



must have been going through my head as I touched down on the Lilongwe runway and headed for customs, walking toward a completely foreign place that was suddenly to become my home. My first night here in Lilongwe is best summed up by one word: lonely. Alone in my house and completely disconnected from everyone, I fell asleep wondering what exactly had prompted me to leave D.C. for Sub-Saharan Africa. Now I have been

here a month. Some of the days have felt slow and long – in part because the pace of life here is in fact very slow, which took a few weeks of getting used to, but due more to an impatience for life here to feel as normal and natural as it did before I left. With time, the days have gained momentum, things continue to fall into place and settle, so life itself now feels to be moving at a more comfortable, normal pace. The best

to date has been my newly begun participation in staff lunches at work when everyone gathers to eat home cooked traditional Malawian food together at long tables outside. As an international staff member, getting to know the national staff has felt to be a bit of a challenge, however, already I feel like I've gotten to know some of my Malawian coworkers better and also feel more like a cohesive member of the staff. And