

If you can't keep laughing dramatically , you would be crying HYSTERICALLY....

Here in South Africa with my family and being reintroduced to and in no particular order :The daily work arounds, the excuses(random public holidays, periodic cancellation of work on a Friday) , and the make -shift -make-it- happen mentality is all part of the everyday in Africa! Yes there are normal cities, fancy cars, TRAFFIC, pirate taxis(original form of UBER with zero restrictions on capacity, speed and driving ability) , shebeens(poppanywehereyoulikeboozehole), shanty towns, luxury malls, fantastic restaurants, country clubs and delicacies but there is also the daily load shedding, Wi-Fi outages, intermittent water shut offs, driving -so -you-don't-die mentality , park- where ever and how ever you like, endless poverty and tragedy to contend with. If I lived here permanently I would have to have my hair dyed back to normal on a weekly basis, i would most likely never leave my house unless I went in a huge armored escapade with my own driver, and I would have a completely flexible 360 degree rotation of my head as my eyes would be out on a swivel looking out for the totsies (bad guys).

I always tell you people TO DO HARD SHIT... but this is survival at its magnified BEST! Look, I am not saying you are going to walk out your front door and DIE but I am saying it is a cold

reminder when your sister repeatedly tells you:

DO NOT get out of the car until we have entered through the electric security gates and closed the garage door

DO NOT walk with your cell phone and ear buds in your ears

DO NOT assume you have the right of way. You have ZERO right of way and be ready to jump into and over bushes to avoid being driven over.

DO NOT drive with your hand bag on the front seat.

DO NOT stop at a red light at night if you feel unsafe... just drive around the light and keep going.

BUT....



As much as this sounds so negative and why in the world would anyone want to live here... this is HOME to millions. Coming from a life in the USA I am humbly reminded of my roots and how I just expect everything in my USA life to work magically 100% everyday, for Costco to have my Bitchin sauce, for people to be insured and to obey the traffic laws (CA excluded !) for the safety i enjoy most places i go. I think we are inherently trusting people but when you don't have anything or someone has more than you, there's a switch that goes off in your moral compass and it becomes about survival anyway you can make that happen .

I was born in Africa... there is still an African heart beat in my soul. Albeit that beat is not as loud as my family's who live here, but it is still my birth place and there is still a faint song in my soul. I still feel proud and I still love the root belief in the African culture of UBUNTU (I am because we are) BUT it is just such a tragedy to watch the politicians and the wickedly wealthy taking and robbing their people of their culture , their heritage and basic human needs. Don't get me wrong. There is still so much kindness and love but it is blinded by the poverty that stricken the majority of the nation. I am in awe at my family, cousins and friends who take from their pockets to feed a few of the poor who walk aimlessly through their days with no real future ahead, who pay to have a few parentless children be clothed and fed, who try to give back with an open heart.

I am privileged ... almost embarrassingly so... i just expected to be educated, own a home, travel the world, to be safe and to be able to retire in a haven somewhere drinking fine coffee and making endless loaves of bread. I know there is poverty every where in the world... i just think one doesn't know how tragic poverty really is if you don't witness and experience it first hand every single day! I live in a bubble... of my own making. I am happy there but i remind myself that even though I like , no! LOVE my bubble I do have the opportunity to make a few peoples lives better... and I try.

I would like to think I am a better person when I return to the USA . I would like to think I have more patience, less entitlement, more frugality , less wastefulness, more charity and more grace and a deeper sense of UBUNTU.

UBUNTU NGUMUNTU NGABANTU- a word that captures Nelson Mandela greatest gift: his recognition that we are all bound together in ways that are invisible to the eye; that there is a oneness to humanity; that we achieve ourselves by sharing ourselves with others and caring for those around us.



These are just my soul reminiscing thoughts while i sit here in South Africa with my fine coffee and toasted charcoal sourdough bread. They are my opinions and not intended to be anything else than a mild amusement when you have a few minutes to flutter away.