

# DEVELOPING TIMES 2015

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

<i>2015 Projects</i>	2
<i>2016 Projects</i>	3
<i>Tanzania</i>	4
<i>Kenya, Nyeri</i>	5
<i>Sri Lanka</i>	8
<i>Ghana Retrospective</i>	9
<i>The Volunteers</i>	13

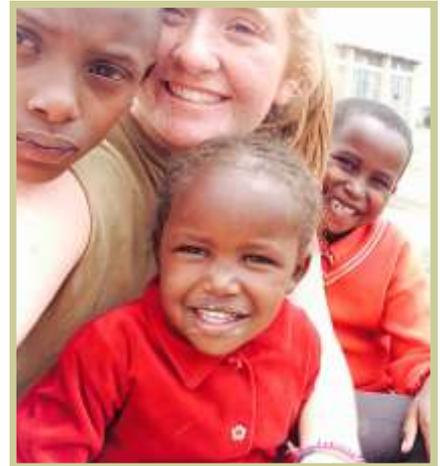
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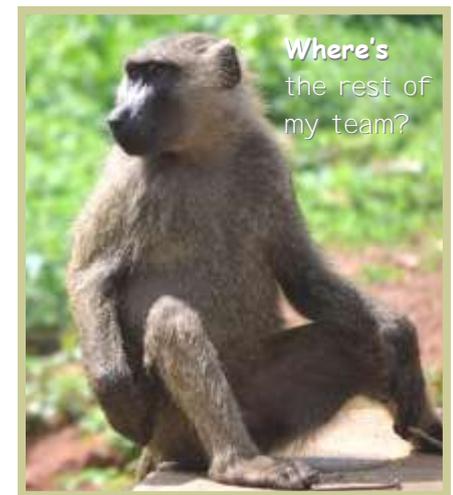
## CELEBRATIONS

2015 saw the 25th project in Kaleo village in northern Ghana. This obviously highlights the existence of a 'special relationship' that has been genuinely productive to both partners—and the good news is that it is scheduled to continue!

November 14th 2015 marks the first L.D.W.P. Ceilidh in Glasgow. For the last 10 years our sister organization The John John Trust has run this very successfully and raised considerable amounts to support educational projects in Africa. We will now be taking over the organization of the event and looking forward to seeing large numbers of our friends gathered to celebrate and support.



A glimpse of Kenya



Where's the rest of my team?

- Very high jinks in Uganda
- Br James in RTU
- A Chief in Ghana



# THE 2015 PROJECTS

**GHANA:** Kaleo Finished off the teachers' housing started last year. Had a tour of all 25 years' worth of buildings while wading through crowds of excited school children. Enjoyed a chip and burger lunch at Mole but then drank water from the swimming pool—with unhappy results.



On Lake Malawi

**TANZANIA, Hagafilo.** Worked at a new site near Njombe town helping to build a multi-purpose hall. The village had a waterfall and a pub, one of which was essential for survival as there was no running

**KENYA: Nyeri** Building a house for teachers. Practised competitive barrow-pushing-up-a-slope as well as surprise bucket-soaking (just as well there is plenty of water there). Helped the students with their homework but were sometimes put to shame by their knowledge.

water. Visited primary schools and helped out. Enjoyed the warmer weather of Lake Malawi.

**KENYA: Narooksura** Long days, impressive efforts! The cooks got up at 4.30. They all walked 1hr 15 mins to work and then back in the evening. Almost finished the dormitory for 40 girls. Were given strange sounding Maasai names. Killed the chickens themselves for a rare meat feast but spared all the game in the Masai Mara.

**INDIA :** Reaching The Unreached Built 10 houses for impoverished villagers and cut the ribbons for the house-warmings. Danced on stage at the children's concert. Skipped the tiger safari and played with the elephants instead.



**UGANDA: Biiso.** Our first project in this village where there was no provision for secondary education. Built 3 classrooms, did some teaching, played footy with the local team, so that by the end the children had overcome their fear of the strangers.

**SRI LANKA: LCES Colombo** Worked in kindergartens at first then graduated to older students who proved easier since they understood some English. Went to a 6 hour prize giving but stood up and sang to keep it all entertaining. Visited beaches and temples and Macdonalds and a swimming pool.



Uganda

**SRI LANKA: Mannar.** Taught a range of ages successfully in different schools. Helped the drama students win their regional competition. Succumbed to the national obsession and played cricket. Wore coloured shirts and saris and frightened the wild donkeys. Went snorkelling and saw sharks—but must have been the vegetarian variety as they all made it back home..

**Total Expenditure** on project work in 2015 came to £44000. We are very grateful to all those who have supported in any way our work in improving access to education in poorer parts of the world.

**With thanks** to donors, volunteers and their families, schools and parishes who supported them. Also to our attentive and welcoming host communities in the project areas without whom there would be no projects.

# PROJECTS 2016

## The 32nd Year of LDWP PROJECTS

**GHANA** starting on teachers' housing for the new Lasallian Kindergarten.

**KENYA, Nyeri** Back to St Mary's School to build housing for teachers & give help to students.

**KENYA, Narosura** We will build a dining hall for the new residential primary school in this rural Masai area.

**UGANDA Biiso** We will help construct a classroom for a starting secondary school following up the 2015 project.

**TANZANIA, Njombe** We will complete the work on a hall that will serve the local community and schools.

**TANZANIA, Mhaji.** Teaching IT etc in the primary school

**INDIA RTU** Our links with Reaching the Unreached will continue with joint work on housing for the very poor in rural Tamil Nadu and some English help for children.

**THAILAND.** A return to the campus of the new school near Sanghlaburi to improve the access to the school and teach some English.—or lots!

**Teaching Project.** Probable destination in India to help with English etc school and post-school activities.

**The OUTREACH Group,** which travels for 3 weeks and caters for a range of ages is to work at with a Brothers' school in Keelamudiman, Tamil Nadu.



The completed dormitory, Narosura, Kenya

Building work was an experience I will never Forget. Being able to know that you have constructed a

building that will have so much benefit for the children of St Martha's makes the hard work and long days all worthwhile.

Laura

### At school in Sri Lanka.

A turning point for me came in about week 3, it was class 9B and a little boy named Franklin who sat on the front row and was always both interested and excited to learn. It took me a while to notice that his shoes were torn at the front and that in fact 30% of his shoe was missing.



Not only that but his sock also had holes in the front so his toes were poking through. It made me think back to my own high school experience when appearance was so 'important'. It was humbling to see how a thing that would embarrass someone in England was accepted so freely, as no students seemed to notice or humiliate him for it. To me it showed the enthusiasm of the students as they are genuinely in school to learn and help each other in the process rather than take judgement on individual wealth and appearance.

Heather

With thanks to all the many kind people who donated funds to the projects, particularly:

Schools: St Joseph's College, Stoke on Trent. St Modan's, Stirling; St. Ninian's, Glasgow;

Parishes: Farnworth, Our Lady of Lourdes & St Gregory. St Edmund & St Patrick, Bolton. Holy Infant & St Anthony, Bolton. St James, Bolton. St Joseph's, Halliwell. Sacred Heart, West Houghton. Also: St. Cassian's Centre, Kintbury. Many individual donors.

*General donations to the L.D.W.P. are used solely overseas to help provide education in poorer communities.*



In international affairs "if you're not at the table you're on the menu."

Chas Freeman,  
Former US Ambassador

### FACTS FOR FREE

- 4% of aid money globally is spent on education; 'shockingly low'.
- Around 440,000 Ghanaian primary school age children are not in school
- The main problem is lack of resources – classrooms, teachers, paper, toilets, computers.
- On current trends in 2016, 1% of the world population will own more wealth than the other 99%
- Maintaining inequality requires penalising the poor
- A garment worker in India is paid less than 50p per hour.

### Lasallian Developing World Projects

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We believe that education is a fundamental human right; that it gives people greater freedom to choose and enables them to improve the circumstances of their life. Since 1985 teams of young people have been travelling to poorer parts of the world during their summer holidays to help provide classrooms, educational facilities and help to children.

# HAGAFILO— aka HOME

Despite being bitten alive in the night, we rose at 4am full of excitement for the journey from Dar es Salaam to Hagafilo, where we would be spending the next few weeks. The journey was long with very few toilet stops but soon enough we arrived at the Makwetta household to be greeted by Bibi (Swahili for granny) and the boys. We were made so welcome and they had prepared us plenty of food.

We were staying in the house with Bibi and one of her daughters, Tumwa, which was comfortable but basic. The girls managed to get two rooms, one for sleeping in and a second which we called a 'dressing room' where we stored our bags. The boys were not so lucky. We alternated our sleeping arrangements- two nights on the mattress before one night off. The bathroom was a tidy drop hole and shower area, without the actual shower. The lack of running water was no problem as we made numerous trips to the nearby waterfall to collect buckets and buckets of water which we stored in large polytanks in the garden. Although this was fun for the duration of our stay I can imagine had it been our normal circumstances it would have quickly become a chore and on returning to Glasgow the availability of clean running water really did feel like a luxury.



The building site was a very convenient five minute walk from our house, which allowed us to return home for a hot lunch every day. The first two days' building were the hardest as we adjusted to the hot sun and long hours. We started at 7.30am and as the foundations had already been completed we were mixing cement from the start. The walls started to go up pretty quickly, which boosted the groups' moral and made our target of reaching roof height seem a little more achievable. The days at the building site were very enjoyable and despite the language barrier we made good friends with the builders. Tumwa helped a lot as she could often translate to and from Swahili for us all.



As we weren't building a classroom as such we weren't constantly surrounded by school children, as you are on many other projects. We arranged to visit some of the local schools and were able to do some teaching as well as playing with them. Just a few miles from Hagafilo there was a school specifically for deaf children. Visiting here was an amazing experience and the children taught us some of their own sign language and ways of communicating.

Out with the building site we spent lots of time talking to the boys who helped Bibi around the house. They were like brothers to us all and helped us a lot throughout our stay, not only by showing us where to get food in town and helping us catch the bus to Njombe, but helping to peel potatoes to make chips and chopping logs for the fire to heat water. They couldn't seem to give us enough and nothing we gave in return was seen as too little. One of my favourite nights came more than half way through the project when we decided to camp outside in the garden, around a fire. It was so lovely to have everyone together under the stars sharing stories, despite the chilly night air.

I have never been one to define home as the space between the four walls where I live; instead I would describe it as being surrounded by people who make me happy. The relationships made with both the members of my group and the people we met over the five week project are testament to this. We all went across to help in whatever way we could yet returned having gained more- a priceless positive outlook and drive to make the most of the opportunities we are given to help others. They were among the best weeks of my life so far, filled with so much kindness and happiness and it was with a heavy heart that I said cheerio, *Lala salaama Tanzania* - for now.

*Frances Lowrie*



# St Mary's, Nyeri: a journey & a lesson

*Corwyn Hall & Emily Dickson*

From the first hours of nervous excitement before our departure at Manchester airport to the moment we returned home a month later, the time I spent on project has undoubtedly been the most fulfilling five weeks of my life. After a horrendously sleepless long haul flight to Nairobi, spirits were high - **but energy levels were not. Six hours into the "couple-of-hours" drive from Nairobi up to Nyeri, some of us were beginning to suspect that the transfer was going to take a little longer than we'd been told. But when at last we did arrive,** our welcome could not have been warmer.

Our project was based on the building of accommodation for teachers. Throughout our time there we helped to build two of these homes, aiding the builders in various tasks; from carrying cement powder, rocks and sand, to cutting bricks to the correct size for the building. Luckily for us some of the builders spoke good English, so we always knowing what we were supposed to be doing, and were able to create strong friendships as well. When we arrived, the builders had already dug the foundation and laid the first rows of bricks.



Throughout the first few days our main task was focused on moving bricks down from where they were being stored to the building, and as the time progressed we moved onto creating the homemade scaffolding, and the roof beams. This fascinated me - back home we are so used to metal scaffolding and machines to do the work, I never comprehended the difference. While the building work was hard and tiring, there was never a moment I didn't enjoy it, and could have easily spent another five weeks there.

Each morning we started work at 08:00, finished for lunch at 13:00, and then returned to the building site to continue working from 14:00 until 17:00. As the building rose from the **ground at an impressive and motivating pace, a few of the jobs in the houses' interior be-**came a little more skilled. If there is some special technique involved in flicking trowels of wet cement against a vertical wall without it simply falling to the ground with a pitiful splat immediately afterwards, then none of us quite mastered it to the same level as the Kenyan builders. Nonetheless, even with the walls completed and the roof in place, we found that there was no shortage of bags of cement to be hauled across the building site, piles of dirt



to be moved up the hill to join bigger piles of dirt, and wheelbarrows full of sand to be pushed along. During the final few days, we spent most of our time clearing all the stones, dirt and leftover bricks which had accumulated around the building site.

One of the focuses of St Mary's School is that it is a rescue centre, which means that it takes in boys who previously lived on the streets due to issues such as being orphaned, domestic violence, or lived in the slums and therefore couldn't afford

an education. St Mary's normally takes these boys in at a young age, and supports them through their Primary and Secondary education. The school is also one of the top schools in Kenya, with some of the boys we met being from places such as Nairobi and Mombasa - both a considerable distance from the school but sent by their families due to the quality of the education. We were so humbled by the people we met at the school, from the amazing life stories about their life before St Mary's and their struggles now, to the ambition and commitment of the boys to their education and future careers. One thing which really stays with me is how the boys not only wanted to do well to bring themselves out of poverty, but were doing it to bring their parents and siblings out as well. As a student I am constantly told doing well is for my future, but theirs focuses so much on their family despite the difficulties they have had in life. I will remember forever is the nature of the boys; even though some theoretically had nothing, they were still so happy. This really made me reflect on the attitude of people back home, how we complain and get upset if something isn't perfect, but at the end of the day it doesn't matter - something which will resonate with me forever.



Field day with the Juniors

Most of the school children also stayed within the compound, so during the afternoons and evenings we had the chance to spend time with them - playing football on the field, and visiting them in the school hall during the evenings, where they revised for their exams. At first, we had **thought to go and help them with anything they didn't understand** - but we soon realised that they needed no such assistance from us. Their intelligence was truly remarkable; I have never seen a group of students so well prepared for their exams, let alone exams as difficult as these. Even though they were written for students at least a couple of years younger than me, and many were based on subjects I had considered to be my strengths, I could scarcely answer a single question - and I found myself repeatedly having to ask the children to explain the answer. Even after realising this, we made the mistake of challenging one of the boys to a game of chess, which we lost in well under five minutes. I also lent to another boy a book which I had brought with me to read on project - a novel some eight hundred pages long - and he brought it back after three or four days, having read it cover

to cover, explaining that he would have finished it a lot **quicker if he hadn't been so busy revising several hours a day for next week's exams.**



We were also lucky enough to enjoy numerous trips which enhanced our experience. For me, the highlight of these was our weekend down in the Masai Mara, where we went on a safari on the day of my nineteenth birthday. **Even though we couldn't find any lions, it was amazing to see all the elephants, gi-**

raffes, wildebeest, and countless other animals I had only previously seen in the confines of a zoo. To see them in their natural realm was entirely different and something I am very grateful to have witnessed.

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Having never previously ventured far from the wealth and commodities of the western world, visiting the slums was high among my most memorable experiences from project. During the last week of our stay, we were invited to the home of the youngest of the builders - whom we had become close friends with over the course of project as he was the same age as us. He invited us into his house, gave us hot chocolate and bread, introduced us to his infant nephew and told us all about the remarkable reality of



living in the slums, just a corner away from the high streets of Nyeri, yet an entire world away from all the shops, cafés and supermarkets that ran alongside these streets which we had walked time and time again. For me, it was listening to his stories that really drove home the message of project - because he was our equal, our friend and co-worker on the building site during the five weeks of our stay - and yet the nature of his daily life was so different from ours, while the only true distinction between us as people was the country in which we had been born.

My visit to Kenya was nothing like I had anticipated. The influence it has had on me will remain with me forever, and I hope to pass on the spirit of the people to every aspect of my life. While we only spent five weeks in Kenya, the accommodation we built will house teachers for many generations, a snowball effect on the lives of the students in Kenya and in their fight against poverty. I will always hold the memories of this place close in my heart,



RTU:  
THE  
BEFORE  
AND  
AFTER  
OF  
HOUSE-  
BUILDING



# GRAMMAR IN MANNAR

One of the most unforgettable days of my trip to Sri Lanka was an afternoon that we spent teaching some of the boys from the hostel next door. Two of us were teaching grade ten at a little table in the dining room.

We were using the boys' English books and practising reading long pieces of texts. Some of the English medium students were very advanced in their reading and happily volunteered to read out loud to the rest of the group. Some of the other boys though, when we asked them to read, they would be embarrassed and would say no. We decided to number the boys and split them into two groups, to try and allow the boys who could not read so well to have the chance to try and read without feeling they are not as good as their peers. I took the group who were less willing to read and asked them all to read together. While there were words that they struggled with, they were all able to read the basic words of the text. We went through the piece, and wrote down all of the words that they didn't understand so that they could learn how to say the word and what its meaning was. It made me feel so happy that by the end of the time we had with them that afternoon, most of the boys could read almost the whole paragraph that we had been working on. Seeing these children persevere and overcome something they struggled with was incredibly rewarding and reminded me how we take education for granted in our country.



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*Kelsey Flannigan*

During the 5 weeks that I spent in Sri Lanka I was able to learn so much about myself as well as being able to teach the children something too! It was an equally beneficial project in terms of what was learnt, which is what I find most fascinating about the time I spent there. Teaching was one of the most difficult things I have ever tried to do and my respect for teachers and careers alike has increased an incredible amount. Despite project being incredibly tiring, I



found that by getting up slightly earlier and using every hour in the day, so much can be achieved. The students told me they wake at 5am to study before school and once they had finished at school they would go to their extra classes, and study when they get home from these. Not only this, but the sheer amount of extracurricular activities that the students participate in is extraordinary. Every day they play sport, and of course the students with musical ability are part of the school band or church choir. Their attitude towards their studies has made me excited to return to my own studies. I find it very hard to get motivation to study however by spending 5 weeks in a school where studying is relished I can honestly take a more positive outlook on my own learning.

In terms of the actual teaching, it was indeed challenging but highly rewarding at the same time. My first day was daunting and I remember standing in front of a class of 6 years old's with Molly and Ainé thinking 'No way will I be able to do this on my own in the high school' however 2 weeks later I found myself very much able to go into a classroom of thirty 15 year old's and be able to give a lesson on my own. The English ability of the students often made it difficult to explain the tasks in hand, however, I think that was what made the whole process so interesting. We weren't just there to teach, but to try and communicate with them.

*Heather Fynney*

# GHANA RETROSPECTIVE

*This year saw the 25th project in the Kaleo area. In 1990, Fr. Peter Paul, studying in London, met with Brother Greg who was organising the projects. The following summer the first group set off .... And the journey has continued each year since then. A number of the Kaleo Education Committee have been involved with the projects since the start and the welcome in Kaleo has always been genuine and generous. This year the group was given a tour of all the project buildings and it is impressive to see how the educational infrastructure has developed over those years. It was really a lesson in how great things can be achieved by doing a little bit at a time—and keeping going!*

*What follows here are some extracts from the reports and impressions of volunteers in Kaleo over the years to give a high quality flavour of the Ghana experience.*

**1991**

We set off to build a classroom block. This has now been completed and is in use. It is an important facility since it made the whole educational system in the area viable. Until this year there were no facilities for a Senior Secondary School, making it very difficult for students to progress further. We also went to learn. Not simply learning to build but learning about a different culture, learning about ourselves collectively and individually and, crucially, re-appraising all our dearly held notions once we returned home.

*Gregory Williams*



The 1991 classrooms now with Fr Peter Paul & Mathew

Unfortunately there were two funerals in Kaleo whilst we were there and we were expected to go and pay our respects. The reason being that if anyone dies in a village, everyone is involved and because we were considered as part of their community, we too were involved. We were made so welcome and felt so much a part of their community that it did not surprise me when I my eyes began filling up at the funeral of someone I had never met before.

*Sarah Cocciara*

**1992.**

Newly arrived in Kaleo, Steven set off to explore the village. He came across a woman shelling beans outside her hut so he sat down, picked up a handful and helped her and chatted. “My action had been like a pebble thrown into a pond, the effects of which had rippled through the local community making an unseen but profound impact and demonstrating our wish to build a relationship. I must admit, however, that at the time I had no idea my action could make such a statement.”

*Steven Sneddon*



The Pito experience

**1995**

I used to think that a road was a road, but .... we started our 18 hour journey at 4 a.m. and it was not long before most of us were asleep - only to be abruptly woken when the road ran out. In the rainy season roads have a tendency to dissolve. Huge pot-holes and trenches appear from nowhere and are difficult to avoid. It is amazing that the vehicles still hold together. The local transport came into the category of ‘bone-shaker’ or ‘back-breaker’ as you prefer. It was just a truck with wooden benches in the back and pull-down covers to stop the rain.

*Michael Hatton*

The outcome of our meetings with the education committee was a sort of development plan up until 2005. The committee had decided to aim for 600 pupils in the Senior Secondary School

(presently 450\*) with a pupil/teacher ratio of 30 or 35 to 1 (currently 45). The Junior Secondary would be increased from 265 to 400 and the Primary School held at 600. The building of more teachers' accommodation was needed to attract teachers to the area. a multi-purpose assembly hall and science laboratory blocks were also to be incorporated in the future plans. *Nick Green*

\* now in 2015 there are 1,200.

**1996**

Six years ago when the first Lasallian group arrived in Kaleo, the children and some of the older people were afraid of white people. Now, after 6 years, the children no longer fear the white people. They are more happy to play and be together.

*Headmaster of Kaleo Secondary School.*

In anticipation of electricity reaching Kaleo in 1997, the building was fitted with electrical sockets and lights.

More often than not time is money in our society so everyone runs around frantically, rush, rush, hurry, hurry. But this is not the case in Kaleo. Maybe that is because there is not enough money around to bother getting in a flap about; **maybe it's too hot to rush; maybe it's just the way Ghanaians are. I personally think that Ghana Maybe Time exists** because of the fundamental respect the community of Kaleo have for each other.

*Liz Dowd*

Now I am back in England, what has changed? I was quite content with my life, my work, my friends, my home but that short experience and that small village has questioned all that went before. Why do I live as I do? What is the point of my work? What do I value in life? Do I have the courage to change? so many questions were peace once reigned, but I hope those nagging voices will never be silenced.

*Tom Dunkley*

One day I managed to severely bruise my finger. It was swollen and there was no ice in Kaleo to put on it. Michael\*, our on-the-spot fixer, decided to call in the village witch doctor. All the group gathered round to watch me suffer the pain of the manipulation and the pushing of the afflicted finger back into place – with no anaesthetic. Whilst I was screaming the rest of the group looked on in fascination and amusement, asking me to cry again to make the photo look authentic! It was all a very eerie experience, especially when he started to rub some sap from a special plant on to my finger. But it was all brilliantly effective as my finger was back to normal the next morning.

*Nicola Chapman.*

*\*Now known as Chief Michael*

**2001**

So much has happened in such a short time,  
Too much to write of and too hard to rhyme.  
Five weeks in Ghana, how would we survive  
Without home comforts to keep us alive? ...  
**Four weeks along and we've managed so far;**  
Our thanks go to Club, to Guinness and Star.  
Thanks to our leaders, Mayte and Mick,  
The time we have spent has gone by so quick.

*Chris Raine (extracts)*

**2002**

In Kaleo village, Peter, the watchman, sits under the tree on his home-made wooden 'sun-lounger'. As he watches, so he works. With his sharp knife he cuts and splices canes of bamboo and with his strong and dexterous fingers weaves the strands and, with some final pressings here and there, he completes his creation – a basket. Observing his creativity and his product, members of the team tentatively ask if he could make one for them. He makes one. He makes more. He makes them to order in any size you ask: he can do thimble-size, he can do laundry basket-size! At the end of the five weeks of the project he has made seemingly hundreds and has been paid for each one from 3000 to 5000 Cedis (25p to 40p depending on size). As we say our farewells, I thank him for all he has done and suggest to



A star girl for the future





1995-96: the dining hall

him, tongue in cheek and with good humour, that having made his million he could now retire! He thanked me for everything we as a team had done, and replied simply and unassumingly, “I can now buy bread for my family.” What it means to be humbled! What it means to be a millionaire! *Nick Green*

2003

The conditions in the school we visited were far from perfect; the first class had 70-80 pupils. The kids were eagerly waiting for us to enter – there was not a squeak out of them as we walked in. Vincent, the head teacher, proudly showed us some of what he teaches them. He is clearly proud of his school and has a real rapport with his students. We enjoyed teaching the whole school songs and dances, and in return they taught us some new ones. What was abundantly clear was that they loved to learn and accomplish.

2004

In Kaleo you found your true home. We can still hear the children calling after you ‘John! John!’ as you walked the paths of Kaleo wearing your big smile as usual. You gave up smoking to save money to sponsor two needy children: that is not to be. You told us after your degree you would come back to work in Kaleo: but this is not to be. Your good intentions were swept away. Our beloved John, you devoted the last five weeks of your life to serve the people of Kaleo. We can never pay you back, but we are consoled that you are in Heaven where we will one day be re-united in never-ending happiness. *Kaleo Naa, Paramount Chief.*

2010

Arriving on the building site, I noticed that there was no cement mixer, not what I was used to as a Civil Engineering student. Soil was compacted with a paint tin filled with concrete rather than with machinery. When water was needed to mix the concrete, the headmaster of the primary school sent all the children home to get a bucket, then carry water from the nearest pond up to the site. Even the smallest of the children wanted to take part, walking up the hill with huge pans of water on their heads, putting us to shame. *Rosie Goldrick*



1995-96: the water tower



The Ghana welcome

2011

I was amazed, as I travelled around, at how many people knew about the Lasallian projects in Kaleo. Locally, young people are moving into careers such as nursing or even going on to study at university, unthought of a generation ago. This is because of the education provided by the supported schools. We met Lukeman, a 26 year old, who has just finished his secondary school education. His schooling had been interrupted by family problems but he returned in his early 20s to learn alongside younger students in order to improve his prospects. *Sam Baker*

# MOUNT OMBO: 25 YEARS OF GHANA PROJECTS

*Grey streaked with black, the rock dome rises from the undulating land. Slabs of slipped rock expose pale new surfaces, slowly altering its profile. Bright green scrub surrounds the bald outcrop. On a narrow path a woman balances a wide bowl on her head and watches as we file past to climb the slope. We struggle sweatily to the summit under a burning sun. The perspective has changed. Tiny huts dot the land; brown, cultivated patches emerge from the scrub. The height allows orientation. We see for miles, the nearest hills a faint blue smudge. The land unfolds its grudging potential for growth and survival. We see the church tower, the tin roofs of the school, students streaming like ants into a nest. People have clung on here for centuries. The rock has been a refuge from raiders, a steep climb for freedom. Twenty five minutes, twenty five years, a quarter century of uphill labour to break free since 'the educated person is free.' Recent school buildings spread across Kaleo Traditional Area. Children pack into classes. Knowledge enriches the villages, expands horizons. The elders sit on carved stools under the mango tree, their clouded eyes staring into a past before schools. Slabs of culture slip slowly exposing new vistas. The dreams of the ancestors wreath the summit of Ombo on rainy days; they have fed the future of land and people.*

*John Deeney*



# The Teams - 2015

## GHANA

Katharine Blues  
Gerry Brown  
Beth Burke  
Alex Burns  
Alana Cairns  
Francesca Combes  
Eilidh Deeney  
John Deeney  
Caitlin Diamond  
Ciaran Docherty  
Kirsty Gray  
Jack Murphy

## KENYA, Nyeri

Emily Dickson  
Corwyn Hall  
Katie Hassell  
Luke Gaughan  
Jacob Harrison  
Laura Houldcroft  
Sarah Masterson

## KENYA, Naroosura

Beatrice Blount  
Joe Green  
Madeleine Hatch  
Anna Kennedy  
Monica Lowrie  
Laura Mackie  
Tom Madden  
Sarah Rae

## UGANDA Bilso

Sean Anderson  
Chloe Arthur  
Fraser Cameron  
Jacob Cooke  
Kate Dunn  
Samantha Harrison  
Clare Innes  
Marianne McPhee  
Emily Tonner  
Ellena Williams  
Grace Whaley  
Josh Wood

## TANZANIA

Ciara Connolly  
Joseph Devine

Glasgow  
Cumbernauld  
Widnes  
Glasgow  
Stirling  
Walton On the Naze  
Glasgow  
Oxford  
Dennyloanhead  
Glasgow  
Stirling  
Glasgow

Newcastle u Lyme  
Warrington  
Stone  
Glasgow  
Warrington  
Newcastle u Lyme  
Glasgow

Colchester  
Stoke on Trent  
Dunfermline  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Stoke on Trent  
Glasgow

Warrington  
Stirling  
Glasgow  
Newcastle u Lyme  
Glasgow  
Warrington  
Glasgow  
Stirling  
Newcastle u Lyme  
Ipswich  
Widnes

Glasgow  
Glasgow

## Tanzania ctd.

Matt Ferns  
Katy Hunter  
Jack Johnson  
Alison Lannon  
Frances Lowrie  
Zara Raffeeq  
Monica Reilly  
Chloe Sharpe  
Solomon Smith  
Christopher Walker

## INDIA, RTU.

Heather Baird  
Kaitlyn Bell  
Lorena de Marco  
Charlotte Dunn  
Rory Houlihan  
Alistair Kingdon  
Sinead Mackle  
Michael McCabe  
Christopher McGinlay  
Felicity Reilly  
Julia Sloan

## SRI LANKA, Colombo

Eleanor Blues  
Tom Callan  
Rachel Carney  
James Duncan  
Caroline Dunn  
Cara Gilbert  
Molly Hyde  
Kathleen MacLeod

## Sam O'Neill

Danni Whitehouse  
**SRI LANKA, Mannar**  
Aine Drumlish  
Kelsey Flannigan  
Heather Fynney  
Andrew Hunter  
Cathal McIver  
Sammy Nordkil  
Bridgette Reilly  
Molly Walker

Bury  
Motherwell  
Newcastle u Lyme  
Stirling  
Glasgow  
Newcastle u Lyme  
Glasgow  
Dunipace  
Stoke on Trent  
Glasgow

Motherwell  
Alloa  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Newmarket  
Glasgow  
Stirling  
Stirling  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Glasgow

Glasgow  
Stirling  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Glasgow  
Clackmannan  
Bridport  
Glasgow  
Alloa  
Newcastle u Lyme

Glasgow  
Stoke on Trent  
Stoke on Trent  
Stoke on Trent  
Dunblane  
Dumfries  
Glasgow  
Glasgow



"Young people demand change. They wonder how anyone can claim to be building a better future without thinking of the environmental crisis and the sufferings of the excluded."

*Pope Francis, Laudato Sii, 2015.*