

## My Trip to Kenya

Blog of Matushka Marina Holland

Part 10

Tuesday, January 30, 2019

Papathiya is not feeling well today. She is dizzy and has a headache and vague abdominal pains. I am worried about leaving her when I go to the school. She is not able to charge her phone, as her husband is travelling to Bishop Athanasius' funeral, and he has their charger. So she cannot call someone for help...



I went on to the school, where I had three classes today. In class 6 I shared with them three different National Geographic Kids magazines, with their beautiful pictures and wonderful information. They were very eager to learn about polar bears since there are no polar bears in Kenya. Another magazine was about lions, which they listened to and looked at just as avidly. And the third magazine was about frogs, and the many different colors they come in. They were so very attentive, and answered questions well.



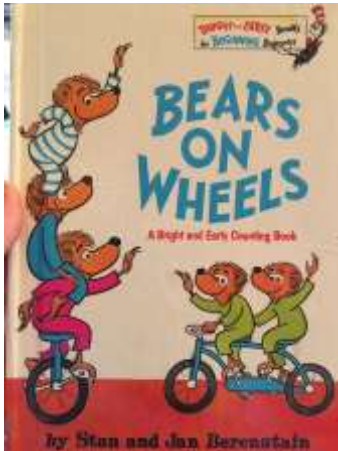
There was a short break, and again I was thronged by the kids. I never cease to be amazed by their love and eagerness. The teachers just smile from a distance.

The next class was Christine's class 2. I read three books to them, one simple book about black bears, one about boy and his imaginary horse, and the other the classic Green Eggs and Ham.



They very much enjoyed the Black Bear book, but several of the kids had a hard time with the concept of imagination, or pretend, during the Horse book. And most of the kids did not chime in for the rhymes during the Green Eggs and Ham book, when I'd trail off toward the end of the sentence for the kids to provide the rhyming word in a phrase they'd heard several times on previous pages. They didn't even follow the example of the couple of kids who *did* do it.

After this class I had an hour and ten minute break, so I went back up to check on Papathiya. I'd hoped that Ann had arrived by now, but she hadn't. And because Papathiya's phone was dead, she couldn't make or receive phone calls. And I couldn't with my phone, because I needed wi-fi, which they do not have. She said she'd had an hour rest this morning and was feeling somewhat better. I made her promise she'd leave the dishes for me to wash when I got back after my next class, then I headed back down.



My third class was with class 1, which I very much enjoyed. There were 8 kids in the class, and they were well-disciplined and sweet, and didn't jump up and grab for things. They listened and followed instructions quite well. Teacher Monica was there to help with translating as necessary, but very little was necessary. I read to them the Dr Seuss book Bears on Wheels, a counting book. On each page there is different number of bears on variously wheeled cycles, and sometimes they crash or combine or hidden new bears jump out of trees and join the other bears. The kids had great fun counting how many bears and how many wheels there were, and seeing the antics of the bears. After that they used the dry erase boards and markers to practice drawing their numbers.

I went back to the house after my last class, to discover Papathiya washing dishes after all. She was working outside on the porch, which meant she'd carried buckets of hot water and all the dirty dishes outside. She just laughed when I chided her, but she readily moved over to let me finish. Then I mopped the kitchen, and the porch – yes, I mopped the porch! – and then we had some lunch. We had the rare opportunity to talk without a bunch of commotion going on around us – well, commotion from only one person – little Panteleimon. But all the others were gone. We talked a lot about possible improvements at the school, and many other topics.

On my way home earlier today, I took several pictures that show different kinds of fencing they have here.



Some fences are held together with wire, others with horizontal boards. Some fences were a row of bushes, I saw one that was simply a long pile of branches stacked strategically on top of each other so it wouldn't fall over. Every yard is fenced to one extent or another.

I noticed that different gardens are in various stages of planting/growing/ready-for-harvest/already-harvested. I am quite intrigued that the climate here allows cabbages, for example, to be planted at widely varying times, so all these stages are evident at one time.

Papathiya has heard through a neighbor that our husbands have just begun their trip back home. They will arrive around 10pm, and are requesting more fish! So we thawed some more fish and made a fish stew to serve over rice. The kids liked it quite well, and there is still plenty left over for the men when they return.

After dinner I read another chapter from the Magic Tree House book to Blessings and Christine. As usual, Christine fell asleep! Once she is still more than two minutes in the evening, she is asleep! Blessings did his homework, and little Panteleimon practiced tying a string around my wrist for about twenty minutes! Then he hid under a quilt and we played "Where is Panteleimon" for another twenty minutes. As tiresome as the game got, it was still fun because of how he chortles with glee every single time he reveals himself from under the blanket.

This File:

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Reach Matushka Marina at [mmmarinaholland@yahoo.com](mailto:mmmarinaholland@yahoo.com) . She is the wife of Priest Seraphim Holland, and their parish is [St Nicholas Orthodox Church](http://www.orthodox.net), McKinney Texas <http://www.orthodox.net>

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