



Kiya Survivors Project Update February 2013

Visiting Juan Carlos by Steve Gilchrist

Thursday: This morning Deb and I went out for the morning in the Kiya Survivors van for a couple of hours with Julia, Iris the social worker and Miguel, the phys ed teacher who drives the van on Tuesdays and Thursdays on their field trips.

We hope to visit the school in Urubamba next Wednesday, but today we visited Juan Carlos and his mother, just up the hillside in the Patacancha valley at a place called Mores, about five kilometres from Ollantaytambo. Juan Carlos has autism (undiagnosed but obvious to anyone with experience in autism classrooms) and Downs syndrome. The Kiya Survivors discovered his presence and have been working with his mother to get him ready to attend school a couple of days a week. They visit with supplies of milk and soy/kiwicha flour, and they've built a little toilet to get him trained in how to use one - he used to be dressed in skirts and go anywhere he felt like it. The mom and any other family members who were there would go up into the fields to do their business, but now they all use the new toilet.

Yordi Angles Garcia Usca, Juan Carlos' nephew, is a handsome young man of twelve and in grade six; he lives with his grandmother because his mother has a new husband who doesn't want him, if I understood that correctly. Iris the social worker took some simple school supplies and books for him, and handed out toothbrushes - a female cousin was also visiting today. Mariane from Tampa, who was staying here at the lodge for a couple of days, had given us some clothes that their son Thomas had outgrown, and some of them were the perfect size for Yordi, who was very grateful to get them. I believe the rest will go to other Kiya children at the disabilities school.

The family cooks in a small hut that is built on the foundation of an old Inca or pre-Inca fort, and they farm terraces with rock walls, although the walls are overgrown and falling down, and a little difficult to distinguish. They have a second building closer to the road which has a board floor and two nicer, newer beds for sleeping, as well as farming equipment and sacks of produce that the Mom, who is about fifty, takes to market in town once a week. She also has ducks, a house full of guinea pigs,

and two sheep up the hill that she gathers wool from. She spins and dyes the wool with natural dyes, and probably weaves with it also.

The washroom is rudimentary, but has a water source for flushing and cleaning, and a covered septic drain. Plastic pipe takes water to a shower head as well. Cold water, of course, and not potable. The water coming from the irrigation ditch, which is where they used to hike to get their water, is pretty dirty, and is merely strained of larger debris by a plastic pop bottle with holes in it that has to be replaced on a regular basis. I had a short discussion with Miguel and Julia about how easy it would be - there's a natural three-sided hollow in the hill that's the perfect size already, right under the pipe - to build a covered concrete capture and settling tank (or even a wood board one lined with plastic sheeting), then scoop or pipe the clear water off the top and filter it through a \$30 ceramic filter to provide clean drinking water to the family, so they wouldn't have to bring their drinking water in, and/or waste hard-to-gather fuel on boiling water (which they probably don't anyway, but should). The final step before ingesting that water would be to let it sit in the sun in clear plastic bottles for 6 to 48 hours depending on what you're trying to kill and the weather conditions, in the concave valleys of the bright galvanized corrugated roof panels they've put over the new toilet, to kill any remaining micro-organisms, molds and fungus.

We also discussed adding black piping, a black vinyl solar shower bag, a black five gallon plastic can, or even just large plastic bottles painted black, to have passive solar heated shower water. The water is all gravity fed, so there's no need for pumps of any kind; it's just a question of adding a bit more tubing and some valves.

Iris tried to visit a second home on the way back, but they were not at home.

Please see photos below:



A one person plow, common in this area where there were never any draft animals. Oxen and horses might damage the terraces.



Behind the house, a strange shelter



Juan Carlos tucking into his third bowl of stew - hungry boy today



Julia, Iris and Miguel in front of their van

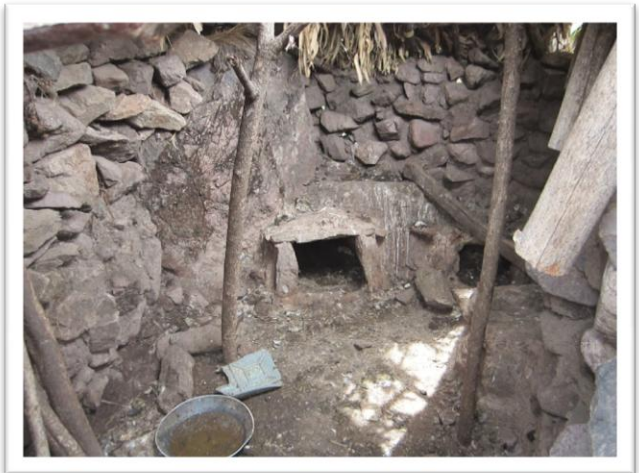


Has a shower head, standpipe and toilet platform



The house is built on an Inca or pre-Inca foundation

Inside I found an older kitchen which was once separate from the rest of the hut, now used to protect the ducklings and their mother at night



Yordi getting his new clothes; his grandmother, cousin, Juan Carlos at the right, and Iris in front



Yordi creating the new bottle strainer for the water pipe, using a wire heated in the lunch fire



With the bed frame and blankets above



This is Mom's kitchen



They live in the beautiful Patacancha valley



Shelter for animals and sacks of produce in heavy rains

The cuyes - most to sell and a few to eat



Choral exercise



One is first greeted by the puppies



Guardian of the geese and ducks



Mom and brood



The water is diverted from this irrigation ditch (not sure if there are dry days in the winter)



We parked on the road and walked up the hill to the house



Mom's field of maize –choclo



The new strainer in place, in a shallow capture basin



The new toilet, using a convenient boulder for one wall



