

Chapter 1 : Best Timbuktu Poems

Sailing My Shoe to Timbuktu: A Woman's Adventurous Search for Family, Spirit, and Love - Kindle edition by Joyce Thompson. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets.

Beginnings The 12 of July was an auspicious day. After all it was the beginning of my new life. But it is not always that such days live up to their expectations; they may turn out to be disappointingly ordinary. Not so this one: I had not left forever of course, but nevertheless it had been the symbolic farewell from my old life. As I finished my breakfast and sat waiting for my taxi to take me to the airport a distinguished looking African man sat down at the next table. So I asked him who he was and, lo and behold, he was the Governor of Timbuktu. That was of course a stroke of luck, since I was on my way to Timbuktu and so was he. And of course, one must always go and say hello to the Governor when one is about to embark on a new project. I therefore had a head wind start and was able to tell him a little about the project. When he found out that I was Swedish he told me that he knew the commander at the large Swedish UN Camp Nobel in Timbuktu, and that he had suggested an exchange: At this he laughed very long and heartily and I thought it politic to join in with the hilarity. Hill Museum and Manuscript Library. They instead hid their manuscripts in Timbuktu when the Jihadists occupied the north. And the unlikely project leader of this potentially important project for West African manuscript research is this ex- hotelier from Djenne Some choices that seem insignificant at the time have great consequences. This in itself is fairly unusual: This is an unusual situation, since I am not an Arabist. This was something that excited me: I threw myself into finding funding for the library with more enthusiasm than expertise, and was successful. And now there was this conference in Timbuktu coming up. But the dilemma was that at the same time, there was my beloved stepfather Gillis who had just rung and invited me to his 90th birthday the following week. I was to jump on the first plane to Sweden and arrive as a surprise for my mother. This would be lovely: During the night I had tossed and turned and tried to make a decision. Although on the face of it this seemed not to be a life changing decision there was something that made me hesitate and I must have had a premonition that this decision would have deeper consequences than appeared at the surface, so I dithered. He came down on the side of Timbuktu. Eventually I agreed and boarded my first UN flight northward to this celebrated desert outpost. During the conference I was approached by the owners of three Timbuktu manuscript libraries. So, yes, I agreed to try and find them something and eventually, many months later, and many rewrites of the proposal later, I was now sitting at the airport of Mopti; on my way to Timbuktu to begin recruitment of the staff who will begin the work in August. And this would of course never have happened if I had chosen to go to Sweden for my step fathers 90th birthday! Superhuman efforts were expended by numerous early explorers but most perished on the way. Today we know where it is and we know how to get there but it is still out of reach for most: But it says on my ticket: Well that does not sound particularly reassuring; I could at any moment be shifted out of the way if someone more important should arrive I had only one and a half day in Timbuktu. Toubabs are not supposed to stay longer and authorities get quite fidgety about this: Timbuktu is a city more or less under siege. A large number of UN soldiers patrol the town and the attacks by the Jihadists who remain hidden in the desert surrounding the town are frequent. One is not supposed to walk around in the streets and one should keep a very low profile. I was met at the airport by M. Sow, an employee of the Mission Culturelle in Timbuktu. Alas I had totally forgotten to bring a scarf! My main mission in Timbuktu this time was the recruitment of staff for the digitization project which is starting in the middle of August. But that was the following day. And it turned in to one of those evenings of unusual meetings and enchanted conversations that sometimes come our way if we are lucky. First my friend Sidy arrived. I phoned him a few times in Timbuktu during those difficult times and he gave me insider information of daily life in the occupied town. We were joined by his uncle, a journalist who was also present here in those days. He had been working with Abderahmane Sissako on the film Timbuktu, parts of which were filmed here. It turns out that the film has never been shown in Timbuktu! We started to hatch a plot how we could get it shown here for the population of Timbuktu: When they left I spent some time pondering over the only choice on the menu: Chicken and tinned French beans or Fish and tinned French beans. I eventually

chose the fish and settled in happily with another beer. At this point a nice looking, tall, silver haired toubab that looked as if he might be a UN officer of some sort walked past. I must have smiled at him because somehow he came to sit down at my table. Well, there is not too much to do in Timbuktu at night so people tend to strike up conversations. And we talked and we talked. And then we talked some more. We talked about music mainly because we had the same taste in music basically unrepentant old hippie stuff: Occasionally we would get side tracked into the situation in Mali or in the world, but when that became depressing we escaped happily back into music again. We recited poetry too: I did Milton and he, not to outdone, provided some Chaucer. All in all an inspirational and beautiful day and evening and a great beginning to my new life.

Chapter 2 : Aaa Sailing Lyrics

Sailing My Shoe to Timbuktu has 13 ratings and 8 reviews. Rebecca said: If you can get past the murky beginning of this book you may find that the story.

Chapter 3 : Responding to Lit. AND English Sailing My shoes to Timbuktu- Joyce thompson

Sailing My Shoe to Timbuktu: A Woman's Adventurous Search for Family, Spirit, and Love by Joyce Thompson In this fiercely candid and moving book, novelist Joyce Thompson recounts a difficult yet transforming period in her life.

Chapter 4 : [PDF] Sailing My Shoe To Timbuktu - blog.quintoapp.com

Sailing My Shoe to Timbuktu is one of the most touching and original works you're ever going to read. Part memoir by a well-educated urban woman, part spirit quest by the same sensitive soul, the book delves into difficult questions-the meaning of life, family, spirit-on the wings of clear, funny, sad, honest histories of herself and her family.

Chapter 5 : Commuting To Timbuktu: July

In this fiercely candid and moving book, novelist Joyce Thompson recounts a difficult yet transforming period in her life. In words that will ring true to an.