

Hannah | USMC | Rwanda | 2013



My alarm goes off at 6am, and I drag myself out of bed into the chilly Musanze morning air. I get ready with my little Rwandan brothers and sisters and set off for school. I step out of the door to see the familiar, yet always breathtaking, view of the Musanze volcanoes in the distance. As I walk to school, I hear the village children, yelling ‘muzungu!’ (“white person!”) from the distance as they run out to hug us.

At school, I am greeted by my students with their warm smiles. It does not take long before handshakes and timid hugs turn into tight hugs, double high fives, fist bumps, and secret handshakes.

I teach 4-5 computer classes with my fellow Intercordian every day. In class, we usually take notes, explain some concepts, and end off with a fun and competitive review game.



After a full day at work, we walk back home around 5 pm, holding hands and chatting with our students along the way. They teach us Kinyarwandan words and laugh at our pathetic attempts to pronounce them.

At home, I spend the rest of the night with my brothers and sisters. We roll around on the mat in the backyard and play games. After dinner, I plop onto my bed in complete exhaustion from a long and tiresome day at work. I lay in bed to journal about my favorite moments of the day with the children, and I fall asleep with a smile on my face.

