

With Love from Mozambique

I awake to the sound of soft rain on my tin roof. My host mom outside at sunrise, she's the first in line to fill a water container at the well. She fills water containers every day for me and her family of five, and says that her back hurts. She's only 28, but she's my hero. I teach her how to bend and lift from the knee, keeping her back straight. The Mozambican National Anthem plays at 5:00 am, and my heart is stirred, proud to be part of the "millions of arms, one single force," the refrain ends, "beloved country we will overcome!" Their civil war well behind, Mozambicans are looking to build a new global future. My little host brothers rise, the TV goes on and cartoons in Portuguese are sounding lively in the background. What will their futures hold? An occasional airplane passes in the distance, "Maybe you'll be a pilot one day!" The oldest, 7, smiles broadly, believing in his future. He likes to play cards with me, or draw pictures, or read the world geography book I brought to share. The younger brother, 5, jumps up to show me his latest Michael Jackson move. Baby Jr. smiles watching from his corner of the soft. I feel loved. Peace Corps is a wonderful opportunity to learn, grow, and share with some of the finest people in the world.