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David Rawson Letters to Sweetheart and Family August 1992

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August 11, 1992

Dear Sweetheart,

I am sitting in a sort of modified camp chair looking out at Mt. Meru. It is clear of clouds for the first time since we have been here. You may not recall that Arusha sits behind Mt. Meru and thus benefits from all rains that come up against the mountain. Things are green and lush here in vivid contrast to very dry Kenya plains we came across on the bus. It was not a bad way to come actually. Although the bus was crowded, the seats were comfortable and the driver helped push through our passports at customs. The trip took about 5 hours with stops. I plan to return that way to Nairobi this weekend so I can dump the contents of my computer and get the reports off to Washington on Monday before returning here on Tuesday.

It is a lovely setting for a conference. There are a number of good restaurants around although one almost needs a car to get to them. We ate last night at a little restaurant a Dutchman has put on the terrace of his house -- portuguese style tomato soup with meatballs, beef stroganoff (finely minced) flambe with vodka & over rice cooked in coconut oil, great espresso coffee. One of my colleagues ^{the French representative} had a car. The first day we were here we went up into Arusha National Park to try to see a friend of his who runs a small lodge there. Stephanie was not at home but we had coffee on the veranda of the lodge and saw Kilimanjaro peek out from the clouds and watched the sun set behind ~~Kito~~ Mt. Meru. Along the way coming and going we saw a bushbuck, buffalo and at least a dozen giraffe in one herd right on the road, in addition to baboon, warthogs and lots of birds. Since Ed DeJarnette had never been there, it was agreed at dinner that night that we would go back at 6 AM to see the sunrise against Mt. Meru. Jean-Christophe the Frenchman drives very fast. He hit a rock in the middle of the road and cracked the oil pump in his motor. Although oil was leaking out steadily, he turned around and drove back to the hotel getting here just as the oil light turned on. But that mode of transportation is now in the garage. Last night we went out with a friend of Jean-Christophe's. I'll guess we'll have to try taxis next.

Ed DeJarnette met me as I got off the bus on Sunday. He came up on Saturday so as to be here when I got here. What a great and conscientious guy! He has introduced me to all the people I need

novotel

to know and helped me get a sense of what the negotiating dynamics were. He left on a plane right after opening ceremonies this morning, already a day longer than he had intended to stay.

This hotel is at the edge of town along the road to Moshi. The conference

center is about 15 minutes away if you walk and turn another 5^{or 10} minutes beyond that. But you can take a mule trail along a mountain ~~that~~ broke and walk to town in about 12 minutes. I have done it twice, once with Ed to ~~get~~ get money at the Bank and once this afternoon to buy coffee and Krim. I already had tea, sugar and a little store I found in Nairobi for less than \$16. But John he can take the old camping gear store to California. I saw some African paint cloth in the store which I may try to put on my bed as a spread. Although my room is spacious it is apart with no decoration, ~~but~~ the furniture is sparse modern with wood trim and white formica tops. The best piece are the two modified camp chairs by the round coffee table which are ~~just~~ quite comfortable.

The talks are very slow getting started. The Karamoja delegation came the evening of the first day. Then after a ceremonial opening, the Tanganyicans who are chairing this conference ~~started~~ changed chairman as the next meeting was delayed until tomorrow morning. Already the aides are at an impasse over which item to discuss first. But people are talking about the first session lasting a week to ten days as I imagine our first break will come a week from Friday, the 21st. Whether I can have the depends on how long the break will be. I miss you every day, almost each moment. Everything new I do or see, I keep thinking of how much better it would be if you could do and see these same things with me. But I feel close to you because I know you are praying for me as I am for you. I have not read my Bible every morning but have started out in John and have got as far as turning the water into wine which concludes with the phrase, "He thus revealed his glory and his disciples put their faith in him." I decided that is what I must do too as we face these difficult problems of people who cannot agree and activities that are ~~from~~ torn apart.

So know that I love you and wrap you up in my thoughts and prayers throughout the day. I am thinking especially of you as John as you get him packed up for California.

With all my love,

David