

Pat's Stories: Miscellaneous
Learning a New Culture:

I am not going to even attempt to go very deeply into this subject, but a few prime examples do come to mind that I think pretty much explain some of a pioneer's experiences. The first two were in the 1980's so some of that has changed.

- 1) Keith and Stephanie Bloodworth and their infant son, Ruhi, first came to St. Lucia in 1978 to pioneer. Being devoted and obedient servants of the Faith, soon moved to the village of Dennery.

They lived in a house on the beach and on the main street. They had no stove so cooked everything on a coal pot. Keith had by this time obtained a job teaching Art in the Secondary School in Castries, the capital city. It was about an hour's buses drive to his school, and classes started at 8.00am. That meant that Stephanie rose every morning at 4.30 am to start preparing breakfast and his lunch.

Steph bought some groceries as most did, in a small shop on the main street. Soon after they got there, Stephanie went to buy a few things in the shop. She asked for a dozen eggs and the shocked clerk said "Oh no, Miss, I can't sell one person that many eggs!" A small shop carried only a small of anything most of the time. Most people, knowing this bought exactly the number of eggs that were needed at the moment. Stephanie said all right, give me what you can, and I will also take a pound of cheese. The clerk stopped, swirled her eyes to one side, thought about that for a bit, and then with an incredulous look said "Miss, that's 16 ounces!". The small of what one bought at a time applied for the cheese as well!

- 2) Back in the old days when I was still smoking, I was in Grenada on a teaching trip. We were in a village with its shop on the main drag. I went in and asked the man for a carton of cigarettes. He looked at me, and said "Oh Miss, sorry, I don't sell wholesale." Later I found out that most people bought one or, at the most, two cigarettes at a time.
- 3) As one usually does, one picks up phrases and habits that are well known and used in the culture to which one has moved. I was no exception to this. During a trip to Haifa, Israel for my second Pilgrimage in 2004, I was standing in one of the meeting halls waiting to go to the next scheduled event.

While there, a young Persian man came moving very quickly by me, skidded to a stop, and said to me "I am taking some people to the next meeting in my car, would you like to come with us?. I, of course was delighted, being long past my high energy abilities to walk up high hills, replied in my most polite West Indian manner, "I wouldn't mind". He looked at me, hesitated and then repeated exactly what he had asked me in the first place, only in a slower, louder tone of voice. I realized what had just happened this time. I said in my most polite manner "That would be very nice, thank you, I would

like a ride." He beamed and proceeded to give me directions where to meet him.