

Sarajevo Journal

6 November ~ 9 December
1995

By Bob Aldridge

The following is an edited and expanded version of the hand-written journal I kept during my visit to Zagreb and Sarajevo.

Thursday – 9 November 1995

On the 6th and 7th I flew from San Francisco to Zagreb, Croatia on Lufthansa Air lines with a 6-hour layover in Frankfurt, Germany. While in Frankfurt, I tried to see airport chaplain Keith Chamberlain, to whom Ruth Turner introduced Janet and me in September 1993. But he had been re-assigned to another terminal. I just left our card and greetings from California.

In Zagreb, on November 7th, I got taken for 50 Deutsche Marks (German Marks, DM50) for a taxi ride from the airport to the main train station (*Glavni Kolodvor*) where I was supposed to meet up with other volunteers on the Conflict Resolution Catalysts (CRC) team. After a while I met Ken Clark there. Later Kim Smieja and Linda Beekman arrived.

We then went to the office of *Gradnanski Odbor Ljudska* (GOLjP – at *Prilaz G. Dezlica* 26 in Zagreb) – this translates to Citizens Committee for Human Rights. Kim and Linda are staying at this office. While carrying my full pack along a dark street I missed the step-off from the curb and turned my ankle. It wasn't enough to prevent me from doing the necessary walking but it made that walking much less comfortable. Later Ken Clark and I were taken to Chiao's flat where we spent the first night.

Yesterday, November 8th, we went to the UN-HCR (United Nations High Commissioner on Refugees) office, filled out the necessary forms, and received our passes to go to Sarajevo and other places in Bosnia. These passes allow us to ride on UN aircraft, convoys, and busses. CRC is registered with the UN as a non-aligned non-governmental organization (NGO). Th UN-HCR seems quite cooperative with NGOs that are doing humanitarian and relief work. The UN-HCR building is at *Kupska 2* in Zagreb.

We also registered with the US Embassy in Zagreb and had a long talk with Dennis

Hearne at the Embassy. He said he would put us on the alert list for the next two months (to track us if we disappear or are kidnaped). He will also have Matthew Levy at the Sarajevo Embassy check with us.

For our second and third nights in Zagreb, we (Ken Clark, Gary Shapiro, and I) stayed with Zoran and Bijana Pusich at their flat (*Zelina Trg 5* in Zagreb. Phone: 515 495). Gary Shapiro is the executive director of our CRC and the leader of our group.

Today, November 9th, we had a long talk with Zoran Pusich, our host, about the work they are doing with *Gradnanski Odbar Ljudska* (GOLJP). He said that the older Serbian people in the *Krajina* area of Croatia, who couldn't get out, should be visited by Catholic Croatian families. He thought these older people would trust the Catholic Croatian families.

Zoran also explained the names of the new Croatian coins. *Kune* means Martin (the burrowing, furry animal). *Lipa* means Linden Tree.

I am amazed at Gary's connections and relationship with the UN-HCR people and in the US Embassy. CRC is a respected NGO in these offices.

Friday – 10 November 1995

Today we packed for the trip to Sarajevo. I also called Boris Peterlin – Christian Information Service (KIS) at *Ilica 44*, Zagreb 41001. Phone: 271 473 – and left a message on his answering machine that I will try to contact him when I return from Sarajevo. Then I called Hannah Hajdarhodzic (*Masarykova 10*, Zagreb. Phone 427 591). We agreed to meet when I return from Sarajevo.

Zoran drove us to the UN Building. From there we took the UN shuttle bus to the airport, loaded to the gills with baggage. Much of the excess baggage was composed of things we were carrying in for our host organization in Sarajevo – the International Center for Help, Communications and Relationships (ICHCR).

We checked in and eventually boarded a large 4-engine turboprop transport. We boarded by the cargo ramp in the rear, up a narrow steel gangplank about 12 inches wide and no hand rails (a little difficult to navigate with a sore ankle). We filed down a narrow space between the outside wall of the aircraft and six large refrigerated containers of 3,700 kilograms gross weight. We sat on a cold steel bench along the aircraft's wall. There were no windows to look outside.

At 3:31 PM we touched down at Sarajevo International Airport. Snow was on the ground from last week's snowfall. Confrontation condition was green – a cease-fire was supposedly in effect pending the Dayton peace talks. The main terminal building was damaged and closed. We were filed quickly into a sandbagged area where our baggage, strapped to a pallet, was brought to us by a forklift.

The Sarajevo Airport is the usual distance from a city and surrounded by an area hostile with snipers. It was practically dark already (4:00 PM) and everyone else had left. There we were stranded with a mountain of baggage. Gary had the UN manager at the arrival/departure area call for a UN shuttle that should have been there when we arrived. When the UN shuttle finally did arrive, it took us to the PTT Building (a former telephone communications building but now one of the UN Protective Forces (UN-PROFOR) headquarters where we again had to carry our mountain of baggage to the Bosnian Check Point. Then we carried it farther to the tram line – it was a welcome sight to see that the tram was again running. They do not yet collect fares, however. Riding the tram, when the electricity was on, and the tram was running, was free all the time I was in Sarajevo. Anyway, the tram took us up “sniper alley” to *Stari Grad* (Old Town) of Sarajevo. We got off the tram on the Muslim side of the Miljacka River (which flows through Sarajevo) and then carried our baggage another ten minutes to a taxi stand. The taxi took our baggage to the house we were to stay in which is high above *Stari Grad* by the Kosovo Hospital. We spent 20-25 minutes walking up.

When we finally did arrive at our new Sarajevo home at *Fuada Midzica* 60 (60 *Fuada Midzica* Street – Phone 610-609) we were really made to feel welcome by our hosts. There was a fire in the stove and a large bouquet of azaleas on the coffee table. Munir “Mickey” Podumljak, our Sarajevo host and director of ICHCR in Sarajevo, was there to greet us. This house belongs to his aunt. (Mickey actually met us at the Bosnian check point and guided us to the house.)

We sat on a three-piece sectional, naugahide covered, with a matching arm chair, talking and drinking orange soda. Mickey then prepared dinner. When ready, he spread a tablecloth on the coffee table and served us. For an after-dinner drink we had Macedonian *Rakija* and more orange soda pop. (*Rakija* is Bosnian for brandy.)

Mickey insisted that we have a homey atmosphere and made up our beds with sheets and comforters. I had an imitation fleece blanket. He didn't want us to have to sleep in sleeping bags (there goes \$250 wasted on a sub-zero bag). However, I'm having a hard time getting used to second-hand smoke and there's lots of it. Also, the water is now treated and I don't have to filter it (another \$75 out

the window for a charcoal filter pump). Water officials say the water is “mostly pure.” We used it as-is. But the water is only on for a few hours a day so we fill up all available containers at that time – jugs and pots for cooking and drinking, large containers in the bathroom for washing and flushing toilets. The upstairs bathroom was demolished by a mortar shell and the water heater doesn’t work, so we cannot take a shower. All water is heated on the wood stove (which has a gas burner for days the gas is on) or the electric stove (when the electricity is on).

Saturday – 11 November 1995

Maybe the jet lag is over. I didn’t wake up until 10:45 AM. It is a clear and sunny day,

At 12:30 PM we walked to the ICHCR office, where Mickey works, and met up with Linda Beekman for a tour of the city. We were also introduced to Senada (a young woman who works for ICHCR) and Kevin (a UN communications worker from the US). Kevin drove us to the old Turkish Fort, atop a hill overlooking the city, in his UN vehicle (a Mitsubishi van). We first picked up Ryan Prox at the UN Residency and saw a wedding party on the way. At the hilltop fort, Ryan pointed out the confrontation line in the mountains, between the Bosnia and Hercegovina (BiH) army and the Bosnian Serb Army (BSA). There is a UN outpost at the fort to count automatic rifle fire and detonations that could be a violation of the cease fire. We could hear quite a few while we were there.

At 2:00 PM we could hear the simultaneous prayer rising from mosques all over the *Miljacka* Valley in which Sarajevo is situated. It was most impressive hearing the prayers rising in unison up to the hilltop where we stood.

We drove back down to the town and walked through *Stari Grad* (Old Town). We saw the world-famous library which was gutted by a blast. We also saw the ancient mosque which had survived hundreds of years of war, the Catholic cathedral, and other interesting sights.

I understand that the present population is about 300,000 with 250,000 of those being refugees. That means that only 50,000 of the original Sarajevans are left here.

After returning to the ICHCR office we discussed briefly what each of us will be doing. Then we returned to our house for a delicious dinner prepared by Mickey’s mother, followed by more discussion.

Sunday – 12 November 1995

This morning I rearranged my gear and got organized. Then we went to the ICHCR office for a get-aquainted meeting with most of the Sarajevo staff. The ones present were:

Munir "Mickey" Podumljak Director (Lives in our house)

Feriz "Feri" Surkovic (Lives in our house)

Enisa Cosic

Reso Nupdzahan

Enes Copa

After the meeting we went shopping at an outdoor market -- the one below our house by the tunnels. There is a lot of good quality food in Sarajevo now, with prices comparable to those in the US.

In the evening we walked down to Old Town and down Marshall Tito Boulevard (Sniper Alley) by the Presidency Building. There are "Snyper" signs all over to warn people of the dangerous places. On the way back up to our house we had coffee at a restaurant. At home we had dinner at 10 PM.

Monday – 13 November 1995

Most of the morning was futilely spent trying to make the plumbing in this house deliver hot water to the shower. No luck! The best I can figure out is that when the mortar shell hit this house it rattled the pipes so much that rust broke loose and clogged the hot water line.

We have been lucky with electricity. It has only been off for a couple hours since I've been here. Gas is off 24 hours and on 24 hours. The weather has warmed up to where we don't miss the heat too much. Water is on a few hours a day – sometimes overnight

I spent some time with Feri (Feriz Surkovic) who doesn't speak English. He lives in the house with us and volunteers at ICHCR Sarajevo. His girl friend

lives in *Banja Luka*. Anyway, we have been teaching each other language. I would say something to Feri in Bosnian and he would answer in English.

About 2:15 PM I went to deliver Bisera's letter (which I carried from the US) to her brother. Her brother's wife, the wife's mother, and later the brother's daughter were there. The brother will be back in two days. I had a glass of lemonade and visited for a while. A young neighbor boy was called in to translate.

It was quite scary walking down Sniper Alley even though there hasn't been a sniper shot fired in 6 days. "*Sniper*" warning signs and dangerous zone signs are all over the place. Large steel containers (like the ones used to recycle newspapers) are provided for people to take cover. Armed UN soldiers standing by armored vehicles are on watch for sniper fire – to try to locate the source if possible. It seems that almost every house is pock-marked by bullet holes or mortar fragments, and there are mortar shell craters all over.

About 4 PM Amelia Srdic called at our house to pick up Sajma's letter, which I had also carried from the US. Amelia gave me two videos and a small packet to deliver to Sajma.

In the evening we went to the home of Amy Wiseman's boyfriend's brother, and their parents. Amy is the CRC coordinator in Montpelier, Vermont. The brother and their parents are very nice people. They served a great Bosnian dinner with all the trimmings – *rakija*, coffee, desert, etc. The mother would like to open a Bosnian restaurant in the US. The brother plays guitar and keyboard, and is an engineer. I exchanged looking at pictures with the parents, which they were very anxious to do.

The tram we took to get there had a .50 caliber dum-dum bullet hole through the wall. The trams are running but nobody collects fares. It was late going home so we took a taxi. DM10 (10 German marks) for anywhere in Sarajevo. We crowded in, four in the front seat, and made it home six minutes past curfew (which is 10 PM). If you get caught out past curfew you spend the rest of the night in jail.

Earlier in the evening, while walking along the tramway in *Novi Grad* (New Town) we could see the confrontation line a quarter mile or so away. I heard one burst of automatic rifle fire. The people we pass while walking the streets show the stress of war. Their faces are rather blank – zombie-like. They will not look at you or offer a greeting. They do respond if we greet them first. And when we do meet someone personally, they are very warm and happy.

Tuesday – 14 November 1995

I visited Radio *Stari Grad* with Gary, Ken, and Mickey to discuss the possibilities of producing a program on conflict resolution. Then we had lunch at the UN Residency. After lunch we talked with a Danish Major at the UN G5 office to familiarize him with our work and to possibly receive some financial or equipment support from G5. Next we went to the ARTV-99 television station to also discuss possibilities of a show on conflict resolution.

We then had some refreshments and went to the *Koncertat* Sarajevo Theater. Kim and Linda had gone to the theater yesterday to see about tickets for tonight's *Koncert*. Linda had previously brought dance and music supplies to Sarajevo. They happened to meet the director who invited all of us as his guests.

The conductor directed the orchestra as well as the chorale. There were also several solos and duets. Sarajevans are striving hard to bring themselves back together. More and more shops are opening up. Tonight we saw a flower shop loaded with colorful flowers. A tourist office seems to be stirring awake. Refurbishment and plastering up of bullet holes has started.

The theater was a relief from the dreary war-zone atmosphere. It was packed with people enjoying themselves. It seemed like being in San Francisco or San Jose.

Wednesday – 15 November 1995

Kim Smieja and I left early for the UN Residency to have breakfast at 7:30 AM. Then I called Ryan Proxy to see if he has any material for teaching English to children. He gave me some good pointers.

I delivered a letter from Jasmina Softic, which I had carried from the US, to her parents. They live in a high rise at Ivana Krndelja in *Novi Grad* (New Town). Kim and I walked a long way through *Novi Grad* looking for the address. There was a confusing numbering system. I saw a very grouchy looking man but decided to ask him for directions. He jumped right to our assistance and spent about ten minutes with us, checking the various high rises until we found the correct address. Then there was the problem of finding the apartment. Some people on the stairways said they thought it was up a couple flights. Then we got directions for farther up. After climbing quite a few stories and having people call up and down the stairwell, we finally found the one we were looking for.

One of Jasmina's friends was also at the parents' apartment. She called another friend, Ana Hafner, who asked for my address in Sarajevo and said she would like an appointment with me later on. I found out that they both work for the "Bosnia CIA." I don't think there was anything malicious, however. (They never did call for an appointment.)

Jasmina's father took us back downstairs in the elevator, an experience which I viewed with some hesitation in that war-ravaged building. But we made it OK and the father walked all the way back to the tram stop with us. But then he said "*Nema tram*," which means no more tram. The electricity was off and it had one of its periodical, unscheduled shutdowns. So we had to walk a long distance back to *Stari Grad* (Old Town). There, Kim took me to meet an English teacher at the United Methodist Committee on Relief (UMCOR). I have an appointment with her Friday afternoon to discuss lesson plans and techniques for teaching children elementary English.

In the evening, Gary took all of us to meet some other friends of his. There was a father, two daughters, a son, a cousin of the daughters, and another small boy. None of them could speak English. Gary was becoming fairly fluent in Bosnian so he interpreted for us.

Later that evening, after returning home, we edited and typed Mickey's grant proposal for the orphanage.

Thursday – 16 November 1995

Ken and I had a late breakfast this morning and walked down to the UN Residency for a hot shower. (The hot water plumbing in our house is kaput – probably due to the mortar shell that hit the upstairs bathroom.) We then made the photocopies we need for the conflict resolution class – they are free for UN personnel but the paper is closely watched and rationed. Then we sat in the lounge, catching up on paperwork while drinking coffee/tea. About 1 PM we ate lunch at the Residency dining room for DM3.50. It really pays off to have the UN-HCR identification as it gives us access to UN facilities and privileges. Another advantage is that this access allows us to interact with the military from many countries. It is all part of the bridge-building we are here to do.

While at lunch at the UN Residency we met Master Sergeant Gary Foley. He gave Ken a lead on Bosnian language classes.

We then took the UN shuttle to the PTT Building to make a couple of phone calls to the US. On the way there, the driver swung past the CENEX Building, which

is the UN-HCR headquarters, to show us where it is. When we finished at the PTT Building, we took the tram back to *Stari Grad*, walked around for a while, and took some pictures. About 4PM I returned to our house.

It is pretty dark by 4PM. One thing I learned was to always take a flashlight and extra batteries along, no matter what time of day we start out. It gets dark early and we never know when we will return as we keep our schedule flexible.

Friday – 17 November 1995

I got a lot of dirty dishes cleaned up this morning and washed the filthy dish towels. About noon I walked with Gary and Kim to the UN Residency for them to catch a shuttle to the airport. They are taking a cargo plane back to Zagreb and then fly on a UN helicopter to *Banja Luka*, which is held by the Bosnian Serbs.

After eating lunch at the Residency, I walked to the United Methodist Committee on Relief headquarters to discuss English lessons with Cebic Acra. It was kind of futile because the kids have not yet been assembled and I don't know how much they know, so I don't know many questions to ask. But I did glean a few good pointers from the meeting. She said the kids learn fast. Keep the sentences simple.

Cebic Acra was very pessimistic about the peace talks. That seems to be the general feeling of most people I meet – that the war will go on longer. One person told me he didn't see how a peace agreement would hold up. He said he had a feeling that someone just had to win this war.

After the meeting I went back to the house where I spent the rest of the afternoon.

Saturday – 18 November 1995

I got a good night's sleep last night and my sinus and cough seem a little better today. I believe the problem is all the cigarette smoke in this house. Either Mickey or Feri seem to be smoking at any one time – often both at once. I plan on staying in all day to get more rest and keep warm. Also, not walking so much may help my foot which is still tender from turning my ankle that first night in Zagreb.

It's snowing today and everything is turning white. It is pretty.

A person from Sri Lanka – a woman who works for the UN – who I met at the PTT Building, described this country as a smoldering time bomb. Sarajevo is a tense city. People try to live normally but there is an underlying fear. No one I've met feels that the war is over. You can see the anxiety in their faces.

Tonight the news is not encouraging – a 50-50 chance for peace in 10-12 hours or back to war. At least that is what Bosnia TV says. We are worried about Gary and Kim who should be in *Banja Luka* now. All of northern Bosnia – the part held by the Bosnian Serbs – is surrounded by Bosnian Government, Bosnian Croat, and Croatian Government forces which will all move in to converge on *Banja Luka*. The Bosnian forces alone are about 100,000 strong. The entire opposing Bosnia Serb Army is about 80,000 strong. They are hopelessly outnumbered.

Meanwhile the Croatian forces are building up along the Eastern border of the Croatian province of Slavonian (not to be confused with the country of Slovenia north of Croatia – the Serbs overran Croatia's Slavonian province early in the war). Likewise, the National Yugoslavian Army (Serbia) is building up along its side of the Eastern Slavonian border. War there would create another 80,000 refugees.

Let's hope the peace process works or this country will go up like a powder keg.

I still haven't been able to get started with my project – helping kids with English, and moderating meetings between international NGOs and local people. These all require cooperation from ICHCR and that part is still too disorganized. Neither have I been able to make the contacts Jim Douglass provided. All I've actually accomplished in about two weeks is deliver three letters from relatives in the US.

Sunday – 19 November 1995

It snowed a little more during the night but then it cleared up and the sun came out. Ken and I went down to the UN Residency this afternoon to take a shower, run some copies, and have dinner. The alert condition is still Green.

I think we were exposed to some Bosnian propaganda on TV last night. It said that the Serbs don't want an agreement, but want war. That doesn't make sense in light of the current situation. The Bosnian Serbs were hurt bad by the US air strikes. They lost most of their ammunition dumps. They are now on the defensive. It seems to be the Bosnian and Croatian governments that currently

feel they can get more land on the battlefield than at the negotiating table. An old rule in propaganda is that if you plan on doing something drastic, first accuse the other side of doing that same thing. In my research during the cold war I found that I could discover what the US planned by observing what the US was accusing the Soviets of doing. So when the Serbs are being accused of wanting more war, I become suspicious, especially under the current circumstances.

According to Mickey, before the war the Bosnian Serbs had 46% of the land area – they were the farmers and farming requires more land than industry. Now after 4 years of war, 250-thousand killed, unknown numbers wounded and maimed, and 2 million refugees, the Bosnian Serbs will get 49% of the land in the proposed peace agreement. More than they had originally. The Bosnian government seems to want the war to continue so they can get back more land now that they have the military advantage (after the US air strikes).

Tonight the news was better. A peace agreement is expected within 24 hours unless someone walks out in the meantime. If that should happen, the US and NATO will respond with stiffer sanction, etc.

Monday – 20 November 1995

It has been two weeks since I left home. It will be another two weeks before I fly back to Zagreb. I hope the next two weeks are more productive than the last two.

I went with Mickey this morning to meet Linda Beekman and then to a meeting with the International Rescue Committee (IRC) regarding an umbrella grant for Mickey's project with the orphanage and the mentally retarded. The person we spoke with was Dina Obarcanin, finance officer.

After the meeting I went with Linda to Rinada's apartment where she is staying. This is where she was staying with Anne Montgomery and Jim Douglass during the 1993 siege. We had tea and discussed/evaluated events so far. At about 11:45 AM I walked up the hill to the ICHCR office, where I met with Mickey at 1:00 PM. Hopefully, I'll get my project underway now.

The meeting at 1:00 PM floundered because Mickey had to keep a doctor's appointment. Ken tried to lead the meeting but we found out that the local volunteers don't know what to do either. An attempt to lay out a two-week schedule failed. Everything revolves around Mickey.

We had *Burek* for dinner (cheese, meat, potatoes, or whatever rolled up in a

special dough, coiled up, and then cooked).

After dinner in the evening Ken, Mickey, and I met at the house to discuss organization and scheduling. It was moderately successful, and we also set a time for studying language at 8:00 PM each evening. Also, next Monday morning, we set a time to tour *Stari Grad*.

Mickey does have definite programs with the orphanage and with the mentally retarded. He is drawing up grant proposals (we are helping) to obtain funding for these programs from the International Rescue Committee and others. It seems to me that our people (CRC's international volunteers) on the People Connection Program should support these programs pursued by ICHCR-Sarajevo, rather than trying to work out a program of their own. I believe closer coordination is needed between CRC and the ICHCR programs. In the meantime, it looks like my English-teaching project has dried up.

In the evening Ken and I helped Mickey prepare a concept paper for the orphanage program. It is the first step to start the machinery rolling for an umbrella grant from the International Rescue Committee.

Since I turned my ankle the first night in Zagreb, my foot has been tender but not sore enough to keep me from walking. Today, however, while walking up from *Stari Grad*, it got really sore. I had to go back to the house rather than walk anymore. I'm afraid I'll have to use a cane tomorrow.

Tuesday – 21 November 1995

Ken said he heard shots last night – automatic rifle bursts. Some sounded like they were right outside our house. I slept soundly and didn't hear them. Perhaps someone was fed up with all the howling dogs.

There was a lot of automatic rifle fire today. It sounded like it was coming from the Kosovo Stadium below us, where the Winter Olympics was held. The UN soldiers must be practicing. Almost every building is pocked with bullet holes and the effect of mortar grenades is also evident on buildings and all over the streets. It is a depressing atmosphere.

The weather has definitely turned colder. Snow is on the ground and kids are having lots of fun sledding down the roadway past our house. It isn't a main street but sort of a common alley off the main street.

I walked over to the ICHCR office today to meet Mickey for a visit to the

orphanage. he wants me to help write some sort of script about the orphanage. But he put the visit off until tomorrow when, he says, some reports will be available. I'm beginning to think this project will go the same way as the English-teaching project.

I had to walk with a cane today. It was a little slower and more laborious but I managed OK. People seemed more friendly toward me with a cane. I exchanged three *Dobar Dans* (Good Days).

This morning I outlined the concept paper for ICHCR's mentally retarded program. The concept paper is the first step for getting an umbrella grant from the International Rescue Committee. If it is accepted, the next step is a detailed proposal.

Tonight I typed the concept paper into the computer. While I was doing that there were several bursts of automatic rifle fire behind our house. Then a lot of yelling. I presumed (hoped) it was just some guys having fun but I turned off the lights anyway. I'm alone here tonight and this is a little scary.

Then I remembered that the peace agreement was close to being completed. I turned on the radio and tuned in to Voice of America. Sure enough, an agreement had been reached for Bosnia and Hercegovina. The shots I heard were probably just celebration.

I haven't heard the loudest dogs tonight so maybe the rifle firing at 4:00 AM was at the dogs. (P.S. later – they are back.)

Wednesday – 22 November 1995

I started out for the 10:00 AM weekly NGO meeting in the Svetlost Building, but couldn't find it. I had poor directions. I attempted to ask passers by but when I said *oprostite* (excuse me) to attract their attention, they shunned me and hurried past. They thought I was one of the many refugee beggars on the street limping along with a cane. It was a peculiar experience being perceived in that role. When I did get one person's attention I asked *gdje je Svetlost zgrada* (where is the Svetlost building?), hoping he would understand me. He answered in perfect English, "I don't know." We both had a good laugh.

I gave up and just walked around *Stari Grad*, bought some more menthol cough drops for my cough and a bottle of *rakija* to take home to Janet. I also tried to find a souvenir of Sarajevo for Janet but no luck. There were some beautiful sweaters hand-knitted by women here but they were much too expensive – DM110.

There is nothing else worth mentioning about today except I reviewed a little

more of the Bosnian language this evening.

Thursday – 23 November 1995

Happy Thanksgiving! Today I arose early and went to the UN Residency for breakfast. I also had a shower (5-minute limit always) and ran some copies. It's another nice, sunny day like yesterday, but cold – lots of ice. However, the snow is melting a little. Up on the hill by Kosovo Hospital, where we live, there is more snow than down lower in *Stari Grad*.

I found out my name is written *Bob Oldri* in Bosnian. Medi Fehim brought pictures to our house for me to take back to Jasmina.

The condensation on the inside of my bedroom window remains frozen until after noon.

I attended the first session of Ken's Conflict Resolution training at the ICHCR office from 1-4 PM. There was a beautiful sunset when we came out of the office.

I went down to the UN Residency this evening as we had been invited to the Canadian Thanksgiving dinner. But it was canceled. I did manage to get in on the end of the regular evening meal, which was a little more elaborate than normal

Friday – 24 November 1995

This house was really cold this morning. The electricity was off as well as the gas. We found some wood in the garage to warm up a little. I tried to stay in bed longer, to keep warm, but I got too antsy.

Mickey left early this morning and we didn't know where he went. We didn't see him again until evening, and found out he is really sick. An X-ray showed that one lung was congested. I think he has pneumonia. The doctor told him to rest for several weeks. Medical services here are pretty primitive. Prior to the X-ray the doctor was treating him for heart trouble. They may be connected.

We went to Jasmenka Susmel's apartment for conflict resolution training today. (She lives at *Valtera Peri* a 4/I, right in *Stari Grad*) She invited us to hold the session there as it is much warmer than the ICHCR office. Jasmenka will be the hostess for the *Stari Grad* radio program on conflict resolution. But, since Mickey didn't show up, we talked instead of having training.

Ken and I then went to Mickey's parents apartment for a delicious Bosnian dinner. We met Mickey there. An American couple who was passing (driving) through town

stopped by and we talked for about an hour. They want to start some program in *Banja Luka* and are thinking of connecting with CRC.

I'm still hobbling about with a cane and walking several miles each day. My foot doesn't seem to be getting any worse and may even be slightly better. I don't think the cold weather is helping. How I wish I had the Yosemite walking stick Cres and Vicki gave me.

I still haven't been able to start on any projects. I've given up on that prospect now. There are things I could be doing but I need the cooperation of ICHCR to do them. In that area, everything depends on Mickey. So far, everything from repairing this house to certain projects is all talk and promises – no action. Even the local volunteers just sit around the ICHCR center because Mickey won't delegate any work or assign them something to do. Ken and I are working on him to do that. In the meantime, I am helping Ken with the conflict resolution training.

We usually leave the key to our house under a flower pot so others can get in when they return – there is only one key. Today Mickey returned to the house and found the flower pot knocked over and the keys in the door. Someone apparently tried to get in but didn't make it. Either they got scared away or couldn't make the key work – there are several keys on the ring and even the correct one is tricky to use. But it was a close call.

We live quite a way out from the center of town, so our gas, water, and electricity are less reliable. Sometimes all three are off at the same time. The gas is usually on every other day but sometimes the pressure is low.

Saturday – 25 November 1995

We had the second session of conflict resolution training at Jasmenka's flat today, from 1-4 PM. It was mostly role playing and then an introduction to third-party mediation. Matthew Newton, a UN-HCR program coordinator, attended. He is from England and has been here several years. Afterwards he called the UN shuttle on his handi-talkie to take him and us to our homes.

Mickey cooked dinner tonight and Feri baked bread. Feri and I then went down to the garage to cut up some more wood. It is quite a timing system one must acquire to get things done here – wash dishes when the water is on (usually 7-10 AM) and there is electricity to heat it. Wash clothes when the gas is on so they will dry better (wood fires are more frugal).

After dinner we had a little meeting to work out some up-in-the-air things. The agreement on what to do sounds good. We'll see if it holds this time.

Also, Mickey agreed to remain at home and stay quiet to take care of his health (he had been gone all day again today). I'll help him prepare the last four of the six project proposals he is seeking funding for. This will also allow me to rest my ankle for a while. All I have to do is survive the tobacco smoke which continues to aggravate my cough.

Sunday – 26 November 1995

Sunday – nothing special today. We cut wood for heat while the gas is off. It is really cold but seems to be warming up a little. The snow and ice are still all around our house, and it is a cold house when the electricity and gas are off at the same time.

Feri and I walked down to Marshall Tito Boulevard to get extra house keys made, but the place was closed. We walked clear to the other end of *Stari Grad*, as far as the library, and found three more key-making places – all closed. On the way back, the first key shop we had stopped at was open and we got the extras made.

Mickey is going to have surgery on his lung. He should be in the hospital for a month but it is so crowded he can only stay a week. He has some kind of tumor.

I worked on Mickey's "My Home" project concept paper that will lead into a grant proposal from the International Crisis Relief (ICR). "My Home" is the project for the orphanage.

I walked (hobbled) about 4½ miles today. Regarding distances, it is about one mile each way to the UN Residency from our house. From our house to Marshall Tito Boulevard, at the Presidency Building, it is about 1¼ miles.

It was warmer today. According to the TV it was 2° Centigrade (36° F.). On days the gas is on, it gets a higher pressure after 9 PM. Gas and water usage is not measured. Regarding electricity, each house is supposed to use only 5 kilowatt-hours per day.

Monday – 27 November 1995

It is only one more week until I fly back to Zagreb. It was warmer this morning. None of the water puddles are frozen and what is left of the snow is melting rapidly. Ken and I walked down to the UN Residency to shower and have breakfast.

I met Ken at Jasmenka's flat this afternoon for the third session in conflict resolution training.. Nobody else showed up so it was canceled until tomorrow.

Sarajevo is dark tonight. The electricity is off as well as gas and water. We don't have enough wood to burn but it is not as cold tonight. But it is cold enough – especially in the bedrooms. When the four of us (Ken, Mickey, Feri, and I) are in the common area (living room and kitchenette) it stays somewhat warm. But at bedtime it's like going into an ice box – literally. But my bed is snuggly and warm – sometimes too warm.

I think my bedroom is the cheeriest in the house. A patio door to a little balcony (for which it is too cold to use now), over the door to the garage below, lets in a lot of light. The other rooms either have the light blocked by the uphill side and other houses, or they have broken windows covered by opaque plastic.

Amy Wiseman called from Vermont at 3 PM Sarajevo time. I sent a message to Janet that I am fine and suggested she try calling me at 11 PM California time. It seems that is the best time to get through as the lines have been awfully busy – especially since the peace agreement has been initialed. I gave her the phone number at the house.

In spite of their reduced military force, and the amount of land they will get under the peace agreement, the Bosnian Serbs in Sarajevo still do not like the agreement because they want Sarajevo to be two cities. Karazdi_, the Bosnian Serb leader, said today that if the agreement isn't re-negotiated that Sarajevo will become the Beirut of the Balkans.

Tuesday – 28 November 1995

Janet finally got through on the telephone at 8:30 this morning (11:30 PM California time). It was sure good to hear her voice again. It has been two weeks since we talked to her from Zagreb.

We had the conflict resolution training at Jasmenka's flat this afternoon. D_ena was also present today.

I stopped by Bisera's brother's flat after the training session to pick up a letter for Bisera. They also gave me a souvenir aluminum bowl and doily. I took a couple pictures of their family.

Ken and I had dinner at the Pizza place on the street up to our house. I had pizza with mushrooms. It was a nice place and the pizza was good, but salty.

We had a light rain this afternoon and it seems a little cooler this evening. Mickey's aunt (not the one who owns the house) showed up and started cleaning.

She changed all the beds and did a lot of tidying up.

Wednesday – 29 November 1995

Ken and I went to the NGO meeting at 10 AM. There have been a few sniping incidents this past week, as well as rock throwing and hijacking. (No casualties) The rock throwing and hijacking are still threats in the Ilizda section of Sarajevo. That is a predominantly Serb area. There have been demonstrations against the peace treaty in that area because the Bosnian Serbs want Sarajevo divided.

After the NGO meeting, Ken and I went to the UN Residency to print out some documents, run copies, and have lunch. We asked the Danish guard if we could eat earlier with the military because we have a 1:00 PM appointment. He said sure, but the enlisted men's side was full. So we invaded the officers' mess and ate more in style.

At 1:00 PM we went again to Jasmenka's flat for the fourth and final session of conflict resolution training. It was the same four of us – Ken, me, Jasmenka and D_ena. The session consisted of two role plays with Jasmenka as mediator – to get her ready to host the radio show.

Mickey showed up toward the end of the session. He brought some cheese and potato *Burek* for our dinner, which his mother had made.

Thursday – 30 November 1995

I went to the UN Residency to fax my air transport passenger request to Zagreb. I also called Boris Peterlin to see if Gary had made arrangements for me to stay with him. He hadn't. Boris will have his co-worker, Blanka, look into finding me a place to stay for next Monday and Tuesday nights.

I returned to our house and wrote up a procedure on how to book flights for return to Zagreb, for use by future international volunteers.

There seemed to be quite a few shots today. There are always some but these seemed louder for some reason. They were single shots rather than automatic rifle bursts. This city is really gun crazy.

Ken, Feri, and I had another session of language study tonight. Mickey joined us for a while.

Friday – 1 December 1995

I went to the UN Residency to shower and have lunch. Then I called Zagreb and confirmed my booking for the Monday afternoon flight back to Zagreb with Zoran Ivanovi_, who is the UN-HCR Travel Clerk in Zagreb. All OK.

I also called the Christian Information Service (KIS) in Zagreb, where Boris Peterlin works, to see if they have found a place for me to stay Monday and Tuesday nights. They hadn't yet but asked me to call back at 4:00 PM.

I walked down to Market Square in *Stari Grad* to get some more Slovenian cough drops. Then I took a few more pictures on my way back to the UN Residency, and spent the time until 4:00 PM doing some paper work. I also scheduled my transportation to the airport next Monday with Danish Transportation at the UN Residency. (Danish troops are responsible for transportation and other support tasks in Sarajevo. French troops are responsible for sniper patrol).

When I called KIS back, I got their answering machine. So I guess they were letting me know they had no luck finding lodging for me. I left a message, thanking them anyway, and then called Hannah Hajdahoa_i_. She thinks she can arrange something. I am to call her back tomorrow afternoon.

I then went back to our house for a quiet evening.

Saturday – 2 December 1995

Nothing accomplished all morning. The boredom is getting heavy. I'll be happy to get moving again and start home.

An uneventful day. I called Hannah in Zagreb twice. The first time around 2:00 PM she wasn't home. The second time at 4:00 PM she still hadn't found lodging for me. I am to call her tomorrow at 1:00 PM.

Sunday – 3 December 1995

A lazy Sunday. We rearranged some rooms in preparation for the team coming in on December 8th. I also helper Mickey prepare a charter for ICHCR, and with other reports. Hannah still couldn't find a place for me to stay in Zagreb so I still don't know where I'll be tomorrow night.

An observation – this is a very tense city. There have been daily demonstrations in the *Ilizda* district of Sarajevo, and nearby towns which are also in the

Bosnian Serb-held territory. These demonstrations are against the peace treaty which will keep Sarajevo an undivided city. The Bosnian Serbs want their part of the city to be independent. Dramatic speakers seem to be inflaming the crowd of demonstrators, according to what I can see (but not understand) on TV.

On the Bosnia and Hercegovina (BiH) side, the TV seems to be continually showing military activity. Of course this is a city under martial law. Tonight there were re-runs of the battle on 2 December 1992 when about 1,500 civilians were massacred by Bosnian Serbs when they captured part of Sarajevo. People were interviewed on TV who still want to fight the *Chetniks*. Most people I talk to think there will be war again in a year. Some in the UN feel that fighting will break out again in the spring.

There is still a lot of hate in this country. And the local media is doing its best to keep that hate alive.

Monday – 4 December 1995

Today's flight to Zagreb was a VIP flight and I was bumped. The next available date is Thursday afternoon (December 7th) and that isn't guaranteed. I spent most of the day making phone calls and doing paperwork to change my return to the US. A phone at the UN Residency has a hot line (dial 9) directly to a UN operator in Zagreb through a special satellite called the V-Sat. I'm on the waiting list with Lufthansa to start my return from Zagreb on Friday (December 8th).

In today's report to Amy Wiseman (CRC in Vermont), Ken said he sees Sarajevo as a city of hope starting to rebuild. That part is certainly true. But I also see cynicism about peace, hate which is continually fanned, tenseness, and withdrawal. It will take time. People on the street will not make eye contact with me. Yet if I say *Dobar Dan* (Good Day), they immediately respond and sometimes almost smile. I believe deep down there is a warmth that wants to surface. I'll never forget the look of concern on the face of a Bosnia soldier when I slipped on the ice in Market Square, and he helped me up.

I took some pictures of a few little neighbor boys a week or so ago. Now they look at me with interest and almost smile. Sometimes they even say *Dobar Dan* first.

There are some 60,000 Bosnian soldiers in Sarajevo, according to Mickey. But they don't live in a barracks. They are husbands and fathers and older sons who live with their family. You can see them walking down the street with

their wives and small children – always in uniform and carrying their assault rifles. They leave home for the front line each day, as a husband/father would leave home for work. At the end of their shift, they return home, if they are lucky.

Tuesday – 5 December 1995

I spent this morning making calls to insure my Thursday afternoon flight to Zagreb. I also talked to Amy Gap at KIS in Zagreb to get a message to Janet. Amy will give the info to Gary to call, or possibly relay it through Amy Wiseman in Vermont.

This afternoon I went to the ICHCR office to take pictures of it. Then Mickey took me to the orphanage where I took more pictures. I met the director – *direktor* – and saw the smallest children – 8 in one room ranging from 2-4 years old and 11 in another room who were younger. They are very happy to see someone come in. The younger ones run up to you to be picked up. Some liked having their pictures taken and others didn't even notice. They call the *direktor* "Daddy."

Then I went to the UN Residency to make more phone calls. I tried the AT&T "Access America" number on the UN hotline to Zagreb and got through to Janet. It was sure good to talk to her again.

I also called Zoran Ivanovi_, the UN-HCR Travel Clerk in Zagreb, again. He booked me for the Thursday afternoon flight to Zagreb. Now it is up to the Joint Movement Control Centre (JMCC, or MovCon) if I get on the booking list. Zoran only handles UN-HCR personnel and MovCon controls all the movement.

Then I called Lufthansa in Zagreb. I am still on the waiting list for the Frankfurt to San Francisco flight on December 9th. There is no problem with the first leg from Zagreb to Frankfurt.

I can't get over the little orphans. They are so outgoing and happy and jubilant. They were by far the happiest people I have seen here – especially the younger, under-two bunch. They just thrived on attention and wanted to be picked up and hugged. I had already given the presents I had brought to D_ena to distribute, along with the stickers and earrings from Hannah, Meg, and Tierney. So I had nothing to leave with the orphans.

A few of the children were kind of listless, but most of them were jumping and hopping around, and having a good time. The orphanage is in disrepair but the people there are sure striving to give the children good care.

It was announced on the radio tonight that the daily allowance of electricity per house will be cut from 5 kilowatt-hours to 2 kilowatt-hours. That is what two 100-watt light bulbs burning for ten hours would use. One electric stove burner in operation for one hour would use up the daily allowance.

Wednesday – 6 December 1995

It snowed quite a bit last night. Guessing from looking out the window, it looks like maybe six or seven inches. There was also some distant thunder and lightning rumbling and flashing through this valley. After measuring the snowfall, make that eight or nine inches. But the weather seems to be warming up again. It never warms up a whole lot, and it doesn't stay warmer for long.

I went to the NGO meeting at the Svetlost Building at 10:00 AM. Nothing particularly new there.

After the NGO meeting I met Mickey and we took the tram to the Mentally Retarded School in *Novi Grad*. I met the *direktor* and saw the classrooms. There are about 40 children attending the school now – a day school – but they come in shifts because of lack of space and staff. There are ten on the staff, none of whom are psychologists or social workers. Because of the students' learning handicaps, each teacher can only handle twelve students maximum – but eight is preferable.

The trades taught are cooking and sewing. Now there are only four sewing machines (before the war there were thirty). After the kids learn to sew, Mickey has an idea for a shopping bag project with the art students providing a contemporary and unique logo. The bags would be marketed in Europe and America.

While I was there, estimators were preparing a quote for building repairs to be paid for by UN-HCR. But UN-HCR only pays for gas, water, electrical, and window-glass repair. There is much more needed to be done in addition to that.

Mickey and I then took a very crowded tram back to *Stari Grad* and I went to the UN Residency to make phone calls to Zagreb. The booking office finally found my name and I am confirmed for a 10:45 flight tomorrow morning. I have to check in at the airport at 9:15 AM, so I arranged with the Danish Transportation Office for a ride to the airport at 8:45 AM. I'll have to leave the house at 8:00 AM.

There is a moon up there somewhere above the clouds tonight. It is very bright on the snow. It is getting warmer and the clouds must be thin.

Thursday – 7 December 1995

The sidewalks were very icy this morning. Walking down the hill from our house, I had to be extremely careful carrying my full pack and walking with a cane. Ken and I had breakfast at the UN Residency and then he rode to the airport with me. He will be staying in Sarajevo another month.

Everything was in order at the airport. My name was on the list OK and I checked in my pack to be lashed to a pallet with others. We were waiting in the boarding room when the clerk, a Danish soldier, announced that the plane couldn't land because of the fog. There is no instrument control at the airport and the pilot made a decision to abort the mission. There is usually quite a lot of fog after it has snowed and the weather warms. We could go outside and see the plane circling but the landing approach was too dangerous. Everything was re-scheduled for 4:00 PM this afternoon if the fog clears. These UN flights are not called the "Sometimes Airline" for no reason. I decided to wait in the airport ticketing area, which was just a temporary wooden office affair.

While waiting, the Danish clerk told me that all UN-HCR personnel were being bumped from the flight – if it does fly – on the leg between Split and Zagreb because some VIPs were boarding at Split. (The flight makes a stop at Split before proceeding on to Zagreb.) He was very accommodating and checked commercial airlines for me. I could get a Croatia Airlines flight from Split to Zagreb for DM250, which would depart that evening after our UN flight arrived. I decided I would do that.

This particular flight is a UN Protective Forces (UN-ProFor) flight. In the UN bureaucracy, UN-HCR personnel have no priority on a UN-ProFor flight. We can be ready to board and if a UN-ProFor person comes in the door at the last minute and wants to fly, we will be bumped. If it were a UN-HCR flight we would have priority, but there are fewer of those.

Later in the afternoon the Danish clerk said he might have some good news. It is possible that some of us UN-HCR people might be able to fly clear through to Zagreb, although the plane would completely unload to go through passport check at Split. I am to keep all my baggage with me, rather than check it, and if I can't re-board a Split I could then go on to Zagreb by a commercial flight.

While waiting at the Sarajevo Airport, I asked the clerk if it would be OK to take a picture of the plane from the tarmac as we were boarding. He said it was usually prohibited because a flash attachment could set off flares on a C-130. But the plane we were to fly in is a Russian transport. Finally he said

that if he didn't see me take a picture, no one would know the difference. Nevertheless, I shot the picture from the hip and it came out pretty well.

Our 4:00 PM flight left without a hitch. We landed in Split and disembarked to go through passport control. While in the Split airport I saw the circular staircase that Jim Douglass, Janet, and I climbed that Friday-the-13th in 1993. The Split air terminal looks so familiar,

After passport control I waited expectantly at the boarding gate to see if I would be called. After all the UN-ProFor personnel were called, all of us UN-HCR people were also allowed to board. So I finally made it to Zagreb on a UN flight. But I still had more obstacles ahead.

I missed Gary at the Zagreb Airport. He was supposed to pick me up but he went to the commercial terminal rather than the UN terminal. So I took the UN shuttle into town. After making several phone calls, unsuccessfully contacting anyone I knew, I took a taxi to the Astoria Hotel. I took a taxi because it was getting late and I didn't know where the hotel was. I just knew it was a few doors to the hostel I wanted to stay at. I walked a block or so but couldn't find it. So I checked into the hotel – room 418.

I made several more unsuccessful phone calls from the hotel, and then called Janet. She called Amy Wiseman in Vermont who in turn knew how to contact Gary in Zagreb. Gary and the next team for Sarajevo – the 3-person Peace Troop – were staying at the hostel “just a few doors” from my hotel. (Had I walked a couple blocks I would have found it.) They needed my helmet and flack jacket to board the UN aircraft the next day.

After talking to Janet, I went to a Chinese restaurant adjacent to the hotel, which UN people in Sarajevo recommended, to have a beer and a very expensive but good Chinese dinner.

A British fellow had previously seen me entering the hotel carrying a flack jacket and helmet, and asked if I were with the UN. I explained briefly that I had just arrived from Sarajevo where I had been working with CRC, a registered NGO with UN-HCR. When the British man saw me in the restaurant he asked if he could sit with me and talk. He is from London and has been traveling in and out of Bosnia for some time. He is presently taking a load of things in his car from school children in London to a school in PakRac He explained some of the difficulties he has encountered getting through check points, and how he has sometimes avoided hassling and tariffs by using alternate check points. He was pleasant company for about an hour while I enjoyed a good meal.

At the end of my meal, Gary arrived. I went to my room to retrieve the flack

jacket and helmet and accompanied him to the hostel. There I gave the next team of International Volunteers a briefing. They were flying in to Sarajevo the next day. After that I went to my room and enjoyed a long, hot shower (more than 5 minutes) and then to bed at 1:30 AM.

Friday – 8 December 1995

I slept well last night but still woke up early. I busied myself with various tasks until 9:00 AM when I checked out of the hotel and walked two blocks to *Glavni Kolodvor* (the main train station). From there I took a tram to the Christian Information Center (KIS) at *Ilica* 44. I met Boris Peterlin personally after talking to him many times on the phone. We visited for a while and then I took the tram to the Lufthansa office, leaving my pack at KIS.

At the Lufthansa office I got the same story – I can fly to Frankfurt tonight but I'm still on the waiting list for tomorrow's flight from Frankfurt to San Francisco. I asked if there was any chance of making that flight and the clerk just shook her head and shrugged. Then she looked at my ticket and saw that it was one that could be changed for an additional fee. But I would have to go to her colleague at the next desk who handles such things.

The colleague told me it would cost \$150 (DM 315) to change the ticket. I said "fine, but what about the waiting list?" She punched a few computer keys and said "confirmed." I guess they keep a few seats reserved until the last minute for those who will pay extra to change their reservations. So I'll be home tomorrow. I even got an aisle seat.

Much relieved, I took the tram to *Jele_ica Trg* (a famous square in the center of Zagreb which is for pedestrians only) and found a *kavana* (café) on the square where I had a *Bansco pivo* (beer). It was good but when I looked on the label there were a lot of Croatian words followed by 12%. It was pretty heady stuff so I guess it was 12% alcohol. It was like drinking a half-liter of dinner wine.

I walked on down *Ilica* Street toward KIS and stopped in a small *restoran* (restaurant) and had a cheeseburger and coffee-with-milk. Then I went back to KIS and met Amy Gopp, who I had also talked with on the phone from Sarajevo (KIS became sort of an unofficial message center for us). She is a 24-year-old woman from Ohio, here on a three-year Mennonite ministry in peace work. I found out that Gary had arranged for her to put me up last night, but we never made contact. I shared part of a chocolate bar with her and then borrowed one

of their vacant offices to work in until 3:00 PM. Then I took the tram to the UN-ProFor headquarters farther out *Ilica* Street. I had just missed the UN shuttle to the airport (they don't stick to their announced schedule), so I took the tram back to the center of town and hired a taxi to the airport.

I took the evening Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt where I called Janet to let her know to pick me up tomorrow. I also called Herbert Hampel in Wehrheim, a town near Frankfurt. He is Ruth Turner's husband. He knew who I was before I even gave my name. I guess Ruth wasn't in but let him know I might be calling. I couldn't understand too much of what Herbert said – he doesn't speak English well – but at least they know I called.

I spent the night stretched out across three wooden seats in the Frankfurt-Maine Airport. It wasn't bad. There were lots of people doing the same thing. It was a lot less stressful than going to Ruth's and Herbert's place and then getting back to the airport on time.

Saturday – 9 December 1995

I woke up at 5:00 AM, had coffee at 6, and ate some breakfast at 7. It's expensive to live at an airport. This one doesn't even have drinking fountains. I bought the latest James Michener book to tide me over until I get home.

I flew to San Francisco on Lufthansa. It was weird when we were far to the north over Greenland. It was essentially the winter solstice and the time was high noon. It was dark on the surface and at 35,000 feet it seemed like twilight. The southern horizon was trimmed in red like the last colors of a fading sunset. Later in the flight, as we came down to a lower latitude, the sun eventually appeared. So I can say that I saw the sun rise in the south in the afternoon.

After being in a holding pattern for about an hour, we finally landed in San Francisco. Janet was there to meet me. It was great to be home.

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