

Letter From Doha



Hi Joe,
My brother, Will Beebe, has traveled to every World Cup since Mexico 1986, and currently lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil with his family. On December 3, he flew to Qatar for the World Cup, and I think he's on his way back to Sao Paulo (a 27 hour trip!), as I write. I thought his letter about the games and the atmosphere in Doha was so good, and so interesting that you might want to publish it in a future edition of The Buzz! He could include a photo or two, I'm sure. I know you like an international perspective in The Buzz. Note his long list of "new friends" from many different countries. Will has the gift of making friends wherever he goes, and keeping them!

Thanks,
Susan
----- Forwarded Message -----
From: will beebe
Sent: Friday, December 9, 2022, 05:55:35 AM EST
Subject: The Cup Continues!

Dear Seth and Susan,

I woke up late today in anticipation of staying out extra late tonight. First, I'll attend the Brazil-Croatia match in Education City Stadium, and then, after my Match Hospitality program finishes (one hour after the game concludes), I'll make my way on the free subway system to join the Fan Fest where thousands will gather outside on a big boulevard to cheer for Argentina or Holland (that match starts at 10 PM).

I'm staying in a no-frills apartment (rather it's more like an army barracks) which is part of a complex of about 40 identical cinder-block buildings all with large letters and numbers (T1, T2, T3, T4, etc.) to help you find your way, or lose it, as the case may be.

These are mixed together with the intermittent mosque or two, several supermarkets, and a few small streets with coffee and snack stations. There's also one open area next to the mosque with a big screen and five bean bag chairs (for the hundreds of people that gather) to enjoy the night games. I saw Morocco beat Spain on penalty kicks there after which they played a Moroccan song on the loudspeakers, and a gang of 50 overjoyed people danced and leapt for joy on the uneven astroturf ground. (By the way, the commentary on the loudspeakers was cut off several times during the match to broadcast the prayers from the mosque--a kind of droning, singsong Arabic voice).

The complex staff are young adults from India, Kenya, Nepal, and Pakistan: all friendly, smiling, chatting in various languages, and constantly asking you if you're checking out. When I say the apartments are no frills, I mean that the rooms are large, but have only two steel beds, two metal lockers, and a toilet, with nary a chair or desk in sight.

However, there are free buses constantly leaving to (and arriving from) the free Metro which has two lines that link this outpost (called Al Wakrah) to the nearby city of Doha with its sleek, flashy (and flashing at night) skyscrapers, all testament to the previous and current wealth of pearls and petroleum.

The best place to go at night when it's not so hot is the traditional market called the Souq (Sue + k) which is jammed with restaurants, tea houses (alcohol is not served in public), and shop upon shop selling

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"And that's all I have to say about that"

by Ron Staschak

While at Marshall Point Lighthouse, I had the good fortune to meet Sally Sinclair and her amazing dog Mattie. Dogs are a reflection of the human they live with. From Mattie I can tell that Sally is a great and caring person. Sally was born in the beautiful Hudson River Valley in New York and has lived in the mid-coast area since 1998. We had a wonderful conversation. She has one sister and one deceased brother. Dogs have always been an important part of her life. She had three dogs while growing up and three dogs as an adult. We would all be lucky to have a friend like Sally.

What is the most beautiful place you have been? Why?

Marshall Point Lighthouse. Port Clyde is the place I have lived the longest in my life- 22 years. Marshall Point was the place I have always gone to, to regroup or just ground myself. Seeing all three of my dogs over the years enjoy Marshall Point has given me much joy... my current dog, Mattie, swam there daily, getting her tennis ball, in the winter, spring, summer, and fall. It's my safe place.

What is the best advice you have ever received? Why was it good? What the best advice you have ever given? Why do you think it was good?

"Don't sweat the small stuff." Sometimes I have a problem following this advice. I have given this same advice to others.

If you are having a dinner party, what three people (real- either living or dead) would you invite?

My Mom and Dad, Kevin, and my three dogs- Mattie, Emma, and Molie.

Jo Lindsay has a show titled Afterword's in which she reads obituaries and plays a song that she feels encompasses the person's life. What song encompasses your life?

Bruce Springsteen: Thunder Road

Kenny Loggins: Run River Run

Mumford and Sons: Beloved

Is there a question I should have asked you?

No

You seem to be a very spiritual person. Were you born with this trait or have you developed it.

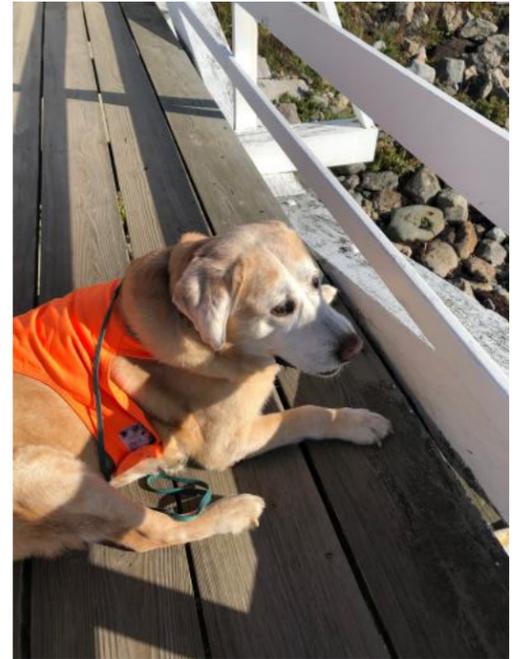
I developed this when my parents were sick. I volunteered at Hospice. This experience caused me to realize the intensity of life and death.

What are your favorite movies?

Of course, Forrest Gump.

Why do you watch movies?

To relax.



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flowing robes and soccer shirts side by side, along with every kind of spice and nuts and dates from ancient and modern trading routes.

The only problem is that the aforementioned restaurants are packed to the gills. So the first night I settled for an ear of corn from a stand which I ate on a bench along a wall while watching a forlorn camel giving tourist rides around a sand pit, and the white-robed Arabic men talking while petting their hooded falcons perched next to them on stands. The second night, I walked along the waterfront for about an hour, taking in the light and fireworks show, together with guys dancing with swords and lit carpets over their heads, and a percussive samba band.

I was starving when I finally stumbled upon a Filipino restaurant catering to the many migrant workers from the Philippines. I settled in for a bowl of steaming veggies, tofu cooked with green beans, three slabs of grilled fish, and a mango shake.

Some of my new friends who I've met at the complex, on the bus and train are Catherine from Kenya, Emiliano from Mexico, Ravi and his family from Singapore, Nik from India, Billal from Pakistan, and a guy from Nepal working at the Starbucks booth. He told me that everyone from around the world, even including those from Japan who don't speak very well, try to talk to him in English--except the Brazilians. They just shouted at him in some unintelligible language until he turned on the Google translator function on his phone, and then they did some business. (I could see the limited lives of English teachers at that moment.)

I'm constantly waiting in an online queue to try to get a ticket to see England vs. France, or Portugal vs. Morocco tomorrow, before heading back to Brazil (via Amsterdam) late on Sunday night. In the meantime, the two Brazil game tickets I bought include all-you-can-eat / drink buffets in a large hut to the side of the stadium. So I try to save my hunger and thirst for those particular days. The hut or pavilion also includes live music, ball juggling and shooting games, drinking tea and chomping on dates with individuals in traditional garb, and lots of big screens to accompany the action. It's strange, but it all reminds me a bit of the Rehoboth Boardwalk.

The one game I saw live so far featured four goals by Brazil vs. one by Korea. Each Brazil goal was accompanied by lots of hugs and high fives exchanged with the other rabid Brazil fans around me who I'd never met in my life.

Hope you guys are well!
Love, Will



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The Way Forward for Democracy in America

Buzz Editorial

The problem is corruption. Perfectly legal corruption, for the most part. The politicians depend on corruption for their power, so they keep it legal.

Candidates for office need to get people to vote for them, and this requires commercial media attention. For that the candidates need money. The media, not surprisingly, like to keep it that way.

Some candidates are rich and can pay the media out of their own pockets. This way they set their own agenda, but their agenda is likely to be favor their interests over those of ordinary people.

Other candidates must find supporters who will give them money. For this, the candidates must agree, tacitly, to serve their agenda.

It is simple, and obvious, but successful candidates must deny it. They must say that the people who give them money do not get any special consideration. This is a lie. So modern politicians must be liars.

They must lie about the obvious fact that they are beholden to the interests that pay for their campaigns. In fact they are not only influenced by those interests, they often do not even understand the true purpose and effect of the legislation they sign - super complex thousand page bills that are written by the lawyers for their campaign contributors.

Our elected representatives do not have time to read these bills, let alone understand their ramifications. Every page has been written with big bucks worth of top smart lawyers working for the special interests. "Pork barrels" these bills used to be called. The latest one is the biggest of all time - over four thousand pages long, spending \$1,660,000,000,000.00 of public funds, full of pork to fatten the corrupters and a few scraps for us dogs. No one in Congress has read it

How could this change? How could we get our elected leaders to defer to and support our interests - we the common people, the ordinary people; we the great majority of Americans?

The first thing is that we must talk to each other. I am not much for conspiracy theories, but it does seem rather convenient for the powers-that-be that we the people distrust each other. Our interest is quite the opposite. Even the word "trust," however, is out of favor these days. You are a fool, it seems, to trust anyone. But the fact is that if we the American people do not trust each other, we are doomed.



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