One of the best parts of my time in Kenya was meeting and playing with the children. Although there was a language barrier, we were still able to communicate through broken phrases and body language. Often time just seeing the smiles of the kids made words unnecessary. Unfortunately, these kids could not afford to attend school.

One of our main duties in Charuru was to help in the construction of a local health clinic. We worked along with members of the community, forming many friendships while working. Tasks included digging, carrying and laying rocks, sanding and painting. By participating in this project, I realized how important group work and community values are to the Kenyan people. This clinic still needs a lot of work, but with the help of future volunteers, it will soon be ready to help patients.
Some days I was lucky enough to teach in the school. I would teach English and American Culture - something the children were always interested in. This picture shows some of the school children sitting in the yard of the school. I felt that I learned a lot more than I was teaching, for the people there had so much to offer.

This picture shows Jeremiah with his wife and children. Jeremiah was our "guardian angel". He was hired as a "cook" for the Americans staying in Charuru, but he was far more than that. He made sure we were always all right and give us any sort of advice we needed. He was my roommate for the six weeks I spent in Charuru. And, now, I am lucky enough to be a lifelong friend.