Brought up and educated in Brazzaville, The Congo, by missionaries. A war has broken out... Everything is destroyed, the town devastated, there is nothing to be found anywhere. However with courage the sisters go back to work, open the nursery and primary schools without any materials. They send out an SOS to ex-pupils of which I am one. Since that time I am running around the shops with my limited means of a retired person. Paints, folding books, etc. etc.... meetings with the people who will carry my packages to Brazza. And in return I receive letters and drawings from little children thanking me and calling me godmother and sometimes mother, this is happiness!!!