

BLACKIEONAMISSION

blackieonamission@gmail.com | PO Box 1288 Kigali Rwanda | +250 784 444 742

Writing Curriculum

Well there is nothing very exciting to sit and write month after month about writing a curriculum. I can tell you however, that it is coming together must faster than I ever imagined and is looking quite the official document. We even have a college emblem now to go onto it, next to the National emblem.

Life in Rwanda...

I just thought you should know that I have decided it is best not to wash your fresh from the farm raspberries while wearing your glasses. If you don't have your glasses on you can't see all the worms that float to the top of the water!

Sleep Overs live on...

Flora enjoyed having a sleep over with the 'Big Girl's' at our house - and yes, for those who know the tradition we had pancakes for breakfast!



Happy Mother's Day in May...

As I spent Mother's Day with my own Mum last year in Sydney, I would never have thought, that in 2016, I would be celebrating it in a whole different realm for myself. This little girl has been an absolute delight every waking moment, day and night. Yes, she still sleeps 12 hours every night and wakes up laughing and smiling and continues in that vain for the rest of the day. She has a new party trick this week and has started dancing - the African rhythm is a natural instinct. She dances in the bath, when having a bottle, when eating her dinner, when changing her nappy - she dances and laughs, then laughs at you - waiting for your response. She's 6months old and just lovely.



Other news...

You have seen photos before of my sponsor boy Jonathan, well he is growing into a fine young man too. He surprised me this month too when he started writing to me on Facebook and he always addresses his messages with, "Hi Mum - how are you, how is my sister - please greet her for me!" Bless him - he has started phoning me too on a Sunday afternoon when he has airtime and we have a nice chat.

A lot of the expat world work on the US system and are now on their 'summer break'. Most of my outside of Gisozi contacts have left for two or three months - so it's just me and Flora. I have friends who have gone back to Australia, other friends going to Kenya, my team leaders are going to Canada - even Fred is going to Australia! I am however looking forward to hosting a few people in our humble abode.

I was blessed this month with a washing machine, friends who were moving asked me if I wanted their washing machine - well after 9 months of hand washing - I cried and of course said yes! Now I just have to have a new tap and sink installed so I can make it work - it's a bit of a tease sitting there at the moment and not being able to use it! Now just to wait for the next person to leave and want to find a new home for their microwave!

I seem to change my mind every week in regards to a car, but this week I think we are going to stick with a personal driver and reduce the stress of Kigali traffic, even if it does mean a lack of freedom!

Hard not to be suspicious...

Last week when I came home from work, Lea who looks after Flora told me that someone came around looking for me. He asked for my phone number and bless her she knows not to hand it out to anyone, a few people have asked before for it. Anyway this guy came back in the afternoon - about 5:15pm, Flora was in the bath and Lea had stayed back to bath her. He walks right in through the gate and comes to our front door, I am as suspicious as anyone and ask him straight out, what is it you want? He politely (Rwandan's are sooooo polite) says, I want to have a conversation with you. Ok, so I invite him to sit on the front porch and ask him to 'talk'. He is stuttering over his words, his heart is visibly beating out of his chest and he seems as nervous as anything. I did actually start to feel sorry for him. I am still thinking he is going to ask me for some money, this has happened many times and I gave in once just to get them out of my house as the taxi was in the driveway and I needed to go. Anyways as this poor guy stumbles over his

words, he finally says to me - "I love you"!

"Ummmmm -

NOOOOOO you don't you don't even know

me - you see that I am white and you want something but you don't love me!" No I

love you - I go to Revival Palace (The church I attend) and I saw you two weeks ago

and I noticed you

contributed in the offering and I followed you home and you entered into this house - do you think you can feel the same way about me? "Seriously - It's time for you to leave - I have a

baby to bath! - I could be your mother - how old are you?

"Ummm, I'm thirrrrrrrrrty threeeeeee?" Bong bong - Im still too old - go and find a Rwandan girl and love her - and don't come back through this gate! So you don't think then you could have feelings for me? No - its time for you to leave.....

And there endedth my Wednesday afternoon! May sound harsh, but sometimes you just have to get the message across in broken english!



Out and About in May...



I just love how all over the world children are exactly the same, as I was walking home from school one day I saw these kids who don't go to school 'role playing' Mum's and Dads and making up their own house and kitchen with anything in their environment that was available to them.



This was brave Teacher Grace who demonstrated the trust fall in the Teachers staff room - there was no risk assessment or safety measures put into place - but a very fun afternoon all the same!

One Friday night Flora and I went to the opening night of an art exhibition - very cultured!



As you know I have been training the staff at J.Lynn's Cafe and I just had to take this photo. This was our flip chart that we used to write on, I hope you can see how it is hanging up - yes with two coat hangers - the Africans are very resourceful - and basically anything goes - no need for fancy projectors and red light pointers!



While Flora had a play date with friends I went to the International Food Festival and sold chocolate brownies and cupcakes - oh and I tasted a few fine cuisines too - life is never dull in Kigali! Even though I was 'working' I love going to these events and having a 'taste' of western worlds. It's also a great way of connecting with other expats and seeing more than the local community of where I live.



May saw us with a team visiting from Ireland and so, they came over for afternoon tea and home made hot banana bread - and didn't stop talking about the banana bread for the rest of the week!

