

Hallo julle!

'n Week vol opwinding, en ek het in my lewe nog nie so warm gekry nie! Miskien is dit goed dat dit so droog is, want dan is dit darem nie soos 'n sauna nie! Ek is gebore en getoë in die Kalahari en ek het altyd gesê ek wil nooit weer teruggaan nie, want ek wil nie weer so warm kry nie en ek wil nie weer ooit bid vir reën nie ... "never say never", want nou is ek weer terug in Afrika.

Ek het laas gesê ek sal iets sê oor ons skooltjie. Ons het 6 graad 0's en in die middag wissel my klassie van 6 tot 16! Op die foto het ons nog op die bed gewerk, maar intussen het ons na 'n deur verskuif. Die klein plastiekstoeltjies was natuurlik 'n treffer en elkeen het sy kleur waarop hy sit!

Verlede week was dit Onafhanklikheidsdag, en die skool het ons genooi as eregaste. Daar was danse en opvoerings van 8 uur die oggend tot laat in die aand. 'n Groot voetbalwedstryd het die dag afgesluit, waar ek en Lourie die eer gehad het om die medaljes (geskenk deur die Kanadese Lighthouse kerk op 'n vorige besoek), uit te deel. Lourie moes toe ook 'n onvoorbereide toespraak lewer en het hom uitstekend van sy taak gekwyt. Die onderwysers het die toespraak as "powerful" bestempel. Ek, Mary en Mama Kalaluka het soetkoek, ysies en rolletjies verkoop. Ons verkoop ook ons eiers en groente by die skool. So probeer ons geld insamel om 2-plaat stofies te koop voor die reën begin. Hulle kook gewoonlik buite op oop vure.

Die afgelope Woensdagaand (die aand voor die verkiesing), het ons 'n bok, hoender en 'n sak miliemeel geskenk en al 12 hoofmanne van ons area genooi om saam 'n dankseggingspartytjie te kom bywoon. Die sous het uit ons tuine gekom, en almal het dit vreeslik geniet dat ons saam eet – vingers en al! Dit was 'n uitreikgeleentheid na die dorpsbewoners en natuurlik ook 'n geleentheid om mense te voed wat normaalweg net masoekoes eet (iets soos



Nr 15 - 02/11/2008



Hi everyone!

A week full of excitement and I must say, I have never in my life experienced such heat! Maybe the lack of rain is some sort of blessing, otherwise it would have been like a sauna over here! I was born and raised in the Kalahari (desert-region) in South Africa, and I vowed never to return, because I never wanted to pray for rain again ... but, never say never, because here I'm back in Africa!

I promised in the last newsletter to tell more of our school. We have 6 grade 0's and in the afternoon the number varies from 6 to 16! On the photo, we were still using the bunk-bed, but now we have moved to a door. The small plastic chairs are a hit, each one has his/her favourite colour!

Last week we celebrated Independence Day, and the school invited Lourie and I as guests of honour. There were dances and all sorts of shows from 8 in the morning till after dark. The day ended with a football game and Lourie and I had the privilege to present the medals to the winning team (donated by the Canadians from the Lighthouse Church on a previous trip). Lourie had to make an unexpected speech, which they told us afterwards was very "powerful". Mrs Kalaluka, Mary and I joined together to sell our local produce as well as cup cakes, ices and buns to raise funds to buy some 2-plate stoves before the serious rains starts. They usually cook on open fires, and it poses a problem once the rainy season starts.

On Wednesday night (the day before the election), we invited all 12 the headmen and people from their villages for a thanksgiving party. We donated a goat and a chicken as well as a bag of maize meal. The relish came straight from our own gardens. Everybody enjoyed this very much especially the part where Lourie and I decided to eat with our fingers, like the locals do. This was an opportunity to reach out to the local villagers and also to feed the hungry

maroelas). Die hoofmanne is ons baie goedgesind, hoewel daar nog 'n paar dorpies is wat baie skepties is oor die Umzungoes wat hier tussen hulle bly. Party dink ook ons bevoordeel slegs die mense in ons onmiddellike omgewing, soos ons dagwerkers. Ons probeer dus so dikwels moontlik met die hoofmanne kontak sodat hulle ons en ook ons intensies beter kan leer ken. Een van die hoofmanne het 'n aanmerking gemaak dat hulle weet ons doen goeie werk by die skool en dat daar nog 'n skool is wat hulle wil hê ons by betrokke moet raak.

Lourie is nog druk besig met die tand-en-hoender bedryf. Partymaal kring dit bietjie wyer en hier moes hy 'n operasie doen op 'n kind wat 'n stok in die brug van die voet gekry het. Die grootste probleem, buiten die feit dat ek NIE kan of wil assisteer nie, is die kommunikasie probleem. Lourie ken nou al heelwat woorde soos, ek gaan jou 'n inspuiting gee, maak oop, maak toe, het jy pyn ens. maar partymaal moet die pastoor vinnig kom help as Lourie se dialek hom in die steek laat! Nou ja, soos ek sê, hoe meer dae, hoe meer dinge! Ons bid nou erg vir reën, want die groente verwelk as ons nie tweemaal per dag water gee nie. Buddy en Pinky het ons verlaat en is nou iewers in 'n varkworsie – miskien by julle-op die winkelrak!

Baie seën en goeie wense uit 'n droë, warm Zambië. Onthou om die webtuiste te besoek, want die nuwe fotos is gelaai!

Lesá amololeke!

(Gods rykste seën)



locals who have to live off the fruits of the msuku tree (similar to the maroela). This time of year, which is very dry, is the most difficult for these poor people. The headmen were very impressed with what we are doing. We depend a lot on them to get the message through to the locals – some who are still sceptical about the Umzungoes who live amongst them! Some think we are only favouring the workers and their immediate families. One of the headmen remarked that they know about the good work we do at the school, and that there is another school that they would like us to get involved with.

Lourie is still very busy with his chicken-for-a-tooth business. Sometimes it involves emergencies outside his field of expertise, like the operation he had to do to remove a stick from a child's foot. The biggest problem apart from the fact that I do not assist him is the communication barrier. Lourie already knows a few phrases like: "I'm going to inject you, open your mouth wider, do you feel pain", but sometimes the pastor has to be summoned when his Tonga fails him! O well, never a dull moment! We are really praying for rain now because the vegetables wilt if we don't water them at least twice a day! Buddy and Pinky have departed from here and are most probably sitting on the shelves of your local supermarket as pork sausage!

Blessings and best wishes to you all from a dry, warm Zambia. Please remember to visit our website because new photos have been loaded.

Lesá amololeke!

(God bless)

Gisela & Lourie

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