

Now why are they still sending out newsletters? you ask.

It's been over a year now since the last time we stepped off a Mercy Ship, and it'll likely be three or four more before we're back out on the field. But the problem is, we've realized we're losing touch with our friends while we're stranded here in the Deep South, and we don't want to. So whether you're reading this in Ghana or Thailand, Liberia or Alabama, welcome back to our old solution: The Newsletter! [pause for applause.] If you don't see your country above, don't worry; you're welcome too. I suppose. Anyway:



What are they doing in the Deep South? I thought they were in Florida.

Oh, but we are, my friends. We are. You see, once upon a time i thought Jacksonville was a city of bright sun and waving palm trees and tropical beaches. Well, it is; but it's also just to the south of South Georgia. And just east of Alabama, but don't let the word 'east' fool you; this is the South all right. And i thought i felt foreign in Haiti. I fear my accent has suffered. My job as an aircraft mechanic trainee very nearly required a translator for the first month. Fortunately, my current flight instructor (with whom i spend much of the rest of my time, not to mention money) is from Ohio. People are very friendly here, at least, and there's good seafood, even if they do sell it in the same shops as the live bait. Good barbecue, too. All in all, if i manage to reach my goal of qualifying for an organization like JAARS or Mission Aviation Fellowship, and leave here with my appreciation of deep-fried cheese curds intact, i will consider this time a success.



And Katie. What was that about...midriff...no...midwifery?

Yes indeed, Katie has begun her classes to become a certified professional midwife. She commutes to Gainesville every week for an eleven-hour day of class, plus one weekend a month. (Kind of like the National Guard, except not really.) By the end of her degree program she'll already have delivered about seventy-five babies, according to the curriculum, which she thinks should prepare her very well to work in women's health out on the field. Her day job is somewhat less exciting, but it embodies that rarest of combinations - an office job with great people and very flexible hours - and it's practically perfect for her plans. As with mine, it dropped from the sky (as it were) and we were thrilled when it came along. Income is a good thing. And God is providing.



Um, it's getting cold up here. Can I come visit? Why, yes. See, we're a bit lonely



now that we're tied down in one place, and we can't travel very much. So if you find yourself in need of a little sunshine this winter - on short notice or long - Chez Albers is open for business. Historic neighborhood! Minutes from I-95 & I-10! The current record is four adults and one pet fish, though we'll have five and a turkey this Thanksgiving. (The fish, sadly, has since passed on.) Last season was quite successful, i'd say, considering we have a one-bedroom apartment. If you really have a thing for privacy, be advised that we can recommend a fine hotel down the street. But if the thought of five hundred quaint square feet and a futon sounds just fine, then have we got a deal for you. Consult the Guestbook sidebar on our stupendous website (<http://rand-o-blog.blogspot.com>) for references.

How were you planning on ending this, by the way?

Glad you asked! Something like this. We'd rather talk in person, but as evils go, The Newsletter may be a necessary one. Also a very practical one, in fact. Easily deleteable, for one thing. If you'd rather not get these, as ever, no worries: just ask. But if you're reading this, we'd love to hear from you.



With love,
Jeremy and Katie