

03/04/2008

Hard Life

Yes the Project is great, yes we are meeting amazing people and spend some unforgettable time with the children but only those ones who come here to volunteer know what is the price. The life here is really hard. We work like dogs on the field then in the office. We have to follow up the work of the team as it's difficult for them to take initiative or just because they are not used to. Just an instant example. We are surrounded by dogs, really nice but wilde. A volunteer Petra from K9 offered to vaccinate them to be sure they won't carry any

diseases. We called the Vet who came but does not catch the dogs and our team was scared so for the 4 first dogs we had Maria and myself to run after them, catch them and set the expemple ourselves ! Grrrr

I did not wake up a morning thinking I will just move to Bangladesh and be happy! It does not happen this way. Sometimes I wake up so tired that I don't know how I will be able to handle my day. Some days I just want to cry because emotionaly what we are facing is so hard, some days I just want to fire all the team because they don't go fast enough and sometimes like last week, I am ready to pack everything because this kind of comitment is not easy to keep . Our materialistic world is developping our ego, pampering him, filling him. Here, you just have to through your ego to the garbage bin and trust me, it does not happen in one day...

Yesterday night for example, we had a really bad storm and at 3am I could not sleep anymore. First quite scared as it was violent but then I realised I was confortably in my bed, in a safe and dry place. What about our families in the Bamboo houses, what about the families living next to the ponds ?.....

At 4am Maria knocked to my door as she could not sleep either offering me to go with her and check if the near by families were ok. We left the building with our electric lamp. When we arrived there everybody was sleeping and no damage. Thanks god!

Four days ago, I received a call from Maria, she told me she was feeling very sick. I took a rickshaw and went to the teacher's house where she was staying. I arrived there and she was laying in the bed with a big feaver and told me she had a big pain in the throat. Honnestly? I panicked for 5 minutes... A european lady sick in a very poor area of Dhaka especially after having spent some time in the local hospital..... After couple of phone calls I came down and the doctor arrived. He gave her what we call in french a "horse treatment" (very strong medication ;-)). also I prepared the magic potion given by my doctor in Dubai, fresh ginger boiled + honey + lemon. After 2 hours she was already a little bit better so I left. She has been very weak this trip and sick this last week but she is getting back to her old self today ;-)

Florence