

My Trip to Kenya

Blog of Matushka Marina Holland

Part 15, Tuesday, February 5, 2019

Yesterday, Monday, was an emotional day. We woke up early so we could be at the school by 8, for the children and teachers had planned a farewell program for me. I was quiet at breakfast, knowing this would be my last breakfast with these dear friends. Knowing that a short time from now I'd be seeing the children for the last time till my next trip, God-willing, next January. Knowing the kids would be putting on a special show for me, to say thank you and goodbye. I knew they'd miss me, and I knew I'd miss them. Sweet babies.

The children were lined up by their classes, the youngest in front and the oldest in back. Acknowledgements and pleasantries were exchanged. Then the scouts, a group of about 14 boys aged 7-about 15, marched in formation, separating into lines and then joining into lines, making smart turns, eventually coming to stand at attention in front of FS and me. There they sang some exuberant and patriotic songs. It was wonderful! To think where most of these children started...hungry, homeless, orphaned, uneducated, afraid to trust, perhaps unable to love, doing what was necessary to survive. Now striving in school, learning, being a part of a group, trusting, loving and being loved. Several of them stole glances at me and I smiled broadly at them the whole time. Oh, my heart. Tears are streaming from my eyes as I sit here on plane, remembering and writing. Other groups of kids sang. One boy read aloud a speech that the teachers had helped him write for the occasion – he gave me his hand-written paper. I shall include it at the end of this section, just to show how warm these people are. I in turn said a few words to them, to thank them and to tell them I loved them and was so proud of them and would miss them and would carry them home with me in my heart. Then we lined up, Teacher Monica and me at the head, and everyone else behind, with their hands on the hips of the person ahead of them. We made a train that wound around the school property, singing songs and playing an obviously-familiar game. At the end, the children were dismissed by their classes back to their rooms. And I hugged teachers and cried and promised to do my best to come back again next year.

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