

Dear adoptive parents, supporters and friends of the Centrum Narovinu,

Happy New Year and big thanks for all your support in the past year. We are excited to see the great things we will do together this year. What can you find in this bulletin? We have again included your stories - the stories of adoptive parents, students in the program of long-distance adoption, partner schools, volunteers... We are very grateful for your feedback and are happy to see that you believe in the importance of supporting

the education of Kenyan children. The project starts with supporting one kid, but in the end, the whole families and communities benefit from it. Last but not least, the project also educates Czech children and strengthens their empathy, solidarity and critical thinking. We wish you a year filled with meaningful projects

On behalf of Narovinu Center

Simona Heřtusová

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Edward's story from remote support Adoption



Hello, my name is Edward Ndung'uNjoroge. I was Born in the year 1998, 12th may. I was raised in a tiny ghetto named Githembe in Kawangware. I am the only boy in a family of 3 lovely sisters and 2 wonderful parents, where we lacked in abundance we made it up with love and caring for each other. My lovely mother who was a coordinator working with Centrum Narovinu signed me up with

the program together with my sisters. And this was the touch of an angel in one's life. I was adopted with Jancek Karel who took care of my basic needs, school fees, food, clothes, medical cover. I mean every single thing that makes humanity be worth fighting for indeed this was the touch of an angel and I am eternally grateful. I pretty much had a normal childhood playing in the dirt, chasing dogs around, I mean the usual life of a young boy in the ghetto until the day I got sick. I was diagnosed with epilepsy a condition that was unprecedented in my life this was a huge blow in my life, having epilepsy in a community where witchcraft, juju and all other superstition are believed to be real made it even harder.

My mental health was on the test and through this program my hope so fleeing a normal life was still alive. Every one who thought I was mad or maybe be a witch didn't get through to

me no matter how hard they tried. We did several tests MRI, city scans trying to find the root of this disease and how we can combat this condition.

I want to thank Dana in a very special way for arranging a meeting with one of the top health officials from Centrum who was visiting Kenya at the moment to try and help me out. Luckily I never lost hope I believed that one day I will be okay and live free from this condition and its carriers (stigmatization).



Even you can become an adoptive parent and support the education of Kenyan children. It is worth it!

You can support the education of Children from the Island of Hope in Kenya via QR code, thank you.

More information at: www.AdopceAfrika.cz



QR Platba

Whom does the Centre Narovinu team consist of?

We introduce our intern in Nairobi.



Hello, I am Govan Okuku. A former student of The Cooperative University of Kenya awaiting graduation. I am a beneficiary of Centrum Narovinu since 2009.

Currently I am an intern at Centrum Narovinu head office in Nairobi where I mostly deal with college students and emails. I also help in day to day office duties.

I also work hand in hand with other colleagues in collection of college materials.

At school I studied Diploma in Tourism Management. My hobbies are discovering new places for touring and adventures. I also like football. In future I would like to start a tour company that will enable people visit destinations of their choices.

Club of Friends of Adoption

From the account of the Friends of Adoption Club, where people can contribute regular and irregular amounts under s. 800 and where the excess payments donated to us by "adoptive parents" from completed adoptions go, in the fourth school term of 2022 we supported a total of 14 children who lost the support of their previous "adoptive parent" or they are still waiting for their "first adoptive parent". In total, this amounts to CZK 57,802 + EUR 201. Thank you very much for the amount donated to the Adoption Friends Club.

Hana Jodasová



We present to you the story of Precious and Ruben, for whom we are urgently looking for adoptive parents:

Precious Roseline Atieno (ID in program 53122) father died. The mother couldn't handle the situation, so the little girl joined the orphanage OstrovaNaděje on Rusinga Island and started going to kindergarten in Janu-

ary. The little girl has asthma and support for this costs 5,600 CZK/220 EUR for one school term (i.e. 16,800 CZK/660 EUR per year). For more information, contact Juraj at juraj.sasko@adopceafrika.cz, thank you.

Ruben Onyango Ogutu (ID in program 53119) lost his mother, so the boy lived with his grandmother for a while. Due to a bad financial situation, he entered the Hope Island orphanage on Rusinga Island and started going to kindergarten in January. Ruben likes football. He is healthy except for occasional malaria. The boy's support amounts to 5,600 CZK/220 EUR per school period (i.e. 16,800 CZK/660 EUR per year).

For more information, contact Pavla at pavla.brixi@adopceafrika.cz, thank you.



Edward's story from remote support Adoption *continued from page 1*

Today I can say that I am living a happy life I have learned how to live with the condition and I am proud of the man I am becoming.

My career as a musician grew in meduring my high school years. I used music as my anchor, my freedom, my safe place to be and I grew attached to this feeling. I knew I had to do more than just sing and right now I have released two official singles with a really good friend of mine one of the founders in the entertainment industry in Kenya JBLESSING and we are working on majore projects to be released early next year.

I want to use this gift that I have to share light to each and everyone coming from a place where it's dark and it's lonely we are together. I will share the links and trully there is really hope and light beyond the tunnel.

I am really grateful to Centrum Narovinu. No words can explain my feeling towardst his program. I know that I am not alone and so I join my heart and love towards this blessing. All love CENTRUM NAROVINU

You can search for Edward's work on YouTube under his stage name Tajezo.

Health insurance

We would like to thank you for supporting the children in the health insurance program last year as well. This amounts to 1,500 CZK (60 EUR) per year and this amount cover the medical examination and medical expenses. Annually it is a maximum of KES 150,000 in case of injuries and accidents and KES 10,000 for medicine and treatment.

In the second half of last year, for example, the health insurance paid for the operation of little Samuel, who broke his femur a few years ago, but it was not properly treated because the family did not have enough funds. The bone had fused badly and the boy was in great pain when walking, not to mention the poor posture and its effect on the boy's spine. The doctor therefore decided to operate so that the boy would not suffer

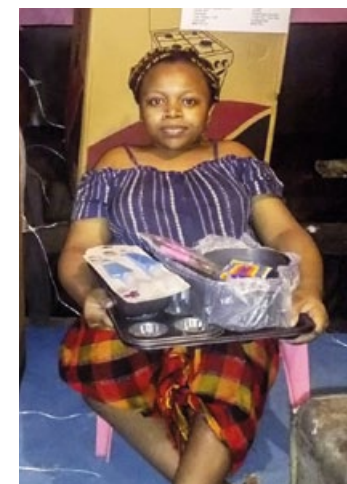
and could walk without pain. Now the boy is recovering and we believe the boy's quality of life has improved, thanks to health insurance and thus the possibility of surgery. Join the next period of health insurance, which will be valid from June 2023 to May 2024.

The payment of 1,500 CZK (60 EUR) will have to be made by mid-May 2023. Thank you.

Eva Jedličková



The story of my adopted little girl Monica



Monica can't walk. This turned out to be the definitive opinion in the spring of 2021 during the last examination by the doctor, who did not recommend the operation because it could be life-threatening. I first met my adopted little girl in October 2019 in Nairobi, where she still lives. At that time, we started working with CN's Nairobi office and the Kenyan adoption coordinator,

Lydia, to arrange the definitive operative procedure for Monica at Kijabe Hospital, 50 kilometres from Nairobi. Here we were told by the doctor that it was necessary to insert some kind of metal component into Monica's femurs to help the desired fusion of the bones in this area, so that she would be able to walk in the future. At this point, there was still hope for her recovery.

After some time, still in the Czech Republic, I received a message in 2020 that the operation would cost approximately 50 thousand crowns. I remember the moment when I was driving in the car and she was very sad about this fact, because I was not able to provide such an amount to Monica at that time. That day, as if by fate, a friend approached me with a fairly common question - how am I doing? I told him that I was very worried about the situation with Monica and her medical condition requiring an operation that was supposed to be expensive. He simply asked me "how much", I said 50k and he just asked for the account number. The money landed in my account the next day, and I then immediately transferred it to the account of the NarovinaCenter with the common goal of securing a more favourable future for Monica. I am still grateful to him for this generous contribution, even though it had to be used differently in the end. I would like to mention his name - Ing. M.Sc. TomášKaštil, who also helped with projects on the

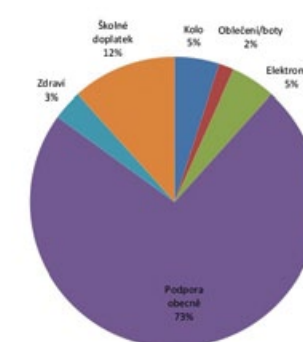
Island of Hope in Kenya and is also an active adoptive parent. In the spring of 2021, the director of CN Dana called me and gave me the final news that it was impossible for Monica to undergo this expensive surgery. To her question whether I would like to return the money sent, I gave a completely unambiguous answer, namely "no way". Together with Dana, we unanimously agreed that we would use this amount to purchase medical supplies and other essential items for the little girl.

The last time I met Monica was in April 2022. So, the diagnosis is now clear, Monica will not be able to walk. Thanks to Tomáš, Monica finally bought a wheelchair from the budget sent. In order to find a purpose in life in her difficult situation, her dream was to learn to bake, mainly pastries that she would be able to sell around the neighbourhood. Therefore, the necessary products were purchased from the budget, such as dishes, an oven, ingredients, and de facto the time and knowledge of the teacher who came to her to teach her everything about baking. Today, Monica is baking amazing, eye-pleasing pastries that I hope I can try on my fifth visit to Kenya. I also thank you readers for your interest in a good cause.

Evelína Milfortová

Extra support for children in Kenya

In the fourth quarter of 2022, a total of 60 extra payments with a total value of CZK 249,909 were made.



Island of Hope in Kenya Work and life with children from the community center on the island through the eyes of Ostrava University students

Mambo (hello in Swahili)! My name is David, I am a post-graduate student of Clinical Neuroscience at the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Ostrava, and I would like to tell you about my experience from my volunteerinternship at the clinic, made possible by the university and the Centrum Narovinu.



When I discovered the possibility to travel to Africa as part of my studies at the university for a volunteerinternship, I did not hesitate any moment. From the possibilities offered, the project on Rusinga Island in Kenya appealed to me the most, where I could use it not only in working with children, but especially in helping the local clinic. After the successful selection procedure, I started to devote my self to the long preparation for the stay and in the second week of November I was finally able to go on a month-long internship in Kenya.

On Saturday, immediately up on arrival, I was surrounded by children from the orphanage, who showed me the entire community center, from the playground to the classrooms and children's accommodation to the farm with breeding ponds by the lake. I was able to meet the kitchen staff preparing food in large pots over an open fire, I met the orphanage staff including Madame Desline, who as the head of the orphanage cares for more than 80 children, and immediately participated in the preparation of the dinner that followed. During the rest of the weekend we visited the local church with the children from the orphanage and with Madame Desline. There the children performed a prepared dance, and we spent time together playing games, drawing and playing sports.

Monday came, the first day at the clinic. Finally, I was able to meet the head doctor of the clinic - Emanuel Sossi, who immediately took me under his wing, showed me the entire clinic, introduced all the workers, and while examining the first patients, he patiently explained to me the process of examination and subsequent treatment. There was no time for stage fright or slow looking around, I immediately threw my self in to the whirlwind of life at the clinic, guided by the advice of Sossi and Dan, the head of the laboratory. After a few days, I was more confident in taking history, performing basic tests, prescribing and dosing medications, and treating the patient, so I could work independently. The children at the orphanage taught me ba-

sic phrases in Swahili and the local Luo language that I could use to communicate with the patients, which always put a smile on their faces and made working with them easier.

Before my departure to Kenya, I already had experience from a hospital in the Czech Republic, so everything was not new to me, but I could not prepare myself for local diseases and problems. Since the period of short rains started during my stay, mosquitoes began to multiply, which we could observe daily in the clinic for a large increase in patients tested positive for malaria, often in a very serious condition. Their diagnosis and treatment was the most common procedure for me at the clinic, as well as the diagnosis and treatment of patients with infected parasites, mainly in testinal schistosomiasis and children with scabies. Among diseases that are not common in the Czech Republic, I met here especially many patients with HIV, with sickle cell anemia and in children with a fungal infection of the head. As part of the treatment of patients in the acute state, I was able to use my experience with patient cannulation at the clinic, I was able to try suturing wounds, minor surgical procedures, but also X-raying our patient in a nearby X-ray hospital or draining the fluid collection of an old patient's abdomen in his home.

We became fast friends with the wonderful staff at the clinic and I had the opportunity to work with every one at the clinic. With Mama Chepi, the receptionist, I took the vital signs of newly arrived patients, with Sossi I examined and treated patients on a daily basis, with Dan I performed rapid tests and microscopic examination of blood or stool, with Zac and Judith I took care of pregnant women as part of a regular examination and I vaccinated young children. Peter and Linda and I took care of the tours and medication for patients with HIV, Shilla and I sterilized the used instruments, and in our free moments at the clinic, one-year-old Hazel, daughter of Millicent, a nurse monitoring tuberculosis patients, enriched the lives of all of us at the clinic.

The most beautiful moment for me was the penultimate night of my stay, when I finally got to give birth. I saw how it was a lot of work and pain for the mother, even though it was already her fifth child. I was able to help the nurse on duty Phoebe during the birth, cut all the steps, even wait for the umbilical cord, and the sweet reward for all of us was the cry of a newly born, healthy baby boy.

Thanks to my colleagues from the hospital in Frýdek-Místek, I was able to bring new metal instruments that were often missing to the clinic, and Shilla and I were able to beautify the waiting areas of the clinic and the beds of the youngest patients with pictures, decorations and photos. I believe that in the future I will also have a clinic, especially a collection of missing instruments, devices and other hospital material from Czech hospitals.

The whole month of working at the clinic was very rewarding for me. I got to know the local culture and the mentality of the patients, I encountered many diseases that we don't have in Europe, and I was able to try many procedures that I would never get to do in the Czech Republic. The acquired knowledge and skills will be useful for me in the future as well, and friendships with local colleagues are especially valuable.

I spent a few afternoons and evenings with children from the orphanage, primary school and later also with high school students. As the sixth

and eighth graders had final exams before them, our time was not only filled with games, sports and creative activities, but also learning together in the evenings. I made friends not only with the staff of the clinic, with Sossi, Zac and Dan we spent time together after work and on trips, but also with the teachers from the elementary school, led by the director and his deputy, Madame Violet at luncheons together. I also became friends with Mrs. Desline, at church and on walks with the children from the orphanage, and especially with the teachers from the high school - Derick, Dickson and Leonard, with whom we explored the beauty of the whole island and also went on a kayaking or boat trip across Lake Victoria and neighboring islands.

After a difficult fare well to the Island of Hope, I had the opportunity to explore more places in Kenya - to experience the beauty of the Indian Ocean coast at the famous Diani beaches, to see the beautiful port city of Mombasa, to know coffee plantations after tea plantations, to see many animals in the wonderful national the Masai Mara reserve and also explore the capital Nairobi. I want to thank the University of Ostrava and the Centrum Narovinu for great experiences, many new friendships and especially for a very good life experience.

Firstly, I should introduce myself for some background knowledge of my connection to Centrum Narovinu. My name is Pabina, and I am now a fifth-year medical student at University of Ostrava in the Czech Republic. I was given the opportunity to go volunteer at the clinic at the Humanist Center at Rusinga Island. I recently came back from my trip there and I would like to share my experience.



When I was arriving along the road to the Humanist Center, the children had just finished their school day and I was instantly greeted with enthusiastic kids shouting "Hi, how are you?" or "Mzungu!" ("white person"). Once I was there, I met the two volunteers that had been there for the previous 3 weeks - Honza and Jirka. Since it was already late in the evening, they quickly showed me around to familiarise myself with the place and everyone there. We also went into the clinic to see where I would be working for the next couple of weeks. There, I met Lynet (also known as Mama Cheppi) working at reception, Dan (the lab tech) and finally (as Honza put it) the guy with the 'big doctor smile' - Sosi (the head physician of the clinic).

For the first week, I was accompanied by Honza and Jirka. They had definitely picked up a lot of things at the clinic and were already full of knowledge that they had learnt. Most of the work in the clinic involved taking patient history, recommending the laboratory tests, diagnosing the patient, and providing the correct medication as well as their dosage for treatment. There was certainly a lot to take in at the start, but everyone was willing to help and were very supportive.

Especially when there were patients that were unable to speak English, the other staff in the clinic stepped up and helped to translate when it got busy.

Starting immediately in the first couple of days, even up until the last couple of days, I encountered many new situations that I was not used to. I was not only able to expand my clinical knowledge but also grow as a person through such experiences there. The first challenge I faced was treating a patient whilst they are in pain. In this scenario, it was a young 5-year-old boy who had a deep cut on his forehead, as a swing had hit him. He needed an injection of anaesthetic to be put around the wound to help numb the area - ready for stitching. However, he was scared, crying, and not co-operating. Therefore, he needed holding down. Since it was the first time I had been in a situation like this, it was quite emotional for me. Looking back at it now, I've learnt Sossi said that I should "focus on what is best for the patient and the outcome".

Furthermore, there were several miscarriages that occurred during my time there. It allowed me to learn what I should look out for and what to do in such cases. During one of these situations, I was also able to assist in a procedure called dilatation and curettage. It is carried out to ensure that all of the contents inside the uterus is removed. If it is not done properly, the woman will continue bleed out - even until death. Although I was looking forward to assisting in deliveries (as I had heard previous volunteers doing before), it was also a very valuable experience to be able to watch and learn from these situations.

Another experience that really opened my eyes was an emergency with a 1-year-old child. With low blood sugar levels and haemoglobin levels, she was barely conscious, cold to touch and lifeless. Unfortunately, we had to perform CPR on her until eventually Sossi had to call her death. This was a true moment of growth for me as she was my first patient that I had to practice CPR on and had lost.

Despite all these sad situations, there were always the cheerful kids of the school around the area. They were so bright, intelligent, and bubbly. Sometimes, in the afternoon, I would go out to play badminton or football with some of them. At first, they did not know how to play badminton. Even so, they were fast learners and were even helping each other to play which was heart-warming to see. Interacting with the kids in this way and talking to them allowed me to see their individual personalities and see each of their own unique charms. But, I could see one thing in common which was their smiles, curiosity, and enthusiasm.

Alongside the people I worked with in the clinic, there were many people in the Humanist Centre as well as outside the compound that I became friends with. Each and every person was very pleasant, kind and always made me feel welcome. Of course, I also had to make some tourist visits while I was there. So, I visited several beautiful resorts around the Island as well as trips to Mbita, Kisumu and to the surrounding islands on a boat. All of which were great adventures with good food, company, and views. With all these unforgettable memories I have made during this trip, I am very thankful that I was given this opportunity to be able to come to Rusinga Island to partake in this volunteering experience. I will always reminisce and cherish my time there.

Insights from a trip to Kenya to see adopted daughter

Through the eyes of Pavla

On the way to Rusinga Island we pass women carrying baskets and buckets on their heads, their brightly coloured dresses billowing around their bodies. The buckets give them a majestic posture that would make European women envious. The children return from school in their school uniforms and the little kid is dragging a backpack bigger than himself. And cows and goats everywhere. The road changes noticeably as we cross



from the bridge to the island. There the tarmac road ends and the real motor racing circuit begins.

This cannot even be called a dirt road, because it is a pothole next to a pothole, here and there a cow that creates the authenticity of the place, and it must be circumnavigated. There is no sign of any nice houses and the raw, genuine poverty begins. In contrast, Rusinga surprises with its space and the children are simply divine. They watch you for a while and then they're leading you by the hand. They want to make friends. Some 80 orphans or semi-orphans have found a home here, although there is only capacity for 50 of them, but they are absolutely spontaneous. Besides the orphanage, there's a kindergarten, a primary school and a secondary school. The children very quickly understand that there is no use to speak English with me and suddenly their shyness falls away. Hey, how's it going, come with me and say good night. At bedtime the children come one by one and hug us, whispering "good night" to me in Czech. Some, I suspect, have had a second round. These kids have a lot of love in them.

Presslyne, whom I recognized at first sight, was waiting for me at the airport in Nairobi. She was a beautiful, slender black woman and there are no words to describe our mutual joy at finally seeing each other. Her long-distance adoption had begun 18 years ago, and now, instead of a seven-year-old girl, there was a grown woman with a college degree standing in front of me. Words cannot describe the feeling that ran through me from head to toe and then three times as much.

Today Presslyne invited us to her house for a visit. Presslyne lives in a slum Nand, where you really don't want to live. To see poverty in such a raw state, it's almost overwhelming. At 2.5 square kilometres, live up to 300,000 people per square kilometre. We've been walking through this godforsaken and dismal area, its individual streets with shops where bakers grind cornmeal, a butcher selling meat, grilling chickens and frying chips, and I im-

mediately knew I wasn't going to want to pee here, even if I had to make a knot in my bladder.

In the slum you can buy anything you can think of, and you don't even need any cash. The money is transferred at the time of the transaction directly from account to account, from mobile to mobile. That's why every Kenyan has a mobile, not having a mobile is like not living. In the slum there was a grocery store, a money exchange, a clothing store, a shoe store, hairdressers and pubs. There's everything you can think of, it just looks different and very scary. The streets aren't paved, and when it rains, the whole slum is swimming in mud. We arrived to the dwelling where Presslyne and her father live. It was a tin shack, one of the series of tin shacks. Since the daughter can't sleep in the same room as her father, she goes to her aunt's for the night. Dad greeted us warmly, we handed over gifts for the whole family and among other things, we played a game of "Pexeso" and "Man, don't be angry", which we brought for the children. Afterwards, a meal was served - of ugali with smothered chopped pumpkin leaves and stinking fish, which they say are their favourite. In our honour today, there was meat (the little fish). For dessert was a sweet porridge that was drunk out of a cup and gives you energy to break rocks. I swallowed without grumbling what I was served and didn't even make a peep out of politeness. We learned that in order to be able to use electricity in the shed, they have to buy tokens from the power company in advance, which they then drop into a box located in the shed, and then they switch the light on for a certain period of time.

The next day, a second visit to the family in the slum was planned, this time in the presence of the mother, who had come to Nairobi for graduation. The misery of the entire slum and its inhabitants was pervasive, but this time we went by car. The slum smells awful, like you're in a landfill, but after a while your nose gets used to it and you don't smell it so much. We weaved through alleys full of little shops, with everything you can imagine, including women's high heels. I would have stuck the heels just right in the first mud of the road. There were piles of garbage along the roads. There's no utility system here, there's virtually no trash cans, what gets dropped is left lying on the ground. But the kids didn't make a big deal out of anything and cheerfully bouncing around in the puddles.

The farewell was very emotional. Presslyne was crying and between sobs she just repeated that she would do everything not to let us down. We stood there in a hug for a long time, and my thoughts went back to all the time we had been supporting her and how lucky we all actually were. First, that Dad had the idea to take part of the family to Nairobi, wanting a better life for Presslyne. Then that Ken found her at school and took her into the adoption program. I was lucky to have my dream come true that I would choose a girl who was smart, driven and responsible enough to go to college. When I told that to my friends 18 years ago, they looked at me like I had fallen out of a strawberry. College and a slum girl? But I refused to give up my dream. At the same time, I was lucky to have my friends who helped me financially on the path I dreamed for Presslyne, for which I thank Dana, Standa, Jirka and Zdenda very much. I would also like to thank my family for their forbearance and support. And finally Presslyne herself was lucky to have parents who, although uned-

ucated, had progressive views and understood that education was the way and the hope for a better life for their daughter and supported her in her studies. I walked Presslyne to the gates of the resort and our eyes met for the last time. In her look was hope and determination, in mine was pride. Then she got on the motorcycle that came for her, waved and disappeared from my sight. Now it would be up to her.

Epilogue. According to statistics, 600 million people live in poverty across Africa, and millions of children worldwide do not have access to quality education. The school system in Kenya guarantees only primary school, which ends with seventh grade final exams, and junior high school, but still, education is very expensive for many parents and many gifted children fall through the net due to poverty. Africa has incredible potential in both human resources and mineral wealth. Especially in these times when Europe is looking for resources to sustain itself, investing in education on the black continent can be one of the long-term paths and solutions to the crisis. The solution to the economic migration that Europe is facing and from which it has not yet found a meaningful way out is, in my opinion, right in front of our eyes, and it is education. Educated people are not fleeing to Europe because Africans have strong ties to their families and love their country. Those who flee to Europe are mainly those who are driven out of their country by poverty and misery. They are then in the vain hope of a better life, they seek employment, but without education they cannot be of any use to Europe. As educated people, they will stay at home and can be useful to their country.

I've heard the opinion "why do we care about Africa, we don't have enough ourselves". But neither the poorest single parent nor the poorest pensioner is forced to deal with such huge existential problems, and yet we all live on the same planet. If we want to survive as a civilisation, we should be concerned to care for it together. The Czech Republic is a very generous welfare state and we all live in welfare. We were born on the richer side of the globe, we live our lives in excess without realising it ourselves, even against the backdrop of today's war and energy crisis. Clash with real poverty is eye-opening and for me personally it has caused an internal social upheaval. I realized how lucky I am that I wasn't born in poverty, I've learned to appreciate what I have, and I realized that unfortunately not everyone here appreciated it too. This journey has given me so much. Humility, love, compassion and hope. Change starts from the individual. I feel an inner need to share my well-being. It's easy to give to the poor food, but only when you teach him how to fish, how to weave a basket, how to take care of himself... that's the best gift a man can give.

Dear friends, if you have read this far, thank you for your attention and I beg you to share your wealth. If you can, give a child the hope of a better life, and if you don't feel like making such a long-term commitment, please purchase one of the offered certificates or a ball, doll, pillow with a blanket, or shoes at: www.centrumnarovinu.cz so that the children in the orphanage can sleep with dignity, so that they can have a happier childhood, so that they won't be hungry at bedtime. I guarantee that your help will reach those in need. Love for the other, humility towards life, to be able to listen, to want to give something, to be willing to share, wisdom and education, are the personal wealth of every person.

Presslyne and many other children who have been given a chance can change their lives, can change the world, let's give others a chance together.

Pavla Pudilová

Through the eyes of Zdeněk

Almost all experiences from our trip were described by Pavla on the previous page. So I'll just share my emotions a bit. We had a journey planned to catch the kids at our school in Rusinga before they left for holidays, and we also hoped to be able to see the graduation of our successful adopted daughter Presslyne. That didn't happen, but we still had a great time.

So we started on Rusinga. When you enter the campus, a strange thing happens, you go into another world. You go into a world of childlike sincerity, joy in every little thing, and the warmth of a sincere soul that perhaps only the children here at Rusinga are capable of. Then you will be surprised by the school grounds themselves, how ingeniously everything is laid out, how all the buildings are built to best serve their purpose, and how large the entire campus is. A computer lab like nowhere else. It seems impossible that the whole thing was built with voluntary contributions, without any input from the state. It's basically a great miracle. Spending four days here will completely change your view of the world and what is actually important in life. It's when you see children who have lost the rest of the family, have almost nothing, and yet they can be cheerful and even transmit that joy of life to you. We left a little sad and thoughtful, but both Paula and I felt that if we had the chance, we would come back. My next emotion was connected to our adopted daughter Presslyne. After arriving from Kisumu to Nairobi, we are coming out of the arrival hall and suddenly I see Pavla, as all the things fell out of her hands, running in front of the airport hall and there she is hugging Presslyne in the middle of the road, jumping, spinning around and laughing and crying at the same time. Everything fell out of my hands too, and I felt it slowly pass over to me as tears came to my eyes as well. It's a good thing the two didn't want to break away from each other, so when I recovered I managed to take a few pictures of the first encounter. After that, we were all together from morning till night for a whole fortnight and experienced everything we could. Nairobi, her school, family, safari, plane flight, beach, sunrise over the sea, Mombasa, just a lot of experiences. Over time, I found that the two women developed a special relationship. It was like mother and daughter were best friends. And the strongest emotion came at the end, at the farewell. It's indescribable!

Zdeněk Mocek



Celou, nezkrácenou verzi článku najdete na www.centrumnarovinu.cz/cesta-do-keni-aneb-postrehy-adoptivni-maminky

Christmas market at Hostýnská elementary school and fundraiser in support of Elijah from Kenya



On December 7th, students and teachers from the Hostýnská elementary school in Prague 10 organized a Christmas market. The event took place at the school and it was open to the public. The students

made various Christmas decorations and other handmade products which they sold at the market. Each class then decided how to use the money they made. Some went out for ice-cream, some bought study tools, some decided to give the money to Elijahah, who has been supported by the school for many years now.

This December market was important and special in that it took place after a long break. Some of our students experienced it for the very first time. It is one of many great occasions on which the home and school environment of the students meet, which is really important for the overall climate of the school. As usual, the school club prepared their traditional café "By the Snowman". First, they had to think everything through - decide on prices, prepare the drinks menu, etc. It

was a great chance for the children to practice their financial skills and increase their financial literacy.

Big thanks to all the parents, teachers, students (even former students) and everyone else who supported the event by stopping by for a chat or a bite or sip of something tasty.

Traditionally, an important part of the Christmas and Easter market is the start of the fundraiser for our friend Elijahah from Kenya. We cover his tuition, health insurance and we often exchange letters with him. We made the decision to adopt him spontaneously a few years back - we wanted to do something good and useful.

Both the visitors of the market as well as the students themselves contribute to the fundraiser. The overall amount is then published on the school website. Through this initiative, our students become more aware of the importance of helping those in need.



*Mgr. Stanislav Kodet,
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Fair Trade Shop Gifts with a story

