineapple stand, the “only pork free meal I have had!”

I had one encounter which I had seen in Assa, but was a big hit here, as a one year old child was put to sleep for a cleft palate repair. A twelve inch *Ascaris lumbricoides* crawled out the anus, as a “rat deserting a sinking ship”—and was placed in a specimen bag for all to admire. I mentioned the young boy in Kabul Afghanistan whose bowel had burst with all the “pasta in his peritoneum” and the experience of seeing ether anesthetized children in Assa with ascaris crawling out of the mouth, nose even ears and anus when the worms had decided that this host was a hostile environment. IT was the single source of the greatest emotive “ooh icck” of the day—and a platform for the NTD “case in point.”

### **GETTING TO KNOW THE MMI TEAM—INSIDE AND OUT**

The most encouraging detail about the team when the “four surgeon” were standing at the coffee before the cases is that---all but one (me) are “Insiders” Indigenous not just to the Philippines but to Mindanao~ Three are from the Cagayan de Oro, and its twenty five students per class medical school, with Royal de Leone being the academic chairman of surgery and Allan Mellicor being the clinical chairman at the hospital, The plastic surgeon Steve has been on many Op Smile missions. Then there is Tasha who is an interesting woman who is the daughter of the Mayor of Cagayan de Oro and about the only one in her influential family who is not in politics as all others seem to be. She is married to a marine biologist who runs a scuba diving coming which may be the one that John Sutter had gone with five years ago as he left from Cagayan to go for a brief e (cold) dive. She had a four year old child when she took the unusual step of leaving to go to the Chinese University of Hong Kong where I had been the visiting professor long ago and she knows the people I had been hosted by, such as G B Ong and Arthur K C .li and Trevor Crofts with whom I had been co-author of the chapters on Tropical Surgery in Hunter’s text book of Tropical Medicine. She left to study endoscopic surgical techniques in Hong Kong leaving her husband and four year old for a year and a half—which was hard. She is very pleasant and also highly competent and is seeking to be the head and neck surgeon for the Cagayan de Oro area.

At the same time, Royal De Leone is limiting his practice to breast surgery and had my former student and resident Shawna Wiley here as their guest, He also wanted to invite me as their guest in the future already booked out for two years. I had operated with him much of the second day as I had with Tasha the first. He confessed that he was really hit hard by a recent multi-vehicle accident in Cagayan de Oro in which two jeepneys were racing with all the passengers on top and crammed inside when a truck backed up from the Nestlé’s Company and

they slammed into it. Included in the number of victims was a fourth year nursing student male whom they all knew who had his liver shorn off the cava a lethal injury anywhere. They did manage to get him out of the OR after a lot of transfusions but he died later the only child of his mother who had begged them all to do what they could at his age eighteen. He joined almost a dozen deaths from that single accident and he said he preferred the mortality that came from cancer since the good news there was that one got the opportunity to prepare for eternity.

This marks TWO prominent daughters of mayors of major Philippine cities, since we have stayed for dinner once at the mayor's former home of Tacloban, as Bahby Muyvico from Leyte is our gynecologist here on this trip as well as the daughter of the former Tacloban mayor. Into all this we get real royalty, in addition to our surgeon named Royal Del Leone and that is a stately but diminutive woman whom I ask what her first language was. She proudly stated Monobo—the generic term for the high mountain tribes of Mindanao who are living in very remote areas. How remote. She and the entourage who came down with her walked two days down from the mountains in order to be here to have her multinodular goiter removed. When they reached the road, the y walked again and overnight slept along the road. She is a very royal lady as she was picked up by my wine hand almost 35 kgs, and lifted to the OR table. She is the wife of the chief. It may be that there are multiple wives of this chief but she is the 43 year old very archetypical looking indigenous woman. And proud of it. She has a very stained set of dentition since she apparently occupies so high a position in this society that she gets unlimited supplies of Betel and can chew to the point that her teeth are brown and gunked with the residue.

Amazing! I'm here with an all indigenous team, except for the two doctors I and John Sutter who came with me, and we have two high level political docs, Tesha and Bahby, and I am now operating on the Moomba Royalty.

I had once promised to go high up into the mountain as an anthropologic tour with eh Wycliffe Literacy training teams and find the source of the endemic iodine deficiency hypothyroidism. The first time this had been arranged, Abu Sayef was active there and it was canceled, but the second time I would have been cleared to go when the Guerbet laboratories obstructed us from getting the Lipiodal which was the basis of our goiter prevention program and I had no way of interfering with their goiters to begin with. This is the kind of problem MM would love to keep going since it means there is a perpetual need for services supplied by their volunteers and that means we have created a dependency and a charitable number crunchers paradise. Every day we report the number of cases we have done, and I hesitate to suggest—since someone is undoubtedly dong so—counting the souls saved by the mission. I am trying to say, we are maturing if we are fining fewer goiters to be operated since eventually we should prevent all of them and not find that the only mark of our success is the production of still more operations to be done by the exotic volunteers who come to reproduce the society form which they came. That is going to be the perpetual contention between the "Relief and the Development" approaches to an aid program to those abroad, who are certainly not viewed as

our equal partners or our teachers as we approach as learners—in all the MMI missions it is a self-congratulatory accolade of what we have achieved I each mission excursion and now with five hundred centers pledged to be set up permanently around the world for the periodic visits of the US or Canadian volunteers there will be still more congratulations to be self-imposed.

At least at present, from the unusual phone call that I received from some higher placed nonphysician minister in association with the International arm of MMI, there seems to have been some wildly inaccurate information conveyed by one very prejudicial and hypercritical member of past missions which is certainly not endorsed nor confirmed by Allan Mellicor the leader of this Tiboli mission (and all previous mission here) NOR BY Jun Garcia, the leader of the subsequent Banaue mission in the north of Luzon next week. So. I am operating and teaching (NOT coming in to assist as “General Helper” or as one who must always ‘seek out and help some senior surgeon whose judgment and experience are superior to mine!’) .

**11-JAN-C-8**

**A SECOND FULL DAY OPERATING IN TECH WITH GOITERS AND  
CANCERS EXCISED AS A BIG PAROTID MALIGNANT TUMOR  
RESECTION WAS PERFORMED AND I OPERATED ON THE  
“MANOBO PRINCESS” AND DID SOME OUTPATIENT WORK WITH  
BABBY MUYVICO BEFORE A LATE NIGHT TURN IN**

**January 25, 2011**

We had a second full operating day with a total of some 19 operations probably not counting a fellow who had come in with a mass over his thyroid in front of his neck which seemed like a thyroid mass since everyone else seems to have one. It was different however, and I had told Dr. Bahby that it was either a lipoma, a cyst or if soft and squishy a sebaceous cyst that could be aspirated of fluid, and if it remained, excised in OPD. It was the latter, and she excised it with me helping her of a large sebaceous cyst—avoiding a general anesthetic for this fellow, while we kept going all day with other cases. The biggest one was a sixty year old fellow who had a parotid gland mass—I have always found salivary gland tumors here every year. I saw that he also had a goiter. I wonder about the association with goiter and salivary gland tumors which would make another good review topic here, and to see if Lipiodal would resolve the elevated incidence of each.

Tesha did the big parotid gland tumor resection. I had asked him repeatedly how long it had been there and he insisted less than a year. That is not a good sign. I would have preferred he say something like eight years or more, since then I would think it is a benign parotid gland tumor first described by a University of Michigan pathologist named Warthin, a “mixed pleomorphic salivary gland tumor—a Warthin’s Tumor. But he insisted it was more recent in onset, and that bodes ill, and proved exactly so. It was malignant, stuck to the adjacent skin and a large patch of facial skin was removed with it. To seal up the defect, they swung up a pectoralis major muscle flap with skin from the chest. TO do so, they had to create room for the flap to be pulled up under the skin bridge, so they did a thyroidectomy a way of creating a channel for the vascularized flap. Tesha did a great job. In the interval while they were doing that we had ten on three more goiters and Don Ledres and I were involved in their inductions and intubation as I stood back to let John Sutter scrub with Royal on the removals of the glands.

One of them I did however. She was a small lady of regal carriage, which was always apparent unless she opened her mouth. In that instance she had a very intensely stained set of teeth since she has no doubt been chewing betel nut for most of her life. I got a photo of that

when we intubated her which probably more was interesting than her goiter. Although she did have a multinodular goiter which we should have removed the whole of the gland, since all was involved. But I had already heard her story so I knew that this was inappropriate for the cultural environment in which we are working with this woman since she self-identified as when I asked her primary home language and she proudly announced “Monobo!”

Monobo is a generic term that applies to several high mountain tribes that are remote and isolated. What does that mean in this case? She is a royal Monobo, the wife of the chief. I believe there is polygamy here so she may be one of several but there is no doubt that she is regal. It seems she had to come down the mountain walking downhill for several days before arriving at the roadhead. They then walked for an additional day along the road sleeping at the roadside overnight. They arrived here, and were taken in by TECH for the operation that she had been referred for by the Literacy trainers that had been imitated by Vivien Forsbush in her codifying the Tiboli tongue which these people also recognize despite differences in their primary languages. So, this tiny woman had walked a long way and had about 35 kgs of body mass which I know well since I had hoisted her with one hand to the OR table. She also had the color of brown fat in the scarce subcutaneous tissue I encountered when operating so I know she has had marginal nutrition most of her life despite being highly placed in that society. That is evident by her abundant consumption of the luxury betel nut. I watched as her entourage came together after the operation and then promised her husband and others that someday I would come trekking up their mountains as far as they had come down to see me. I would carry with me the literacy team’s translators and also packs of the Lipiodal that had done such a good job in Congo in controlling hypothyroidism and we would try to prevent the formation of just such a goiter as we had just removed. We had done a subtotal thyroidectomy since there is no way for her to get any replacement therapy up in the mountains so far away from help. So we left a nubbin which will likely recur the hyperplasia and we gave her a milliliter of Lipiodal to delay that compensatory hypertrophy. It was fun being a practicing anthropologist in the pursuit of a culture that is unknown to most people and close to the Stone Age neighbors the Tasaday and living a lot like them.

There was a woman who also was related to the provincial leader, named Valdez, who was in a distant hospital and said to have an ectopic pregnancy which was coming here as an emergency. She first was going to get a sonogram out there and that took all day to find. When she got here she was not in extremis but had a mass in her left abdomen as well as an eight week pregnancy which was normal. So we put her on the following day’s schedule. We will let you know what Bahby and I find in operating on her then. It has been another full day of largely delivering care, and I feel better about it only in that I have been helping the indigenous teams to take care of people who are in their same country, but are in another socioeconomic class which makes them look more like all the others who are African or Asian poor than they do other Philipinos with just a bit less stuff.

**11-JAN-C-9**

**THE DAY BEGINS AS IT ALWAYS SHOULD AND IS RARELY ABLE TO DO SO—A RUN ALONG THE ROADS FROM TECH ALONG THE TIBOLI VILLAGE AND THEN A RETURN TO OPERATE ON GOITERS AND A WOMAN WITH AN EIGHT WEEK PREGNANCY AND A TWISTED LARGE OVARIAN CYST, BEFORE WE ADJOURN TO GO VISIT THE TIBOLI VILLAGE AND I SHOW THE VIDEOS TO THE PHILIPPINE CONTINGENT FOR THEIR APPRECIATION OF THE AFRICAN MISSION THAT WILL FOLLOW BEGINNING NEXT MONTH:**

**I HAD MET MANY OF THE TIBOLI PERFORMERS OFTEN BEFORE DURING THE INTRODUCTORY SHOW PUT ON BY THE TIBOLI VILLAGERS FOR AN EVENING SHOW FOR OUR DEPARTING PARTICIPANTS**

**January 26, 2011**

It was a good day to start with a run. I got out early and in order to avoid disturbing my roommates John Sutter and Jason the six foot seven inch Canadian anesthesia resident, I slowly eased out the door and started doing a now-standard scrum. I opened the laptop and tried to find some of the files I had previously set up to save, and when their identification is clicked on, nothing happens. I have to randomly back into the file I want to open by finding one of several cross references to it somewhere else, and that usually takes up all the time I might have to type in anything of substance. If all the prep put into the special laptop and systems before leaving were done any differently, I would have had to say I could never have missed some of the functions which are supposed to be so smoothly automatic no. If I had used a monkey wrench to scramble all the careful pre-prepared programs in advance, it could not have happened any better than we did the day before the trip making it nearly impossible for me to readily open the most frequently used programs or finding the files I had set up to type into. So, it had been a careful prep for an early casualty.

But it was this scramble that allowed me to be sitting out in front of the room when I saw first Royal and then Steve emerge from their room and had shorts and running shoes on. I then ran back and got the shoes and shorts together and we took off. They were aghast at a small burst of speed to get out of the main traffic flow patterns and on the road way out along the

pineapple fields next to the mountains that the US pilot flew into during the last days of the Japanese's hold out here. They were interested in going out for a slow jog, which apparently was not what I was doing. I then ran backwards and took pictures of them on the urn with me passing colorful bougainvillea and other decorative trees which were planted a t roadside in a pile of concentrically ringed old tires. We did not go long, but I shuttled back and forth between Royal and Steve who had walked the whole way. I then came in and put my head under the cold water shower (there is NO hot water, of course, and furthermore, there is NO mirror anywhere in the hospital complex, especially not in the room where I am supposed to come out shaved and showered and dressed for the day.)

We then came to the breakfast and from there to the OR where it was Bahby and I who took on the woman we had seen last night with a large ovarian cyst. We waited while the first apparently good spinal anesthetic did not work at all, then sat her up already prepped for a Pfannenstiel incision and simply repeated the same maneuvers and a second spinal seemed to work. I then assisted Bahby as we mobilized the large left ovarian cyst and brought it out through the smaller incision than the size of the mass required, so we aspirated it with the sucker at the time of the final delivery. We avoided massaging of manipulating the uterus so that the probability of the spontaneous abortion form a muscular contraction of the uterus would be diminished.

As this was happening, a series of goiters was brought in and I tried to avoid getting in the way so that I would displace John Sutter as Royal's assistant. At one point I could coach him through the cervical incision and he was well on his way through platysma n his own by the tie Royal came on in. I watched as I could the thyroidectomies and then after helping Don Ledres do the inductions on so many patients, I took over the front part as well, sitting in Don's chair and realizing how drowsy one could become in the "anesthesiologists' drivers' seat. I also asked to yield on an endotracheal intubation for John to have a go at it.

The plastic surgeon team took over a young child with a hemangioma on his cheek and were still working on it as I was uploading photos and starting up on the typescripts to summarize the Tiboli experience at TECH. We were waiting for the village performances and had plans to sit through and photo and tape record the events, which, of course, include each of the participants being dragged, many willfully, on to the dance floor to cavort with the colorfully costumed Tiboli who came up the waists in many of the US side performers.

We did the tour of the village and the kiosk that is its gift shop, and a few purchases were made. I saw the Tiboli-English dictionary and saw that Vivien Forsburgh is fully credited for being the Mother of the Tiboli. We adjourned to come home as a light rain began and then Don started up the Santa Fe to go to a tuna store to buy a bunch of tuna products from the Gen San supplier that each of the team departing in the early morning were eager to carry back with them

as a souvenir of their first trip ever to the South of the Mindanao Island that they call home on the north end.

It was then that I noticed. I turned on the camera which had performed admirably for the last year including Christmas with the kids and the first week of this trip and noticed it had only a display of erratic colors like a test panel gone berserk. I knew immediately what had happened. The screen is now toast, as has happened with three such cameras of mine over time, but it can still shoot good photos. It would be a good camera for the run, since I never get a chance to see the screen anyway. So I checked and found that the photos were indeed taken even if they were not seen at the original photography, I am now on to back up system mode. Fortunately, I had planned on this happening as a crisis of dependence on a single item in the pack I had bought a new Nikon back up camera which may now be the “Go To” camera for the events of his trip and I also had a backup Olympus to use in the back filed .

So, I do not have a primary camera of the electronic form that has lasted beyond a vigorous trip like this one, and had re-stocked even before systems failure. One other thing about the backups to backup’s status is that I have tried to stay current in order to be able to upload the attachments in any stop at an internet access. I suspect that that will only be at major stops in major places, like manila on departure or on entry ports such as Nairobi. So, I will keep working with the failed systems to keep on trying with tee backups for which they have been packed.

**11-JAN-C-10**

**ALONE IN TROPICAL BIRDSONG AT DAWN, I RUN ALONG THE SOUTH COTABATO ROADWAYS TO BEGIN OUR LAST OPERATING DAY IN TECH AT EDWARDS TO BE CLIMAXED BY THEIR EVENING CELEBRATION OF “FELLOWSHIP AND PERFORMANCES”**

**January 28, 2011**

I thought i was up very early since my watch said it was before five o'clock. I went out to run, seeing no one and hearing little about the activities of the usual shuffling around. I was unaware that it was later than it had been seen on my watch, and that the contingent we had with us from Cagayan de Oro had left at about five o'clock to return by way of Malaybalay reaching there before noon. I went for a solo run as it should be, although there was no one in a passing jeepneys or on a motorbike laden with six or seven passengers who did not call out to me and pity me for my struggles trying to toddle along within in fact any sensible fellow from the Philippines would have hitched a ride on a passing motorbike—even if some of them had a half dozen passengers already. They were frequently loitering near small bamboo stands at the roadside with coke bottles filled with a cherry colored liquid—Coke bottles of petrol for the liter by liter sale of the “combustibles.”

It was fun as I ran out and returned to find the room empty and I got ready in a scrub suit for the day. I walked in when I heard the singing of the MMI Theme Song, which they had proposed as our “special music” for the evening’s “MMI/TECH Fellowship Night”—when they all put on quite a show to say thanks for the mission and the patients we have cared for. I had suggested we use one of the short songs done for me by either Julie Whitis or by Julie Cavallo—or if they want a longer DVD even the Steve Katz Rwanda DVD, but no one seems to envision just how that could take place, even though they were able to play all of Don Ledres big fancy Nikon taken pictures on the TV set last night by hooking the camera to a USB port in the TV. Late last night, Don came to download all his Tiboli photos onto my laptop so that I cold offload them today on a thumb drive and make them available to the others, and while I was at it, I gave them each of the DVD programs that were one song long form many prior missions and even added the Rwanda disc and Year-End letter 2010, with mission descriptions in PDF’s So now, each has complained that they have not got my emails since they are filtered out by Spam filters I can say they all have access to them now.

I went to the OR and did an old fashioned big time cancer case, a full dress radical mastectomy for a woman with a T4 tumor size and an axilla of suspicious nodes. It was Allan Mellicor and I together operating with Alison Froese, of all people, giving the anesthesia with a series of technical glitches of failing machines and monitors bedeviling her set up but hardly anything to complain about in the surgical care rather expertly and expeditiously served up on this patient. This all seems a strange and radical reversal in the awful allegations I have heard in a litany of deliberate malpractice by the source identified as Alison herself who seems to have forgotten.

The next case was a last goiter removal which patient had hypertension under treatment so it was postponed to the end. I got out of the way so that John Sutter could scrub with Allan in doing this case since he will have an additional month to operate with me. I used that time to upload on to a thumb drive each of the programs that may be able to be projected or shown even tonight to the Fellowship program which is the highlight of their year in TECH, following the one surgical week of the year that is ever held here.

I had considered the unique position I am in here as the “practicing anthropologist” as we went to the Tiboli Village for the cultural show and the performances of the dancers and the musical instruments that I had first “discovered” in the bamboo long house when I was first Vivien Forsburgh’s guests in the village and I recorded each of the gongs, the flute and the special stringed bamboo pipe and the three string guitar. I had then gone into the study of the Tnalak and later met the Living Treasure of the Philippines, Lang Dulay in her own bamboo long house overlooking Lake Cebu, as she was the acknowledged master of the “Dream Weavers” – subject of a later video and coffee table book on the same subject of eth Tnalak that I had bought in an entire year’s output each of the next several visits that I had made here. Now they have gone from subsistence rice and corn farming to banana plantations and pineapple growing. Their village is official re-named now as Lemonsole and is no longer just a part of Edwards.

I rode over in Don’s Santa Fe Cute Ute which has that back –up TV screen I have seen and used before, as well as a GPS navigation system—that is not new. What was new is that Don had videos of the live concerts of Simon and Garfunkel and several other classic “evergreens”—including his anesthesiologist’s theme song—“Wake up little Suzie!” We were watching late sixties or eighties rock star concerts on DVD as we rode along in his car after the performance as we went out to get fresh and frozen tuna for the Cagayan de Oro team who would depart pre-dawn this morning so that they could take back the principle product of the South Of Mindanao from the Gen San tuna port I had once toured on a royally escorted visit with Jun Garcia.

I had ridden over with Devorah, a TECH nurse still in her floral print smock as she went to see her daughter in full costume as one of the principle young Tiboli dancers—looking like a very graceful doll. We were all enlisted of course to come up and join the dance, including

gangly Canadians and the others along with diminutive Tiboli princesses in colorful costumes and jangling bells. It is at that point that I recalled that Devorah is first cousin to Marissa, who had been my nurse but had been the one selected by the family to send abroad to support the whole group from the remittances that came back from here enforced servitude in Kuwait. She has a daughter here being cared for like that of Devorah. I could point out that both Marissa and Devorah are the grand daughters of Land Du Lay the master Tnalak weaver and they could all appreciate that I had taken an interest in their kinship patterns and what significance each of these relationships played in their struggle to keep the Tiboli traditions and at the same time make a living in the modern world which sometimes included the sacrifice of a daughter to the exploitations of the Middle East, A Tiboli maiden in Kuwait is an image of the modernity of brain drain and resource flows over which the small folk have little control and often just have to go with that flow.

**11-JAN-C-11**

**DEPARTURE DAY FROM TECH AT SOUTH COTABATO, DRIVE TO  
GEN SAN, FLY TO MANILA, THEN BEGIN LONG DRIVE TO N. LUZON  
TO ARRIVE IN BENAUE FOR OUR WEEKEND BEFORE THE WORK  
WEEK IN N. LUZON**

**January 28, 2011**

The big event has been staged and performed as the TRECH community came out for their biggest day of their year—the climax of the only week of the year in which surgical procedures are performed and in which there are various consultants available for the cases referred to come in at this time for consultation. But it is also bigger than Christmas or New Years and comes soon after, so they store up all their biggest caloric loads and the Lechon feast and their program of performances which include dances and songs and I even tried to get them interested in a short Michael Jackson song piece that Julie Cavallo had assembled from my photos posted on Flickr of the missions of the last few months of the 2010 year from Philippines, Sudan, Ecuador and Tanzania and all their component parts with a climactic ending in Tiboli land at the Tiboli Village. I had loaded all the DVD programs on the USB stick along with Don Ledges' photos and others that were from all the way from Rwanda and its stunning DVD and N Sudan and S Sudan with the Julie Cavallo and Julie Whitis sound track discs of photos and the brevity of the program according to the song score. If there were a means of projecting them—at least the short one that ends in Tiboli Village, then we might use that as our “performance” rather than a lame performance of eh same song we had performed each year as the MMI theme song “Here I am Lord, It is I Lord..” a re-enforcement that we short term mission visits are the only hope instilled into these peoples' lives—a theme of which they are passionately convinced and is antithetical to all I have worked for to make the local community enhancement so that they would not just not need us but surpass us in the ingenuity of the people and their own resources.

The program went on at length even through a couple of brief rain showers which occasioned the moving of the audience into several segments under cover. The usual song was sung and the usual “testimonies” elicited, and we all had to say how much we appreciated occasion of their first visit, promising that each would return—including our fourteen year old Dillon—at least as awkward and useless a teenager as can be imagined on such a trip, with his highly evangelical mother coming here with him to make a trip to Taiwan to the ancestral birthplace, carrying him as so much annoying baggage. He is a high maintenance, constant attention babbling teen, and somehow hospitality on the program has to be the one to assure us all ta he will be back next year—enough to cause John and me to raise our eyes and make other

plans for the same time. The new pastor has a flair for the electronics of new media and made a slide show of our visit set to religious inspiring music often completely out of phase with the pictures being portrayed. He showed the five minute clip of the “Healing around the World” that Julie Cavallo had made for me of the last year's mission s of 2010, which ended on the TECH and the Tiboli Village which was a crowd pleaser. Testimonials from patients, including a Monobo patient through a very clumsy translational were uttered and so was the grateful response of a nursing student whose financial support came from a previous contributor sight unseen to a nursing applicant. A cosigner hip hop dance number of TECH staff featured a lithe and beautiful young woman with all the right moves, which would have done credit to the TV sessions we see at lunch which look like a methamphetamine fueled MTV with quick cuts on break dancing. It needed after ten o'clock with everyone trig to get themselves photographer with me and other parasitical and asking for a linkage for support. When I returned to the room, to do a quick final pack up, I said to John, “I had told you to be prepared for an extravaganza of love-bombing'. HE answered “As long as you are not Moslem!”

Now, there is a post-breakfast farewell sendoff in the van s packed with our bags, and a great consternation of swapping off our tickets at the fruit stand where we stopped his time, not for a pineapple feast, but for a pulling out of bags and an access to the redundant paper tickets for those of us who really do not need any paper tracing anyway since it is all electronic. That has me and john sitting on either side of Alison in the back of the van—an odd juxtaposition for a fellow she claimed to be both professionally and personally dangerous and incompetence at best and immoral at worst. But I guess a bizarre misinterpretation is possible given the hyperbole of the reports which seem to be required of such mission experiences--”like nothing ever experienced before.” So, I am now enroute by road to Gen San, and soon will be en route by air from Gen San to Manila, and then by a very long bus ride from Manila through North Luzon to wind up some ten hours later in Banaue for our weekend view of the rice plantains sculpted into the hillsides—a world heritage view, along with the somewhat simplistic view of my fellow travelers whose response to the program last night is an indication of their per-programmed responses and perhaps that of the pre-formed prejudices.

### **PAL AIRBUS A-340 FLIGHT FROM GES TO MNL**

Transition now from van to Airbus A-340—a big wide body aircraft for the freight traffic coming back from Gen San with the heavy tuna products of their number one export item from South Cotabato and Mindanao. Everyone is on edge as the big story is of a bus bombing in Makati in Manila and the TV and newspapers are full of that data.

I also just now learned from Jason, my seatmate on this flight that he had got a book from the library—Invented Edens—of the Tasaday Hoax in which the last Stone Age population on earth was claimed by an over-eager anthropologist who needed a claim. I will try to extract as

much as I can from this time of elevated technology—as I had said in passing through the Gen San Airport--”This must be a pagan institution—I saw a MIRROR in the Men's Room!”