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# TANZANIA CONNECTIONS

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## *What a Trip*

I took my “bath” this morning in an aluminum pan after heating some water on the stove. I awoke early to try to get on the internet, but it was a no-go, so communication is difficult. The bells will ring soon to wake up the community. No sleeping in here. I am ready to tell you about the Addis Ababa airport and about the religious revivals that took place for a week only steps away from our house in Manow (pronounced Mano). The first day of school was yesterday and I could write a book, but that will have to wait.

It was mayhem in the Addis Ababa Airport in Ethiopia. It also felt like the Middle East, The walls were a stark, dirty white and multi-colored humanity filled the big, single room. Skinny dark men with long, shiny beige and black robes walked about. Women in burkahs hid all but their eyes. Some men wore long shiny, embroidered smocks with matching pants, and of course the head wraps on the women were fabulous in bright, florals and patterns. It was push and shove to get on the plane to Dar Salaam.

For the last week, a revival was held each night here in Manow and it began with incredible chorus and African music and wild dancing that I partook of one afternoon. But people stared at me, so I stopped. But there was another side to the revival. Sometimes, later at night, the preacher would shout for hours at a time in a raspy, rough ways and we would hear screaming. Apparently evil spirits were being cast out. Although I know it was not true, the gruff hollering of the preacher made me feel the evil was in his voice, not in the worshipers. Being also the neighbor of the cemetery, it was creepy. I have been exhausted enough to fall asleep through the cacophony of strange noise, but my teaching partners weren't so lucky.

*Jani Gilbert*

## *My First Impressions*

To see Africa on TV or in the National Geographic does not explain or help you understand the sheer magnitude of what will come. On Ethiopian Airlines, I realized that most of the people aboard read and speak a language that is so foreign that it seems to have come from a place in the universe not yet discovered. It made me realize that this was where the journey really began. Landing at Addis Abba 12 hours later had me realizing that it was not as I expected. Its lush greens, the mountains, and the red tiled roofs made me realize again that seeing in person is so different than your mind perceives it to be. This was the first true mix of cultures with a very African and Middle Eastern feel. Watching people crowd to get out the door to the vehicle that took people to their plane was a taste of what I would see in Tanzania.

Our flight from Addis Ababa to Dar es Salaam was around two and one half hours. As we approached the city the beaches of the Indian Ocean had the florescent colors of the Caribbean Sea. Once landing there we faced a series of steps to get into the country, to numerous to explain. But once through and out the door, a new understanding of this Africa started to emerge. Let me give you the highlights:

A bus station so crowded it took one hour to just get to the street. People selling their ware through your bus windows at every stop. Streets teeming with people selling in make shift stores crowding the sidewalks. Thousands of people filling, wandering, and traveling to wherever they were going on the large median strip between the highway and in the street with traffic. The bus passing cars at any opportune time with what I call a horn language. The sprawl of the city and it's taking any space possible. The contrast of the countryside with its lush tropical greens to its stark

brown and tans with more scrub like vegetation.  
And the animals, baboons walking on the sides of  
the road, elephant, giraffe, and Thompson  
Gazelle. But most of all are the people. A  
generous, gracious, and welcoming people.  
Tanzania is more than you see on TV or in the  
National Geographic. It is real life. Life in the true  
sense of the word. *Ernie Malick*

### ***Changes at Manow***

I was taken aback this year after we were  
introduced on Sunday at church. Martin  
Mwakaje (the Second Head Master and  
International Coordinator) gave the congregation  
a special talk. First, he asked the congregation  
not to call us *wazungu* (white people). He pointed  
out that if they came to the US or England, they  
would not want to be called black people.  
Instead, he asked them to call us by name and  
reintroduced us. He also told them how difficult  
it is for us to speak Swahili and Nyakusa. They  
should visualize how they would feel waking up  
in Spain or Portugal. He asked them to speak  
slowly to us and not to use difficult phrases.  
WOW! This is a real recognition of us as  
individuals and a new way of being welcomed  
into the community. *Nancy Winters*

### ***Send mail!!***

We would love to hear from you. We can get  
into email about once a week (sometimes more if  
we are lucky and if all things go well). Please do  
not send large pictures or other documents as it  
takes forever to download (think dialup modem  
and triple the wait time). Our email addresses  
are:

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