

Thursday, May 8 - Celia Brownrigg

Marissa, Hayley and I woke up at a leisurely 5:40 am. It was important to get to the school by 7:15 so that we could be ready to leave at 8:25. Soon enough we were on the road, or so I assume; seemingly regardless of my hour or two of sleep the night before I felt the need to sleep yet again. Just call me princess. I woke up as we arrived at the school where we were to give an informal performance in a township called Mameldodi (pronounced endearingly: Maaaa-mmel-doooh-di-iii). The kids were sooo cute. They sang for us first, and then us for them, just in the open area enclosed by the one story and one room thick three-sided building. Some of the kids weren't in their uniforms because their choir was competing the next day and so their mothers were washing them. After we sang, we mingled, an interaction that soon turned from shaking hands and well-wishing to the children's dexterous explorations of our non-African hair and our signing our autographs... many many autographs; hands, arms, scrap paper, you name it. It was getting a little chaotic so I employed a lesson I learned in my education classes and got them to make a line; much easier. After the school, we had the second occasion (please let this be the last... ever) to partake in a Steer Burger. I know that some of my singing friends actually enjoyed eating their 'burgers' so I will refrain from graphic comment. Next, we went to Sizanani, a hospital for disabled children. They had a beautiful church as well as quite nice convention center facilities. It was interesting to learn about the self-sufficiency of the hospital, from their vegetable fields and dairy cows to the cemetery and health centre. Many of us bought stuff like pottery, one of their main sources of income, in the gift shop- bought some very nice mugs. Oh yeah, after we sang for the children (did I mention that? we sang for a room of fairly severely disabled children and teens = very rewarding) the nurses sang for us and man! did they rock out. On the bus ride back to the U of Pretoria we had some entertaining bus banter and some requisite tour jokes: What do you call four Menno-nite women sitting in a hot tub? Gorillas in the mist. Why do Menno-nites disapprove of sex standing up? It might lead to dancing. Thank you, Megan Huckabay. Our host mother picked Marissa and Hayley and me up at three o'clock and took us home to get ready for the concert. After some excellent bonding talk, a nap. Then a light supper and off to the concert. We had heard the U of Pretoria choir when we first arrived and so we knew that we were about to sing with a phenomenal group. They are one of the best groups of that size that I have ever heard. Sweet Mother, Batman!!! wow. Our two choirs sang two songs together: Beati, and Vela (ve-la si-ku-bo-ne ti-na, i combo choir). There was one cd casualty at this concert as I find it hard to shake my Canadian disposition and I left a cd on the table at the front during the concert- it was gone by the end, walked off some where no doubt. After the concert, a bunch of us went out to Cafe Livingston (Africaaner pronunciation: liv-ING-ston). Good times were had by many: I and a few others consumed giant steaks at gorgeous prices, alcoholic drinks were cheap and plentiful, Lucas was coerced into presenting his magic show (I think some of the gist of our Canadian humour got lost on its way across the ocean) and Megan met the man of her dreams. My wonderful friend Katie came up from Joberg with her friend to see our concert. Since our host did not want to come out, Katie drove us home at the end of the evening. Thanks to the crazy-ass direction giving untalent of our hosts (shared by many South Africans, as we found out on our post-tour tour), it took us about an hour and two toll booths to make the fifteen

minute trip. wheee. (Don't get me wrong, I did like our hosts.) And so it was in to bed (after more girl-bonding) at some wee morning hour. A very good day.

Friday, May 9 - Written by Bruce for Tim.

Before leaving Pretoria, we sang a short concert for Bea's (Johann's wife's) girl's school. About 600 girls thoroughly enjoyed the Tedesco and literally went nuts when we sang "Insalata". Bless their hearts - they got every single gag - a first for the tour. It was a great way to begin a long bus ride. We stopped at the same rest-stops as before and arrived in PMB at 3 to a very up-tight organizer who constantly bitched that we were an hour late - even though we could not have gotten there earlier - we took two rest stops at 20 minutes each. Then he said we had to be at the church at 5:30 for a 7 pm concert. At that point I just said "no" - we've been travelling all day and we only need a short warmup - we will be there at 6:30. This transpired as the singers left with their billets, so I had to spend most of my rest time calling all the singers and let them know of their 'reprieve'. At the church, we warmed up outside and listened to Ryke Boeke (wife of our organizer: Etienne Boeke) conduct her Wyckham Collegiate Girls choir - Ok, but relatively un-inspired, followed by her really excellent PMB children's choir. They were half black and she really got an excellent sound out of them. I was very moved by this demonstration of the "future of South Africa". Then we got up and gave arguably the best concert of the tour. It was a fairly reserved audience, but I knew where the biggest reaction would come from, so I shamelessly played to the kids from the 2 choirs in the second half: "Bumba-i ng" around them at the end and so on. It worked and we got an unreserved major reaction as all others. Following the concert, back to our excellent billets. I'm billeted in house which is easily twice the size as ours in Victoria. Alex has a room to himself and I have an entire wing for myself. Pool, Jacuzzi, tennis. Gotta love those rich lawyers - eh?

Saturday, May 10 - Written by Bruce for Bonnie.

This morning, we went on a short tour of downtown PMB. It really is an attractive place with some wonderful Victorian architecture. Etienne was our guide with exhaustive facts about everything. We had warmed to each other quite nicely on the previous evening. Then we went to a



game farm which was nice. We saw Warthogs, Impala, Wildebeest, Gnus, Zebras and Hippos. (Johnny wanted to know if you could mate Zebras and horses - I said I didn't know but if you cross a donkey with a zebra, you get a "Zonkey".) A nice bonus of the Game farm was a "natural" rock swimming pool where we all swam. Then on to the "Zulu experience" which we saw in '97. There were more dancers this time and I thought, quite a bit better. We sang for them as before and took the usual pictures - then over to the Crocodile/reptile place next door. It was definitely superior to the last time - many more Crocs and we got to drape a 15 foot python around our necks and have pictures taken. That ended our wonderful day here. Well it's off on another tough day to Durban tomorrow- but hey somebody's got to do it! (In PMB, we performed a Sunday service at the garrison church - where my Grandfather probably worshiped - when he fought in the Zulu wars).

Sunday, May 11 - Andrew Hornby

This morning I woke up at around 8. It was such a nice feeling after 6am every morning recently. It was supposed to be Kim's day to write but he was feeling very sick and decided to spend the day in bed so I'm doing it and he can have the 13th. We were to perform in an Anglican Church service this morning and since my host family didn't belong to that church, I went to the school to take the bus to the church. There were only 5 of us there: Jordie, Dan, Lucas, Tristan and myself. The bus driver was a little late so wondered if we'd be going at all, but he did come. The bus did not go to the church at first, he pulled into a psychiatric hospital. It turned out that was only because that was the only place to park and the church was across the street. It was a little unnerving though. During the church service we sang "O Sacrum" and "Le Chant des oiseaux" as well as the Tedesco songs during communion. It was quite obvious that the majority of the choir did not attend church on a regular basis, myself included. Afterwards we headed to Durban. Our first stop there was the Indian market. Most of it was closed but it was still interesting. Lots of wood carvings and brass work. There was also a spice merchant. She grabbed my arm and said, "You will buy curry." I was considering buying some spices but then we had to leave. We went to the beach where I was mobbed by street merchants. I ate lunch at Church's Chicken and then we went to the water. There were some of the biggest waves I've ever seen. Unfortunately, Hayley didn't listen to me and went too far out and got stuck in the current. Fortunately Evan was there to grab her and we brought her back to shore. I hope that a lesson was learned. When we got back, I spent the evening with Kim and my hosts. The host family were very nice, probably my favourite yet. It was refreshing to find people in South Africa that weren't racist. We played the piano and talked and then watched Rush Hour 2 and went to bed.

Monday, May 12 - Beth Whitmore

It was a dark and stormy night... no really, it was. Pietermaritzburg had an impressive storm - best in years apparently - the thunder & lightning started at 4pm yesterday. By the middle of the night, I was convinced that we need to start building an ark... I was also waiting for the snakes to seek refuge under my bed. My billets were talking about black mambas before we went to sleep... makes for a fun sleep...

Anyhow - morning started with Amarula shots at 7:40am - thanks Dan. Apparently this bus ride will take 10hrs - 14hrs, depending who you ask

- I'm thinking closer to 14 - I believe the bus driver may be the most accurate. Everyone is cheery - bus rolls out at 8:10 - already 10min. late - how typical. Typical bus shenanigans happen throughout the morning - talks of sex, the playing of cards, and the occasional dog pile at the back of the bus. The caustic stench of someone's bowels waft throughout the bus periodically throughout the drive.

Lunch stop - leave at 1 o'clock supposedly - sign in Kokstad said 190km from Pietermaritzburg - and a lovely 538km till Grahamstown - doubt we will be there at 7pm... Hmm...leave at 1:11... I'm noticing a trend.

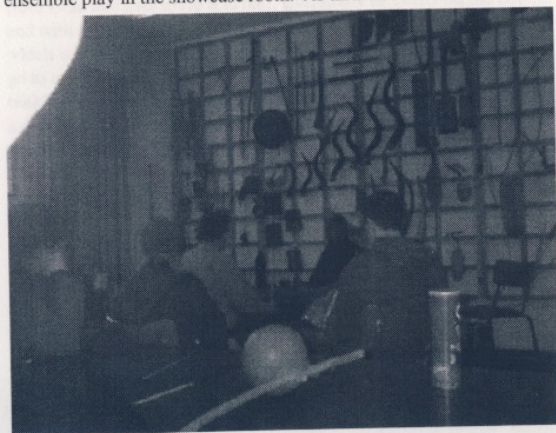
4:15 - pee stop - by 4:24 Bruce admits we will not be in Grahamstown for at least 4 hrs...

The Transkei (the area we travelled through today) is truly beautiful. Lots of houses scattered throughout. They are made from clay and many have thatched roofs. There are people wandering everywhere - goats & cows casually strolling across highways. Every 100km or so, we would come across the ever-popular "stop-go-wait" signs that signified road construction and a 10-20 minute wait - YIPPEE! My favourite scenic part of the day was watching the shepherds (ranging in age from 10-20) bringing home their animals for the night. These people would walk maybe even 10km to find their animals to bring them home and it was neat watching the straight lines of cattle march home. (They process better than Chamber Singers!!)

To make a long busride short - ha ha ha ha, we arrive in Grahamstown 4hrs late - a few minutes short of 10pm. Our hosts had been partying without us and they look like they will be a lot of fun. (see tomorrow's entry for the party at the "Random Rodent & Annoying Bird")

Tuesday, May 13 - Tristan Carl

This morning's tour [optional] had most of the choir turn out. We were taken first to the Museum of African Music at Rhodes University. The museum was filled with drums, woodwind and string instruments of various design. We were shown into the sound studio, where they record 'authentic' african tribal music. In the studio we were taught about African rhythm, and tried our hands at various instruments [drums, whistles, horns, mirimbi[?]]. After the museum, we were taken to a mirimba factory where we heard a mirimba ensemble play in the showcase room. As an introduction to the music



it was good, but the mirima players at St. Mary's in Cape Town put the factory group to shame. We had the afternoon to ourselves and Daniel, Bonnie and myself decided to go see 'Dreamcatcher' as a matinee [worth seeing BTW, if for no other reason than to see Jason Lee be devoured by an ass-weasel]], though I got distracted by a very Smurfy blue hair dye at a hair salon and decided [after a little heckling from Beth] to TRULY test if Bruce had meant it when he said he didn't care what colour my hair is. We had an evening concert with the Rhodes University Choir in a church. It went well enough that they asked us to join them at a local watering hole, the Rat & Parrot [aka: the Squeek & Squack], where they DOUBTED that Canadians had the mettle to match their beer consumption.

Wednesday, May 14- Written by Bruce for Dan.

On the way to Mossel Bay, we went to the Amwari Game reserve. It is one of Africa's greatest and largest at 6,000 hectares - 4 hour drive around the edges. We saw Rhinos, Giraffes, Lions and Leopards - much better than the previous - mainly because we road around in their off road vehicles instead of the bus - more like a real safari. After the game farm - off to Mossel Bay - 7 hours instead of the estimated 4. When it comes to knowing driving times, africans don't tend to know their Arses from a hole in the ground (No, singers, I didn't estimate the times, I took the African's - and Abraham's word for it). Late meeting of hosts and back to homes for late dinner. Our hosts: Annette and Alex Meyer (for Alex and I) was most generous and combined good company with really tasty food and more fabulous wine (I've got to drink less!)

Thursday, May 15 -Cassia Streb

Beach Day.

Tricia and Celia are VERY happy.

Geronimo makes a new friend with the dog who never tires of playing catch.

Lucas goes for a run along the beach and comes back tired.

Evan is playing in the waves with his Brazilian soccer jersey on.

Marissa goes off to collect seashells while Tim mopes behind her with his jeans rolled up. His nose is runny and he's feeling sorry for himself.

The sun is shining and everyone is in a good mood - as long as we don't block Celia's sun.

But soon, tummies are rumbling and we go back into town for some lunch.

We end up at a restaurant on the patio ordering pizza. After 2 hours of waiting everyone has a full belly and a sunburned nose. The hockey junkies get their sports fix and the sun worshippers get their fix of UV rays.

Our little party breaks up to head home and prepare for the evening concert.

This is our final show and we are performing in front of a pirate ship.

The audience is small but appreciative of our performance. We are later told that all of the local music teachers were present and they don't come out for anything!

A few of us - the ones without curfews - head out to a local pub for some

drinks.

Marissa gets chatted up by a local man who gets so drunk that he falls asleep standing up. She secretly poses next to him for a picture and he becomes famous without even knowing it.

So the Chamber Singers head home from Mossel Bay.....

Friday, May 16 Written by Bruce for Evan.

The next day 6 hours to Cape point and the lighthouse lookout. Our signatures are gone from the lighthouse! The blighters painted them over - then on to the Breakwater Inn via a marvelous penguin sanctuary. Arrival at the hotel was full of problems

- they had no record of our \$1000 deposit

- Abraham's accomodation finked out on him.

So I spent most of the evening and next morning straightening all that out.

Saturday, May 17 -Karen Matsumaru

And now...May 17th. Yuiup. Today was a good day. At 8:30, Megan's clear/green stand-up travel alarm went off and she smacked SNOOZE. The first night we billeted together, I was surprised by her hitting SNOOZE because I thought she would be the type of person who would wake up immediately, blow-dried and all. You know what else is funny? Every morning of this tour I've woken out of a deep sleep, semi-unaware of my surroundings. Today was no different. Blah bi di blah blah blah.

Our room is one of two rooms grouped in Room #1125/6. There are two single beds separated by a night table, and wall closets lining the wall opposite the window. Our window faces the courtyard. Beyond the courtyard, much to my delight, lies the University of Cape Town Graduate School of Business. (Read into this: gorgeous, succulent specimen, also smart). The Treadmill Restaurant, an on-campus venue, is where we are to eat breakfast. On the left: toasts, bacon sausage, tomatoes, eggs, beans, pup. On the right: melon, pineapple, apricots, grapefruit, yogurt, cereals and pastries. Yes, I listed the food. Before we leave, we are encouraged to pack food in take-away containers. Good idea for those of us who are Rand-less. The next couple of hours are spent in confusion as to what to do with ourselves on this beautiful free day. First, we pack away our passports in a safety deposit box. Second, we choose from various tourist sight options. You can visit Wineries, Table Mountain, the Waterfront, diamond factories, etc. Since I have no real money, I decide to go shopping on the Waterfront with Tim, Marissa, Irwin and Jordie. Yes, I know I have no money, but at least walking is free. Because excursions of this sort always take a while to get going, I went to check my email while I waited for Tonga and Shoeless Joe to finish drinking the Russian Bear Vodka and whatnot. Apparently the server is down - something even Dan can't fix. A woman comes in to watch TV, so we watch the Walter Sisulu funeral which is being broadcast live from Orlando Stadium in Soweto. Here are some moving excerpts from the service: "Walter Sisulu was the conscience of our courage...our exit from the struggles of a long night of despair...His life had meaning not because he lived, but because his life gave meaning to the millions who call themselves Africans...We were repressed and made not quite human, destined to beg. Sisulu refused ever to beg. The beggar and the

benefactor are both demeaned by the exchange...Sisulu responded to the anguished cries of the lowly form of the world, in order to tell those who have nothing that in time their lives will mean much much more. Our people walked bent and low because they bore the dreadful yoke of tyranny...Rulers of the Apartheid fed on the blood of those it had made powerless, like a vampire. Walter Sisulu and his comrades defined freedom as happiness and human fulfillment and were denounced as terrorists...Instead of hating others, they worked towards a movement for human liberation that was fuelled by quiet words, quiet ways, and a gentle touch." The crowd then sang a hymn - it is so beautiful in all its simplicity, and there is great dancing and cheering to celebrate the life lived. After this, Archbishop Desmond Tutu gave a sermon in his sunglasses. Here are some things he said: "Walter Sisulu was considered a dangerous terrorist by the Apartheid government; if not public enemy No. 1, then public enemy No. 2, sentenced to life in prison...We wanted to be free not in order to become a nation of car hi-jackers and criminals but to become a society that is compassionate, gentle and sharing: the everyone would be a Very Special Person...Not to amass power and wealth for ourselves but to pour ourselves out for others...Fly, eagerly, fly." There is then a military procession to the cemetery. I know I have gone off the deep end here, but I think it is really important to hear these words. They are a powerful and moving call to action - to love fully and deeply. These men decided their lives were worth nothing unless they dedicated those lives to the lives of the people. It was also fascinating to see Nelson Mandela, Mbeke and Desmond Tutu, among others, live.

On with the day. Our shopping excursion began at the Victoria and Alfred Waterfront, in the Red Square Market. Curious abounded here, at multifold prices. We went outside then, and sat on the pier watching this group of young black men, singing Ladysmith Black Mambazo tunes. Their outfits were black with cheetah stripes down each side. Unfortunately, their harmonies were drowned out by some Popstar competition happening at the Amphitheatre. The chick seriously can't hit a note but she's loud and dressed for the VH-1 awards. We followed the real singers down to the other side of the Waterfront - this touristy crap is pissing me off.

I have officially declared Irwin the funniest man on tour. The dude is cracking me up and everyone else, too. We pass by a line of "illegal" taxis, and one driver asks Evan for some Biltong. He grabs the stick from Evan and tries to rip it in half. Eventually he twists off the bottom end with the pricetag. The taxi takes us to the "Green Square Market," which is actually not the Green Square Market but it is downtown. We go to a market, where this dude tries to sell us pot but we counter back with "Hey, we're from BC, we should sell you pot!" Ha. Marissa brought a djembe, we pass by a community toilet trailer, and continue on downtown. This little boy follows us begging for money. I offer to buy him bread instead, Jordie buys him cheese, and he sits on the sidewalk, happily ensconced with his loaves. One guy in the market told Evan, "I hope you break your leg," when he wouldn't buy the high-quality sunglasses. We were then warned by a security guard not to go back the way we came, so we left to go back to the Waterfront. Incidentally, it's a short five minute walk, not requiring a taxi ride at all. Two very well-dressed men hit on Tim, Irwin walked around a revolving door nine times while chewing biltong, Irwin saw sunglasses and sale for R850, down from 2000, and security guards told us Irwin was crazy. We went for a snack at the Da Capo Cafe Restaurant.

Abe wants to drive us to Signal Hill Drive to watch the sunset at 5:30.

It's funny because we get up the the mountain and Abe won't get out of the bus because it's too cold. After we got back, it was the Girls' Panty Party. At 8:30, we met in the lobby for dinner. We decided on this Portuguese Restaurant on the Waterfront (incidentally, this is the same



place that we passed by yesterday where a hot waiter told us he would take us out tonight). Bruce, Cassia, Geronimo, Megan, Celia and I enjoyed a lovely dinner accompanied by Sherry. Chicken In Trouble was a dish with a chicken on a skewer. It's the dish Cass, Gerry, and Celia shared. Our waiter was incredibly beautiful and hot and he kept looking at me and winking. No, I didn't imagine this. His name is Sama and after dinner I went to ask him if he would recommend a place to go out to tonight. Clever, ploy, huh? He offers to take me downtown to a place called Chili 'n Lime. We decide to meet in one hour (12 am) at a bar called Cantina Tequila. He meets us there (Celia and I, that is) with his friend Laurence who is too short for Celia. Long story short: Chili N Lime, hardcore hip-hop, Puff Daddy and Biggy, Mace and J.Lo, frisking for guns, "Make-ooooout!", then back to our hotel at 4:30 am, then chillin' in the lounge til 6:00am. Yes, I was tired. Oh, by the way, Sama's an electrical engineer and models for Armani. Oh dear, he's seriously beautiful. Celia has a hickey.

Sunday, May 18, 2003 -Sally Whitmore

I CULO LASE TSHETSHI (Hymn Book) INCWADI YOMTHANDAZO YASETSHETSHI (Anglican book of prayer).

Bright and sunny Sunday morning with breakfast at Breakwater Lodge and looking at a clear Tafelberg (Table Mountain).

Off at 8:30 to Gugulethu for 9:30 service at St. Mary Magdalene Episcopal Church where we were warmly and enthusiastically received by approx 500 congregants. Magnificent 4 part singing of at least two dozen hymns from I CULO LASE TSHETSHI as well as spontaneous responses to the formalized service taken from INCWADI YOMTHANDAZO YASETSHETSHI.

It was a totally moving experience both musically and spiritually. Unlike our last visit in 1997, some parts of the service were in English because, as stated by the priest, they "look for more support!" Our Marimba was in place of honour in the Sanctuary. It was hard to determine just how many priests there actually were, but approximately 14 differ-

ent people seemed to officiate during the service and there were 16 young people serving as altar boys. Many candles lit and incense a-swinging.

Yukariste eNgewe (Eucharist) was similar to Canadian Anglican communion (with exception of lusty singing and Marimba).

UVic presented two sets during service and these were greatly appreciated by audience and Johnny was a huge success.

3 1/2 hours later we were guests at lunch hosted by church guild ladies.

After a lovely lunch at the church hall and short trip to the beach we headed to Hayley's Aunt's home at Hout Bay for our windup party and tour awards.

Monday, May 19 - Megan Huckabay

The Final Two Days

"Your flight has been cancelled". Ah... the power of five small words. Thus began the journey...part deux...to take us home. After waking up very early (3:30 am) in Cape Town, I was looking forward to going home. I knew the trip was going to be grueling but I had so much to write in my journal (back-logged entries) that I knew I'd be busy. This was definitely the best trip of my life. I felt as though I had seen so much, really touched another civilization. From the hospitality in Brazil (remember the Canadian flags they greeted us with?) to the animals at the Shamwari reserve, I felt changed somehow into a citizen of the world. Despite all of this, as I sat in the airport in Sao Paulo after our flight was cancelled, I just wanted to go home.

As the annoyingly friendly voice announces flights to Narita, Djibouti, and JFK, everyone goes into survival mode. Lucas looks very nervous...he's thinking about getting to Vancouver on time. Alex is stewing over the fact that the security guard won't give him his nail file. Jordie is proving his ability to sleep anytime, anywhere, as he is stretched out on the floor. Cassia and Beth are seeing how hard they can kick him without waking him up. Cassia notices a woman in the line-up who looks as though she's had a few too many Botox injections (frightening, just frightening). Kim has a growth on the side of his head...oh wait, that's a telephone (sorry Kim, I couldn't resist). Marissa gives me the thumbs down sign when I ask how she's doing. Karen says she's going to throw up.

Right before we boarded our flight to JFK, I hit the wall. After many days of sleep deprivation and now no sleep at all, I was slowly losing the power to stay awake. We boarded the airplane and I lost consciousness. I remember being served a chicken dinner, but I would fall asleep before a bite of food was able to make it from the plate to my mouth. This is a very strange thing to experience. I would wake up enough to chew and then the whole process would begin again. After a while I woke up and started a conversation with the girl next to me. She had been studying Spanish in Chile and Argentina. We had a great conversation about the differences between North American and South American culture. As we landed at JFK, I was thinking about how it's a strange feeling to meet so many people on a trip like this and know that there's a good chance that I'll never see them again. People pass in and out of our lives and we can only be thankful that we met them at all.

Once we landed in New York I knew my chances of catching my connecting flight out of Vancouver were slim. It cost me a lot of

money to change my flight but it was worth it. How often do people offer you a free chance to stay in New York? We checked in to our hotel and had a quick nap before we hit the town. Johnny was so excited that he was almost bouncing off the walls ("Lisa...we're in NEW YORK!). We arranged for some taxis to take us downtown. Marissa and Jordie and I walked up to Broadway. As we came closer and closer to Times Square I started to recognize a lot of landmarks that I had seen in movies. I loved the energy of the city, especially the way that people don't wait for the lights to change before they cross the street. Marissa and I went to see "Cabaret" the musical at Studio 54, which was an incredible experience. The whole theatre was made up as if it were an old, broken-down nightclub. I didn't know anything about the musical before I saw it, but it ended up being a powerful statement about the effects of the Nazi regime in Berlin.

After the show was over, we met up with Jordie and Tim. Tim was really tired, but we were convinced that we needed to go see Ground Zero before we went back to the hotel. We walked for a bit just to see the lights of Times Square at night and then caught the subway down to Ground Zero. I can't really say much about the experience of seeing that great crater in the earth; poets and composers have tried to express the inexpressible, but I must answer with silence. After seeing the hardship that people have endured in so many of the countries I have traveled in during the past few years, I know that humanity is, sadly enough, united in this experience of loss.

We got back to the hotel much later than we expected due to my incredible map reading skills. It was great to have this stop in New York. It really made the last leg of the journey more manageable. After a sad goodbye to everyone at the airport, I went to check in to my flight home. It was great to see the prairie land stretching out below me as we landed in Calgary, but my thoughts were really back in South Africa and Brazil. This was an amazing trip and I was honored to share it with all of you!

