



**Bildlegenden aus Tadschikistan 1**  
[1|12|2007]

During my last weeks in Tanzania and the shock transfer to Tajikistan I didn't think it was possible to work more. I learned otherwise.

I have been completely absorbed by work during these first 10 weeks in the new place, Muminabad and the frequent trips to the Capital Dushanbe. I did however get a glimpse of my new surrounding. It's a beautiful country of a million hills where people receive the stranger with an overwhelming hospitality I have never experienced before.

**September 24<sup>th</sup> 2007. Waking up in Dushanbe. The view from the balcony of the modest Caritas guest apartment on the second floor of a Soviet time residential tower.**



And I am trying out something new: writing the Bildlegenden in English. It's because there are a few people out there who don't understand my German – and I'd like to share this with them too. Haven't found an appropriate English title though – any suggestions?

One of the gates to Dushanbe. Gates are of great importance in this country.



On the road to Muminabad. One of many reservoirs in the country. Still, power supply is an issue, most places outside Dushanbe only get 2 hours in the morning and 2 in the evening.





...some gates later: the entrance to the district of Muminabad.



The hills of Muminabad. Yesterday, the first snow fell and coated all of them in white.



On the way to work. More than 12,000 people are living in this small town called Muminabad. And for sure at least twice as many goats, sheep, cows and donkeys. Every morning they are led up the meagre hills to find something to feed on.





And finally people. This is the team: Ghios the driver (pronounce „Rios“ like in French), Manuel the Junior, Ozoda the Assistant and Interpreter and Mathias, growing a belly from the highly nutritious Tajik food.



At work. Testing our new Risk Assessment Tool. Through household questioning vulnerability and coping capacity are evaluated. We try to closely work with the government's CoES (Committee for Emergency Situations), which is in charge of natural disasters. It's a military organisation. Doesn't always make things easier...





Excursion (on duty) to the famous scenery of Childukhtaron, about 1 hour north of Muminabad. Where there are still trees. But the need for fuelwood to cook and heat is huge and dozens of donkey and truck loads each day are bringing the wood down to the settlements...



And at work again, in some Dushanbe meeting with CoES officials.





And a last picture from work: the autumn view through my office window above Muminabad. The moments I could sit back and contemplate this view were rather rare...





After work in front of our house with Karl, Emma, Nicole, Manuel and a few beers. I share the house with Manuel and Emma (she is a junior too, in the Caritas Local Development project). The two are learning to cook now, and I am learning to bake, just bought a nice big gas stove with oven... Karl is one of the experts who have recently visited us and a Cameroon veteran. It was great to talk about Sister Rose and other good places around Barmenda in the Tajik hinterland! And Nicole is the regional Caritas representative and my boss.



Most activities not directly related to work are weddings. Weddings of relatives of people I work with, directly and indirectly. 7 so far, 3 of which on the last weekend. That's more than the sum of attended weddings in my life before Tajikistan. Tajik weddings comprise 3 items: eating, drinking and dancing. And they take place either in a restaurant like this one in Dushanbe...



...or in a village backyard. The food is always the same, shurbo, the typical soup usually with quite a bit of sheep fat and osh, a rice dish also known as plov (and lots of fruit and breads and juice, vodka and cognac). The dancing is always the same too, but really fun and the only exercise I get at the moment.

And Kurbon, the elder gentleman with the hat on the right is the best dancer I know.