

Su tiempo a compartir

Estudiantes de sexto grado aprecian la oportunidad de servir a los otros **A time to share**

Sixth-graders appreciate the opportunity to serve others

EL MES PASADO, como parte del día de servicio, un grupo de estudiantes de sexto grado y yo fuimos a la clínica del seguro social para hacer servicio voluntario con el grupo de ancianos que se reúne ahí cada semana. Los estudiantes compartieron con los ancianos conversaciones, artes manuales, cantos, un refrigerio, y nos faltó el baile porque el tiempo no alcanzó.

En estos tiempos, cuando la sociedad aparta al anciano y lo hace invisible, ver el respeto que los estudiantes les demostraron, el interés con que escucharon sus historias de vida, el trato cariñoso y considerado con que los trataron y especialmente, sentir que esos sentimientos eran muy genuinos, nos hace sentir una gran satisfacción por esa educación que están recibiendo tanto en los hogares, como en la escuela.

Los ancianos nos piden que regresemos, y los estudiantes están deseosos de regresar. Ellos tu-

vieron palabras de felicitación hacia los estudiantes porque sintieron y vivieron la experiencia de compartir con niños genuinos, respetuosos y dispuestos a dar parte de su tiempo para compartirlo con otros. Carlomagno Méndez, una persona de ese grupo, nos ha estado visitando en la clase de estudios sociales para contarnos la historia de Monteverde de primera fuente, porque él la ha vivido. Se ha convertido en un amigo muy cercano a nosotros y apreciamos sobremanera el tiempo y cariño que nos ha dado. Los estudiantes tienen muchísimas preguntas que hacerle y están escribiendo las historias que nos cuenta para tener ese legado por escrito en nuestra biblioteca de la clase.

Agradecemos la oportunidad que nos da la escuela para servir a los otros.

Sonia Montiel Espinoza, 1-6 Español y estudios sociales.

LAST MONTH, as part of service day, a group of sixth-graders and I went to the social security clinic to do volunteer work with the group of elderly people who meet there every week. The students shared conversations, handicrafts, songs, and a snack with them, but we missed the dance because we ran out of time.

In these times when society sets the elderly aside and makes them invisible, to see the respect the students showed them, the interest with which they listened to the stories of their lives, the considerate and affectionate rapport with which they treated them, and especially to feel that these sentiments were sincere, made me greatly satisfied with the education the students are receiving both at home and at school.

The elders asked us to return, and the students are eager to comply. Their parting words to the students were very cheerful, for they had felt and lived the experience of sharing with sincere and respectful children who are willing to share their time with others. One of the group, Carlomagno Méndez, came to visit us in our social studies class to tell us the history of Monteverde—straight from the source, for he had lived it. He has become a dear friend to us, and we deeply appreciate the time and affection he has given us. The students have many questions still to ask him, and they are writing down the stories he told us so that this legacy may be permanently inscribed in our class library.

We are grateful for the opportunity the school gives us to serve others.

Sonia Montiel Espinoza, 1-6 Spanish and social studies teacher.

Historia de Don Carlomagno Méndez

El día de la erupción

por Isabelle Sander, sexto grado

UNA MAÑANA, Don Carlomagno estaba trabajando en la finca de la familia Guindon con otra persona cuando empezó a vibrar la tierra. Estaban asustados pero siguieron trabajando. Después de un tiempo, empezó otra vez a vibrar la tierra. Después, oyeron una explosión que vino del cerro Arenal.

El cielo se puso muy oscuro por toda la ceniza del volcán. Entonces fueron a la casa de los Guindon. Los Guindon tenían un radio entonces y escucharon que el cerro Arenal tenía una erupción. Fue un susto muy grande.

Don Carlomagno volvió a su casa. El cielo era muy oscuro así que casi no vio donde iba. Esa noche cuando llegó a la casa, comió su cena e iba a ir a la cama cuando una familia llegó de Arenal. La casa era muy pequeña, pero cupieron todos.

La familia era muy amable y cariñosa. Ayudaron mucho en la casa y estaban muy agradecidos. Tenían una relación muy linda. Don Carlomagno lo disfrutó mucho.

Muchas personas de Santa Elena y Monteverde tenían miedo del volcán y se fueron a partes más altas. Don Carlomagno cuidaba muchas casas para estar seguro que nadie se metía.



The History of Don Carlomagno Méndez

The day of the eruption
by Isabelle Sander, sixth grade

ONE MORNING, Don Carlomagno was working on the Guindon family farm with another person when the earth began to shake. They were frightened, but they kept working. After a while, the earth started shaking again. Then they heard an explosion that came from Mount Arenal.

The sky became very dark because of all the ash from the volcano. So they went to the Guindons' house. The Guindons had a radio then, and they heard that Mount Arenal was erupting. It was very frightening.

Don Carlomagno went back home. The sky was so dark that he could barely see where he was going. That night when he got back home, he ate dinner and was going to bed when a family arrived from Arenal. The house was very small, but everyone fit.

The family was very kind and affectionate. They helped a lot around the house and were very appreciated. They had a very pleasing relationship. Don Carlomagno enjoyed it very much.

Many people from Sana Elena and Monteverde were afraid of the volcano and they went off to higher areas. Don Carlomagno took care of many houses to ensure that no one got in.

Historia de Don Carlomagno Méndez : Un mito

por Isabelle Sander, sexto grado

HACE MUCHOS AÑOS, cuando Don Carlomagno era niño, su familia le contó este cuento de cuando ocurrió la primera explosión grande del volcán Arenal.

Una familia vivía en el campo por el volcán Arenal. Era una familia grande, prospera y amable. Esta familia vivía en una finca muy grande. Para tener la plata para vivir, plantaron yucas y tenían muchos chanchos. Ellos encerraron los chanchos para que no se escaparan. Para alimentar a los chanchos, la familia les dio yucas.

Un día cuando la familia estaba en el bosque, encontraron dos monitos y los llevaron para ser mascotas. Todos sabemos que los monos son muy inteligentes; entonces observaron con curiosidad cuando la familia dio a alimentar a los chanchos.

Cuando ocurrió la explosión del volcán Arenal, la familia se fue corriendo para salvar a su vida. Olvidaron llevar a los monitos o liberar a sus chanchos. Los chanchos se quedaron encerrados sin una manera de salir.

Algunos meses después, la familia vino a ver la tragedia de su casa, pero vieron algo que les sorprendió mucho. ¡Los chanchos estaban vivos! ¡Y estaban gordos! ¿Cómo pasó esto? Después, un niño de la familia gritó, ¡Mira! Todos miraron y empezaron a reír. Los monitos que pusieron tanto atención antes, ahora estaban haciendo lo que la familia hizo antes. ¡Estaban llevando yucas para alimentar a los chanchos!

Esta historia es un mito, porque nada sobrevivió a la explosión del volcán Arenal. Fue un día muy triste.

The History of Don Carlomagno Méndez

A myth

by Isabelle Sander, sixth grade

MANY YEARS AGO, when Don Carlomagno was a boy, his family told him this story of when the first big explosion of the Arenal volcano took place.

A family lived in the countryside near the Arenal volcano. It was a big family, prosperous and kind. This family lived on a very big farm. To have money to live on, they planted a lot of yucca, and kept many pigs. They penned in the pigs so that they wouldn't escape. To feed the pigs, the family gave them yucca.

One day when the family was in the forest, they came across two little monkeys and they took them back as pets. Everyone knows that monkeys are very intelligent; they therefore looked on with curiosity when the family fed the pigs.

When the Arenal explosion occurred, the family went running away to save their lives. They forgot to take the little monkeys with them, or to liberate the pigs. The pigs remained corralled without any way to get out.

A few months later, the family came back to see the tragedy of their house, but they saw something that surprised them very much. The pigs were alive! And they were fat! How could this be? Then, a boy of the family cried, Look! Everyone looked and began to laugh. The little monkeys, who had paid so much attention before, were now doing what the family used to do. They were carrying yucca to feed the pigs!

This story is a myth, because nothing survived the Arenal explosion. It was a very sad day.

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