

Africa - Summer 1992, Some Reminiscences... Eileen Connell Kawola

July 1, 1992

We left New York City, stopover in London, slept in hotel, long flight on South African airlines. That was a strange experience - it felt like we were in South Africa in a way. Announcements and written material were in both English and Afrikaans. I kept looking at the other people on the plane, the vast majority of them were white, and wondering where they were coming from, both literally and figuratively. The flight in grueling - 11 or 12 hours in the air.

July 3, 1992

We landed in Johannesburg in the morning and Jan Smuts airport gave me the same feeling as the plane. It was filled with whites speaking with heavy Afrikaner accents. Many of the workers were Black, men wearing baclavas, women wearing woolen stocking caps. It was strange to be in the place we had talked and read so much about for the past ten years. We were met by Tebo and a woman named Olive Ndlova from the ANC. They had a cab waiting and we went to Lyndall Mafole's house which is in the heart of Johannesburg. Johannesburg is pretty much as I expected - big, modern, industrialized. When we got to Lyndall's we had coffee, tea and cookies brought to us on a tray in a somewhat formal way. We learned later that that is typical African hospitality; in every home we visited we were treated in the same way. We talked for awhile. Lyndall has a very sick baby. Both she and Olive seemed very optimistic about the changes that are coming although she did express some concern that the ANC will not be able to fulfill all the expectations that the people have. Lyndall asked us if we wanted to do something before our evening flight or if we wanted to sleep and we opted for sleep.

Got back to the airport for the trip to Maputo. In the airport we saw disgusting postcards that were racially insensitive. Commented to Mike at the enormity of the changes needed. The U.S. might have twenty or so years on South Africa but probably the biggest change in the U.S. is that racial insensitivity in the public arena is now taboo; all the other inequities remain firmly entrenched. Arrived in Maputo around midnight. The airport was much smaller than the one in Johannesburg. On the flight, the pilot's final announcement was something to the effect of have a good visit or whatever you are going to do in Mozambique. Had a small hassle getting through customs. The woman went through the big material aid bag and was pulling out different things. I ended up giving her a rubber ball and some pencils - a small enough bribe to get everything through. Mike at this point was thinking I was giving everything away but I told her to get away and I would handle it. By now we had been joined by Sharon Streater, the other woman who was going to join for part of the trip. We had met her in the airport in Johannesburg shortly before the flight.

When we got through customs there was a man waiting for us from the Methodist Church and he piled all of our stuff into a van and drove us to the Methodist Church guest house in Maputo. We had a large room for three people and some rolls and jelly had been left out for us in the kitchen. The accommodations were fine - better than I suppose we had expected because there were bathrooms, running water, a kitchen down the hall. We had thought from Prexy's travel instructions that the conditions would be harsher, more difficult. The guest house had several bedrooms and a big living/dining room. It was very secure behind a large stone fence. We slept.

July 4, 1992

In the morning two American women arrived - Ruth Minter and Maelinda Turner. Ruth is probably in her fifties and is on a three year contract to teach theology at a seminary outside of Maputo. She had been in Mozambique before the revolution. Maelinda is a young woman who was spending a year doing community outreach for a church in Lesotho. Mawlinda was in

Mozambique for a week vacation and was staying with Ruth but was joining us for the time that we would be there with Prexy. Ruth told us Prexy would be arriving by early afternoon.

Prexy arrived as scheduled. He had a rental car so after sitting and talking for awhile we went out and he drove us around Maputo. He pointed out the place where Albie Sachs had been injured by a bomb, the square where people rallied at the time of Samora Machel's death, a statue of Samora Machel that had been donated by the North Koreans, the port area, the main street along the ocean where there are a few very expensive hotels and restaurants frequented mainly by people working for non-governmental organizations in Mozambique. We saw a few wall paintings, graffiti with socialist slogans but Prexy said there is little of that anymore. He also pointed out the hotel which had belonged to Frelimo and was used by them for conferences and visiting officials and which they now have had to sell to the South Africans because they can no longer afford the payments.

Prexy suggested we visit the Museum of the Revolution. It is a wonderful museum which traces Mozambique's history back to the period before Portuguese colonization, the period of colonization - which was extremely brutal - , the revolutionary struggle and post independence. Our guide was excellent and gave us a really excellent historical tour. He stayed an extra half an hour past closing time and we promised to come back the next day to finish the tour.

We then drove to Costa del Sol, a restaurant, jazz club on the road along the ocean. On the way we saw the Helen Botha condos, another sign that the South Africans are now coming back and investing in the country that they have almost destroyed. Prexy pointed out a large office building that the Portuguese left at the time of independence in 1975 - he told us that they took all the blueprints with them so that the building could not be completed and it still sits vacants. Prexy said the Portuguese are also coming back to invest. It is as if they smell the carcass and can now build on top of it.

Outside of the Costa del Sol we had to work our way through a small band of ragged, barefoot boys who were begging. Prexy picked one kid to watch the car. (When we left he gave the kid some money, Ruth did the same - a cheap insurance that the car won't be vandalized or stolen.) After going through that it was almost surreal to go inside where there was good music and good food and mostly whites - people who live and work in Mozambique. Ruth and her son joined us there and we stayed for a few hours. I drove back with Ruth and her son to the guest house and talked to her a little. She is very committed and very pragmatic. She was there through the years of promise and is there now when the promise no longer exists. She said the people of Mozambique are warm, hopeful about the future, and accepting of the conditions - they only want the war to end. She commented that maybe the people are too accepting.

July 5, 1992

On Sunday morning a Methodist minister named Jamisse Uilson Taumo came to the guest house to take us to a church service with his congregation at Liberdade, a suburb of Maputo. He was very enthusiastic and happy to be with us and tell us of his work. He is also a coordinator of the Southern Africa Institute of Contextual Theology. (Frank Chicane, Sister Ncube, et. al) Contextual Theology is something like liberation theology. You must workship from within the context of your life. Prexy said he had heard that this Jamisse had been targeted by Renamo and had moved from the north to the area where we were. Before going to the service he showed us the church/community center complex he is building. It is quite a large structure and in addition to a large room for services, there will be a kitchen, library, archives, community room, classroom. It is all begun but there is no money to finish it now. Everything he has built so far has come from money donated by the people in the congregation. We walked all around the structure; the floors are dirt but the walls are made of concrete bricks with rebar. At the site we gave him a forty dollar donation from Coalition money. Mike and I talked about the possibility of finding a Methodist Church in the Albany area to become a sister church or to take up some kind of fundraising to help in completing the building project.

We then went to visit with Reva and Simiao Manhica (pronounced Manissa). She is an older American woman who went to Mozambique as a young nurse, married a Mozambican and

We also saw an empty lot where people had put up a few squatter shacks. People sell charcoal on many street corners. Prexy told us that many homeless people have made their way into the city.

After Prexy and Lorraine arrived we again toured the museum. After the museum, we drove back to the guest house for supper.

July 6, 1992

The next day, Monday, we drove with Prexy (Maelinda had joined us again) to the school for deslocadas (displaced by war) in bairro de Liberdade. On the way we saw several large trucks layered with bags and people sitting on top of the bags. Several trucks would form a convoy and head outside of Maputo accompanied by soldiers. Soldiers also ride on each truck. Leaving the city for a day or longer to visit families outside the city is very dangerous because Renamo forces often attack these trucks. They leave fairly early and if they are going to return, they do so before dark. Once the night comes people are not safe on the road.

Before we got to the school, we stopped to meet Mr. Manhica because he had arranged to be our contact. We then drove a little further along the road and stopped. The path into the school was about a quarter of a mile walk along a dirt path. Along both sides of the path we saw people planting and tending crops. Women were carrying buckets of water on their heads to water the plants. There was a narrow ribbon of water running along about half way in on our walk and we walked over a little foot bridge. We asked how long it had been since there had been rain. Mr. Manisse said this area was luckier than the north where there is a terrible drought. In this area there had been a little rain in March.

All along the way we were walking with children. We also met children coming in the other direction. We later learned that there are three sessions of the school so we were encountering the children coming from the first session. The children were fairly fascinated at seeing visitors and walked along with us. We asked if we could take some pictures so they posed.

As we approached the school we saw a large assembly standing outside of a stone building in neat rows. Most of the children were not well dressed and many were barefoot. Some carried a small bag with a book and many had no books. Mr. Manhica told us that a large number of these children had run away from the war and many were staying with families who gave them a place to sleep and food to eat but couldn't afford clothes or school supplies for them.

When we got closer we could see that the stone building was a school building but it was half destroyed. The name of the school is Escola Primaria de Mocatini. (Mocatini is the name of the area.) Inside there was one blackboard on a wall, about a half dozen chairs and that was all. We stood outside the building on a ledge and addressed the children. We told them we were honored to be able to visit with them and we were happy that they were able to be going to school. The students were very polite. They asked a few questions. They sang a song for us about the revolution. The school headmaster, Rafael Feliciano Timene, spoke to the children and told them we were very interested in them. Mr. Manhica told them we had brought pencils, pens, paper and soccer balls. We presented the soccer balls at that time and Mr. Manhica told them he would be getting the other things to them.

The students were dismissed to go to their classes - under the trees. We then met with the teachers for a short time. They told us that they were also displaced by the war and needed help. They especially needed housing as they now were living a long way from the school and spend a long time getting there each day. There was a total of 11 teachers. Sometimes they teach all day without eating. There are 900 students at the school and classes are held in three shifts - 6:30 to 9:45, 10:00 to 1:00 and 1:30 to 4:45. The same teachers work with the students all day. In addition to help for themselves, the teachers told us they were working with no supplies. The main request they made was for portable blackboards that they could use outside. We took up a collection among ourselves and gave the money to the teacher as a gesture of solidarity. Prexy talked to them frankly and told them we understood their needs but our first concern was with the students. We committed to trying to raise funds for blackboards and we told the teachers that Mr. Manhica will continue to serve as our contact.

After leaving the school we drove back into the city and then went to the Bureau of Information (BIP) where we bought some materials - books, note cards, maps. It was interesting to see what books were available. We met a woman working there named Polly Gaster, British I think, who has been in Mozambique since before independence. I bought a few books that I can use with the kids at Street Academy. We left there to go to a meeting with the Deputy Minister of Culture, Salomae Mojana, but she was at a meeting and unable to make the appointment. Before the meeting we went in a grocery store the Ministry and bought a few things. It was startling to see that a kilo of plain white rice was about the equivalent of 80 American cents. Even if the prices were very high, this price in a country where the people make 10 or 20 dollars a month is exorbitant.

When we left the Ministry we drove to a cafe on one of the main streets of the city. Almost as soon as we got out of the car we were approached by a group of young boys selling batiks. We spent some time bargaining outside the cafe and bought several. They are really beautiful and if I can recall what we spent for them - 4 or 5 dollars, 10 dollars for the largest one - we got real treasures. We then went inside and had some tea. When we got back to the car and as we were driving away a young boy came up to the window where I was sitting and offered to sell me a toy truck he had made. The kids make incredible toys out of scrap metal and rubber. I didn't buy but now I wish I had. We then went back to the guest house to get ready for dinner with the Minister of Culture, Machuba. A summary of what he told us follows at the end of this section on Mozambique

July 7, 1992

This day will remain always. Ruth Minter came and picked us up and we climbed into the back of a pick up truck. We again drove out of Maputo. One sight that we saw each time we left the city in the direction of Liberdade was a large corner lot which has been turned into a market. More than a hundred people set up things to sell. There were people with small piles of charcoal or wood, oranges and other foods. The women are dressed in traditional cloths and head wraps.

On the way to Ricatla, an interdenominational seminary, we picked up three young seminarians who Ruth teaches. One of them was to serve as our interpreter for the morning. Our plan was to visit families in the countryside who had been affected by Renamo violence.

The first man we visited was Emilio Chacufa Mafuma. He was an important man in the Ricatla zone. He has a house and eucalyptus trees. The war made it necessary for him to sell off his cattle at low prices. Because of several Renamo attacks on his house and outbuildings he now goes into the city each night to sleep and comes back out to the house in the daytime. He invited us into his house and showed us where the bandits had taken out lighting and bath fixtures. They left a bathtub which is now used for a toilet. The outbuildings behind his house has had roofs removed. The bandits take anything they can use or sell.

He told a long rambling story. His father had owned the land, 600 cashew trees, 10,000 pineapple plants and 40 cattle. During the Portuguese colonial administration everything had been taken away and for many years the government offered no compensation for what they had taken. Finally he was given some land in compensation and developed this land which is now his. He was able to build a house by selling milk.

His story mainly centered around soccer. He was an avid player and supporter of soccer in that area. He gave us stationary of the F. Clube Ricatla, the organization he started. The teams from the country were usually considered inferior but they had won two championships in 1975 and 1983 and it was his dream to build a soccer stadium and a sports complex. He started building shortly after the revolution. From a corner of the room he took out two dusty championship trophies that had been won by the Recatla teams in national competition. He set them on the table and polished them off with the town tee shirt he was wearing. He was barefoot and wearing torn pants. His was oblivious to his appearance as he lost himself in the storeis he told with such pride and showed us the trophies and some hand made signs that had been used at the games. He was lost in the past and rambled on and on about remembered victories. He then told us he wanted to show us the sports complex. We went along expecting to see an overgrown

field. It was a most surreal experience to walk upon an immense stone soccer stadium one quarter completed. Work on it had stopped in 1984 when he ran out of money and it was being overgrown by weeds and grass. But even in that condition it was a most ambitious, impressive sight. He climbed to the top into the small stone booth and sat on the ledge with the two trophies and the sign for us to take his picture. Past the soccer stadium, two other outdoor arenas had been begun - one for basketball and one for theater performances. He said the war had made many things impossible but still kept the dream that someday he might finish the project. It was a very strange encounter but another piece of what the people and country are about. We gave him a tee shirt and a soccer ball that Sharon had bought and left him waving to us in the front of his house.

The seminarian explained after we left that this man had been "a good boy" meaning he had cooperated with the Portuguese. He was probably not an assimilado. Assimilado was the official term used by the Portuguese for those Mozambicans who assimilated the Portuguese ways. They would speak the language, convert to Catholicism and leave their parents and traditions and live in designated areas. About three percent of Mozambicans were awarded this "privilege." The man we had been with had worked as a house "boy" in the city for a white man so he had picked up some of the assimilado characteristics but was never really one of them. But he had earned money once the government had compensated him for this father's lost land and he had given money for students to study in school. He never explained how all of this fit in with the socialist society that was set up after 1975 but he spoke with pride of the revolution and its slogans.

On the way to see the stadium we passed a woman in a field that was very dry. It was his wife. Little pieces of some kind of scrub were growing and she was harvesting them into an apron tied to her wrap. Ruth said that the scrub is boiled into some kind of soup.

We climbed back into the truck and drove to the home of another couple who had been affected by Renamo. This old couple were respected in the area. They were part of Ricatla leadership. The seminarian told us that the whole area was still controlled by Renamo at night. We got out of the truck and walked a short distance to a house made of bricks with half a thatched roof intact. Out in back of the house two young boys were playing in a pile of dirt. An old man emerged from the house and greeted us. He went back in and brought out two rickety wooden chairs; he was followed by an old woman wearing a cloth wrap as a skirt, a tee shirt and a head wrap. They were both barefoot. She was his wife. He offered us the chairs but we insisted they sit in them. He sat in a chair and she sat on the ground but he urged her to sit in a chair. The young boys, their grandsons, came over and stood next to them. The young seminarian interpreted Ruth's Portuguese into Rondo, the language of the couple. He explained to them that we were activists from the United States and wanted to know about how the war affected people's lives.

Their house is right in the path Renamo takes through that area. The bandits would pass through, take baths in their back yard, steal their ducks, clothes, food, anything. The wife and her daughter were kidnapped by the bandits while they were up getting water one morning. They were forced to carry things into the bush that Renamo had stolen. After they went a distance they stopped so the bandits could put on the clothes they had stolen. While they were with Renamo their daughter was lucky. Usually young women are taken for sex but she was given the job of taking care of the commander's children. After a week the mother got away and a week later the daughter got away. The daughter now lives in Maputo. The old couple stays. They have no place to go.

In the late afternoon they and the boys go quite a distance from the house to a place they have cleared out in the bush. It sounded as if they had fashioned a sort of cave and cover it with brush and leaves. They sleep there even though it is not good for their health and the mosquitoes are bad. The seminarian told us that if he was captured by the bandits he would be killed because he is too old to be trained. The grandsons, he said, were the perfect ages at five and nine years old. The boys were small for their ages and we thought they were much younger than that.

Because of Renamo stealing everything, and now the drought, the couple no longer can grow any food. They pick some of the brush we saw the other woman picking. Some days they have one meal, some days they have nothing to eat. The only way they get any money to buy food

is to make charcoal or cut some wood to sell in Maputo. This means a long walk to the road and then a long ride in a truck into town.

The telling of their story was very emotional. They were very matter of fact and very dignified as they told this horror story. Mike broke some of the tension at the end when she asked how they had met. The couple both smiled. The woman said they had met in the church nearby where her father had been a church elder.

Ruth had brought a small bag of food for them. We asked if it would be appropriate to give them some money and Ruth said yes so we gave them about fifteen dollars in metacais which is probably a month's worth of food. They thanked us with such deep gratitude and said they never imagined that visitors from the United States would want to know about them. We walked away crying. Maelinda said to me that a world that can let this happen should go to hell.

We again climbed into the pickup truck and drove along through eucalyptus groves. Some of this area was government land - land that had been appropriated by the government for communal farms after the revolution. People were forced to leave their farms and live in villages. Frelimo has since recognized that this was a mistake. Where people had once subsistence farming, now trees for industry are grown. Ruth said eucalyptus makes a very hot fire.

He also explained to us how people make charcoal. They cut a tree down to about four or five feet. The inside is hollowed out and stuffed with sand and then set on fire. The fire smoulders for a long time as it burns the tree and the charred wood that is left when the fire goes out is charcoal. Sometimes these fires get out of control and large areas are burned. The making of charcoal and the cutting of wood - both sources of cooking fuel - are causing widespread desertification of the land. The land is already turned to sand as a result of the drought.

We drove back to the seminary, stopped to see a few boys along the road playing with the toys they had made from scrap. We then drove to Ruth's house for some lunch and then back to Maputo.

We weren't back more than an hour when we were informed that the government soldiers were bringing some captured boy bandits for us to interview. We were expecting two boys since that was what Prexy had said was arranged with George Rubello, the former Secretary of Frelimo. We went into the guest house living room and six boys and two military men came in. The boys were very dirty, wearing clothes that were virtually rags, barefoot. They looked very young, very scared. The soldier who brought them explained that they all had been kidnapped by Renamo and served with the Renamo forces for various periods of time ranging from two weeks to eight years. The oldest boy was 15, the youngest was 10. They all sat on two sofas, more or less huddled together. One of the boys had the saddest face on a child imaginable. The soldier also explained that they had either captured them or they had escaped and they were now staying at a government army installation until they could be reunited with their families or some other living arrangements could be found. None of them had yet seen their families. He said we could ask any questions and take pictures. Ruth served as interpreter.

There are pictures of these boys. Four sat on one sofa and two on another. From left to right they were Joshua, Sergio, Bernardo, Lazuru, Zamito, Chaztigu.

Zamito was the obvious leader. He was the oldest at fifteen and had been 8 years with Renamo. He had been at many bases and in the last year he had been at a chemical weapons base. He had been the personal guard for a commander and was very familiar with all kinds of weapons. One base he was at was near the South African border, near where Samora Machel's plane went down. Prexy asked him questions about the South Africans. He said there was a white car at the base that belonged to the South Africans. They would come and go with supplies. When a group of boys or adults had been captured and were ready to be trained the South Africans would be sent for. They had different tattoos that showed what kind of a unit they served in. They had their own uniforms which were different. They were white men and he heard them being referred to as Boers.

Zamito had been captured along with his family. When they left they left him there. He suffered a lot, there was never enough to eat. When there was meat the boys were given only the

skin to eat. They would gather and carry firewood, clean fish, carry 100 pound bags of rice. There were girls also in the camps, usually older than the boys. They did the cooking and the washing of clothes. They were the women of the soldiers. Zamito had been given a fourteen year old girl.

Probably the most chilling story of the day came from this boy bandit, Zamito. When asked what he was afraid of he said he was afraid of nothing. They had been immunized against fear. When asked what that meant he said they cut their legs with a razor blade and put powder in the open cut. When it scarred over, they would prick it with a pin if they felt fear and the fear - or the cold, or the hunger - would go away. They also smoked marijuana to do away with fear.

Bernardo said the only thing he was afraid of was snakes. He is ten years old. His job was to do reconnaissance and to carry weapons - heavier than himself. He didn't know how long he had been with Renamo but knew it had been a long time.

Sergio, who was thirteen years old, had only been with Renamo for ten days before he was captured by the government forces. He said he also had been given a girl.

Lazaru had the saddest face of all the boys. Even when the others smiled he never did. He had been with Renamo for two years as a foot soldier. He had trained with explosives and had killed someone with a knife. He is ten years old.

Joshua is twelve or thirteen years old. He was with Renamo for five years. He had turned his own family in and his mother was raped by the bandits. The family would not take him along when they left because of what he had done.

Chaztigu is thirteen years old. He cared for cattle with Renamo for three years. He also trained with chemical weapons. He just wants to go back and take care of the cattle in his village.

Most of the boys said they would like to go home to their families and go to school. The interview lasted less than an hour. There were many more questions we would have liked to ask, many questions we didn't think to ask. It was probably just as well for everyone that our time was limited. The experience of seeing these boys and talking to them made it so clear just how brutal this war that South Africa has been waging against the people of Mozambique has been. It is estimated that forty percent of Renamo may be children. What happens to them now and what happens to a country where the children were forced to commit acts of unspeakable brutality or suffered from those acts.

We did ask the soldiers where the boys would go now. They said they inform the government when they have the children. They feed them and give them a place to sleep. It is not the job of the army to set up homes for them. The Red Cross is informed and they try to locate families. It is just one more of the insurmountable problems facing the country.

As soon as the boys left, we left for an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Pascal Manuel Mocumbi. A summary of Mocumbi's talk is at the end of the section on Mozambique.

After leaving the Foreign Ministry we went for a meeting with Graca Machel, the widow of Mozambique's first president, Samora Machel. She lives in a very beautiful house in a guarded enclave along the sea. She was gracious and welcomed us warmly. She had just finished an hour meeting with Prexy and was having another meeting in about an hour. Her daughter served us tea and juices and cookies. During one period of time she had been the Minister of Education. Now she is working with the Foundation for Community Development. Sounded like the ideas behind the Latin American base communities. The people study, talk, plan what is best for their own community and work to develop what they need. Education and health care are two critical areas to be developed. She said once a community builds a school, the government would then provide teachers, once they build a health clinic, health care workers would be provided. It is a plan for development from the bottom up - empowerment. We told her of our meeting with the boy bandits and she said that was another hope of the foundation - that the people in communities would find ways to assimilate the boys back into community life.

The Foreign Minister also addressed this problem when we brought it up. He said the government did not want to ghettoize these children by establishing special homes for them. The

government hoped to find ways to reunite them with their families and communities.

We told her of our plan to try to get Matilda Cuomo involved in a Mozambique project and she said she would write a letter of support to Mrs. Cuomo once we let her know what we want to do/say. Mike gave her two tapes - Gospel music and Patti LaBelle.

One of the things she said during the course of our conversation which needs to be understood is how much Mozambique has suffered because of South Africa. to be on the verge of Her comment was that more Mozambicans than South Africans have actually died in combat because of apartheid.

Afterward, when we discussed our meeting with the Foreign Minister and Graca Machel with Prexy, he commented that Mozambique was too noble an experiment with too much of a chance of becoming a model for South Africa to let it be.

We returned back to the Guest House after that to have dinner with Ruth and her son on our last night in Mozambique. During the interview with the banditos, two men from the teachers union of Mozambique had come to talk with me. Prexy had gotten in touch with them and given them the letters of greeting that I had from the Albany unions. I made arrangements for them to return that night and they did and we had a brief meeting. Their names are Alexandre Mate and Paulo Fernando Chunguane. Their organization is the Organizactio Nacional dos Professores (ONP) (National Organization of Teachers - in English). It has a membership of 15,000 out of a total of 35,000 teachers in the country. Like the teachers at the school, they told us that their greatest need is for housing(building supplies), clothing and food for dislocated teachers. It is not officially a union but it functions like a union. It was founded in 1981 and is open to all teachers. It can offer very little because it has no money but it does give support during strikes. Most strikes are over money. Teachers salaries range from 48 to 98 thousand metacais (2,500 metacais to a dollar) for elementary school teachers to 200,000 to 400,000 thousand metacais for secondary school teachers. Elementary school teachers are qualified to teach if they have completed secondary school. The norman class size is at least 60 and many schools have no classrooms and are taught in a few hour shifts to accomodate all the students.

One of their greatest difficulties in functioning as a union is communication with the members. They have some resources they received from Canada, Quebec, and Sweden. They are in the process of setting up a Resource Center. I told them I would bring their messages of Solidarity back to the teachers in Albany.

After dinner Mike and I spent time with the people who worked in the kitchen at the guest house. They had been very nice to us. We gave each of them a small gift and they sang a special song for us and we all danced together. That night we also gave Ruth the remainder of the material aid we had brought so that she could distribute it. On the way back from visiting the families we had passed a health clinic that was being built in that area. When it is finished they will need to get staffing from the Ministry of Health. Perhaps the small amount of medical supplies we brought she will give there. Since we've returned home I spoke with Prexy about how we could best arrange medical material aid and he said the Methodist Church and Reva Manhica would be the best connection. Figuring out how to directly give material aid is a problem but it seems we have made the connections we need for direct links.

July 8, 1992

We left Maputo on an early morning flight for Johannesburg. The most intense part of our trip was over.



Maputo Moçambique
 Escola Primária de Nacatim
 A professora colocou a sua costa algumas
 e se calou a leccionar a 2ª classe, também
 tem uma criança que a imagem vi repetido
 Uma aluna prestou a levantar para respon-
 de a questão que a professora colocou

O Director
 RAFAEL FELICIANO TIMENE



Maputo - Moçambique
 Escola PRIMÁRIA DE Nacatim
 A imagem reporta uma turma da 1ª
 classe a recessos aulas ao ar livre. Um
 aluno que está em pé, foi mandado levantar
 para a professora para responder uma questão
 que a mesma colocou.
 EM Moçambique levantou para responder uma
 pergunta e ficou de respeito

O Director RAFAEL FELICIANO TIMENE



Maputo - Moçambique
 Escola Primária de Nacatim
 Lá no fundo uma professora com a
 criança no colo, chama-se Adelaide
 Louca, a trabalhar também em baixo
 da mangueira em condições difíceis
 vento, chuva, calor, distração de alunos
 por verem as pessoas a passarem.

O Director
 RAFAEL FELICIANO TIMENE