

Alessandro

Teaching Volunteer in Tanzania – Summer 2019

Three weeks in the heart of Africa

It is with great nostalgia that I remember today, about a month after my return, my life in Monduli: everything about this small but lively village in northern Tanzania has remained impressed in my mind and heart. It has only been three weeks, but the intensity with which we all lived as volunteers has led us to penetrate deeply into a culture and a way of life which, if at first we were confused, later were seduced. The simplicity and sobriety of life, most often imposed by circumstances, allows us to rediscover the best of existence that we, inundated with objects, comforts and hobbies, have forgotten: the pleasant chat at the end of the day during a dinner in which everything is shared, the sense of hospitality of those who have little but are happy to give to you, the desire to learn and play with children, the sense of wonder that pervades your soul, admiring every night the infinite spectacle of the starry sky.

During the weeks spent in Monduli I worked in a public school where everything seemed to fall apart except for one thing: the mood of the children. Whether it rained or the sun was shining, whether the windows had glass or not, the enthusiasm with which the children welcomed you was always the same and was enough to energize you all day long. After a few hours spent on drawings to color and words or numbers to learn it was time for



games: there were those who tried to kick a deflated ball, chasing one another, stumbling over the rubbish that was scattered everywhere and joining the group games. One of these will always remain in my heart: all participants come together to form a large circle, after which those who feel moved come forward and start to sing a song, with an unforgettable melody and moving text: one by one each invites a friend to join them, and they begin to dance together while the whole group intones the chorus.

I left for Africa looking for a different way of life, less frenetic and more human, and hoping to be able to make a small contribution to building a more just world.



I don't think we should export our way of life everywhere because I have found happier, warmer and more welcoming people than I have known in Italy. I believe, however, that we also have a duty to share what good our culture has actually produced so that it is no longer an instrument of

oppression on the part of those who possess it, but a gift that in the hands of those who have been oppressed, can become a means of liberation from injustice.