

15 Sept. 1981

Dear friend Phyllis,

I'm so sorry I haven't written for so long. I have one large excuse. About 3 weeks ago I had a rather serious accident. I was canning pickles and I opened a pressure canner too soon, and the water and steam gushed out and burned me on my hands and arms and chest. I rushed to the hospital emergency room, and was treated by ice water being pured over all my burns, and then I was bandaged up so that I couldn't use either of my hands, and then I was sent home (they gave me a strong dose of pain killer). Two days later I went to see my own doctor, and he was shocked that I had not been admitted to the hospital immediately, and I was admitted then. I stayed in the hospital 12 days. I have just got home. I have pretty well healed up. My breasts were burned the worst and at one point they were not sure that I would get away without skin grafting, but my body healed and my breasts are well on the way to being back to normal. I thought of you so much during the experience, and remembered your convelescence from the bomb. I hope that you have all the shrapnell out of your system by now!!

Wayne and the children survived the adventure quite well. It was not easy for them, but they managed better than I hoped. It hapened one day before school opened for the new year. The children are both going to a new school because their old one was closed. So I was concerned that they had to start to a new school with a mother who was in the hospital, but they seem to have survived. *I guess I also thought of all those refugee children who came to Lesotho and started school with no one to give them support at all and I realized how good our life is here. I feel almost guilty -- Oh Dear!!

Now for another bit of news. My brother, who lives in Haiti, is getting married next week to a Haitian woman. Our whole family is going to the wedding. So I have had to concentrate on getting my body healed in order to go to my brother's wedding. So we will be leaving in a couple of days for Florida. We will fly from Miami. (I wonder whether I will see any Cubans there?)

Have you heard from Rebecca? She sounds comfortably happy in Puerto Rico. In her las letter to me she was being a housewife, which I find hard to imagine!! But she sounds blissfully happy. I hope that she remains so.

I have not heard lately from our Indian friends, but then I have not written lately either.

How is Lesotho? I have heard that there was a bomb in the new Hilton. What is going on there? We saw Betty and Charles briefly when they were here in the States. I believe she is going to have an operation in Canada before they return to Lesotho.

I guess you are keeping up with the news from here. Our president is bound and determined to either starve or destroy people he considers of less value than he is. It makes me alternately very sad and very angry.

The Springboks are Here-- what a to do. I wonder whether the citizens of the US will stand up and refuse to have them here. I hope they are banned in some cities at least!!

How is your family? Sucks, Basil, your mother, etc? Are you still gainfully employed by the Justice ministry? Are you getting into peach season? At least there must be blossoms now. I still get nostalgic for Lesotho, especially

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when life here becomes too complicated. It is not easy to live in the US and run time and again into blatant narrow mindedness. People here are truly convinced that the American way of life is not only the best, but that they are entitled to it not matter how much it deprives the rest of the world of the necessities of life. It is hard not to get caught in living the good life without questioning and trying to change things. I need the prodding that you can give me. Ineed another perspective sometimes. People here see things so onesidedly. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about because white South Africans must do the same thing.

Well I will sign off. I love and miss you and am sorry it has been so long between letters!

Love,

Kathy

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