

THURSDAY, JULY 27

MAYFIELD HOUSE

In the morning, after waking from a fair night's sleep aboard the train, we again had fun spotting animals from our train windows as the sun rose behind us over the dry rolling plains near Nairobi.

At the Nairobi train station, Ron did the usual wrangling with taxi drivers, and soon we were off to the Flora Hostel, where we had been promised accommodation again. However, they were unexpectedly full and could offer only faint hope that there might be a cancellation later in the day.

Ron and Helena were experts at finding reasonable accommodation and knew of other hostels and guest homes to contact. Behind Daystar University (where Ron and Helena picked up mail) was Mayfield House, a guest lodge primarily for missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission (AIM). They had room for all three of us for one night only. We were content with this, as we wanted to stay downtown the next night before leaving early on a safari.

Ron and Helena went off to the printers to pick up a quantity of her cards that she had ordered, while I stayed and enjoyed a great home-cooked meal, served in family style in the dining room. Each of the eight tables had room for six people; all were served efficiently by friendly Africans. I had enjoyed the variety of native meals we had on our trip, but it was a welcome change to have familiar food, well prepared and in good quantity.

Mayfield House could accommodate about 35 guests. Walls and tight security surrounded a couple of buildings, well-cared for lawns, and flower gardens. I met missionaries passing through for various reasons: some were arriving at Nairobi and waiting for transportation to the field, some were on their way home for furloughs, and others were working for longer periods in Nairobi.

After lunch, I walked the short distance back to the Flora Hostel to get my luggage. Then, back at the Mayfield House, I sorted out my clothes, pamphlets on safaris, and the gifts I had bought in Mombasa.

Ron and Helena returned for supper, very disturbed at the incredibly poor printing of her cards, the majority being unsellable. The company had tried to blame Helena's art work for their problems in printing and folding. After a good supper, they sorted out the few satisfactory ones and planned to insist that the rest be reprinted at the company's expense.

Mayfield House had good Maytag washers and dryers that I used with much appreciation that evening. As all the traveling had tired me out, I went to bed early, appreciating a good bed in a comfortable, quiet room.

FRIDAY, JULY 28

MY FATIGUE — BOOKING A SAFARI — HOTEL GLORIA

With all the traveling, I had not realized how extreme fatigue had crept up on me. As I struggled to the breakfast table, I felt very tired and depressed at the thought of more moving around. Further, deep feelings of failure came over me as I sat at the breakfast table and looked around at the missionaries. They had seemingly achieved what I used to dream of being but never accomplished.

To add to my depression, Ron seemed so engrossed in his conversation with others that I felt completely ignored. Sitting at the end of the table, I had to ask for everything I needed to be passed, but I hated to interrupt their steady dialogue to do so. Fatigue, plus strong feelings of failure and rejection all piled up threatening to ruin any chance of my enjoying a safari the next day.

However, I felt considerably better after spending a time alone resting, praying, and repenting of my self-centeredness and self-pity. I felt refreshed by the thought that the Lord would be pleased if I gave myself to loving others with His love. That day, I could express that love in looking for a concordance for Joseph Gatimu and in arranging a safari that Ron and Helena were looking forward to eagerly.

As Ron and Helena had to go back to the printers. I went searching on my own for a Strong's Concordance. I was extremely pleased to find one in a book store downtown at the surprisingly low price of about \$19. They sell usually for at least twice that price in Canada. I asked the store to hold a copy for me, intending to mail it to Joseph when we returned from our safari.

We had decided to go on a tenting safari the next day to the Amboseli National Park at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro near the border of Tanzania. Because of the problems others had experienced with safari companies. I followed the advice from people at Mayfield House and planned to book through the AA, the Kenyan Automobile Association,

Just after I entered their office, I walked one of the young Dutch men that we had met in Malindi. I was very happy to inform him that most of the money that they had given to agent Nelson had been retrieved already by their friend up there. Naturally, he was extremely excited and relieved to hear the news.

The young man who served me in the AA was very eager to help, but could not find room for us on a tenting safari leaving the next day for the Amboseli National Park. However, there was space with a lodge safari. The two and one-half day luxurious lodge safari would cost me about \$280 for each person, compared to about \$170 for a tenting one. I asked for an hour to think it over.

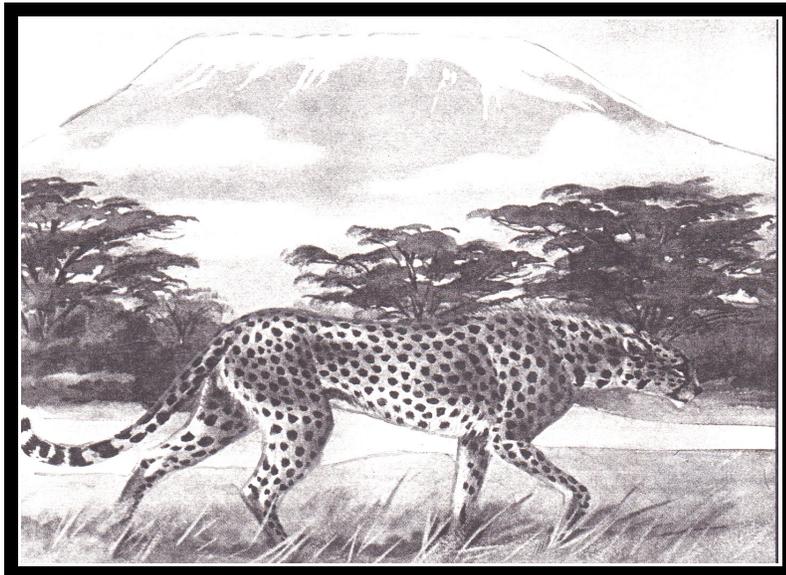
As I waited in a bank nearby to cash a travelers' cheque, I prayed and considered the decision. Although comfortable beds, showers, and lots of good food were certainly advantages at the lodge, I figured Ron and Helena might feel guilty at my spending so much on them. The more I considered it, however, the more I felt good about going first class this time.

On the street, the two Dutch couples thanked me enthusiastically for bringing them such great news. Further, they had just returned from Amboseli National Park and were happy with all the animals they had seen there. Having just rented a vehicle, they were about to leave for Masai Mara National Park to camp there and explore on their own.

I returned to the AA office and booked a lodge safari with the Scenic Safari Company, leaving the next morning at 8:00 o'clock. Ron and Helena were excited and thankful at my news about our safari.

Ron found room at the Hotel Gloria, advertised as a "luxury hotel". It was hardly luxurious according to Canadian standards, but it was adequate and only a fraction of the price of American and European downtown hotels.

After booking in and leaving our things at the Gloria, we enjoyed an American-style pizza at the Green Corner restaurant. Then we retired early, so as to rise and have breakfast in good time to meet our safari driver and guide.



A Cheetah at the Foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro

SATURDAY, JULY 29

TO AMBOSELI NATIONAL PARK — KILIMANJARO SAFARI LODGE  
— OUR FIRST GAME DRIVE

After an early breakfast in our rooms, we set out for the New Stanley Hotel, expecting to be picked up at 8:00 a.m. Finally, at 8:45, our mini-bus arrived. The rest of our party, six related East Indians, were meeting at a store owned by one of them. This gentleman brought along his two very quiet and reserved children. With him also were his sister and brother-in-law and their daughter. The couple had been raised in East Africa, but had lived in Florida for the last few years. Their daughter was very American in her out-going, free personality.

We were on our way about 9:30 a.m., hoping that, for the rest of the trip, we would not have to wait around as much.

Our route took us a short distance down the Mombasa highway, where we turned south towards the Tanzanian border. Much like the foothills of Alberta, rolling hills developed into higher mountains of volcanic origin, some of the rounded peaks rising above the clouds. Most of the time we could see for many miles across natural pasture land spotted by isolated thorn bushes and animals.

Besides cattle, there were groups of zebra, ostrich, giraffe, and gazelle grazing on the yellow hills. Huge orange-red ant and termite hills rose out of the short grass. A large collection of Marabou storks waited near a butchery to scavenge on scraps. This was Masai country; many herds of humped-backed cattle, mixed with goats, sheep, and donkeys were being herded by one or two Masai on foot.

Twice we had to stop to pay toll on this very ordinary two-lane highway. At two other locations, we drove very slowly through police checks, where spiked barriers on the road forced vehicles to do a slow S-curve, while policemen with automatic weapons either waved vehicles on or pulled them over.

A little before noon, hungry, thirsty, and needing a washroom, we stopped at a little roadside cafe and tourist shop. From there it was a short drive through the hills to the town of Namanga on the border of Tanzania. Here our driver stopped to buy some gas. Beside the station were displays of Masai handcrafts, which aggressive Masai women tried to sell us. Some of these women had large holes in their ears, their ear lobes weighted down with heavy beaded ornaments.

From there we turned east on a dirt road towards Amboseli National Park. The hills became much more wooded, but there was still enough natural pasture for the domesticated animals of the Masai and for small groups of zebra, giraffe, and gazelles. The road was so rough and dusty that I was afraid that a serious migraine headache was about to ruin my day.

Much to my relief, we turned south off the rough road through the entrance to the park and followed a trail across what seemed like a large, flat desert—the dried-up bed of Lake Amboseli. Fine dust often filled the van, but at least we were not being bounced violently about. In all directions, “dust-devils”—narrow whirlwinds of dust—rose straight up in the air. Shimmering lakes ahead of us turned out to be only mirages. It was hard to believe any grass could grow on this dry desert; however, an amazing number of herbivores grazed there. Large herds of wildebeests appeared to stretch to the horizon; there were more zebras and gazelles than I thought possible. In addition, we observed a group of hyenas watching us pass and some wild boars roaming near our trail.

One small shimmering lake ahead turned out not to be a mirage; around this lake grew long, lush green grass and a few trees. Such lakes are fed by underground rivers from Mt. Kilimanjaro's melting snow cap and provide a permanent watering place for many kinds of wildlife.

Not long after passing this lake, we turned into the entrance of the Kilimanjaro Safari Lodge. The great mountain itself rose just to the south, its entire top hidden in the clouds. Its peak is the highest in Africa, rising to about 18,000 feet. Later, the clouds cleared sufficiently for us to catch sight of its majestic snow-capped peak.

Our cottage was very attractive, its walls covered with natural, varnished wood, inside and out, with a thatched cover over its solid wood roof.

Lunch was certainly worth waiting for—a fantastic buffet of cold and hot meat, salads, and desserts.

After a shower and rest, we left at 4:00 p.m. with the same group in the same van for a game drive until 6:30. Through varied types of landscapes from semi-desert to swamps, we saw several groups of elephants at near range and drove through large herds of the usual types of native grazing animals. Their numbers again amazed me.

Supper in the Lodge was an excellent turkey dinner, well served by African waiters.



SUNDAY, JULY 30

### GAME DRIVES & MEALS AT KILIMANJARO SAFARI LODGE

At 6:00 a.m. just before dawn, we left in our van for a game drive. Not far from the lodge area, we came across a pair of cheetahs ambling across the road in front of us. We stopped and watched them as they surveyed the situation. Zebra and gazelles in the area moved away in all directions. Again I was impressed by the huge numbers of zebras, gazelles, and wildebeest.

Many groups of elephants were seen in areas where the grass was long and some trees were found. We stopped very close to one who was eating a thorn bush. With his tusk and his trunk, he deftly removed the thorns from a branch and then pulled the branch off and stuffed it into his mouth.

At the foot of a small hill, we were allowed to get out of the van and climb up to the top of an observation tower. To the north and east, a swamp girded the hill. Beyond it stretched the dry lake bed. A wooded area to the west rose into bare rounded hills at the horizon. To the south the savannah gradually climbed into the slopes of the massive Mount Kilimanjaro, whose peak was almost always hidden by clouds.

We were certain that some sparsely wooded areas were the territories of prides of lions, as no game at all seemed to be present. We saw no lions, however, as they hid very well from our view.

After our return to the lodge and a large breakfast, we discovered some animals in and around the compound. A few monkeys were chasing each other up and down the large trees near the dining lodge. Just outside the electric fence to the east, twenty or thirty huge Marabou storks waited impassively near a small water hole. Just to the south, a few more storks congregated on mounds of garbage, while baboons and monkeys played and scavenged around the dump.

Lunch was another great buffet.

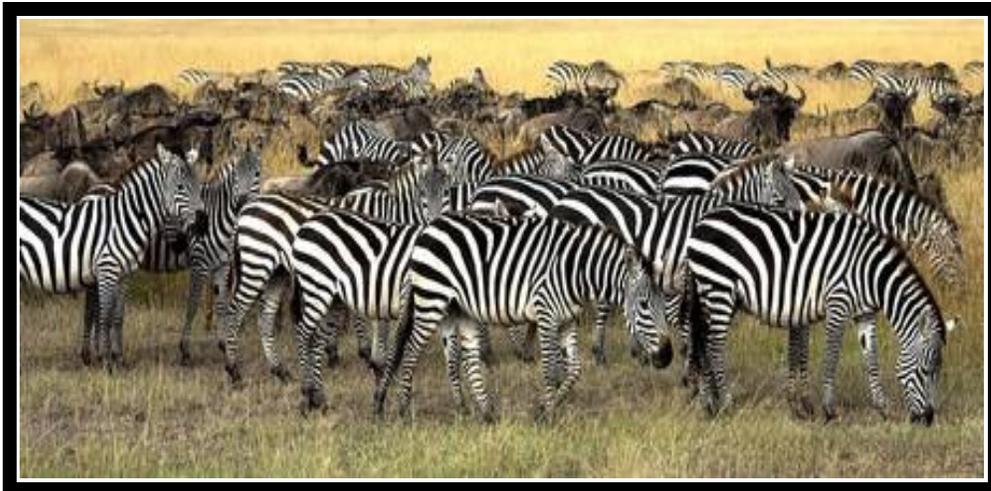
In the afternoon, I appreciated the opportunity for rest before our game drive, while Ron tried out the swimming pool. A whole bus load of Japanese elementary school students were flying homemade kites on the large lawn near the swimming pool.

During our late afternoon game drive, we caught sight of a rhino in some long grass. He moved a little, but did not oblige us with a good view. I was relieved that he was not in a charging mood.

Near the end of the drive, we came up behind a pair of cheetahs and slowly followed them down a roadway. A few male wildebeests nearby formed a line and lowered their heads to form a barrier with their horns, behind which females and young were protected. Gazelles and zebra also looked unafraid as they grazed peacefully behind their wall of defence. To our disappointment, the cheetahs were not interested in hunting. The male marked out the edge of his territory with spurts of urine, and then the pair climbed up on large, low branches of a dead tree and posed very obligingly for some pictures.

In the evening, a group of twenty or so guests were gathered in one corner of the lodge listening to a lecture in what I recognized as Hebrew. From my limited knowledge of the language, I could tell the leader was giving them background on the history and geography of East Africa. Later, in a chat with the young man who gave the lecture, he told me he was an university student in Israel who brought tours to Kenya during his holidays.

I felt satisfied with the viewing of the animals, the spectacular scenery, and the luxurious accommodation at the lodge. Even more satisfying was the joy I experienced in being able to provide this trip for Ron and Helena. They were excited at all the animal viewing; Helena was particularly thrilled with the fabulous food; and we all enjoyed the comfortable, restful surroundings.



MONDAY, JULY 31

BACK TO MAYFIELD HOUSE

After an early breakfast, we left the safari lodge around 8:00 a.m. bound for Nairobi. Driving past herds of the common grazing animals, we saw again a group of very ugly hyenas. Then just outside the park, we caught sight of couple of giraffes stretching up to eat leaves from the trees.

Though five hours long, the trip seemed much shorter and easier to take than it had on the way down. We stopped for quite a while at a Masai tourist place, and looked at many of their crafts.

After lunch in Nairobi, Ron went on his own to do some business, while Helena and I went by bus up to Mayfield House. As promised, they had rooms for us, mine a very attractive room in a new wing. After a long bath, I enjoyed a good rest. Then, when Ron returned, we retrieved some of our luggage stored up at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Supper was delicious as usual. My ears perked up when I heard a young lady at the next table talking about Collingwood, Ontario (where I had lived and taught school for a few years). After the meal, I introduced myself and learned that she was the only member of a family in Collingwood whom I had not met. She was headed home after a trip around the world.

The day had been mostly routine and uneventful, but I appreciated a chance to relax, and to have extra rest.



TUESDAY, AUGUST 1

KENYA SOCIETY FOR THE BLIND — CONCORDANCE FOR JOSEPH

After eating breakfast, I decided to visit the headquarters of the Kenya Society for the Blind in Nairobi. I was interested as I was a computer instructor at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind in Toronto.

After walking south past a large hospital, a group of high-rise apartments, and a military training camp, I came to a small airport on the southern outskirts of town. Following directions from a security guard at the entrance gate to the airport, I found myself on an extremely rough dirt lane that headed off across rolling, empty fields. Down a little way, at a fork in the road, a small sign indicated that the Blind Society was to the left. My path led along the edge of a cluster of small shacks. It seemed as if I were miles from the city in an rural African village. Children stopped their playing to stare at me while I passed. One woman was doing her washing in a narrow dirt lane close to the communal water tap.

Over the next rise, I caught sight of a couple of low buildings surrounded by high walls. At the entrance, a friendly guard welcomed me and signs confirmed that I had indeed arrived at my destination.

Using a very primitive switchboard, a blind African called a young lady, who guided me into the comfortable office of the director, Mr. Sam Tororei. "How are you keeping your soul?" he quaintly asked me and invited me to join him for some chai and a chat. He was intrigued by his new acquisition, an Eureka computer with braille input, which he took delight in demonstrating to me.

Soon I met Christine Kimetto, the only full-time, qualified orientation and mobility instructor in all of Kenya. We discussed the similarities and differences in service to the blind in Kenya and in Canada. She urged me to come back the next day for a tour that was already planned for another Canadian visitor. She wanted to show us some of the work that was done with the blind in the vicinity of Nairobi.

After lunch at Mayfield House, I took a bus downtown and bought the Strong's Bible Concordance, which I planned to send to Joseph Gatimu in Mombasa. After I had bought some heavy wrapping paper and string, I returned to the guest house to wrap the book so that I could send it parcel post the next day.

Sitting down and improvising at a piano in the dining room was like visiting an old friend whom I hadn't seen for some time. Ron and Helena arrived for supper with encouraging news that the printing firm agreed to reprint her cards at no extra charge.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2

TOUR WITH CHRISTINE OF THE KSB

As arranged with Christine (of the Kenya Society for the Blind), I arrived at the KSB headquarters at 9:00 a.m. Again I was ushered into the office of Sam Tororei, the director. There I met Fred McGinn, a young instructor in a school for the blind in Halifax. Christine informed us that a van with a driver would be there to take us on a tour.

Fred and I talked for a long time outside about our work in Canada with the blind. Finally, shortly after noon, the van did arrive. Christine offered a brief apology, but no explanation for the three-hour delay.

As we left the park-like grasslands around the airport and climbed westward into the Ngong hills, the vegetation reflected the transition to the south-western highland area with its rich volcanic soil. Remnants of lush evergreen and semi-deciduous forest hid large private estates built here by Europeans a generation ago. The road led through Karen, a suburb of Nairobi named after Karen Blixen, the Danish author whose life was featured in the movie, *Out of Africa*.

Turning north, we came to a very densely populated African settlement, with small, simple dwellings similar to those in rural areas from which most of their occupants likely had migrated in the last few years. Many of the homes had small gardens where grew bananas, maize, beans, and other vegetables.

Leaving the paved road at a busy, African market, we bounced along extremely rough lanes, until we stopped at a little “duka”— a small store, the size of a ticket booth. The manager here was a blind gentleman who owed much of his successful rehabilitation to Christine's orientation and mobility training.

As Fred and I drank sodas that the storekeeper's wife had served us, Christine and the couple carried on a long discussion in Swahili. School children in uniforms were returning from lunch to a government school up the road. They giggled as they answered questions that I asked them about their schooling; and then, typically, they asked me for a shilling.

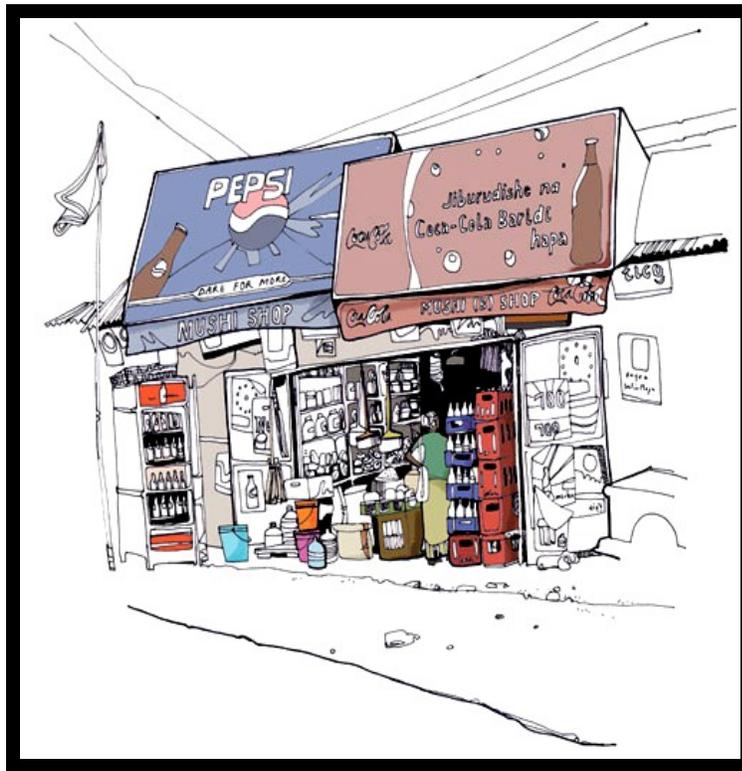
About 2:00 p.m., Christine announced that we would go and visit another blind person with whom she had worked. By this time, I was very hungry, but reluctant to offer to buy lunch. Christine had mentioned how hospitable Africans were in feeding guests, and so I thought this next person might offer us a little more than a soda.

We drove right through the main part of Nairobi to an “estate”, a housing development, on the eastern edge of Nairobi. This estate built on the dry flat plain, consisted of small and uniform concrete row-houses.

The blind gentleman whom we visited invited us into his small simply-furnished living room and served us sodas all round. My hope for something more substantial to be offered waned as the afternoon wore on. He related to us how he lost his eyesight in a beer parlour brawl. Then he spent considerable time in explaining that it was impossible for him to manage financially, needing help to pay the rent for his wife and family. It was difficult to know how to respond to him when he asked that Fred and I arrange some funding for him from Canada. It was also disappointing for me to realize that the main purpose of this tour was to solicit from us some financial aid.

As I had other business to do, I suggested to Christine that I might be excused to take a bus downtown. However, Christine offered to drive me close to where I needed to go. En route, Christine asked that I might find a sponsor in Canada who could buy her a camera so that she could have a pictorial record of her clients. Fred offered to leave her his camera when he returned to Canada in a couple of days.

After confirming my flight home at the Air France office beside the Hilton, I satisfied my gnawing hunger with a hamburger to tide me over until supper. I then picked up a parcel at Dinesh Patel's business for mutual friends back in Toronto and walked back to Mayfield House in time for supper.



A Sketch of "Dukas" ([www.sarahmarkes.com](http://www.sarahmarkes.com))

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3

POST OFFICE ORDEAL —  
MRS. MASCARENHAS VIEW OF KENYANS VS. EAST INDIANS

Because I was leaving Kenya the next evening, Ron suggested that we should visit two other places in Nairobi: the large downtown African market and the out-of-town bus depot. On the way, I could mail my parcel to Mombasa.

After taking a local bus to the city bus terminal, it was a short walk to the country bus terminal. But first, a post office nearby seemed a logical place to look after my parcel. However, a gentleman at an empty wicket informed us that they handled no parcels from there; we would have to go to the main post office on Haile Sellasie Street. It seemed unbelievable that a branch post office of that size would not handle any parcels.

At the country bus terminal, we found a colourful array of brightly painted buses going to various destinations throughout Kenya. Africans in traditional native dress were boarding buses for their home villages. Because different bus companies serve similar routes, they compete for passengers. Attendants called to us hopefully, asking where we were headed.

Just past the bus station, we entered a sprawling African market, containing many long rows of crude tables covered with tin roofs. One area sold new and used clothing; another, vegetables; another, beans, rice, and maize; and so on. Around this large area were buildings that housed small factories, where various workman manufactured articles by hand—shoes, furniture, etc. Ron warned me to keep my hand on my wallet. We bought some tangerines to eat as we made our way through the narrow, litter-strewn aisles.

From the market, it was a short hike past a large coffee company to the main post office, a large office building of several floors. Signs on the main floor indicated wickets for registration and a counter where parcels were handled.

When I questioned a uniformed gentleman standing behind the parcel counter, he directed me not to wait there in the line formed beside me, but to go to the line for the next wicket. When my turn came there, I was told to line up instead at wicket number five.

After reaching wicket number five, my parcel would not fit under the iron grill. I was then instructed to go to wicket seven, where there was an open window. I explained that I had been in two lines already and asked the clerk if she was positive I could have my parcel registered at wicket seven. Yes, she was sure that I could.

After going through the line at wicket seven, I hopefully handed the parcel to the lady who set it on her scales. To my dismay, her scales could only handle parcels up to two kilograms, and mine was obviously more than the maximum. I was then told I must go to the counter where I had inquired in the first place. Covering my irritation as best I could, I explained to the clerk how I had been sent to three different lines, and now I was being sent back to where I started. She offered me no apology for the incompetence of the other clerks, nor understanding of my frustration.

Back at the “parcel counter”, I explained what had taken place to the gentleman who had first misdirected me. He shrugged his shoulders without any apology. By this time, Ron had become very angry on my behalf, stepped over and proceeded to reprimand this official. However, he simply directed Ron to the information booth if he had any more questions. Finally, I was served by a very unfriendly young man who seemed reluctant to answer any questions.

On the bright side, it was hard to believe that stamps for the parcel cost only 43 cents. I was relieved when I received word in Canada that Joseph received the concordance.

The hour was not really wasted. Now I had experienced and understood a little of the many frustrations that Ron and Helena experienced in doing business here in Kenya. Especially exasperating are government officials. Ron told me incomprehensible stories of the difficulties that missionaries had in obtaining drivers' licences, visas, etc. In Tanzania, things are many times worse, where bribery is much more common. It had taken Ron two hours to buy a train ticket there, waiting until the station master gave up expecting a bribe.

Next I shopped for a couple of articles to take back to Canada. Along with an amusing book giving 101 uses of a rectangular cloth called the “kanga”, I picked out a very colourful one for Elaine, my supervisor back home. Also, I bought a very African style dress shirt for myself.

From there, I headed to the office of Mr. and Mrs. Mascarenhas. She had bought a hand-made basket for me to take back to Celina who worked near me at the CNIB in Toronto. She also wanted to take me out for lunch as it had not been possible to arrange to have me to her home for a meal that week. We went to a very smart East Indian restaurant, where I sampled a variety of delicious curried dishes.

Mrs. Mascarenhas and I had an interesting discussion about tensions between East-Indians and Africans in Kenya. Seven years ago, there was an attempted coup in Nairobi where a couple of thousand Kenyans died. The East-Indians were not behind this rebellion, but many Africans expressed pent-up feelings against them, smashing and looting most of their businesses. Mrs. Mascarenhas felt that such violence against them could happen again; the next time would be worse. The Africans are jealous of the East Indians' financial success and are angry that many invest much of their profits in other countries rather than in Kenya.

I walked home and had time for a good nap. After supper, I started packing my things, as I was flying to Paris the following evening.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

LEAVING KENYA

I had been invited back to the Kenya Society for the Blind to discuss the possible use of computers in their braille printing department. However, I phoned to cancel the appointment as I was weary and desired to ensure I had plenty of time to prepare for my flight to Paris that evening. Ron had offered to take me to a couple of places of interest in Nairobi. However, I declined with thanks; I was satisfied with what I had seen of Africa for the time being.

After a relaxing day of preparation and rest, the time had come to get to the airport. As there was room in the AIM van for only two, I said a hurried good-bye to Helena; and Ron and I went off with other missionaries that were flying out that evening.

After I checked in with my baggage at the Air France section, Ron and I had time for a cold drink at a coffee shop. I expressed thanks for all that he had arranged for me to experience in Africa, and Ron was very appreciative for my contribution to our vacation. There was a much stronger bond of love between us than had ever existed in the past. It was also good for me to become acquainted with Helena.

In case I might be detained while passing through security, Ron and I soon parted to allow plenty of extra time before I was to board my plane. I was checked through quickly and entered a very modern, comfortable waiting area—a great contrast to the part of the airport that I saw when I had arrived in Kenya. I was especially conscious of this contrast when I used a very clean washroom.

After I washed my hands, I was puzzled when I saw no towels, nor hand dryer. Instead, a uniformed worker offered me some toilet paper. I thanked him, dried my hands, and then threw the paper in a basket at his feet. In his outstretched hand were a couple of shillings. Obviously, he expected me to add a contribution. I figured then he was paid to do janitorial work and not to be charging me for toilet paper to dry my hands.

Outside our waiting area, an Air Madagascar jet had been sitting for some time. Without any explanation, we were told to board it. Mystified, I checked with an attendant, who assured me curtly that it was really our plane to Paris. Inside the plane, all the staff were obviously Air France personnel.

We were soon in the air and, before long, enjoying a supper of smoked swordfish and curried lamb.