



Music at Church

We parked about 50 meters from the church's door. We could hear the choir and the drums! There were three drums: one tall one called a Djembe, one that looked like a bongo but was called a Bata, and a Log drum. It was a huge hollowed-out log I could not reach around.

The drummer had two clubs that resembled the fat part of a cut-off baseball bat. He beat that log hard. The three men playing those drums were soaked through and through. Did I mention it was HOT?

IMPRESSIONS

I mentioned yesterday that I wanted to talk to a shop owner about items in his window for sale. Well, I did ask him through the interpreter. He said he sells about two toasters a year. Usually, for bridal showers, folks will come to his shop thinking the prices will be better than at the larger stores. I inquired about other items that we would consider slow-moving. "Ah, Yes. Items seen on TV cause people to ask for them. When I stock them, they are too expensive and just sit around." Such is the plight of the independent, small business owner.

The road to the church where I will be serving this week is more of a washed-out creek bed. It instantly reminded me of the Dalton Highway (man, is that misnomer, Highway.) It is not as long as the highway in Fairbanks leading to the Arctic Circle Sign, but just as treacherous. We may be asked to walk a mile to the church or meet our local team back on the good road. One huge difference is that Malabo is not Fairbanks, Alaska.

Early to bed tonight because we have breakfast at 7:30 and do. I do not expect to be back at the hotel until after 6:00.

We did have fish tonight. My impression is that Hucks is not in any danger of losing out.