

Greetings from Kenya! June 24, 2025

June has been a month of altered schedules. Each of the first two weekends included an extra day off to observe a Kenyan holiday: Madaraka day which celebrates self-governance, and Eid al-Adha, a Muslim festival remembering Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son Isaac. Then one full week of classes ended with a weekend visit by two of our healthcare PCVs who spent all day Saturday talking to 10th and 11th grade classes about health issues. (Yes, students come to school on Saturdays, but I do not usually teach that day.) Most of these sessions were held outdoors and included dancing, games, walking and running, question-and-answer periods, and other fun activities. The kids loved it! Evidence came in the form of two questions they asked: "How can I join the Peace Corps?" and "When will you come back?"

Then came a few days of intensive review, followed by half-term exams and grading period. Review sessions were interrupted one day by a 4-hour ceremony to recognize last year's graduates who are now attending university (only three, I am sorry to say). Exam results for current students were again disappointing.

This week I am in Kisumu during our short break, doing a PC training session on how to involve our local community in designing, implementing, and assuring sustainability of projects. This is well-timed, since we will soon form a library committee to discuss all aspects of our book project. We will also consider sending grant applications to organizations that support education (such as to the Rotary Club) seeking donations for the project. In reference to that, you may have noticed that my name is no longer listed as the contact person for the Kenya– Lirhandu School project on the Books for Africa website. The Peace Corps prefers that someone from the beneficiary organization (in this case my school principal) be listed rather than a volunteer.

The photographs with this letter feature roads and paths, some in cities and some near my home village. One shows a street in Mombasa with the giant (artificial) elephant tusks that are a symbol of the city, and another the road I ride on my bicycle to the local market. *(continues on back)*

When riding a bike it now feels quite natural for me to keep to the left-hand side of the road, a practice probably imposed on Kenya by its former British colonial rulers. During the rainy seasons of spring and fall the unpaved roads become puddles and patches of slippery mud – then I put on my gum boots and walk.

Love and good wishes to all,
M/M

