

My Trip to Kenya

Blog of Matushka Marina Holland

Part 12, Thursday, February 1, 2019

We woke up this morning refreshed, and had breakfast with FM and Papathiya and little Panteleimon, then headed down to the school. This will be my last full day with the children, as we will travel to Nairobi Monday. My plane leaves early Tuesday morning, and FM thinks it best to leave Monday and spend the night in Nairobi. We may stop on the way to see some sites. I don't know yet if I will be at the school Monday morning or not; I may spend the last few hours with Papathiya. Most of our time together is occupied with various household duties, and I would love for us to be able to relax and just talk together.

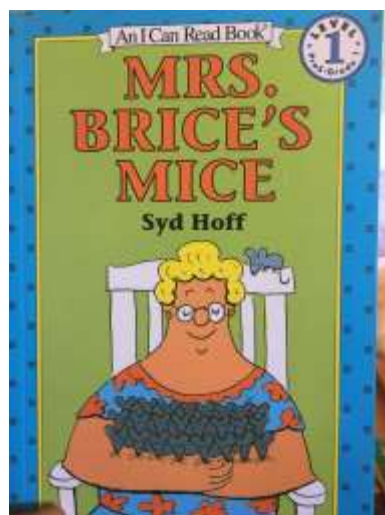
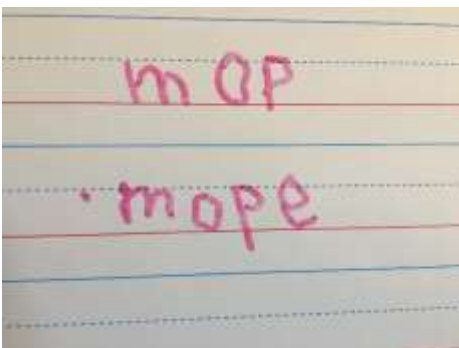
My first group today was class 2, and I so enjoyed it! Teacher Miriam was able to stay in the class with us to translate as needed, and to assist the children with what we are doing. That makes such a difference! I distributed the dry erase boards and had them write

op

on their boards. We sounded "op" out, and talked about how to change "op" to "mop". So they added an "m" in front of "op" and had

mop

on their boards. We sounded out "mop". Then I had them erase the "m" and think how to change "op" now to "hop". And so forth. Later we talked about a silent "e" at the end of a word, to change "mop" to "mope" and "hop" to "hope". In preparation for the story I would be reading to them we changed "ice" to "mice" and then to "Brice". And then I read the story "Mrs. Brice's Mice" to them. They really enjoyed the antics of the smallest mouse on almost every page. At the end they asked me to teach them a song in English, so we sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb". I will miss these children! I told them I love them and will take them home with me in my heart, and will think of them and pray for them every day. And I will!



Because I am having some trouble with allergens and irritants in the air (smoke from the cooking fire, sand and dust blowing in the wind), I am mostly staying inside, and still I cough pretty often. The first few days the wind wasn't so strong, and so the sand and smoke were not too much of a problem. But these last few days have been a little harder in that way. Sometimes the boys take buckets of water and wet the dirt/sand around the classrooms so not so much dust is picked up near the doors and windows. I am also protecting myself from the sun. I apply sunscreen faithfully, and it doesn't feel all that hot, but nonetheless I have gotten a mild sunburn above my collar. We are just south of the equator, so I guess the rays are more intense here. I hear the children running and playing and singing outside during the break, while I am sitting here at my computer writing about them.

The eighth class was next. We did the lesson which Teacher James had appointed, which discussed making good life choices when faced with issues such as drugs and sexual activity. I really emphasized to them the fact that decisions they make in these areas will seriously affect the short term and potential long-term of their lives. I also stressed that not one of them deserves to be abused, by any one, and if they are, to tell an adult they trust. And if that adult doesn't listen or can't help, tell another adult they can trust. God preserve them.

There were only three copies of the book from which the material came, so the students took turns reading aloud. When we were done with this part of the lesson I showed them the three sets of flashcards I had brought: animals, landmarks and insects. They were quite engrossed with the pictures on one side, and the information on the other side. I had them each pick which of those subject areas they might be interested in, and then allowed them each to select one of the flashcards to borrow and bring home over the weekend. Several of the students have been *asking* for homework (!) so I assigned these students to write a paragraph or two on their selected topics. They are to bring their reports and their cards back to school on Monday. Teacher James kept a list of which student brought which card home.



The "baby" class, as they call it, was my next, and last class. These adorable children are three and four years old. We talked about colors and found examples of those colors around the classroom. Then I read them the story of the black bears, following them from the birth of the babies while the mother is hibernating in the cave, to spring time when they emerge and explore, and summer when they grow and climb trees and learn to catch fish, to autumn when they fatten up and the leaves begin to change colors, and finally winter when they hibernate again.



After school I headed back home. Papatiya and I had a secret plan to make a birthday cake for FM! It is his birthday today. Of course, by the time you read this, the celebration will be over, so it is ok for me to write about it now!

This File:

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