



二〇〇九年六月

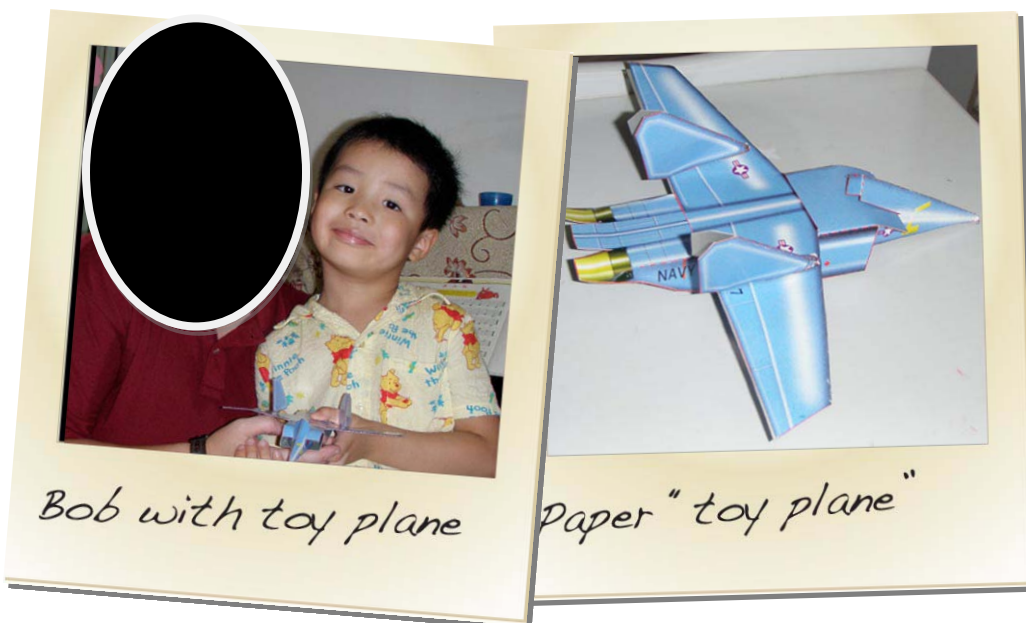
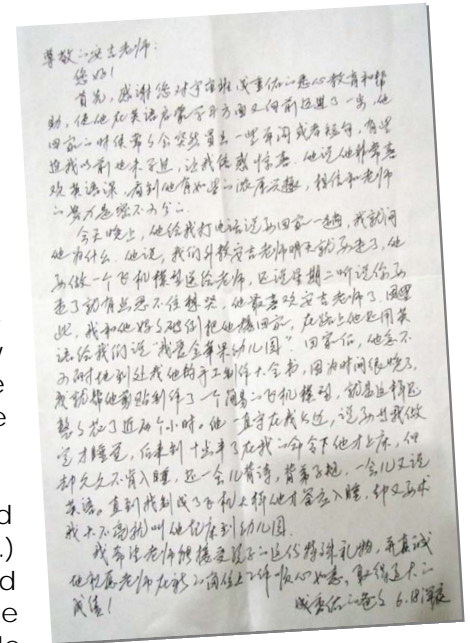
Dear friends and family:

June was month that revolved around graduation and teacher training. A "semi-sweet" time of starting something new and letting some things go. Change! Though I'm a little relieved that I no longer split my week between two schools, I miss the students and staff at the school I dropped. But there is good news! **I'm making good headway** in the one school I'm focusing on now.

This month, I've decided to focus on just one story, the story of Bob, a five-year-old boarding student from my former school. **His story and others like it make being here worth the time and effort.** The day before my last day at school number two, **I was handed a simple brown envelope.** The principal delivered it in person to be sure I would understand the value and sacrifice of this gift. Indeed, the contents are priceless!

A few days before my departure, Bob found out I was leaving and would cry at intervals throughout the days. (This was a bit of a surprise to me.) Finally, he convinced one of his teachers to call his home so he could speak with his dad. He somehow managed to convince his dad to come fetch him so they could make something special for me before I left. He hopped on the back of his dad's bike and off they went. His dad said **he could hear Bob singing English songs**, and rambling about sights and sounds using English grammar. This wasn't the first time. Apparently, Bob had been going home on weekends using English in all sorts of situations, making his family very proud. (And it made me proud too!)

So together they worked on the paper plane pictured below, standing together, as his dad put it, for over two hours, cutting...taping... Finally, as the plane was nearly complete, Bob was sent to bed, but he couldn't sleep. So he busied himself chanting things from Chinese and English lessons. Just before falling asleep, **Bob asked to be waked up earlier than normal** because he didn't want to be late for school the next morning. PRICELESS!!



I know the love and care I show my students makes a difference; but I didn't realize how much of a difference it made for Bob. He may not remember me as he gets older, but I pr he remembers what it feels like to be cared for, respected, and loved. **I have planted a seed** in this boy's life that I trust will someday be harvested, perhaps by a younger generation. It is my hope that every student I have will live with a blessing for life!



Bob's class on my last day at his school!



This year's graduating class from my permanent school.

In just two short years, I have been blessed to touch the lives of over 750 children. Since my arrival, my heart has been bent toward orphans and those less fortunate, but the door to them for direct personal involvement is still closed. While I wait, these children are my focus. They represent an opportunity to positively impact future business and government leaders of the largest nation on earth. What better soil to tend? What an honor to be entrusted with their welfare. I might be "just an English teacher," but I'm one who loves...and that makes all the difference!

Thanks for your support and interest in what I do. Thanks for keeping me covered...