

Fiji 2019



Fiji

Viti Levu

Vanua Levu

Taveuni

Namena

Koro

Lau

Mamanuca

Bula

Savannas

Yalobi

Oct 14: Arrive Nadi Market & Grocery Store

Oct 16: Momi Battery Historical Park

Oct 18: Wainibuka Secondary School and Nayavi Village. We have returned to our beginnings. Wonderful day!

Oct 19 & 20: Two days at Colo-i-Suva Eco Resort.

Oct 21: Drive back to Denarau. Several stops along the way: Coral Coast Christian Camp (where we did training), ate lunch on the beach at Votia (across from Police Station), and stopped at the Sigatoka Market.

Oct 22: Rest day at Sheraton Villas and swimming on beach

Oct 23: Snorkeling adventure to Savala Island. Fun day!

Oct 24: Garden of the Sleeping Giant

Oct 25: Sigatoka Sand Dunes

Oct 26: Koroyanitu National Park. Hike with our guide, Melissa, to waterfalls from Abaca Village. Rod's 2nd favorite day of entire trip.

Oct 27: Hang out at Sheraton Villas

Oct 15: Ba, Ba Market, A.D. Patel School. Chandra's for lunch. Very Good.

Oct 17: Rise Beyond the Reef

Oct 17: Shlop "n' Save Curry Lunch in Tavua (very good)

Oct 17: Wanawani Beach Resort (Really Nice!)

Oct 18: Tailevu Hotel overnight. Site of first kiss.

Oct 16: Natawa

Oct 17: Lautoka

Oct 18: Suva

Oct 19: Nadi

Oct 20: Kororua National Park

Oct 21: Sigatoka

Oct 22: Savaneta Beach

Oct 23: Yalobi

Oct 24: Deuba

Oct 25: Komave

Oct 26: Nakavu

Oct 27: Pacific Harbour

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OCTOBER

2019

14 Arrive in Fiji!

Columbus Day (USA)
Thanksgiving (Canada)

MONDAY Got rental cars.

Checked in, Complimentary breakfast, got to room
To downtown Nadi market & Grocery store. Bought Fiji
Bitter!

Thunderstorm during the night.

Heineken Club: Burgers Great Band, Good prices

15 To Port Denarau



Waiting in the airport terminals. We do that a lot...





We arrived, all smiles and anticipation, at Nadi, Fiji about 5:30 a.m. after about a 10-hour flight. Ugh...



And we found the beach and Fiji's warm waters.

Our room wasn't ready, so we got a free breakfast to include champagne! We ate and drank to our hearts' content. And watched tweetie birds, hung out, and pondered life.



And then we got our room and bravely drove to the Nadi Market, actually parked without any major difficulties and bought lots of fruit for the coming days.



And a few more pictures from Day 1



Friends with the right attitude



Heineken Club: Burgers Great Band, Good prices

15 To Ba! Bought pencils!

TUESDAY Toast, eggs, Fruit

To Ba market, A.D. Patel, Chandra's for lunch very good!

Very Hot & Humid, walked ~3.4 miles

When we got back we walked to Sheraton Resort to see beach.

Cheese, crackers, fruit, veggies

16 Rain

Rod left his shoes on the beach, and found

After an excellent breakfast where the cooks labored for minutes over a hot stove and cut papaya (1/2 papaya per person) and pineapple, we headed off for Ba, where Marguerite taught at A.D. Patel School for her first Peace Corps year.



The streets of Ba:
A lot more people
and shops, but the
streets are the
same and many of
the old buildings
are still there. We
walked these very
streets hundreds
of times 40 years
ago.





Half the population in Ba is Muslim.



Marguerite turned on her best Hindi and negotiated a good deal in Indian sweets.



We took a long walk from Ba town to A.D. Patel School. The Ba countryside hasn't really changed that much.



A D PATEL COLLEGE, BA SCHOOL VISION

"Educating in thoughts, words and deeds"

SCHOOL MISSION

"To achieve human excellence by fostering values and providing education for life whereby students become worthy and exemplary citizens of Fiji and the world"



At A.D. Patel School, we got a tour of the buildings (there was only the one long one on the previous page when Marguerite taught there), and Rod got to stop and talk with the Fijian kids.



Then, after a long walk back to Ba Town, we ate at Chands Restaurant. Exotic Indian, European, Fijian & Chinese Cuisine. I think we all had Indian curry and it was delicious!





After our lunch, we drove back up the hill to where Marguerite's flat was her first year in Fiji. The lower right half of this building is where she lived. The door was at the left front of the car parked in the car porch. While only a year, a lot of her (and Rod's) life was lived here. It was rather happy-sad to visit again...but mostly happy. Many wonderful memories.

And a few more random pictures to fill out the page...



A.D. Patel's Lallie – used for signaling class changes, lunch, end of day, etc. Just like a bell in a school. A boy comes out and beats on it with the Lallie sticks, just like a drum, but much cooler.



Cheese, crackers, fruit, veggies

16 Rain

Rod left his shoes on the beach, and found Head West & South them in the massage hut.

WEDNESDAY

First we went to Momi where the Allies built a defense position during WWII. Very interesting. Raining. Then we headed to Natadola Beach. Took a wrong turn & ended up in village of Sogosana. Met Gunia & Jarji & had Bu. Then to the beach. R, M, M & N took a walk on beach 1 hour. E had a massage Blaine swam. Intercontinental for lunch. Met Miriama Sarika (Lomai village) ate in room for dinner. Rise Beyond the Reef \$46 Gifts!

17

Paki-Paki-Pukiki on beach!



Momi Battery Historical Park Visitor Information Centre

Officially Opened by
The Honorable Faiyaz Siddiq Koya
Minister for Industry, Trade, Tourism,
Lands & Mineral Resources

24 August, 2017

Funded by the Government of the Republic of Fiji



Sensitive Plants. Touch them and they shrivel away.



The King's Gun







Who let Nora play with that gun?

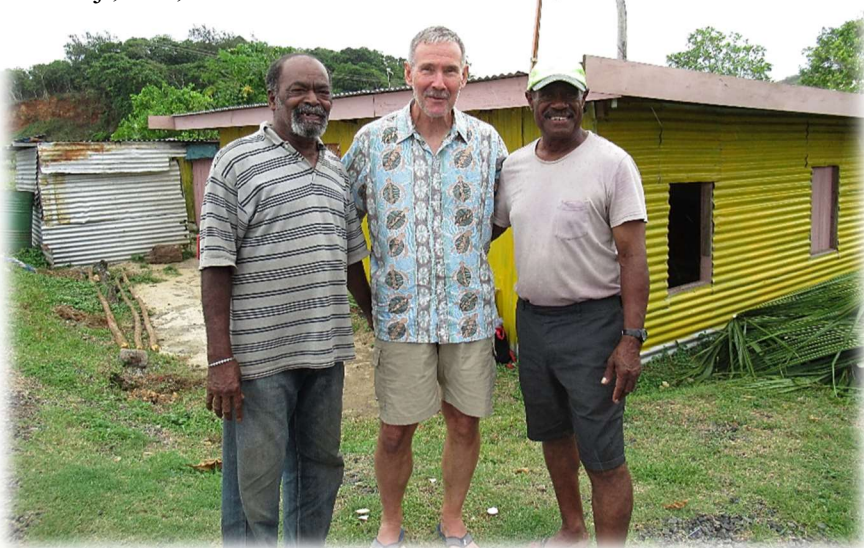


After Momi battery, we *shot* off to Natadola Beach. Natadola Beach is supposed to be the very best beach on Viti Levu proper. It is great for swimming and the snorkeling on each end of the beach is supposed to be very good (at high tide). We were there at low tide, but since it was raining we weren't all that excited about swimming and snorkeling anyway. Megan, Nora, Marguerite and Rod took a long walk to the north end while Blaine took a swim and Edy got a massage.



But first, following the GPS instructions, we got a little lost and wound up in Sanisani Village where we met Sunia and Jorji. They offered us a bu (green coconut to drink) for \$5.00. Since we were sort of trespassing into their village, we figured that was a fair price. We got to talking (Rod impressed them by speaking with them in Fijian) and we spent a good 15 minutes just talking. They even invited us into the village, but since we didn't have any yagona for a sevus-sevu and we sort of wanted to go swimming, we passed. But said we would return again someday. They, like most Fijians, were just about as friendly and kind as any human beings could be.

Jorji, Rod, Sunia





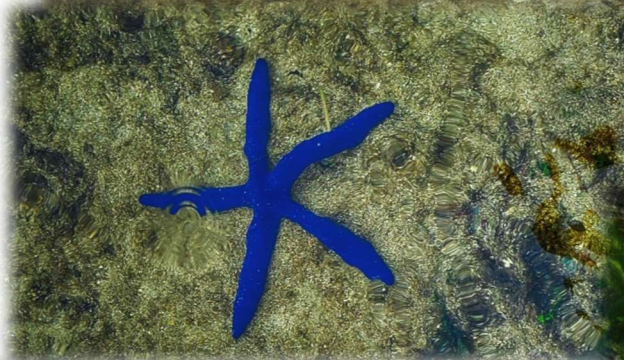
After we drank the bu, Sunia cut out the young coconut pulp for us to eat. It is not quite as good as mature coconut, but the experience made it pretty tasty anyway.

We said goodbye and promised to try to visit again someday (which we would love to do, with some yagona as a sevu-sevu). Jorji gave us directions to Natadola Beach. We passed a mosque (which seemed rather out of place), freshly planted tapioca stems, some cows in the road and two beautiful herons of some kind. We took one more wrong turn and finally found the beach.





On our walk on the beach, we found blue and brown fast-moving starfish, shells for souvenirs, big and very little hermit crabs, and tranquility.



We got home and had fruit, salad, cheese, salami (or some such thing), crackers, wine, rum and beer for dinner. Yum! The cooks cooked and the lazy people snoozed and read.



A few pictures that didn't make the first cut...







Blaine swam. Intercontinental for lunch. Met in Miriama Sarika (Lomai Village) ate in room for dinner. Rise Beyond the Reef 446 Gifts!
17 Raki - Raki - Pumice on beach!
THURSDAY Left Denarau about 9:15. Had to wait for our "gevu" (vuvu). Got gas in Ba. Went on to Tavua and had an excellent curry lunch at Shop N Save. There was a great bakery there too! Went into the Supermarket. Got some "Breakfast Biscuits" and toothpaste. Rod & Blaine got beer! Beautiful drive to Rakiraki. m, n, m, a took walk on beach. Rod was tired but 4 of us swam in the pool later. Happy Hour on the deck, dinner in Restaurant.
18 Nayavu - Had Breakfast at Rakiraki - Included with lodgings

Breakfast of Champions: eggs and, yes, lots and lots of fruit.



Today, we stopped at rise beyond the reef. A non-profit organization that helps to empower Fijian women living in the villages to make their own way by helping them to make and then to sell goods. We talked with Semi, who started rise beyond the reef in 2013 after living in Seattle Washington for 19 years. A great man. We stopped at Tavua and had some wonderful authentic curry. We then drove on to where we at an incredible resort called Wananavu Beach Resort on the North shore of Viti levu. Definitely a luxury place. Below: buying stuff at Rise Beyond the Reef.





Semi told us all about Rise Beyond the Reef. He has several people working there and several women making things to sell and raise money. A really neat enterprise and tremendously good for the locals.

Not to brag, but since I am anyway, it was really good to be able to speak Fijian. Once folks knew I could speak, many warmed right up to us and I think it helped us get a pretty good experience throughout our trip. At least, that is my story and "au sa kabita na noqu italanoa."

We also saw a just-born-today colt and got a picture of the hills surrounding Rise Beyond the Reef.



After our visit to Rise Beyond the Reef, we dodged the many cane trucks on the road, stopped at Tavua (where the ladies put on sulus so their knees would not be exposed), dodged traffic crossing the road, and had a very good curry lunch at the Shop 'n' Save.



And then we continued our trip to Wananavu Beach Resort, taking pictures along the way of beautiful beaches and big things in the road.



Wananavu Beach Resort: A great place to have happy hour right on the beach and a great dinner to cap off the day. Big day tomorrow: Wainibuka Secondary School and Nayavu Village – Rod's and Marg's home for two years.







but 4 of us swam in the pool later. Happy Hour on the deck, dinner in Restaurant,

18

Nayavu - Had Breakfast at Rakiraki - Included with lodging.
FRIDAY Visited school - Tour & tea. Pouring Rain! To Village Sevusevu
saw old students. Baba - Now turaga ni kara. Apisalome - served
yagonga, Losalini served tea & Samu. Inia & Sai - Grandchildren
Sai & Atu. Wonderful day!
On to Tailivu Hotel ~ 4:30 Food was excellent! Rooms very local.
To Suva!

Start the day at Wananavu with beautiful views and a nice breakfast and then hit the road for Nayavu. And we had a visitor to help with our breakfast





Our drive south took us through more beautiful scenery, a lot of rain, very little sunshine, potholes, many villages and then to Wainibuka Secondary School and Nayavu Village – our homes away from home.

Our first visit was to the school. Wow! Has it changed! The picture below is of the only class building we had 40 years ago, except for two small classrooms made from bamboo that didn't survive the years. Rod's home rooms were the two on the right.

So many memories...





We presented our gifts to the School Manager: Calculators, technical drawing sets and \$200.00. And darned if he didn't present us with a nice plaque.



Careers in Computing
Network engineers - care for an organisation's technological 'nervous system' by ensuring that communication networks operate smoothly and efficiently for user and customers.
Computer Programmer - write, revise, test, debug and maintain the computer program that instruct computers how to carry out certain tasks.
Web/Internet engineers - develop web pages and interfaces for an organisation's external or internal websites.
Software developers - research, design, develop, and test software and system found in technology ranging from automobiles, to gaming system, to life saving medical equipment.



Rod's first house 40 years ago.
Still stands. It is now green.

On the tour of the computer room – Computer Room!? We see this sign. 40 years ago, there wasn't even electricity in this school or village.

Below are two pictures. On the left between Rod and Marg is Mrs. Avolonia (Lewaiwaca) Nacolaivalu. Avolonia was one of my students in Nayavu the first year. She passed her Fiji Junior exam! She is such a sweetheart and it was heart-warming to see her after all these years.

Avolonia's husband is the school manager: Nemani Nacolaivalu. He is wearing the blue shirt at bottom right. The principal is in the middle: Avikash Vinay Kumar.



Same house 40 years ago. Same girlfriend too 😊.





After Cyclone Winston, the Indian government helped rebuild the school. But the kids still wear the same green skirts as they did when we taught there.

After our visit to the school, we drove up the new cement driveway (as of last year) to where more of our students and friends were waiting. We presented our sevu-sevu and drank yaqona. Rod thought it was particularly good, others, not so much.



Above: Avisalome (one of Marguerite's students), Marguerite, Sai (Inia and Sai's granddaughter). Back: Rod, Inia (best friend in Nayavu 40 years ago) and his wife Sai. When we first got to the village Sai (Inia's wife) gave me a big long hug and kiss. She was very excited for us to be there. She was also a lot more talkative than she was 40 years ago.



Our Sevu-sevu speech to the Village of Nayavu

Vaka-turanga vua na I tau kei ni vale	To the head of the household
vei ira na tamata ni Nayavu	To the people of Nayavu
Ogo na yagonna lailai	Here is a small amount of yaqona.
Na Noda sevu-sevu ki na nomuni vale	Our sevu-sevu to your home
Vinaka vakalevu na sureti keimami ki Nayavu	Thank you for inviting us into Nayavu
Vinaka vakalevu na sureti keimami ki na nomuni itikotiko	Thank you for welcoming us into your home
Vosoti au. Au sega ni vinaka ena vosa vaka Viti	Please excuse me. I am not good at speaking Fijian.
Au sega ni vosa vake viti me vasagavulu yabaki.	I have not spoken Fijian for 40 years.
Ia, Au na vinakata me 'u tovolea	But I would like to try
Imatai e na vosa vaka viti, ka qai vakavalagi	First in Fijian and then in English
Vosoti au. Kevaka au vosa e dua na vosa cala	Please excuse me. If I speak an incorrect word.
Na yacaqu o rod	My name is Rod
Oqo na watiqu, na yacana ko Marguerite.	This is my wife, Marguerite.
E dua na vanua talei vei keda o Nayavu	Nayavu is very special to us
Me rua na yabaki, keirau a qasenivuli ena WJS ena vasagavulu na yabaki sa oti	For two years, we were teachers at WJS 40 years ago
Keirau a rarawa sara vakalevu ni biuti Nayavu	We were very sad when we had to leave Nayavu.
Keirau sa lesu tale vaka vulagi, Vata kei na itokani kei na matavuvale: o Blaine, na watina o Edy, o Megan kei o Nora (tacina Marguerite)	We have returned as visitors. With our friends and family: Blaine, his wife Edy, Megan and Nora (Marguerite's sister)
E totoka Sara na lesu mai ka raica na koro totoka oqo, Kei ira na tamata vinaka era bula eke	It is wonderful to return to see this beautiful village and the great people who live here.
Vinaka vakalevu na nomuni daulomasoli	Thank you for your hospitality



Losalini, another of Marguerite's students, made a nice snack for us.





Samu and Nemani. Samu was one of our students. He was also one of the boys that helped to carry my luggage the first day I arrived in Fiji 40 years ago. When we left on this trip, he could only hug us and leave. He was very upset to see us leave again; I think. He is a good man. The pictures right and below are of Bobo and Marguerite. Bobo was one of Marguerite's students in Form 1 (7th grade). He is now the village head man: Taraga ni Koro.







The story of Epeli Tabua (the big man in the center of the picture): Teachers in Fiji rotated supervising recesses the same way they do here in the states. It was my week to supervise. I was strolling about the school grounds with my usual pack of tagalong Form 1'ers (talk about absolutely super cute little kids! Form 1 Fijian kids are adorable!) We rounded the corner of a building and, bingo! For the life of me I cannot recall the offense, but there he stood, Epeli, in mid-offense – hosepipe-worthy – on my watch...and everyone in the playground witnessed it. I think he hit someone, a girl, his sister perhaps, likely not very hard, and knowing Lanieta, she probably started it. But there were strict rules – on my watch, anyway – about hitting each other, especially girls. It was a line I had drawn that simply could not be crossed: Master Rod does not allow hitting. Fijian boys tended to hit girls and sometimes it wasn't playful. I am not sure if it was a cultural thing or not, but I never once saw domestic violence in Nayavu Village, so I think it was just boys being boys or some such thing? Still, I had my rules.



Epeli Tabua 40 years ago

I could have turned my back and played ignorant – I was (still am) pretty good at that. But the witnesses also witnessed my witnessing of the event. I was stuck. “Epeli, come to the staff room with me please,” I ordered.

The Lali (hollow log that the Head Boy drummed to signal class changes) proclaimed an end to recess. Teachers walked out of the staff room as Epeli and I walked in. I borrowed a hosepipe – hosepipes were to Fijian schools what paddles were to schools when I was a kid – from one of the teachers that remained. I walked Epeli to my “desk” (just another student chair), leaned against it, folded my arms and asked, “Why did you do [whatever it was he did]?”

Silence. Nothing. Naught, but a squirming little boy, twisting himself so hard that I thought his bare feet were going to dig a hole into the floor. He stared at my feet, out the window, at the bookshelf, the other teachers, his eyes darting to each and every thing in that building except at me. “Epeli, I want you to look at me and tell me why you did that.” The other teachers were watching; I could feel them – Master Rod’s going to beat Epeli, the chief’s son. (That – beating the chief’s son – never crossed my mind, by the way, until the writing of this story. I wonder now if Seva – the chief – and I would have remained friends? But that didn’t enter into the equation, but Epeli, being my something of a little brother, did.) I felt the stares of the other teachers. No, this is between Epeli and me, not them. “Come with me outside,” I ordered the little boy.

I led Epeli to the far, bush-facing side of the school building. No windows, no way to see unless someone was trying to watch. I made sure no one was. Epeli leaned against the building. Now his bare feet WERE digging holes in the red soil. He pressed himself against the gray bricks, trying to pass himself into them, through them, to escape Master Rod, his dad's friend, his big brother.

Then something clicked, or had already clicked and was just making its way into my conscious. I wasn't going to hit this boy; I was going to offer him my hand. There was no reason to try to pry or beat a reason for his actions out of him. This kid was hurting: his brother, his dad's buddy, was going to cane him. He was already being tortured. That was enough. Resigned to our fate together, I asked him in my best Fijian, "Epeli, can you promise me that you will never do that again? Can I trust you?"

He looked at me with that little bit of moist hope in his eyes (eyes tell it all, don't they?). "Io, saka." (Yes, sir.)

"Lako. Iko gone tagane vinaka," (Go. Be a good boy) I believed him.

"Vinaka, saka." (Thank you, sir). Epeli ran off to his next class and I stood there for a few minutes letting the moisture in my own eyes dry before I went back to the staff room.

Interestingly, this reminds me of the time I went fishing with my dad when I was five. I first went solo, made a big mess of things – a spanking-worthy mess, in fact, as five-year old boys are prone to do – and THEN with dad. I ended that story with these words: sometimes when a little boy crosses the line, rather than giving him a whippin', you offer him your hand and pray that he takes it.

The next year I was the Form 3 and 4 math teacher. Marguerite was with me that year. She taught science. The best student in both of our Form 3 classes was, yep, you guessed it, Epeli. He was already a good boy, but now he was an exemplary student – the year before he had struggled academically. A switch had been flipped. Epeli had taken someone's hand – probably several, knowing his parents and his village – and I would like to think that at least one of those hands was mine.



Epeli's wonderful family: Back left: Seva and his wife Paulina. Middle Right: Epeli. Front left: Lanietta.

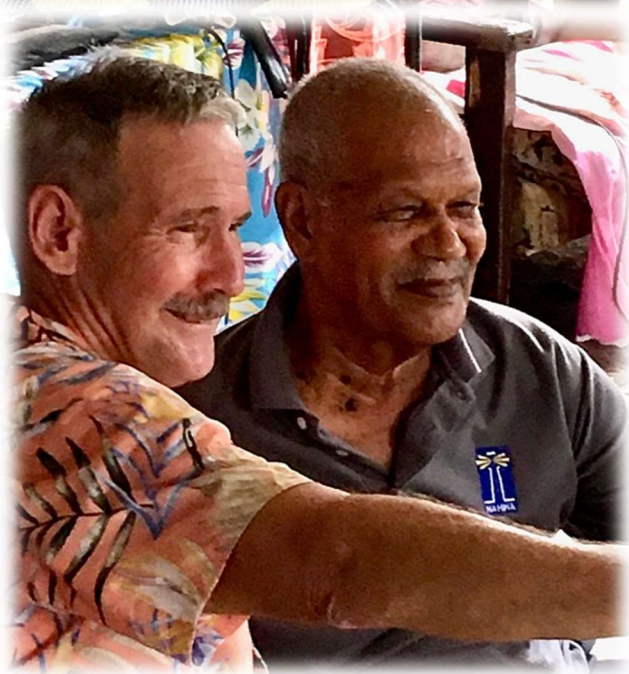


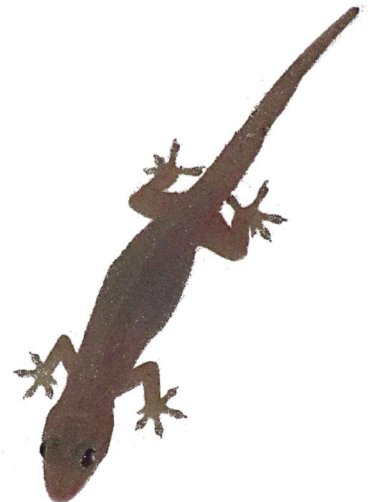
And no, I have never been able to cross my legs in that easy way the Fijians do. I don't bend that way.

Left: Inia's sister in orange. Inia's grandson, Atu, between Marguerite and Nora.



Sitting around the tanoa (wooden bowl from which yaqona is served).







Computer geniuses







Nayavu Village

We bid “moce vaka lailai” (goodbye for a little while) with a promise to return in the coming years. We will, God willin’ and the creek don’t rise. We had a great trip and it was wonderful to see our old students and friends. Time had stood still for us, I do think, and returning 40 years later was happy-sad. Happy to see our village and school still there, both thriving, with our students now the leaders of the community. Sad because, well, I guess you can never really go home again; things change whether you want them to or not. We will miss the friends who have passed: Seva, Paulina, Lanieta, Nanise, principals Mo and Qele, Khalik and all the others. But we will return to those who have continued the good name of Wainibuka Secondary School and Nayavu Village, Fiji (Inia & Sai, Samu, Bobo, and others)...and the little ones who continue our journeys for us.



That evening, we went on to Tailevu and the Tailevu Hotel. It was at this hotel, nearly 41 years ago, that Rod made his “move” and kissed Marguerite while we were both sitting on the steps to the hotel. A re-enactment of that first kiss and the steps.



Dinner at the Tailevu Hotel was very good and we were the only customers in the whole place! Talk about first class treatment!



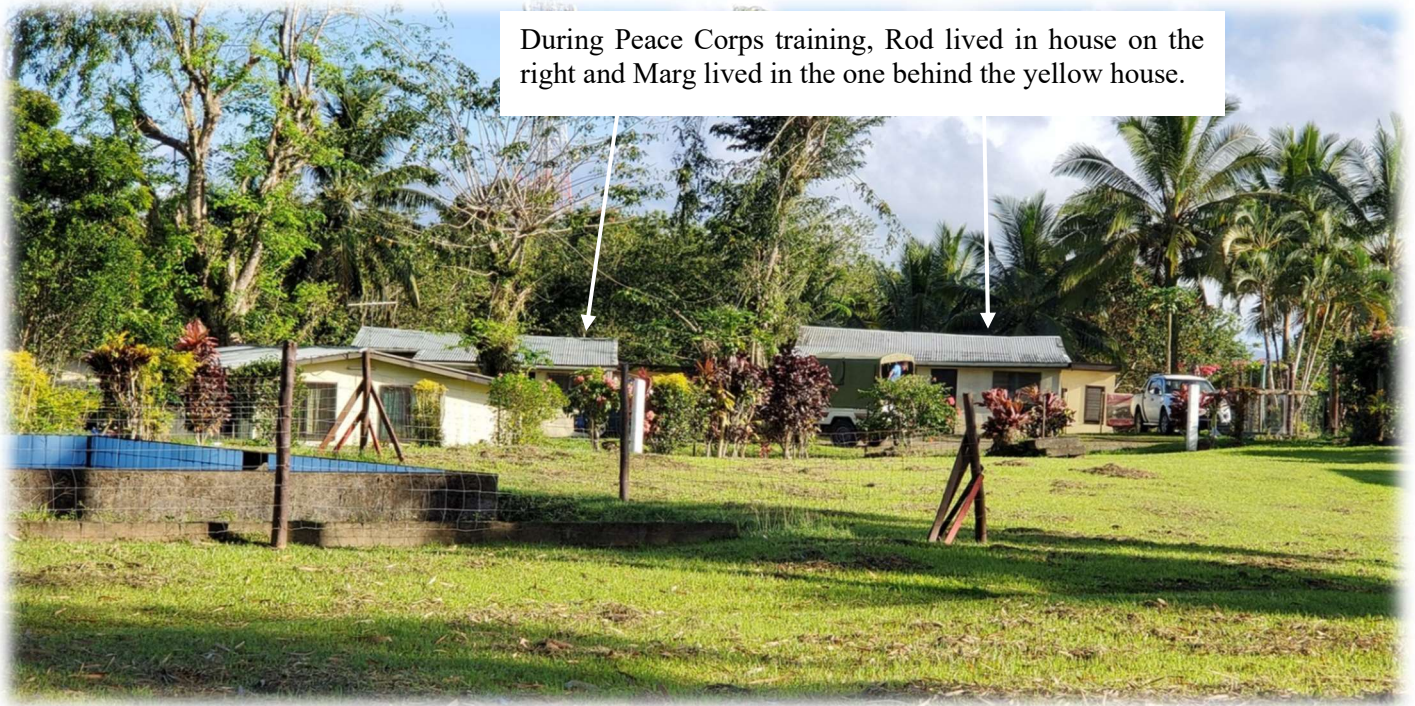
Upgrade +
Colo-i-Suva Travelocity 7472049165763 \$350 Flex Perks 10/19-21 **19**
To Suva! Wana for lunch. MHCC - Shopping. Bought T-Shirts in Jack's SATURDAY
Lunch @ Wan @! Back to Colo-i-Suva for Happy Hour. We went to bed! No
dinner. Very tired.



Morning at the Tailevu Hotel.



During Peace Corps training, Rod lived in house on the right and Marg lived in the one behind the yellow house.



Tailevu really isn't that much to write home about, but our stay was nice enough and there were no bed bugs 😊. It does have a pretty view over the river.

On to Suva and Colo-i-Suva Eco Resort.





At the Fiji Museum in Suva: The rudder of the HMS Bounty. The only part of the ship that has survived.





The Tabua (whale's tooth) was given to Marguerite and Rod by the people of Nayavu Village when we ended our Peace Corps work. We also gave a Tabua to the village then as well. We were very honored to have received this Tabua.

TABUA—CEREMONIAL WHALE TEETH

Na tabua sa i koya na bati ni tovuto. Na lewe ni bati ni tovuto e vakatokai tale ga me tabua se aivori mai na 'ivory' vakavalagi. Qo na ka vulavula kaukaua e lewe ni bati. E dau yau mareqeti na aivori, koya a buli kina e vica na tabua mai na aivori ni bati ni elevadi.

Eda sa okata na bati ni tovuto me iyau ka yacana raraba na tabua. E sa vakawa e na wa magimagi na muana ruarua ka dau tuberi me kamunaga e na veiqravi vakavanua. E dau vakawa tale ga na tabua e na wa tali e na vau se voivoi. Era dau tube tabua na turaga salavata kei na kena itovo kei na vosa vakaturaga. E vakabauti ni waqawaqa ni kalouvu na tabua ka dau yau voli ga ni turaga ni vanua e liu.

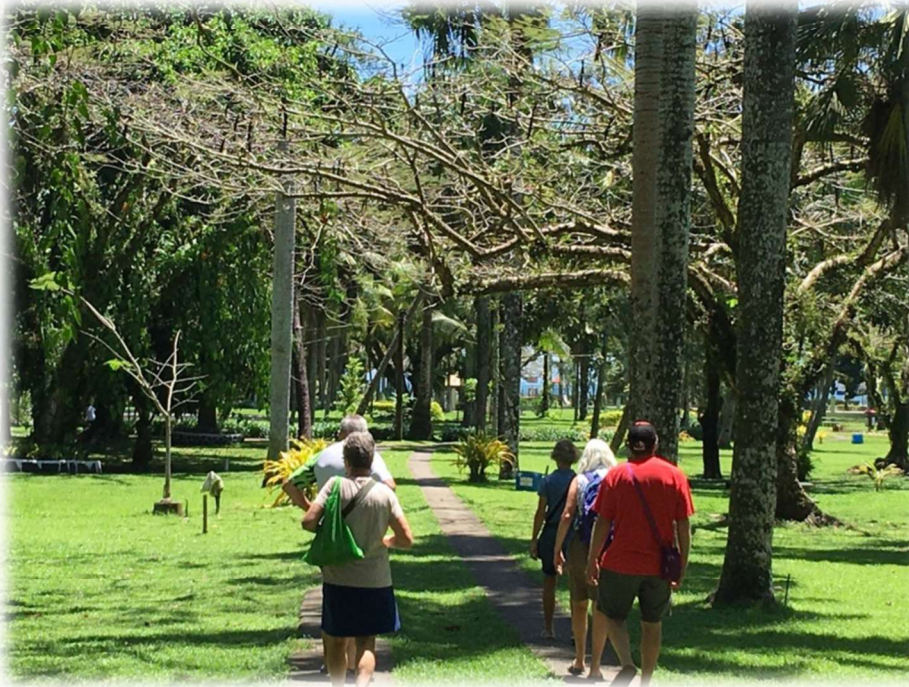
'Tabua' are formed from the teeth of the sperm whale (*Physeter microcephalus*). The teeth themselves are also known as ivory. In Fijian, ivory is referred to as 'aivori' or 'tabua'. It is off-white in colour and hard. As ivory used to be of great value to Fijians, a few tabua for ceremonial use were also made from the elephant tusk and walrus tusk.

Whale's teeth are valuable items of wealth and referred to as tabua but, when presented, they take on a unique label depending on the purpose of the ceremony. Both ends of the tabua are tied with magimagi, the coconut sinnet cord. The cord can also be made from pandanus leaves or from the bark of the mangrove hibiscus plant. The offering of tabua is carried out during a traditional Fijian presentation. It is presented by men and recited with specific mannerisms and language styles. It is believed that the tabua embodies the ancestral gods and are the valuables of chiefs.



Suva







Wan-Q Restaurant was our favorite place to eat 40 years ago when we made it to Suva. Well, the restaurant is still there but it is not the same; it seems to have gone down hill a bit. But it was still worth stopping and having lunch...I guess. Probably won't go back, but it was worth one more stop.



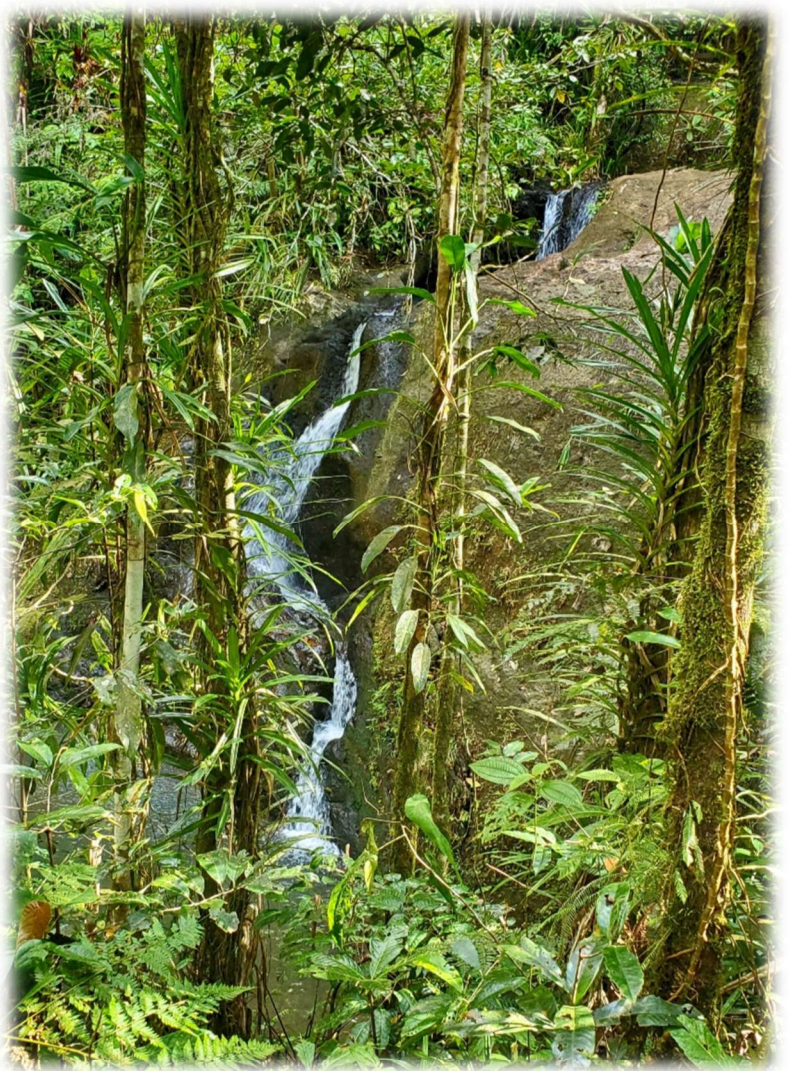
Colo-i-Suva! Megan, Edy & me went to Church at Contemporary Methodist. Very hot, a nice marama gave us a fan. There were lots of \$100 in the SUNDAY offering! Then we went to the Stone Market - Handicrafts near the Holiday Inn. Took a taxi both ways! much easier! Had lunch @ market. Megan got us some lemon iced tea. Very refreshing! Had lunch at the market. Quiche from a frenchman. In the evening went to Happy Hour (on us) then had dinner @ restaurant. I drank too much & spoke lots Fijian! I was hot at night! only fan!



At Colo-i-Suva we stayed in three "bures" on the lake. They were really bures in the traditional sense, but they were very nice, but no air conditioning. Still the fan worked pretty well.

After the ladies went to church, we took a hike in Colo-i-Suva Park.



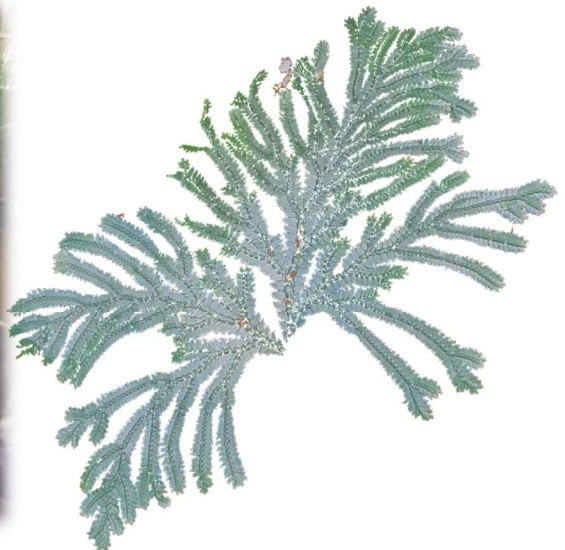






Then we all got in one car, Blaine driving and Rod in the way back, and made our way back to the hotel for happy hour. Megan had to open the gate at the trailhead to let the car out.

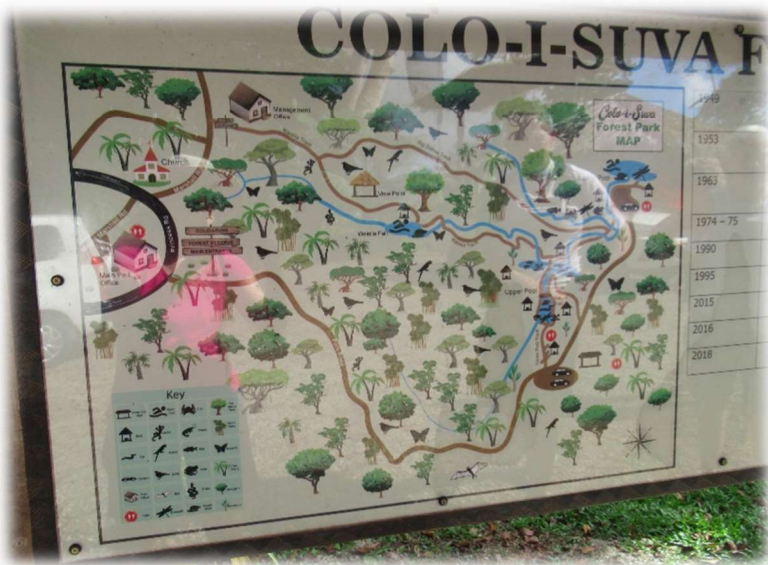
Happy birthday (tomorrow) to Megan.





NOT!! A heated pool!! Brrrrrrrr



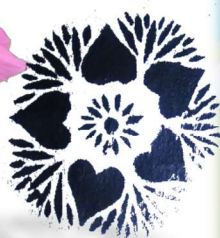


21 Megan's Birthday Stopped @ a bakery to get food for lunch
 Head back to Nadi! Had breakfast at Colo-i-Suva. Drove to
 MONDAY Coral Coast Christian Camp! Took a long time to find a
 place for lunch. Stopped at a very exclusive resort & paid! Found
 a beautiful beach @ Korolevu Police Station. Met a woman & her
 grandchild named Eta. Lots of nice beaches after that! Stopped
 at Sigatoka Dunes, but it closed at 4:00 right when we got
 there. Then we went to Sigatoka market, handicrafts & fabric.
 22 R & B got beer, then home to Nadi.
 Day of Rest. Went to beach at Sheraton Hotel. Beach

Happy Birthday to Megan!



Goodbye Colo-i-Suva. Back into the cars for a drive up the Coral Coast to Denarau.



We stopped at the Coral Coast Christian Camp. We did some PC training here as well 40 years ago. This is the spot (on the beach) of the real first kiss, where Dick Johnson, Marguerite and Rod were walking on the beach when the clock struck 12 AM on January 1, 1979. Marguerite gave Dick and I each a little kiss for the New Year.



Blaine filling in for Dick.



Megan gets a birthday kiss from two very handsome men.





We drove on from the Coral Coast Christian Camp looking for a place to eat. We found a nice place just across the street from the police station in Warwick, Fiji. (Funny name for a Fijian town.)



And adorable little girl (Eta) and her grandmother (Eta) happened along. We chatted a bit...as is our way.





Below: Sometimes in life, it is important to contemplate... nay, to become one with..the coconut. We cannot ignore this calling anymore than a salmon can ignore the upstream pull of the river; the eaglet can ignore the need to spread its wings for the first time from a lonely perch to commence its journey of exploration. No, the contemplation of coconut is often a once in a lifetime event and far too often we are never called by coconut. When called, we must heed.



We stopped in Sigatoka. Not sure this guy liked having his picture taken. We chatted up (in Fijian, of course) the lady to the left and finally bought a few roti with curry wraps from her.

While the ladies shopped Blaine and Rod had a beer...as is our way.



We made it back to Denarau where Blaine and Rod got all gussied up, and celebrated Megan's birthday at the Creperie where we had crepes, Fiji Biter and wine.

Now far be it from the author of this document to editorialize, but that (below) is some hot stuff!





there. Then we went to Sigatoka, market, handicrafts & fabric

22 R & B got beer. Then home to Nadi.

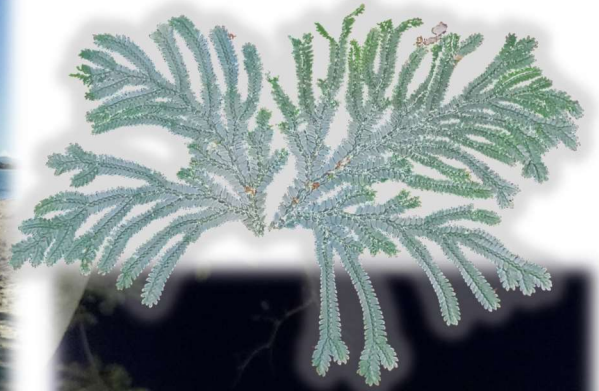
TUESDAY Day of Rest. Went to beach at Sheraton Hotel. Beautiful day. Swam in ocean & pools. R, N, m & MA had cheese & crackers for lunch then walked to the marina & shopped. Rod went home! Got some T-shirts for Ben & Drew. Changed \$! Good rate. Walked back. Had Happy Hour in the room then back to Hieneken House for dinner. (N paid for drinks). Played game!

23 Edy's Birthday

Grabbing trip. Ohh. Day 1. 0. Miller. 0.130. 0.130. 0.130.



A down day with few pictures. Swimming on the beach, long walks, beer, etc. Not a bad day to just hang out.







23 Edy's Birthday
WEDNESDAY Snorkeling trip, Oolala. Picked up @ Villas ~ 9:30. Boat ride to Savala's. 1 hour boat ride to small island north east of Nadi. Then 1.5 hours of snorkeling followed by lunch, then free time. → Boat ride back. After showering, to Sheraton Hotel Restaurant via for dinner. Toes in the sand. Food was expensive & heavy!

24 Stopped @ New Farmers market on the way.



Happy Birthday to Edy!!!



Oolala
All
Aboard!







A sliver of
land
approacheth



YN



Birthday songs and lunch. Chomp time...







Surrounded by big, strong, handsome men. 😊







A
great
crew
and a
great
time!

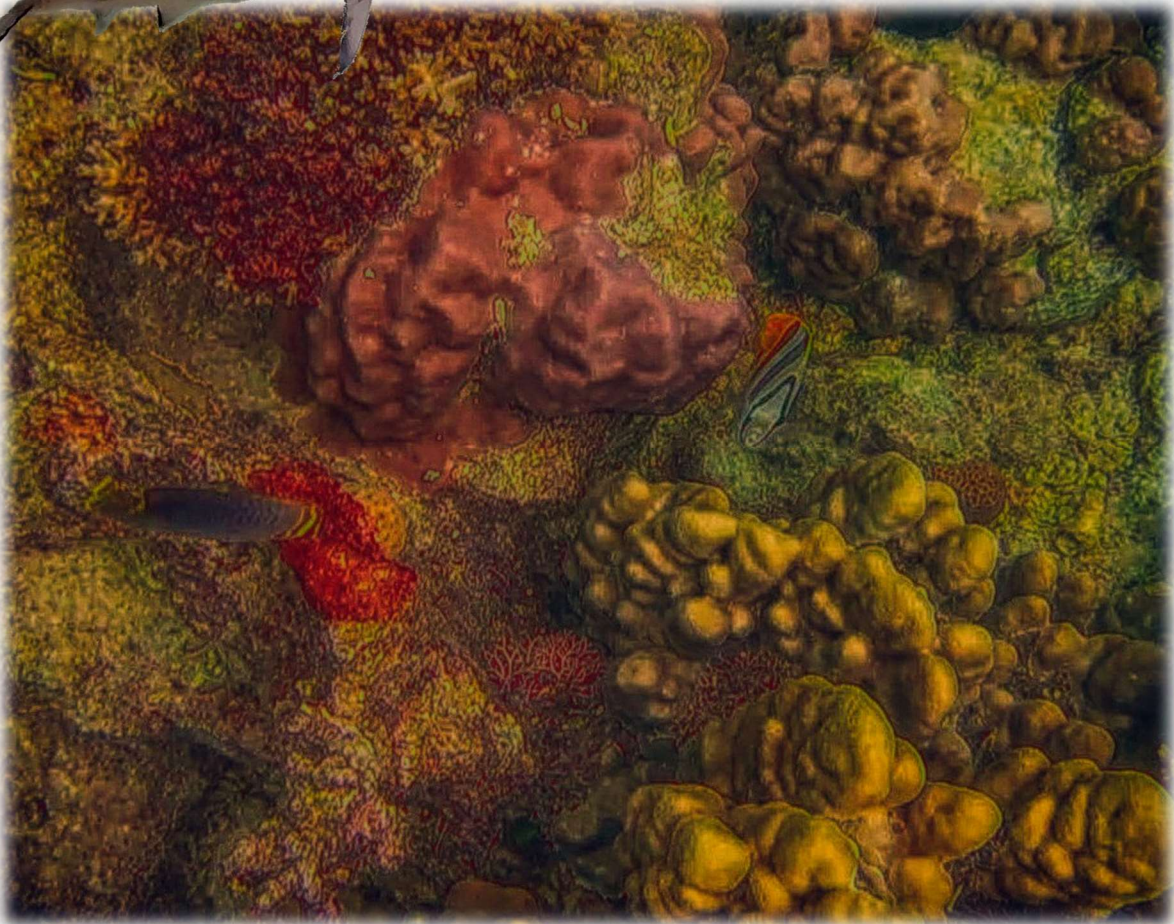


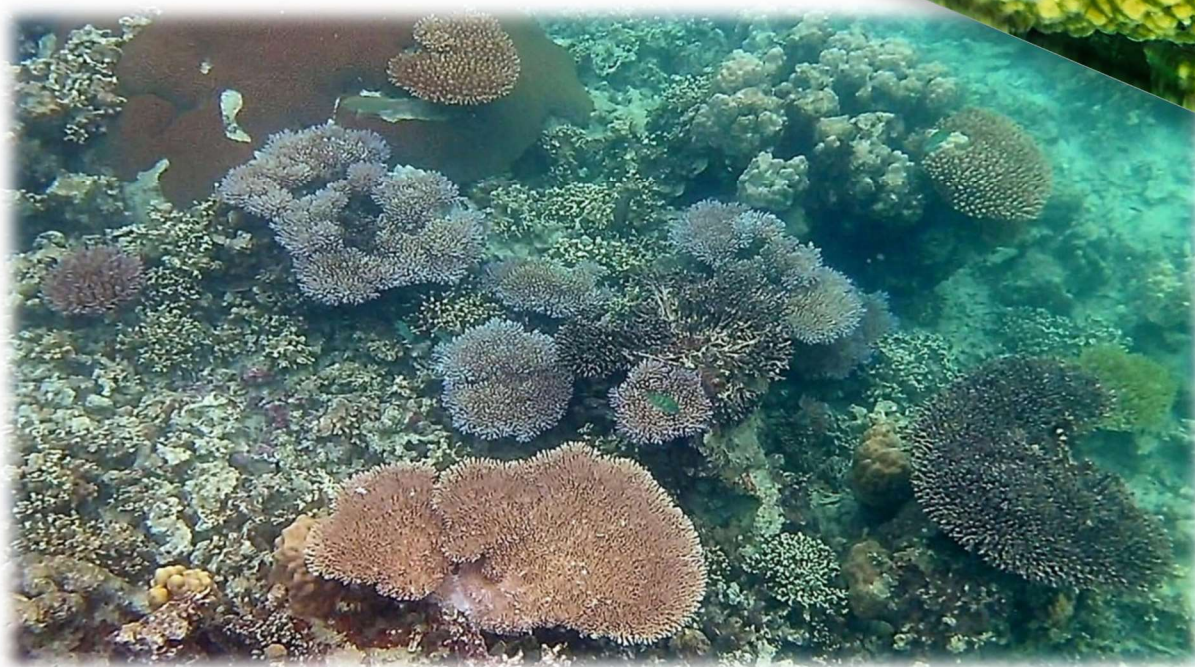
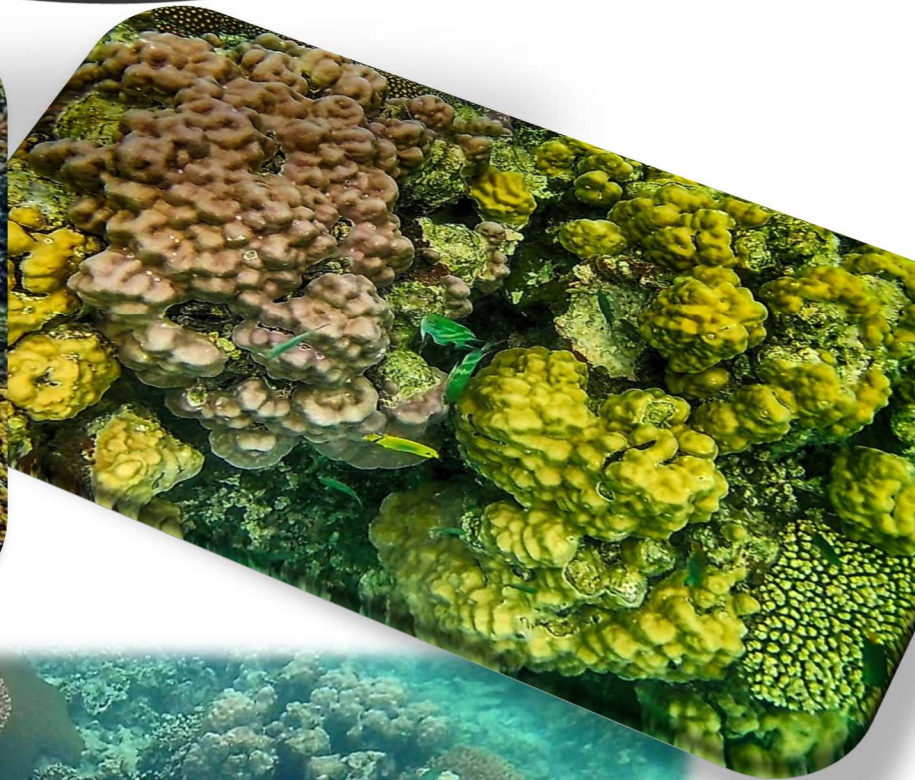
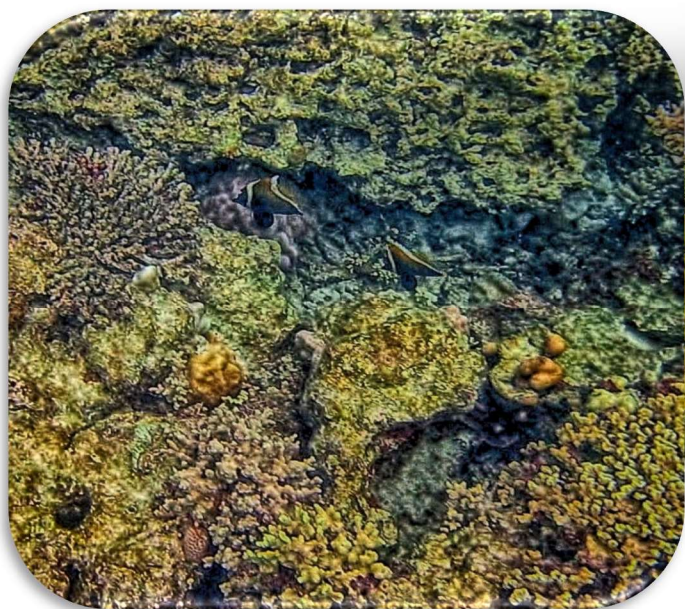
After sailing home it was then time for a great birthday dinner for a great gal.

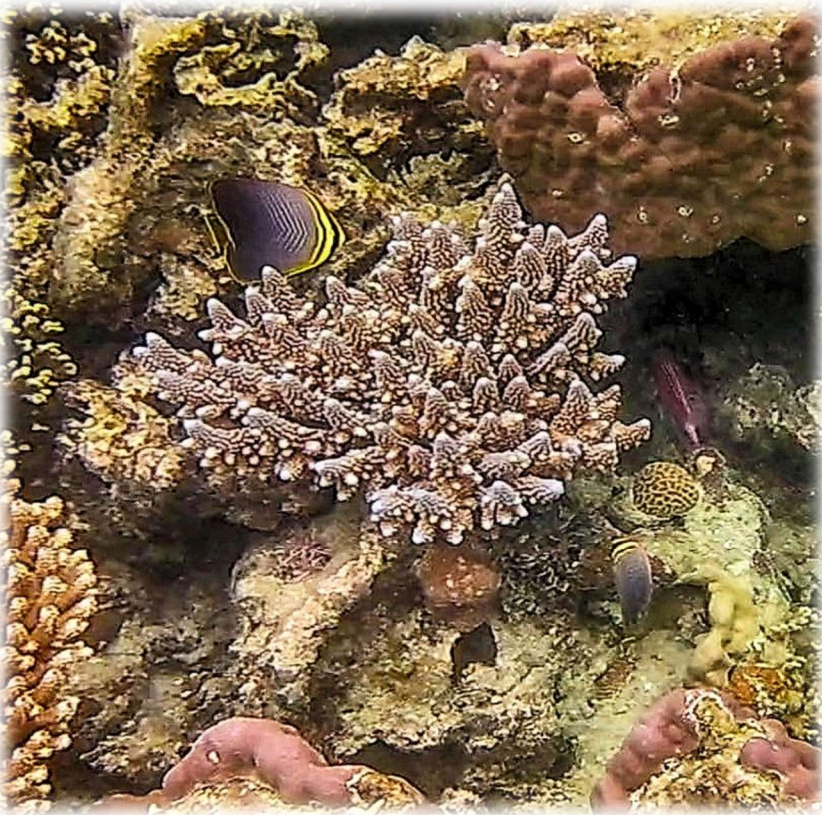
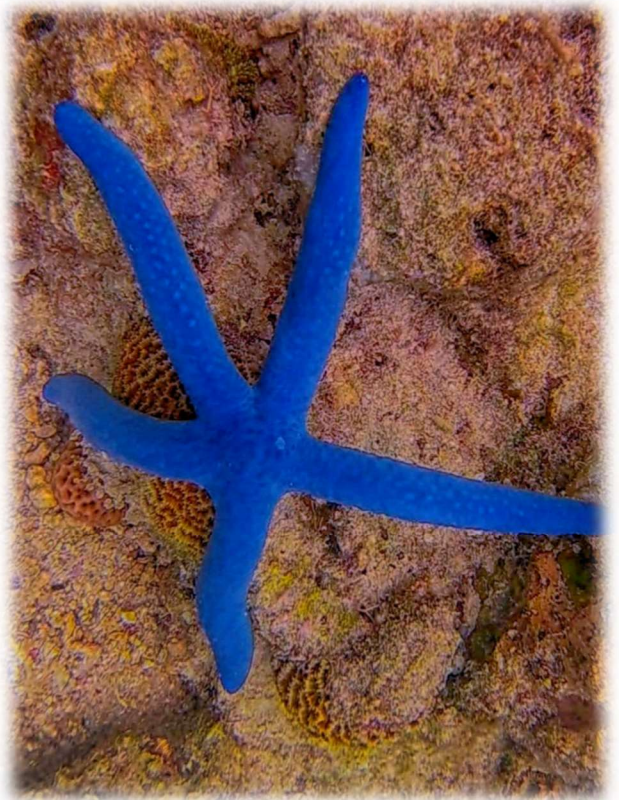


Under the sea...









And a few more pictures that didn't make the first cut for Oct 23, but the author just hates to leave them out.



24 Stopped @ New Farmers market on the way.

To Garden of the Sleeping Giant.

United Nations Day

THURSDAY After breakfast we got ready to go to the Orchid Garden started by Raymond Burr. Very beautiful. R, M, A, N, M hiked up to the Lookout and had beautiful views. Saw a fire on a nearby hillside. They gave us yummy cold fruit juice. Then back to Nadi. Had lunch at a Chinese Restaurant called L.C. Very good. Went grocery shopping @ Max Value. Got Bongos! Home to Suva.

25 R, M, A, N, M ate in! salad & cheese & crackers & mango sorbet





Garden of the Sleeping Giant









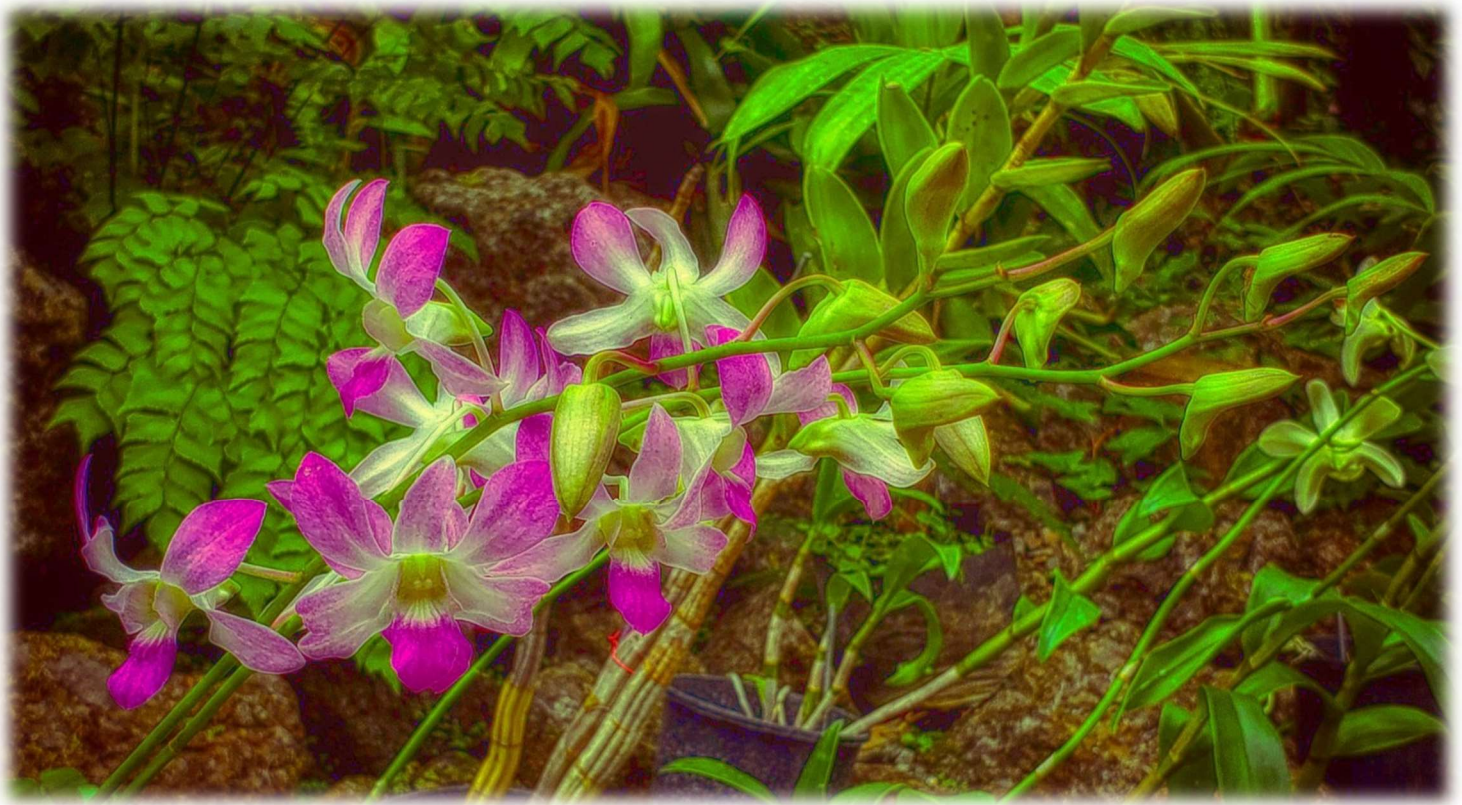






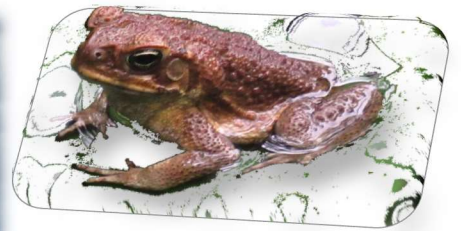
So much
to see!





So many pictures and so few pages...Time to turn our attention to the after-hike at Garden of the Sleeping Giant. We enjoyed a nice drink at the Sleeping Giant and moved on up the road a bit to revisit Rise Beyond the Reef.





Ladies shopped, men bought beer and then sat around...as is our way.





The Sour Sop (above right): Per someplace on the internet: These strange alien-like fruits seem a bit jarring at first but pack a delicious flavor punch that will keep you coming back for more. The Fijian sour sop grows verdantly from the months of June through September. The spiny texture on the outside is similar to a pineapple while the flesh itself is a bit like an avocado. These fruits make excellent desserts, cocktails, and even soft drinks. Fijians also make it into sorbets, jams, jellies, and other fruit preserves. The fruit itself is rich with vitamins and anti-oxidants that truly make this Fijian fruit a must-try on your next trip.

We did not see it like this. In fact, our evening meal of crackers, cheese, salad, fruit and wine (and beer!) did not include the sour sop. In fact, it eventually found its way into the garbage can.



Went grocery shopping @ Max Value. Got Bongras! Home to swim!
 25 R, mA, N, m dte m! Salad & cheese & crackers & mango sorbet.
 To Sigatoka Sand Dunes! Rod, mA, Nora & Megan went to the
 FRIDAY Sigatoka Sand Dunes. Left ~ 8:45 am. Hiked liesurly along
 the trail. A bit of rain. Beach was beautiful, big waves. Very clear.
 Did some beach combing then hiked back*. Drove to Sigatoka.
 Went to the market to buy some yaguna. We also got some \$1.50
 roti fish & potato packets for lunch. Went back to the sand dunes
 to eat * As we were hiking out 4 buses of school kids arrived!
 Rod seen for dinner. Good food but lots of kids!









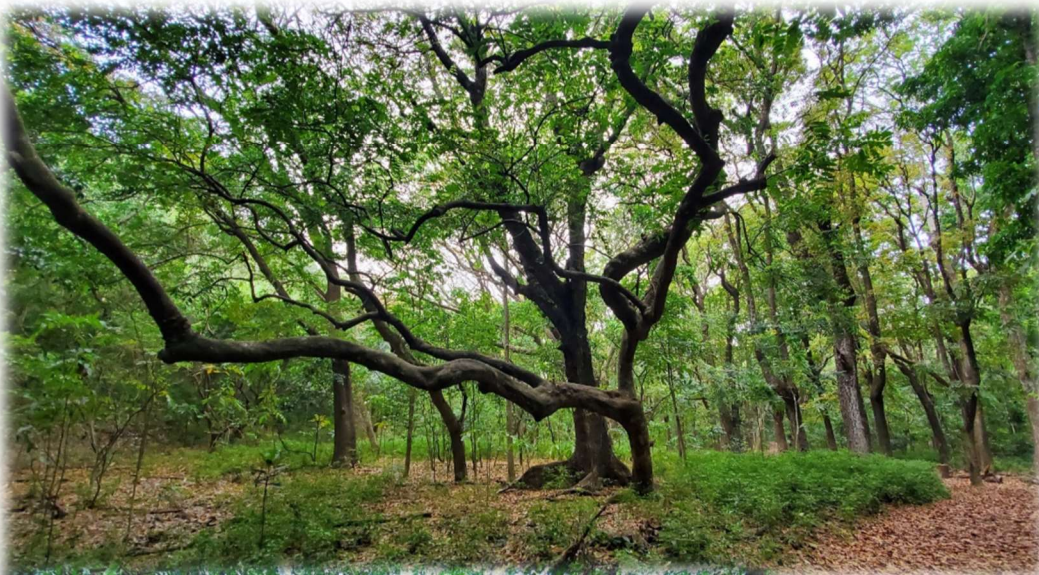




View from the pandanus trees

Pandanus leaves are used for handicrafts. Artisans collect the leaves from plants in the wild, cutting only mature leaves so that the plant will naturally regenerate. The leaves are sliced into fine strips and sorted for further processing. Weavers produce basic pandan mats of standard size or roll the leaves into pandan ropes for other designs. This is followed by a coloring process, in which pandan mats are placed in drums with water-based colors. After drying, the colored mats are shaped into final products, such as placemats or jewelry boxes. Final color touch-ups may be applied. AND you can eat the fruit.





Another day done. Goodbye breeze, goodbye trees, goodbye ocean, and goodnight bees.



Rod accidentally put his phone in ADA mode! But fixed it!
 Hike in National Park/Sleeping Giant \$50 each m, B, MA, N
 Kororayniti National Heritage Park. Picked up Melissa (who we connected with thru Semi at Rise Beyond the Reef) at 9:30. She directed us to Abaca Village (her village). We did a hike to the lower waterfall. Beautiful! Then back to the village for a sevusevu... had a bilos! We tho our tire was flat, but couldn't get the lug bolts off, so just drove back. Seems ok. Went for a swim, then out to see the sunset. Had dinner from the Creperie & made a salad, but ate in the room. Played F&B's game. Fun.
 Diwali!
 Last Day " Finish packing and hang out at Villa. F&B sat by the

26

SATURDAY

27

Except for the 18th, when we visited Wainibuka Secondary School and Nayavu Village, this was the best day of Rod's entire trip. It was because of the hike but especially because we once again had a nice visit with some villagers to include three little boys (Popate, Ilai and Kubu), a sweet little girl (Iva), the chief representative (Polly), the woman helping us when we arrived (Kalesi), our guide (Melissa) and several others we didn't catch the names of. What a beautifully traditional village Abaca Village is up in the mountains, sort of away from the rest of the world.

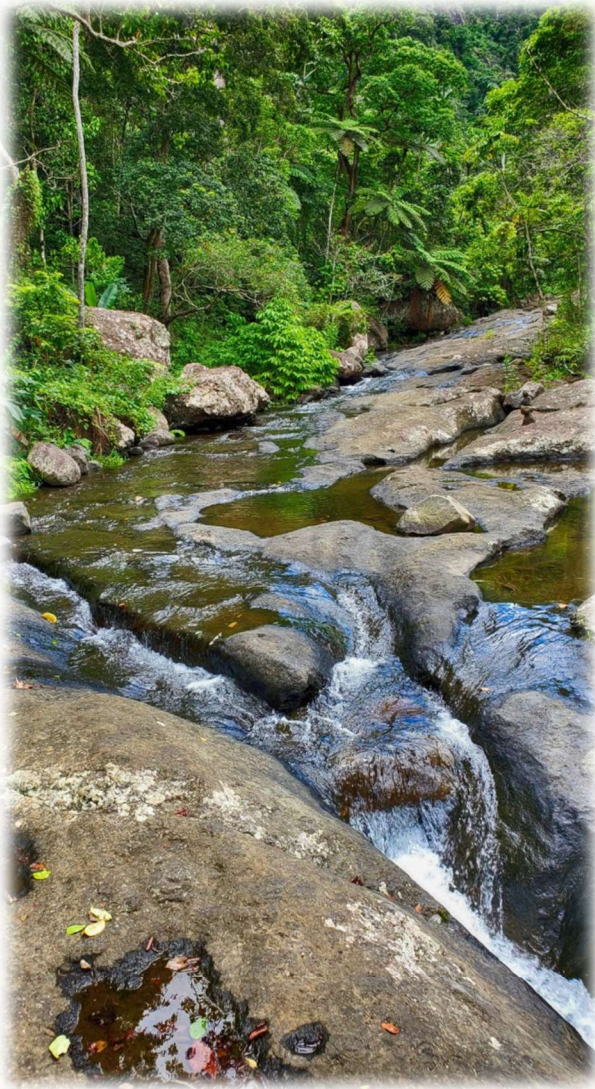


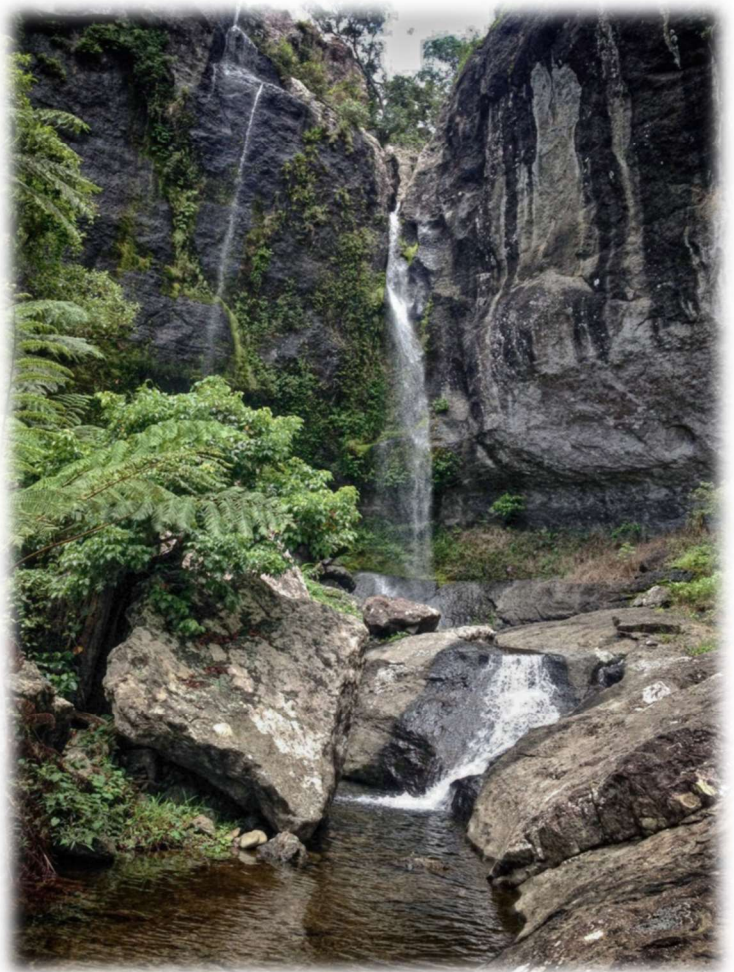


Future pit crew, beautiful view down the valley and a dalo patch.













Back at Abaca Village, we present our Yagona and then gather the mechanics together to help fix the tire.





Kalesi and Melissa serving Yagona. No tanoa (wooden bowl to serve from) but we did get the coconut bilo (cup). After Yagona and talanoa (telling stories) we head back outside looking for our mechanics...who are entertaining themselves with a chicken and an egg.







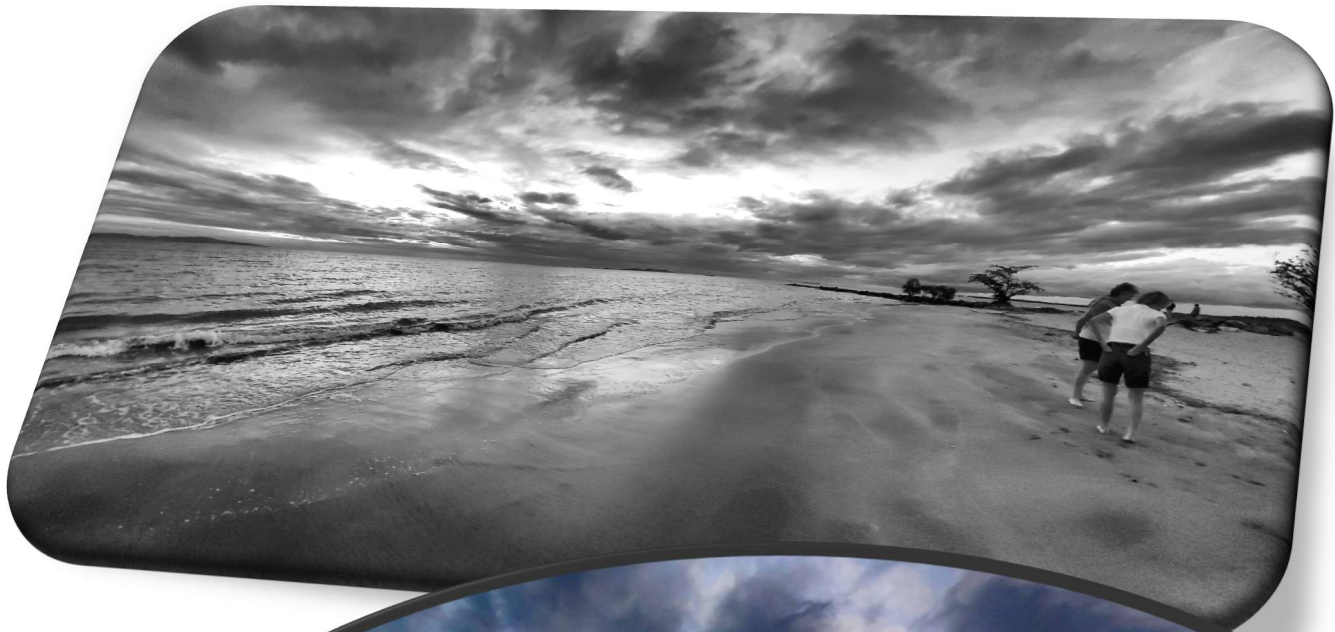
Moce (goodbye) Abaca. We will return again someday (sota tale) to take the long hike and see how our mechanics and new friends are faring.



We returned home, bought some crepes, the cooks did some dancing in the kitchen, had a wonderful stay-at-home meal and then we went out to catch as much sunset as was available. It was a cloudy sunset, but still very pretty and a bunch of fun with friends (itokani) and family (matavuvale).







Cressie & made a salad, but ate in the room. Played F&B's game. Fun.

Diwali!

Last Day " Finish packing and hang out at Villa. E & B sat by the beach in their favorite Chairs. Then, we all swam in the ocean, and later in the pool. R & M drove to meet Melissa in Lautoka at 9:30 to give her Rod's old phone. Watched the sun set again.

27

SUNDAY

Dinner at Radisson again, special Diwali dinner w/ dancing!

NOTES





Ni Sa Moce
Fiji.



28

Beach in the morning.

Check out at 1:00 pm. Hung out at the

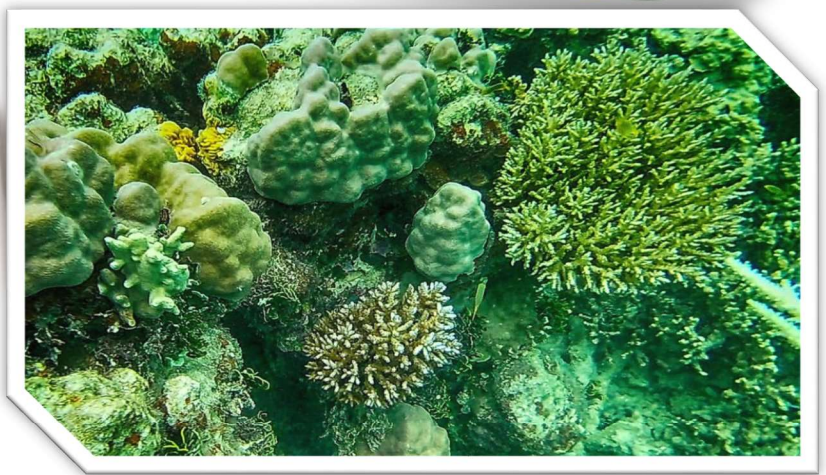
MONDAY Weston... reading, snacking on leftovers. To airport at 5:30 " Long but uneventful trip home.

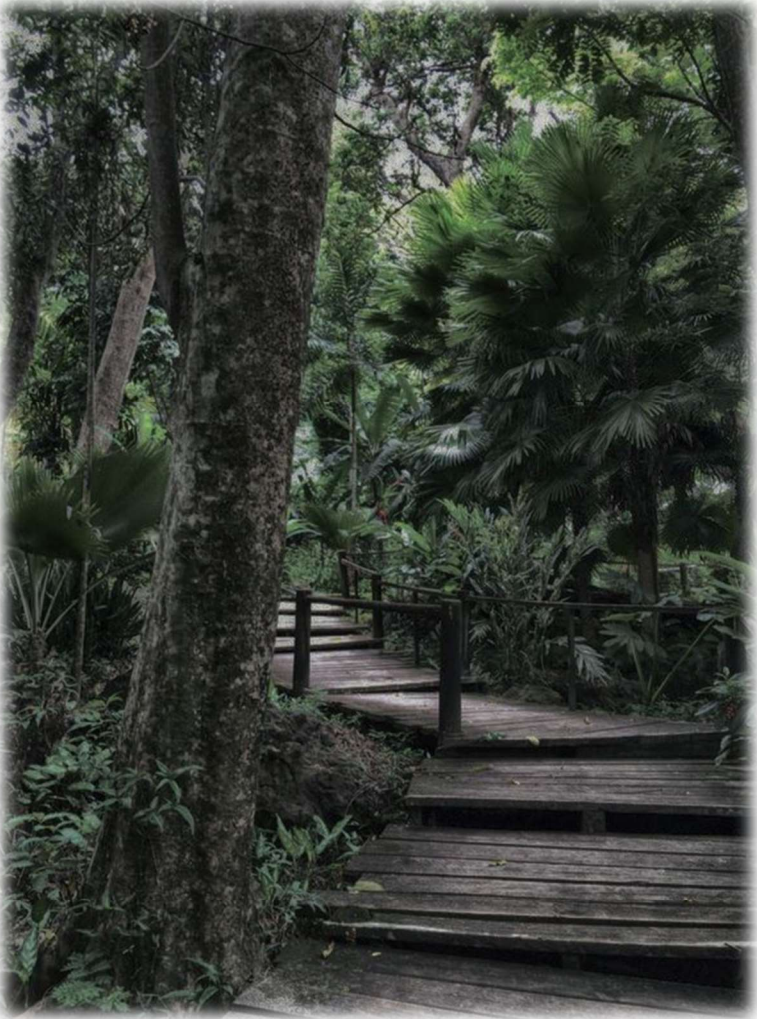
N, m, E & B to S.F. - Lots of fires in CA. R & M to Portland met Austin at airport to get the car.

Labour Day (NZ)
Bank Holiday (Ireland)

Waiting at the airport and a bunch of random pictures that that seemed to not make it into the final cut but might still should be there. Or, maybe they did make the final cut but I want to include them again.





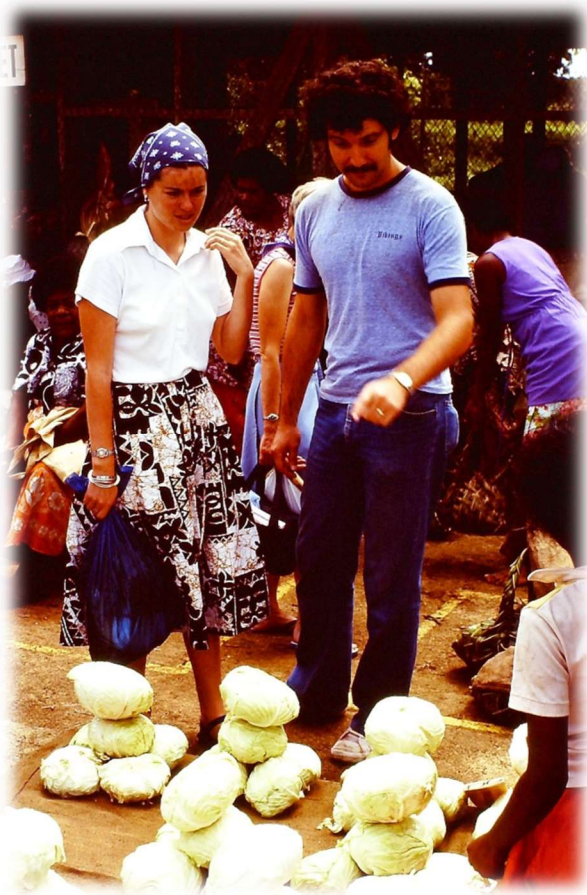






Moce Wainibuka Valley

We've come a long way



Isa Lei

English is the official language
in Fiji, but the national farewell
song 'Isa Lei' is sung in Fijian.

Fijian Verse

Isa, Isa, vulagi lasa dina
Nomu lako au na rarawa kina
Cava beka ko a mai cakava,
Nomu lako au na sega ni lasa.

Isa lei, na noqu rarawa
Ni ko sana vodo e na mataka
Bau nanuma, na nodatou lasa,
Mai Suva nanuma tiko ga.

Vanua rogo na nomuni vanua
Kena ca ni levu tu na ua,
Lomaqu voli me'u bau butuka
Tovolea ke balavu na bula.

Isa lei, na noqu rarawa
Ni ko sana vodo e na mataka
Bau nanuma, na nodatou lasa,
Mai Suva nanuma tiko ga.

Domoni dina na nomu yanuyanu
Kena kau wale na salusalu
Mocelolo, bua, na kukuwatu
Lagakali, maba na rosi damu.

Isa lei, na noqu rarawa
Ni ko sana vodo e na mataka
Bau nanuma, na nodatou lasa,
Mai Suva nanuma tiko ga.

English Version

Isa, Isa you are my only treasure;
Must you leave me, so lonely and forsaken?
As the roses will miss the sun at dawning,
Every moment my heart for you is yearning.

Isa Lei, the purple shadow falling,
Sad the morrow will dawn upon my sorrow;
Oh, forget not, when you're far away,
Precious moments beside dear Suva.

Isa, Isa, my heart was filled with pleasure,
From the moment I heard your tender greeting;
'Mid the sunshine, we spent the hours together,
Now so swiftly those happy hours are fleeting.

Isa Lei, the purple shadow falling,
Sad the morrow will dawn upon my sorrow;
Oh, forget not, when you're far away,
Precious moments beside dear Suva.

O'er the ocean your island home is calling,
Happy country where roses bloom in splendour;
Oh, if I could but journey there beside you,
Then forever my heart would sing in rapture.

Isa Lei, the purple shadow falling,
Sad the morrow will dawn upon my sorrow;
Oh, forget not, when you're far away,
Precious moments beside dear Suva.