A couple weeks ago, when I (Hannah) arrived from the States, we rode on a truck full of sand and cement for the workers at the church in Ushpabamba. Steve had also bought some lumber for building two tables and a bed frame.

If we looked over the brink of that curve, we would see more tiers of road below.

And around we go....

The view gets better the higher we climb.

Rainy season is here, and the fields are coming in green!
About fifteen minutes before the top, schoolboys hitch a ride. We counted seven boys clinging to the tailgate. After we live in Ushpabamba a few months, I wonder how many of these faces we might recognize as neighbors?

The journey has several repeats of switchbacks, copses of eucalyptus trees, and pastoral views like this.

Rounding one last curve....
There it is! The building you see is a very common type of semi-complete concrete construction—a first floor or two built, and then for one reason or another the project comes to a halt when the first floor is complete. Sometimes this is intentional, allowing for future additions. In this case, no immediate plans are in place to build upward.

And, across the road from the church (also just-visible above) is a baby century plant flower (or tree?)

And from above and behind the building, here is the laundry area and a tiny glimpse of the kitchen counter in progress.
Complete: new walls plastered, old wall repaired.
In progress: tile flooring, electric.
(View from bedroom into kitchen)

A couple panes of glass needed replaced...(and the kitchen had no glass to start with)
(with razor blades, the filmy windows are going to look a little more like the new ones!)

Our outdoor bathroom, complete with toilet and shower...

A week later, the neighborhood century plant was a little taller...
Monday, this little fellow walked into the church, and hung out all day. He tried so hard to follow us down the mountain that we brought him home. Tuesday he made friends with the Anderson’s dogs and played with their cocker spaniel all day, or napped in the sun.

We have since learned who his owners are, so Steve took him back up the mountain to them on Wednesday with a peace offering of a meaty cow jawbone. The folks live a little uphill from the church. Only the boy was home, and he said something casually like "Oh yeah, that's ours." The puppy promptly followed Steve back to the church for the day, and then he was very determined to come home with the work truck. Tomorrow we will take him up the mountain again, but this time we'll ask about buying him!

And that is a glimpse of where we are going on the mountain. We have been so blessed by the church in the process of moving and renovating our new home. Many people here are pulling together to make this a nice place for us to live. My Uncle Keith pulled strings and knocked on doors for the money to become available and many other people have worked hours in the construction. This whole venture is one more testimony of the blessing of community.