

Dear Everyone,

Greetings from nearly spring and the gradual easing of lockdown in San Francisco.

Hazel was cycling to work early one morning, when she was flagged down by a young guy. "Have you got a phone? There's a dead person here you have to phone the police." Hazel wasn't sure if it was a trick to rob her, so she stopped but kept her distance, and the guy insisted again, so she went a bit closer until she could see that there was another young man hanging from a post. He had clearly been dead for a few hours and there was nothing anyone could do for him, so Hazel called the police and waited until they arrived. Teenage suicide is an issue in San Francisco, every so often there is a cluster of cases. This lad was sixteen years old, and his was the third suicide in San Francisco in a month. A lady here is working to try and set up a local helpline and drop-in facility, maybe something like the Samaritans. There is a national helpline, but it is based in Buenos Aires, which makes any sort of follow up difficult in Argentina's federal structure. The saying goes "God is everywhere, but he only attends in Buenos Aires". Like much of the post-modern world, churches here are largely devoid of young people, and there are good reasons why the youth have rejected the religious expressions of their grandparents. But when this isn't replaced by anything, without reference to someone bigger than ourselves, there is no objective reason why life, love or beauty should be understood as meaning anything more than any other bunch of chemical reactions. This generation needs our prayers more than ever.

In other news, Argentina's national and local governments are coming to terms with the reality that going for world record lockdown hasn't prevented us from entering the global top ten of Covid cases. The lockdown will have helped slow progress, which has probably kept the health care system from becoming completely overwhelmed at least in some parts of the country. In the city of San Francisco, cases are still low but gradually rising.

We are all fine, busy home-schooling Monday to Friday. Danny's school have upped a gear in both volume and difficulty of work set, which is a challenge for him, and for us trying to support him. We need to keep reminding ourselves of the progress that he has made this year; at the start of lockdown he was counting on his fingers, and now this week he actually is doing division, even if he doesn't quite understand how it really works yet. Joni plods along and was happy to hear that the national government has decided that no school child will fail this year. His new favourite activity is taking the dogs for a walk. Teen is starting to make progress in some areas, which feels glacially slow to us. We have a good relationship with her psychologist, who we met with last week.

La Flaca continues to attack her school assignments with enthusiasm. This week she also did some casual hours in a food takeaway where as the newest person she was given the worst jobs for the least money, but it is all good experience. Hazel is making inroads into the university reading list, and is hoping to start writing her final assignment in the next few weeks. Martin is busy organising the rewiring of the Gloria de Dios church building, which, apart from being insufficient to meet their needs for the sound and projector, is described variously as "scary" and "a fire waiting to happen".

The blog is due for an update and can be found at www.frostmartinhazel.org Thank you to everyone for your ongoing prayers and support.



Danny's school science project to demonstrate properties of yeast. Next week; beer brewing?!

Hazel
X
Martin



Joni & Daniel



Latin Link

