

The entire project on the Conservation of Medicinal Plants and Indigenous Healing Knowledge of the Maasai is made possible by support from the World Bank's Global Fund for Indigenous Peoples, the Tonlie Fund (USA), Gibb's Farm (Karatu, Tanzania) and individual donors.

School Partnerships for ICT 4 Development



Tanzanian Team Partners from Ilkiding'a and Siwandeti Villages.

The twenty-two member team from Global Technology Academy (GTA) in Seattle, Washington, USA will be arriving in Arusha on 2 April with newly refurbished computers, keyboards, and other peripherals in their check-in luggage.

Terrawatu has been working with their partners to explain the purpose of the visit, prepare for home-stay arrangements in the villages and organize for productive workshops and training sessions. The USAID mission to Tanzania has granted Terrawatu an additional \$8,000 to support this aspect of the project.

The idea is to give a boost to long-term self-sustainability of Siwandeti, Ilkiding'a and St. Thomas School Community ICT Centers by bringing in a well-experienced team of tech-savvy folks from Seattle to partner with local Tanzanians, instead of simply buying new machines in Arusha town. The original - now outdated - computers were donated by the World IT Group from Denmark. This is truly a global project. While in Tanzania, the Seattle team will visit world famous national parks in the Northern Circuit together with their local partners, most who have never been on a wildlife safari due to the high cost of travel. Everyone on both continents is excited for this upcoming visit.

Cross-Cultural Journeys



Terrawatu/Global Exchange Tanzanian Reality Tours now include a Swahili Coast segment to learn about Islam in Africa and conservation of marine resources.

The next open date for the Tanzanian Reality Tour is set for 21 October – 1 November 2006. This popular tour "Culture, Economy and Sustainable Development" can be booked with Terrawatu's partner Global Exchange by contacting Malia Everette in San Francisco, California at malia@globalexchange.org or +1.800.497.1994 ext. 233

The tour is in three parts and begins with a people-to-people journey into Maasai villages "off-the-beaten" track and explores Terrawatu's project sites. Participants then visit world famous national parks in Tanzania's Northern Circuit and proceeds to the Swahili Coast to learn about Islam in Africa and conservation of marine resources.

In late May, for the second year in a row, Terrawatu will lead a group of students from Washington College in Maryland on a Tanzanian Reality Tour followed by a group of high school students from La Jolla, California in June. Terrawatu-Global Exchange Reality Tours are designed to help build people-to-people ties across the globe and give participants the opportunity to understand issues beyond what is communicated in the headlines. From here, one can gain a new vantage point from which to view and affect foreign policy from one's home country. Travelers are linked with activists and organizations from around the globe who are working toward positive change. Global Exchange and Terrawatu also hope to prompt participants to examine related issues in their own communities at home.

If you, your family, and/or friends would like to book a customized ecological-cultural safari into the indigenous communities and wildlife parks in northern Tanzania contact us by email at info@terrawatu.org



Organizational News

Allan Meing'arana has returned to Tanzania after a year in Seattle, Washington working with Earth Corps. Allan has noted that it will be difficult for him to put into practice specific skills he learned in the Pacific Northwest region of the United States as the natural environment in northern Tanzania and the technology available for environmental restoration is so different. Yet, he has gained invaluable experience in leadership skills and how to organize people with different minds into a team. Allan explains that after learning about life in America he has a new appreciation for Tanzanian culture. Meing'arana has now assumed the role of Project Manager with Terrawatu.

Global Exchange Tanzanian Reality Tour participant Alana Wase has launched an impressive fair trade project in the United States. Wase works with Terrawatu to source beaded jewelry from Arusha-based NGO Women in Action (WIA) that supports HIV/AIDS orphans and people living with AIDS. The project benefits WIA, Terrawatu, and the lucky people in Maryland who acquire the beautiful necklaces, earrings, and bracelets made by Tanzanian women.

In January, Terrawatu hosted the visit of US businessman Mark Hutchens to Tanzania. Hutchens explored options for developing relationship coffee in the Arusha region. Learn more about his experience in the feature article of this newsletter.

A volunteer team from St. Constantine's International School (SCIS) in Arusha continue to work with Terrawatu to assist the students and teachers at Ilkiding'a Computer Center in setting up a Website. www.scisarusha.org/ilkidinga_secondary_school_website_project.htm

International Advisory Council member April Linton is selling Fair Trade African products in the United States. Maasai shukas (blankets) and recycled tire shoes are for sale on eBay and directly from her. Contact: aplinton@ucsd.edu

Friends of Terrawatu in Seattle continue to meet either in-person or on-line to discuss goals and strategies for providing continued support to the organization. Through close communication with staff in Tanzania the group is able to target fundraising and resource sharing efforts in a useful and meaningful way. To find out how to get involved send an email to info@terrawatu.org

What You Can Do

There are several ways to get involved in Terrawatu activities:

- ❖ **Sponsor a Child's Education.** Terrawatu's Child School Sponsorship program has been very successful. A sponsor's financial support helps a girl to successfully complete Primary School and proceed onto Secondary School (not common in Tanzania). More information can be found on our Website – www.terrawatu.org - under Child School Sponsorship (CSS) program.
- ❖ **Resources for computer labs.** Terrawatu's IT centers are in need of educational DVDs, CDs and other materials for classroom use. Entertaining DVDs are needed for village movie nights that raise funds for sustaining the centers. If you have these materials and would like to make a donation please contact us at info@terrawatu.org and we can arrange for you to get them to someone we know who is traveling to Tanzania in the very near future and can hand-carry them.
- ❖ **Keep us in mind when you hear about grant opportunities and/or partnering** possibilities with other foundations and organizations that work in similar projects as Terrawatu. Many of you have already provided Terrawatu with excellent contacts and recommendations that have helped us grow and blossom. Thank you!
- ❖ **Tell your colleagues and friends about our work.** Forward this newsletter and Web address - www.terrawatu.org - to those you think may be interested in hearing about Terrawatu.



Recipe- East African specialties

Zanzibar Chocolate Spice Cake

Known as the Spice island, many visitors to Zanzibar enjoy roaming through plantations of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and vanilla trees smelling and sampling these wonders of the earth. This recipe, adapted from the Emerson & Green Hotel in Stonetown, celebrates the flavors of Zanzibar.

Serve with Vanilla Bean Ice Cream drizzled with Kahlua and chocolate sauce...

What you need:

- ½ cup butter
- 1 ½ cups sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 2/3 cup grated semi-sweet chocolate

What you do:

- Cream together butter and sugar. Add egg yolks.
- Sift together dry ingredients. Mix with the butter mixture alternating with additions of the milk. Add the chocolate.
- Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold into the batter.
- Bake in a tube pan until toothpick inserted in middle comes up dry. Check after 30 minutes in a 325 F. degree oven.



Tanzania, January 2006

The following article is written by Mark Hutchens, a resident of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Hutchens has worked in the wine industry in the United States for over 15 years. He is currently launching off into the world of specialty coffee and came to Tanzania to explore opportunities for building a relationship coffee brand and to understand the story surrounding it...

Dropping Down

The necessity of going to Africa became thoroughly lodged in my every waking thought during the aftermath of Hurricane Wilma. I relaxed in the glorious post-hurricane weather, with no electricity or water, cooking on my camp stove, reading books and drinking wine. There was ample time for new revelations about many subjects to congeal and harden into a sharp, decisive point: It's time to experience Africa. Not to read about it, philosophize or patronize. It was time for me to move beyond spoon fed, politically correct assumptions about the continent and get the dirt under my fingernails. I had been dreaming for months the best way to get myself into the coffee business.



Coffee plants growing in Arusha region of Tanzania.

I was going to participate in a new commerce, with a new flavor, on a new continent, I decided I'd go there and get at least a bit of the story myself. In blissful post-hurricane idleness, the euphoria of a monumental decision made, I reached out to Tanya. The only technology that worked at all was my Blackberry, so I spent some precious battery time and got an email off. Absolutely, she said. Come to Africa.

Tanya and her co-director Lekoko Ole Sululu, in the midst of all of their other amazing work and activities, filled my week in Tanzania with more sights and revelations than my brain could absorb. Most anyone reading this will know Tanya already, although if you haven't caught up with her in awhile, you should. But if Sululu is just a name on the Website for you, I hope you too have the privilege of meeting him some day. I cannot imagine a better ambassador for Tanzania and a more generous guide.

Arrival: The Arusha Coffee Lodge



Room/small house at Arusha Coffee Lodge, just outside Arusha town.

After arriving at Kilimanjaro Airport and riding about an hour to my first lodging Tanya and Sululu went to the bar while I went to my "room", which in fact was my own small house. I had been greeted warmly and given a glass of delicious tomato juice (I would later eat tomatoes in Tanzania to rival even those in Italy). I was then guided along a gravel path to my lovely bungalow in the middle of a coffee plantation. I wouldn't see until morning how beautiful the setting was, but the house was delightful. I changed my shirt, and rushed back to the bar for my first Tanzanian beer and a planning chat with Tanya and Sululu.

After they left, I sat and finished my beer and reveled in the fact that I was in Africa. I'd really tested boundaries to get here and planned on getting the most out of it. So far, it all seemed like anywhere else. I'd flown in on a big jet, ridden in a car to a luxurious hotel, and had a cold beer at a bar while my jet lag moved in the direction that, combined with my excitement, would keep me awake too late...

Day One: Arusha, Computer Labs and Ex-pats

The first day would have nothing to do with coffee, but in fact would prove to be one of the most informative of the trip. Sululu picked me up and we headed into Arusha to get Tanya and some USAID (United States Agency for International Development) officials in town to look at the computer labs that Terrawatu had built in village schools. We were seven, but wanted to ride in one car, so Sululu and I rode in the back of the quintessential Land Cruiser. We took a very bumpy road up the foothills of Mt. Meru. It wouldn't take long for me to figure out there really are only two paved roads in Arusha. But it was a great perspective for my first daylight views of Africa. I stared out the back window through the dust we kicked up. It was visually stunning. Even while enduring another drought year, as we crept further up the mountain, the vegetation was lush and deep green. Layers of vegetation grew under tall shade trees and banana trees, every square inch planted to something that could be eaten. But my eye was drawn more to the people and their homes. This was after all the "poverty" I had only ever seen on TV right? The buildings did indeed look beyond basic. What struck me was how many homes were half finished. Everywhere we drove, there were walls erected with no roofs or windows that had obviously been there for some time. This was later described to me as a symptom of there being virtually no banking infrastructure for savings or financing. If a family comes into a lump sum of money, rather than put it in a bank or bury it in the back yard, they spend the whole lot on whatever amount of a house they can have built, and wait for the next influx to hopefully put a roof on it. So the whole countryside has this look of *destruction*, but in fact its just very very slow *construction*.

As we bumped along, I had long receding views of Tanzanians. They are beautiful, stunningly so. The children and young men tended to wear varied assortments of western garb, often jeans and T-shirts with logos or place names in English that made me wonder how they'd ended up here in the bush. Extending out of these clothes were long muscular limbs, physiques of mythical proportion, all of them like the greatest male ballet dancers. The older men more often wore the colorful traditional Maasai fabrics and walked slowly with long sticks behind their backs. They were gaunter. The women wore colorful sari like wraps and often walked with some cargo balanced on their heads. And of course, there were hundreds of children. Everywhere, running around doing what children do. They stared back at me as we drove by, paused for a moment in their play. Almost always they would wave and flash big, happy genuine smiles. Then, they returned to their play, darting around each other. These were happy children, certainly a far cry from the refugee camp scenes broadcast Stateside after the seemingly endless conflicts we ignore.

The computer labs Terrawatu built are amazing, especially considering where they are. We met the staff that works and teaches there, and I sat as a fly on the wall while Tanya and the USAID folks discussed the ongoing costs and challenges of running the labs and the growing acceptance by the locals. These labs are an achievement and are indeed accomplishing their stated mission. Dozens of new computers are on the way, all being hand-carried by a group of Seattle students in April, so it is only getting better.

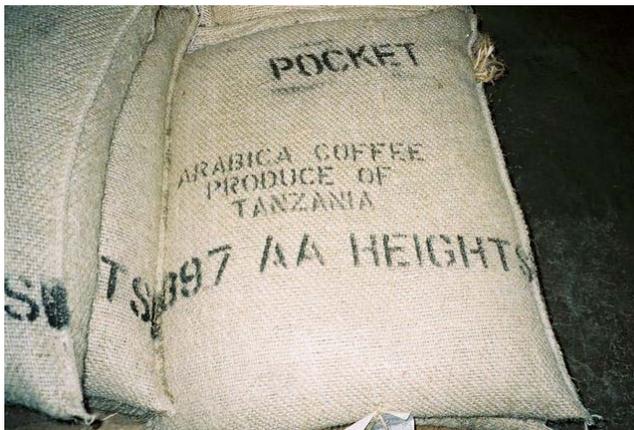
Later that same day, Tanya invited me to sit in on a meeting of American business owners in Arusha. I quietly listened to the conversations of a very interesting group of ex-pats earning their keep in Africa running NGOs and safari companies, amongst other things.



Ilkiding'a staff sorting technology at one of Terrawatu's ICT Centers "in the bush".

Their concerns about local politics, land ownership, aid money, bureaucracy etc. were all voiced to the guest speaker, the newly appointed US Ambassador to Tanzania. Ambassador Retzer was very diplomatic, genuinely concerned, and imbued with a rare private sector ambition to make improvements fast. I was particularly interested when the conversation came to the allocation of aid money and US spending in Tanzania and all along the porous Swahili coast, especially as it relates to anti-terrorism. Having just visited two NGO funded computer labs in the bush built specifically to bridge modern and tribal cultures, I felt I'd just seen pretty effective counter terrorism measures at work!

Day 2-3; Coffee growers and Safari



We spent the next two days speeding along the dusty main drag in Arusha in a giant Toyota Land Cruiser, climbing steep rutted dirt roads to remote villages, trudging into the thick of shade grown coffee trees, and half day on safari. We ate tiny bananas washed down with Kili beer and threw the peels out the window. Yes, I felt a little bit like Ernest Hemmingway, but without the big gun. Of course I stuck out like a sore thumb in my brand new REI safari shirts (sleeves rolled and buttoned at the shoulder, a feature that I'd never needed before but seemed essential in Africa), khakis and heavy soled hiking shoes.

It wasn't just my pasty white skin that set me apart. I must've looked like some throwback to the protectorate days. Of course Tanya was always dressed elegantly, and the other ex-pats looked like you could have plopped them down in Manhattan, but I was there as if to find the real source of the Nile on horseback.

I met some really nice and helpful growers, especially Lemburis Ole Sirikwa, who has a pristine little coffee plantation near Mt. Meru. The name of this area is called Ngaramtoni after the white-necked raven, and someday I hope to import the best quality AA coffee from this little spot and sell it in a package with a white necked raven on the front label, and Lemburis' story on the back. Most of the plantation is organic and shade grown and I suspect with enough care and some much needed rain, great coffee will come from here. This spot is so beautiful, and Lemburis so warm that I'd like to buy the whole production and keep it from being anonymously poured into some massive mediocre blend as typically happens here.



Tanya and myself (Mark) at Arusha National Park on a half-day wildlife safari.

Tanzania's neighbors make amongst the greatest coffee being produced in the world today. Kenya, Ethiopia, and Yemen make my absolute favorites. Part of the purpose of my trip was to try to learn why Tanzania lags behind in quality and recognition, and perhaps forge some relationships that would allow me to participate in a renaissance of coffee quality there. In these few days, I learned that coffee is not wine, and comparatively coffee faces nearly insurmountable problems getting to market. Once it does, the value added stays predominantly in the consuming countries, and the existing structure sends very little back to the growing countries. At the same time, the growers I met were unanimously interested in growing better coffee, especially if they could do more business direct with roasters and get paid more. The only business recipe that is working for coffee growers, that of relationship, could work in Tanzania also.

Day 4-5: Zanzibar

The weekend arrived and there was no work to be done, so I decided last minute to go to Zanzibar for a couple of days. Sululu asked a young Terrawatu staffer named James to drive me, but I failed to tell James I was flying out of Arusha not Kilimanjaro, so we got almost to the wrong airport in the opposite direction before turning around and speeding back. This is the only time I feared for my life in Africa! I arrived at the airport 5 minutes after my flight was to depart, but an airport worker saw my ticket in hand and hollered after me to hurry up. I was ushered through a gate with my bag (no security check) and told to sit in the co-pilot seat to "help the pilot". I found myself riding shotgun on the smallest single engine plane I'd ever been on.

The flight was amazing. Flying east across Tanzania offers the most amazing view of Mt. Kilimanjaro you will get. Then it is mile after mile of arid bush, dotted here and there with Maasai villages and volcanic outcroppings. A little over an hour later, the desolate sandy coast and deep green and blues of the Indian Ocean glitter below. As you approach Zanzibar you see the amazing beaches and reefs that make this a famous dive destination. I'd suggest taking this flight rather than the big jet from Kili.

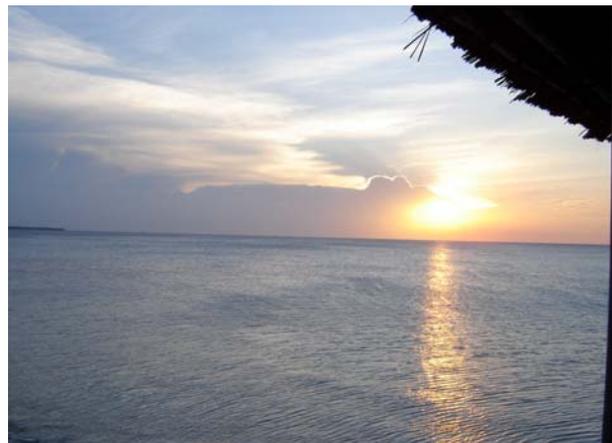
As we waited for our bag on the tarmac in Zanzibar, the very nice Indian pilot leaned out the window and asked us if someone had left "this" on the flight, and held up a huge hunting knife. A German passenger claimed it and ran back up to the plane. Now there's something you don't see at JFK New York.

Arusha was hot in the day time, cool at night, and extremely dry. Zanzibar was hot and humid enough to melt candles in the shade, and I had soaked my shirt before even taking a seat in my cab. The taxi stand looked like Cuba, with a line of big old metal cars that would have been recycled a long time ago elsewhere. A very aged Muslim man ushered me into a blue car made in the 40s that looked as if it wouldn't carry my weight. He had it purring though, and it was actually a nice ride. (One of the things I would marvel most at on my trip was the ingenuity and persistence of Tanzanians. They find five purposes for things we buy for one and they reincarnate seemingly useless or broken items like a cat's nine lives). Anyway, this driver was an old world gentleman. He gave me a Swahili lesson on the way to the hotel, and drove me to three places until I finally got a room and hovered around while I checked in to make sure I got situated.

In Stonetown, every young man on the street is an artist with a "gallery" of his own, a guide, a local historian, and your immediate "best friend." After dropping off my bags I decided to wander by myself around Stonetown but learned quickly there is no alone on Zanzibar, at least not for an easy target like me. My solitary walk turned into 24 hours of meeting locals, eating, shopping for art, a few Tusker beers, even a little dancing, and 6 hours of sleep thrown in. Everyone I met was a real gem. I bought a lot of beers that night, but really got some local flavor in return. I especially enjoyed an amazing local band at the ex-pat haunt called Mercury's. Before even dreaming of going to Africa my ethno-musical interests had been hanging in Senegal, Mali and South Africa most of the time, so it was a real treat to hear those influences in this band.

The next morning I went for a coffee on the beach side of the Africa House hotel, one of the nicest in Stonetown, but on the way I bumped into a tiny little café called Msumbi Coffees with an espresso machine and a coffee roaster right on the spot! This was only the second espresso machine I'd seen in Tanzania. Most of the "coffee" one is served is of the instant type called Africafe. I resorted to lots of milk and sugar to palate it, but found the robusta content gave me the jitters, so I was opting out. I was so excited to see a real espresso machine, even though it was a super automatic type. I downed two doubles, bought a couple roasted coffee samples, and was on my way with a proper caffeine buzz. Good thing to, because they served instant at the Africa House.

I was traveling alone on this trip, which meant my schedule didn't have to accommodate different philosophies of tourism, like my wife's. Since I didn't know I was even going to go to Zanzibar ahead of time, I hadn't researched the sites, so I enjoyed my own favorite way of sightseeing: haphazard wandering, meeting locals, and on that particular day, a three hour lunch on curried barracuda and cold Killis at the beach, toes in sand. I couldn't take my eyes off the Indian Ocean, and there was plenty of activity on the beach to observe, so I sat and shared my lunch with a stray cat.



Sunset on the Indian Ocean, Zanzibar, Tanzania.

I'd decided to take the 4PM ferry to Dar es Salaam, so there was no rush. I was finally relaxing. Zanzibar had cast its spell, and I started thinking I'd stay another day or two, and skip Dar. I almost did, but it was the one and only night I'd get to break bread with Tanya, so I tore myself from my chair on the beach, put my shoes back on and left wondering if there was anything I could do to make a living on Zanzibar, and if there a good school for my daughter....

I went onto Dar for a day and then flew back to Kilimanjaro on a big jet to visit Moshi.

Last Day: Moshi and Coffee Processing



Coffee processing in Moshi, Tanzania.

Coffee central for north Tanzania is Moshi. Here is where the auction board is, many merchants, and processing facilities. Sululu knew of a large facility that would likely give me a tour, a first for me. I've spent exactly 7.9% of my awake life underground in wine cellars across Europe, but this would be the first time I'd see how coffee is processed on a large scale. Immediately the difference is one of hygiene and noise. It's dusty and loud! But the more important differences are of simple scale. In a large co-op, coffee is processed using very large, very expensive machines which grade, mill, and sort the coffee according to its quality. Then samples are sent out for auction buyers and other importers.

The buyer then has the choice to have the coffee further sorted by hand and blended with other lots of similar quality. It is bagged, loaded on a container and sent to the buyer's country. The problem in Tanzania and other producing countries is virtually no incentive to grow quality product. Coffee prices are at historic lows and those growers that depend solely on coffee for their livelihood have been living in a constant state of crisis. Add drought to that and many growers are letting their trees die or cutting them down and planting other crops. Those that do persist with coffee are paid so little by middlemen who can accumulate enough and get it to the Moshi auction that the quality suffers. This crisis is slowly being improved in some countries by the increasing awareness of wealthy consumer countries that exercise choice in buying Fair Trade coffees. But this is happening one co-op at a time, and while small quality minded roasters have the time to research, develop and market "relationship" coffees, the big multi-nationals are still caught up in their price wars and prefer to keep prices depressed. In recent decades, it all got worse as Vietnam entered the market with 90% of its massive crop being – in my opinion – the evil robusta, a higher yielding, terrible-tasting, and higher caffeine coffee-like product that's infiltrated instant and industrial blends. Add Brazil and Indonesia, with their robusta crops, and the three largest coffee exporting countries in the world, selling the world's second largest export commodity (after petroleum) are playing into the hands of the big companies to keep growers poor and profits high. To add insult to injury, with more robusta in the world, and the multi-nationals blending away any distinction in origin, coffee has gotten more and more unpalatable outside of the specialty coffee industry. In the 21st century, coffee is caught in a vicious cycle of poverty and mediocrity.

The people I'd met in Tanzania, with the guidance of Terrawatu, would allow me to develop a relationship coffee, specify and reward for its quality, protect its origin, and market its quality and story in the US and guarantee that a greater share of the value added goes back to Tanzania. Terrawatu had customized my trip to Tanzania to accomplish exactly what I went for, and plant seeds for future harvest that would ultimately be of benefit to Tanzania. I couldn't have asked for more.

Departure

I've never been so depressed to leave a place. I sat at the Kilimanjaro airport bar drinking the last cold Tusker the barman had and watched the other tourists flock in for the KLM flight to Amsterdam. Mostly-sunburned Germans, Dutch and British walked wearily in heavy hiking boots, almost dragging their carry on bags on the ground. Some went for last minute shopping and there was brisk business for the souvenir shops. Others sat and watched soccer highlights. The smart ones passed the time with me at the bar. I watched them all with some unjustified detachment, as if I were somehow different. They came to go on safari, I supposed, and take pictures of animals. Maybe they climbed Kilimanjaro and emailed photos on the peak from their cell phones. They seemed

happy, talking to each other about the last day and what they saw. Meanwhile, I couldn't wash down the lump in my throat or the occasional burning in my eyes. I was already struggling with realizations that haven't become easier to digest weeks later as I write this. I know that I did not even scratch the surface of a vast and complex country, and yet one week there provoked much more than anticipated change in my attitude and worldview. I didn't know how attached I could become in such short order, and how detached I'd feel upon arriving home. In one week, I'd fallen in love with a continent, and I count the days until I can go back.

Thank you Tanya, Sululu and all the Terrawatu staff.



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Lekoko Ole Sululu - Co-Director
Catherine Joseph – Office Assistant
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Allan Meing'arana – Project Assistant
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I asked God to give me happiness.
God said, No.
I give you blessings; Happiness is up to you.