

# Dar es Salaam

The Early Days



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Within the first few days of arriving, I met with my designated supervisor to set out my objectives. Little did I know at the time I would be on my own for at least the next 2 weeks. Few had time to mentor me.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Other than Saidi, Tonya (as she is known in the book) is the only person I knew. We met up for dinner a few times.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

In those first days, I tried to find my own mentor and share some ideas as well.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Aisha (as she is known in the book) enlightened me about the difference between corporate America and the international NGO world.



More and more Saidi and I could be seen visiting each others' offices. On this occasion I visited his office to share some computer know-how.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

For the most part my assignment kept me in the office in Dar but on this occasion I went to field and had meetings with villagers as part of my orientation. They told me that one of the biggest hindrances to reducing maternal mortality was adequate transport to a health facility. An appeal to my coworkers, friends, and family in the USA led to raising enough funds to buy the village a motorized tricycle ambulance.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

During my field visit I also visited an Early Child Development Center. It is my hope that our foundation can mimic some of the successes of this one.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I was surprised at the formality of these village meetings. I was to soon learn that it was the norm.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After work Saidi would sometimes show me around Dar.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Between the office and being confined to the gated community I called home, I enjoyed these brief excursions. I felt safe.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On one of our road trips to introduce me to life outside Dar, Saidi stops to buy vegetables.



One weekend Saidi took me to see the historical city of Bagamoyo. As we left I stopped to view what this woman had to sell: coconuts and cassava.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

In Bagamoyo-A reminder of the troubling history of slavery and colonialism.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

One day I decided to take a walk and I stumbled across this neighborhood. At the time I was troubled by the apparent poverty of the residents that lived so close to some of the more affluent. Later it would not be so shocking.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Tonya (as she is known in the book) invited us to an event to bring awareness of the need to reduce carbon emission. By this time, she already had knowledge of our intent to marry. She was the only one. Tonya and I lived very different lives at homeland in Dar, but we had one thing in common. We were both mzungus (wazungu).





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My home while I during my 6 month fellowship was a two-bedroom fully furnished apartment in the Oyster Bay neighborhood of Dar es Salaam. It had all the amenities and more that I was accustomed to.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

During one of the daytime excursions we went to Chilizze. I was surprised to see how people swarmed buses to try to sell various items.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

During excursions we went to Chilinze. Saidi told me to stand in the intersection. He told me it was a major intersection. I was surprised that this relative small fork on the road was a major thoroughfare



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On our return from Chilizze, Saidi to be fair buys sweet potatoes from each of the street vendors. I admired that.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi takes me to meet some of his family at his brothers' compound in Dar. I am sitting next to my future mother-in-law.



I decided to bring my mother-in-law a mosquito net. An important item in Tanzania. I decided to bring everything to Tanzania in my 7 pieces of luggage. Not expecting that I would not need most of it.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We took a long weekend to visit Saidi's homeland, the village of Ruvu. This is immediate upon our arrival.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

In Ruvu, Saidi bought fish from local fishermen to supplement it with the rice we brought with us for a community dinner. I did not join the dinner.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Ruvu during my first visit.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi, after we made the 3 km walk from the village to his place of birth and our future home



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

With no car access to Jome from the village, we took the short cut to cross the water. Then continued by foot.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Slightly elevated to give an ocean view, we decided that we would make home here. This is now where our house sits.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Slightly elevated to give an ocean view, we decided that we would make home here. This is now where our house sits.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

It began to rain as we left the village. Saidi was worried about the road. The people were thrilled to get water and all the buckets came out.



Our co-workers from the office. Including Margaret ( as she is known by in the book)



2009/12/18

# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Margaret and Aisha (as they are known as in the book) observe the wedding ceremony. Margaret video tapes with my flip phone.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My driver, Tonya, and Aisha at my apartment for my wedding.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Tonya, as she is known by in the book, controls the laptop so my family can observe from Michigan. Saidi takes a vow to protect ad care for me.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

A closing *dua* (or prayer). Afterwards the imam (Muslim cleric) told Saidi. “Now she is halal [not prohibited or allowed] for you.”



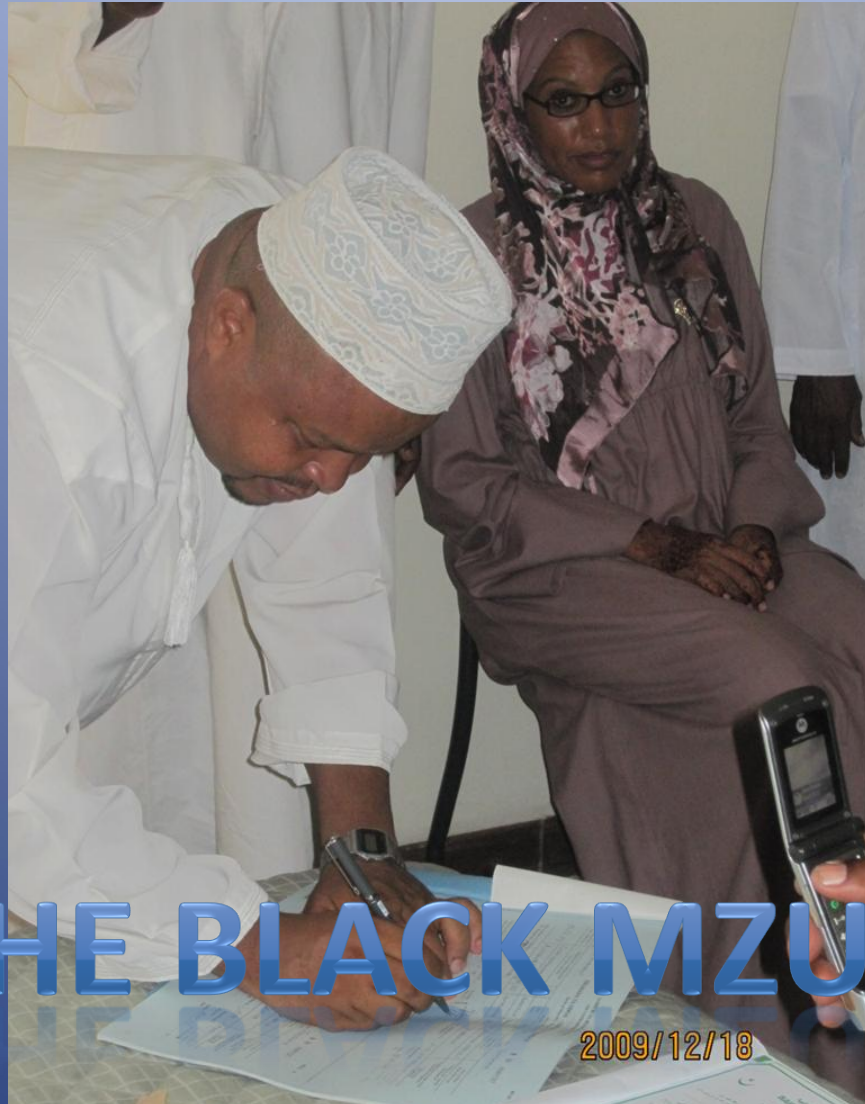
## THE BLACK MZUNGU

True to Islamic tradition, I wait in the next room during the ceremony. My wali (or male representative) speaks for me. Pictured are Margaret, Ziyadah, and the Imam's wife. Margaret tells me the ceremony is over. I asked, "Where is my husband?"



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After the ceremony the contract is brought to me to sign.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My *wali* (male representative), Khalid (as he is known in the book), signs as a witness.



2009/12/18  
**THE BLACK MZUNGU**

Pictured with Tonya and the imam's wife.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Friends tell my Dad, daughter, step-mother, and daughter, and son-in-law that it is over through Skype.





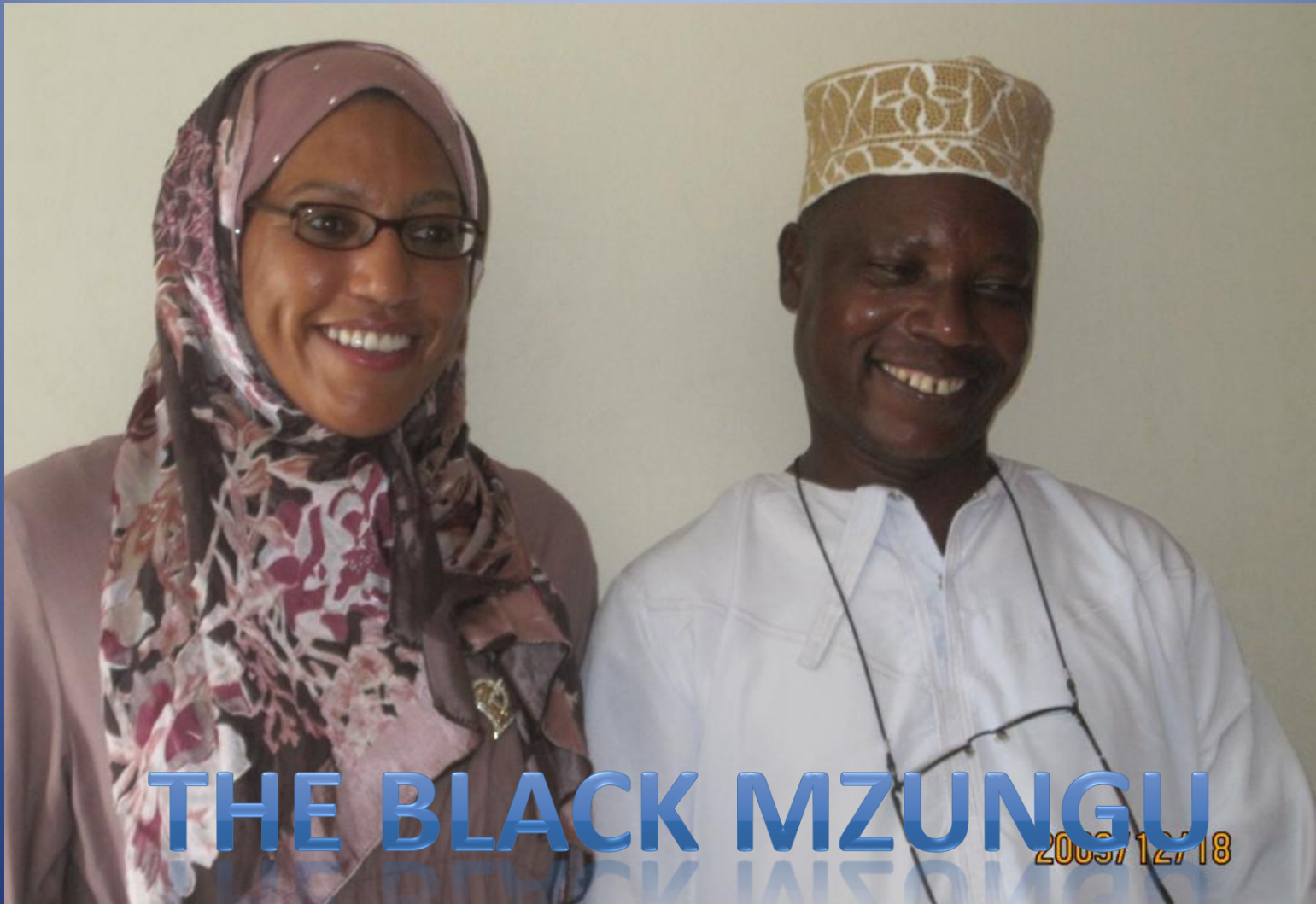
# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I talk to my family back in Michigan over Skype



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The caterers, who usually cater events at the office, did a great job



The knot is tied. We did it!! It felt right.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Ziyadah then joined us on what we call is our honeymoon trip a few days later. We went to Serengeti and Kilimanjaro together. This picture was taken in Bagamoyo. It was great and I was so glad I had someone close to share with.

Living in Lindi Town  
&  
Jome Construction



The road between Lindi and Dar es Salaam can be quite precarious, especially during rainy season. It has taken 10 years to pave about 60 km. Five years later, after my first trip south, there are still 12 kilometers yet to finish. Tanzanians celebrate the progress made as decades ago people took a ferry and many died on the 460 km journey between Lindi and Dar. SUVs can usually navigate well; it is the heavy trucks that create havoc.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi found this house to rent in Lindi town. We lived there for 1 year while we supervised construction of our Jome home 50 km away.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

With Jome still not accessible by car, the shortest way to Jome from the village is by Dhow then by foot. Bima is our guide for this trip.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

While I was in the States wrapping up things, Saidi began the organizing the first steps for the construction. Here I am pictured with Bima next to the stones that have been gathered that would form the foundation of our home.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

When I visited villages I would bring bags of candy and distribute to the children.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi rarely helped me with this candy distribution. He would remark, "I told you that you were creating a problem."



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi Truck”, as my husband and I called him, became one of the most reliable and faithful friends during this journey. He did not hesitate to advise us and transport goods on our road.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The road between Dar and Lindi after rain can be impassable after large vehicles block the road.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi hired men from our village to make a road that will allow vehicles, including ours, to enter Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I had downsized my life to these few suitcases to start a new life.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Children in my village pose for camera after receiving candy from me.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

It was World Cup time while I was in the States. I returned with two FIFA World Cup soccer balls as a gift for the young men of my village.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mr. Stone, as we called him, rests on Jome beach. His job was to carry stones or dig trough stones. His employment ended suddenly due to an unfortunate incident.



When we first arrived in Jome, the other people we saw were people making a living of the sea. These fishermen often camped in Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

One day when we came to Jome, before the start of construction, we saw Saidi's nieces. They had just finished gathering mwani (a type of seaweed and a cash crop for locals). They still had about an hour walk back to their village. I decided to see if I could carry the load on my head. It was too heavy for me.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi's relatives were happy that we stopped by to visit a *unyago* celebration, a girls passage into womanhood. I tried to show I can be festive too.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Sometimes I would by stop by a house to inquire about the daily chores that women perform. Here a woman shows me how to grind corn to make flour. I remember seeing this same utensil in rural Libya.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

There is a huge used clothes market in Tanzania. Clothes disposed of by Americans and Europeans reach Lindi towns, used clothes' market.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

How to start? The workers would need a palce to sleep so we began construction on the workers' banda.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

With no toilets yet in Jome, Saidi catches me.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

With the road now finished, we hired our first delivery of water. We prayed that the vehicle could navigate the road . With each subsequent trip the road widened.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The workers' banda was finished and served is for 4 years until it finally collapsed.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The shortest distance by foot between the village and Jome requires navigating rocks.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Construction begins on our home.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My first malaria attack was severe. Saidi brought a health worker to the house in Lindi town and he started an IV.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Water is such a precious commodity. Here people bathe, do laundry and capture water for home use.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Prior to completion of the house, we slept one night in Jome in a tent. We ate fresh red snapper, only seasoned with the salt of the ocean.





Workers in Jome. James (as he is known in the book) is pictured sitting in the center.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My first and only night sleeping in the tent (pictured) in Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The construction site became a hangout for locals as they watched the house go up. We ended that after our cement was stolen.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On one of the trips to the construction site I try to imagine the end product.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I decided to miss commencement, something I thought I would never do. My diploma came in the mail. I was now Doctor.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

During high tide, a man protects his precious possession, his bicycle, from the corrosive salt water.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

In our village we saw a young paralyzed boy who scooted around the dusty ground. We decided to have a wheel chair made for him. Here, Saidi surprises him with his gift. The next year he started school for the first time.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The apprentice from the town of Masasi. They lived in Jome for 5 months.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

One of the workers left me a monkey in our R&R banda. He said, “I thought Mama [me] owed like it”



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I wondered how engaging this monkey would be. He was a scared little fellow and I wanted him released.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Still not released, I wondered why this monkey was still tied up a few days later.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We thought the logical thing to do was to drill for water.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Chapter 5: We had unexpected visitors in Jome who stumbled across our site during their African adventure. I enjoyed the conversation in my native language.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Travelers sometimes were confused by the fork in the road. We decided to make a sign. The sign was stolen a few months later.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi, Mzee Ally, and James's crew stand on the shell of the first floor.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

One of the treasures of Jome is its protected mangrove forest.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Characters in the book: Bangi, Mr. Stone, and Bima



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

When Mzee Ally arrived from Dar, he first went to his sisters in a nearby village. After a few days he decided that he rather live in the tent in Jome while we finished construction of his house.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi and I went in hajj while construction continued. This picture was taken at the Prophet's mosque in Medina.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Here Saidi and I are pictured in the mall in medina, Saudi Arabia.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The village of Kijiwini is north of Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Kijiwini has a wonderful beach which has sparked interest by foreign investors.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On our first wedding anniversary we decided to head south to Mtwara.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

In town, "Saidi Truck" finds us a rooster to replace one that was found to be impotent.





After returning from hajj, even though the second floor is about finish, we expected more progress.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi coming down the steps after inspecting to determine how much work was done while we were away for a month. He rightfully calculated that our cement was stolen.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our future bedroom.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our future veranda.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Posing next to a bedroom window.



Mzee Ally soon with his first bride after returning to Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My sister-in-law and me. Unfortunately, the marriage only lasted 6 months.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The abandon bore hole from our water drilling attempt.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Construction of Mzee Ally's house.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After realizing that we were robbed of cement while we were travelling, we expedited the delivery of window metal security grills.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

To this day we still buy water by the bucket for some uses. Here the water delivery guys bring water. Bima supervises the filling of the plastic water tank.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We replaced all the cement that was stolen and took a more active role in monitoring. All empty bags were counted after each day's work.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Men construct the skeleton of mud houses, which is made from tree branches. Women fill the spaces with mud, mixing water and soil. Women take a break from the construction of Mzee Ally's house to eat lunch.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

After the cement thief caper, Bima became our security guard. Here we caught Bima sleeping and he said, "I am on the job."



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

It took more than 9 months to dig through stone using manual tools.  
The end products were our septic and water cistern.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

*Mwani* (seaweed), a cash crop, drying on the beach.





At low tide, a *mwani* farmer shows me her farm and explains the process.



Saidi, assists a *mwani* farmer by carrying her *mwani* ropes.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

With James's crew gone, the roof guys are rotated in.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

*A mwani farmer bags his harvest.*



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mzee Ally's house near completion. Still need windows and doors.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Roof tiles, trucked in from Dar, begin making house look like a house.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Near the end of the roofing and they tell us they are 35 tiles short.  
We bought more than their estimate.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our first generator that served us so well. On the rare occasion when power tools were needed, we transported the generator from our rented home in Lindi town to the construction site in Jome.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Interior wall finishing begins and the beginning of a long relationship with our mason.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Workers supplemented the food we bought with the fish they bought. Sun drying fish lengthened the shelf life. When their Jome job was done, they often returned home with a box of dried fish.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I was amazed at how the roof *fundis* balanced themselves in the roof.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mzee Ally after picking up *mwani* from the ocean. We often could see him early morning from our veranda window. He did not have a *mwani* farm but picked up the loose floating *mwani*. We could not convince him that being I the ocean alone was dangerous.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

During one of our site visits. Exterior wall finishing begins.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We enjoyed our beach side banda during our site visits.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Workers break for lunch.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Roofers eating lunch. They always invite me to join, knowing I would not.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Bima, 'Juma Choo' and roof *fundis* share a typical meal of ugali.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

In my village, I try to imitate a woman who was grinding rice.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Even welding on site took a few days. Now it was time to lift the tower that would hold our water tank.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On our way back to town we meet up with Bint Masud, whom Saidi calls his sister, returning back to the village from farming



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Saidi moved some furniture in the guest room. With the septic not done we did not sleep there often. Pictured are the carpenters who were installing shaving down wood doors. It was about that time I told Saidi what my cousin Bobby would say, “measure twice and cut one”. Our carpenters measures once and cut, then cut, then cut.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our mason with one of his helpers after tiling was finished. We lost about 10% of the tiles due to breakage during transport. Oh was so tired of the tile phase. It was so difficult to find replacement tiles as all had to be ordered. Thankfully, I was the one that did all the measurements and ordering so we were rarely short. I only could blame myself if we were.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Finishing touches: the first solar panels go up.

Living in Jome

On the homestead





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Moving day!! Our approach to Jome.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We thought we were done but our saga of getting power while living off the grid continues. Pictured is our first attempt which I call our little power station: a controller, change over switch, inverter, and batteries.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Bangi (in the red hat), who we called “Mr. Gazelle”, trapped wild gazelle. Pictured here with one of our other temporary workers. The meat supplemented his family diet and was sometimes sold.



“Juma Choo” and Musa lived 6 months in Jome. They manually dug through stone to make the holes for our septic and water cistern.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

After failing at drilling for ground water, we turned to rain water harvesting. Pictured, Saidi climbed down into the water cistern thinking job well done. Little did he know at the time that the tank would be plagued by disappointing leaks. If we plug the leaks, the cistern can solve much of our water problems.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After moving to Jome, our neighbor girls carry one of our chickens that they had kept for us to Jome.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

One of Jome buildings we constructed: the mud house of my brother-in-law. However, it was equipped with an inside toilet and later solar lighting. In his compound he dries *mwani* (seaweed). He liked to be self-sufficient and the money he earned by selling the *mwani* helped him buy fish.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Another building we constructed in Jome. It has since been improved with cement wall finishing and floor. It is also solar lit. Originally built for my mother-in-law, it became a home for helpers. Sijoli, and then later Ali occupied it.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

This structure was built with the idea that whoever took care of our goats could live in it. It had been occupied by 2 different workers. Bangi moved his second wife in it temporarily. It is also the site of the much of Bangi's family woes. It now is empty, of 2-legged mammals anyway.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After Mzee Ally moved into the house, the tent was moved next to the workers' banda and was used for storage.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

This banda is off limits to everyone but Saidi and I. It sits on the beach and we use it to relax. Sometimes we used it as an office. Contracts with workers were signed in this banda.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The inside of our beachside banda.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The first day of Ramadan, the Muslim fasting month, during my first Ramadan in Jome, I capture this sunrise.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Until we found away for me to get Internet inside the house, this is the only place I could pick up a weak signal. Saidi built a banda there for me that I called my Internet banda.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Big Bird, the alpha rooster.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

This daladala is the only affordable motorized transport to many rural villages. People coming to my village will get dropped off and then walk 3 km.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

A local, but somewhat dangerous, handmade toy typically used by boys in my village.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Bint Masud decided to leave our village where she was living with her son and to move in with her daughter 26 km away. Unknowing to us, she travelled by foot and on the back of people's bicycle on back roads to reach her destination. Pictured, we visit her at her daughter's home. Because we did not know we had not seen her for awhile, she said "I thought you dumped me." She later sent a message to us to buy her burial shroud as she only wants it from us.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

A family of from the Sukuma tribe, the largest tribe in Tanzania. We bought our first cows from the husband and father pictured here.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our cat and first occupant of our house. She is part of multi-layer security system that projects us from all kind of critters.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mom sheep with her baby shortly after giving birth. Unfortunately one day all our sheep vanished.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Typically our goats give birth to twins every 7 to 8 months.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

I was not familiar with the rock hyrax. They live in the rocks along the beach and are our neighbors. They usually are seen early morning or near sunset.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We hired our Sukuma friends to transport our cows to their new home. Due to lack of water in Jome we decided to sell our cows. They walked through the night leaving Jome at 5:00 PM. Pictured, they are close to their new home more than 12 hours later.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Captured close to sunset in front of our house.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

An ex-colleague donated money to buy English text books from each student in Ruvu Primary School in my village. Pictured are a teacher, a parent, the headmaster, and a student from each of the 7 levels.



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# **THE BLACK MZUNGU**

The sign in front of our tiny office of the foundation.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Women returning home at high tide to the village of Mchinga 2 after gathering firewood.

A photograph showing four young students in white shirts and dark skirts walking away on a dirt path. They are carrying large plastic buckets on their heads. The path is flanked by dense green foliage. The scene is captured in the early morning light, with long shadows cast on the ground.

# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Ruvu Primary School students at 7:00 AM going to school. They carry water to school to contribute to the porridge program.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

This Monitor Lizard (kenge), managed to dig under our wired fence and invade our chicken house. The chickens alerted us to the predator. He had trouble finding its way out of the compound and was cornered by Saidi. However, he was not neutralized until he had consumed seven eggs (pictured). Replacing the wired fence with the brick wall halted these attacks.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

A gas exploration ship off close by. There is lots of speculation in the area on how the discovery of gas will change people lives, or ours



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

One of our roosters eyes this chameleon.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

This repeater (cell signal booster) was one of the biggest quality of life changes we made. With it, I am connected to the world from inside the house.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On the top of our water tank tower is the external antenna that helps magnify mobile signals from a variety of service providers.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Translated as “vegetable beach”, *mboga pwani* is a green vegetable that grows next to the ocean. It is prepared by boiling in water 3 times and dumping then refreshing the water in between to extract the salt. It tastes like green beans. Pictured, I pick it with my neighbor girls.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My brother-in-law had the great idea of fishing with his friend. Pictured here with another senior, they try out his new fishnet that he asked us to buy for hm. It did not last long; we then heard he rented his fishnet t fishermen in the village. He asked us to buy another one and we declined, suspecting he was being used.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Sijoli, translating to “I do not care” in Swahili with a mother goat that just gave birth.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

This venomous green mamba was lurking between the two back doors. Thankfully, Saidi spotted it before grabbing the outer metal door.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

President Obama and the First Lady visited Dar es Salaam. Most Tanzanians were proud and followed the visit. Streets of Dar were decorated with these welcoming posters.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

On another visit to see Bint Masud she shows me how to weave.





## THE BLACK MZUNGU

I do not know if it was selective memory; but, Said did not tell me until we returned home from town, “Oh, I forgot to tell you there is a rat in the car.” It took a few days until it was neutralized. I am usually more disturbed about rats than snakes.



Another traditional Sukuma family. When we are looking to buy a large number of goats, sheep, or cows we first call our Sukuma contacts.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After shopping in town.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Waking us up in the middle of the night our chickens alerted us to this civet, a nocturnal predator, killed 3 chickens before we could stop the massacre.



Construction of the brick compound wall. We finally convinced Saidi it was a necessary investment. He now agrees.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

It took one hour to neutralize this 13 foot python near our house. He had just strangled one of our chickens and was angered by the disruption in its meal.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Walter, our first sheep, being taken to Ruvu for what we thought was Eid-ul-Adha (Muslims festival for the sacrifice).



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

We bartered away the Big Man for electrical service.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

A village mosque.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our chickens usually greet me when I leave the house wondering what I have for them. Big Bird will jump and take the food from my hand. It makes it difficult to eat outside as they will steal food to unsuspecting guests.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

This fresh water area is called Mgon'ya. People believe you must say "hodi, hodi, hodi" (may I come in? -3 times) before entering the area to prevent harm coming to you. It is believed that mzungus (European) spirits swim here. Villagers told a man not to take his cow there; when he did, the cow disappeared.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

People from 3 villages come to retrieve water for home use and do laundry nearby.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mwamba, a local businessman from our village brings us a Red Snapper. He called us a little bit earlier to tell us there was Red Snapper that we might want to buy. He delivered to our house on his motorcycle.



Our goats returning home in the late afternoon. Several were pregnant.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our neighbor spotted this Mozambique Spitting Cobra in the brush near outside our compound. Its venom can blind you.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The roads of Tanzania are quite hazardous for travelers. Buses and trucks speed through villages on narrow highways.





## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our dogs: Mchanga and Jiwe. They patrol the compound at night. Before the brick wall, they would dig under the fence and steal fishermen's clothes from the beach. They would often chase hyenas who roamed too close. Now all they can do is bark.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Getting mail is always a delight. Back in the States it was a hassle as I only received a box full of bills and junk mail.



Shortly after we finished the brick wall the chickens also got a new house.



This Black Mamba was lurking in the workers banda near the obscure door bell for our house. Our neighbor, Mrs. Gazelle, took care of it.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our chickens share their food with the masked weaver birds. The birds leave during farming time and create havoc for farmers. They return to Jome before the short rains.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

I capture a rainbow from our veranda.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Mother goat rests with her newborns minutes after giving birth.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Big Mama Junior with new chicks.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

My now abandon Internet Café is now used as for short getaways for our mzungu friends. But actually, they are born or raised in Africa.

A night scene in a forest. A person wearing a yellow shirt and dark pants is standing in the middle ground, illuminated by a light source. The foreground shows the side mirror of a dark-colored car. The background is filled with trees and dense foliage, mostly in shadow.

# THE BLACK MZUNGU

After Jome receives torrential rain while were in town, we wait for the rushing water to subside.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

Late at night we heard cries from one of our goat bandas. A 10-foot python strangled one pregnant goat and her daughter as her son watched helplessly.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The 10-foot python next to its carnage.



## THE BLACK MZUNGU

A green mamba that was lurking under the work-in-progress deck.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Young volunteers prepare donated dates in the foundation's office for the month of Ramadan.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Preparing rice in the mill for delivery to a villagers whose farms were ravaged by elephants.



# THE BLACK MZUNGU

The soupy mess after rains between Dar and Lindi.





# THE BLACK MZUNGU

Our helper, Ali, with newborns. He had to find where the Mom gave birth.

The End

For now