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The sound of a rooster's crow outside my window signaled the start of each morning in Putubiw, but little of my day could be predicted beyond that always-reliable early morning wake-up call. Just after sunrise every morning, I watched the village come alive from my host family's home at the bottom of the hill as I prepared for the adventures that the day would present to me. Schedules and deadlines no longer existed for me during my time in Ghana; my work in the school and the clinic revolved around completing tasks that needed to be done for the day, but these things were rarely planned. After just a short time into my internship with United Planet in Putubiw, I learned to love the unexpected situations and to adapt to changes that were sure to arise each day at my work placements.

My observation week for Apewosika Methodist Primary School was quickly narrowed down to an hour of orientation on my first day of school due to the absence of the Primary 6 teacher. I did not have any lesson plans or textbooks, yet the class needed a teacher and I was available. This was why I had come to Ghana, and I was going to do all that I could despite my lack of preparation. After my first day of teaching Primary 6 in subjects of Ghanaian Citizenship and Information Communication Technology (ICT), I felt that serving as a teacher would be rewarding, but I also realized the difficulties I would face throughout my nine weeks. Language barriers limited my communication with many students, my fellow teachers were often late or did not even come to work, and something as simple as poor weather conditions could cause school to be cancelled for an entire day.

Yet everyday I walked the twenty minutes from Putubiw to Apewosika to the shared primary school for the two villages and made it my goal to teach despite conditions I could not

control. I had originally been assigned as the ICT teacher for two class levels, but by week four I had become the English teacher for three levels because the need for English classes was much greater. We worked on the basics of the English language, and with a small amount of personal attention my students began to flourish. It was exciting to arrive at the school each morning with children who were often eager to learn, and the moments when a shy student volunteered to write a sentence in English on the chalkboard, or when bright students served as tutors to help the others learn English, were truly incredible.

My days spent working at the Putubiw CHPS Zone Clinic required much less walking, as the building was just a short minute from my homestay, but were even more unpredictable than my time at the primary school. The head nurse, Alice, graciously accepted me as a volunteer and was willing to work with me on my original plan of a public service campaign concerning HIV/AIDS. After my first day of working with the nursing staff, I realized that my services were needed elsewhere, and I unexpectedly began spending most of my time working with the young mothers and pregnant women in the village and surrounding areas. I was under-qualified for the role I had taken on, and I realized it. The clinic staff trained me in their techniques, and I helped them as much as I possibly could with the daily upkeep of the clinic, paperwork, and basic diagnosis of sick patients.

The most rewarding moments came when I was able to help the clinic use the resources and talents that they already had. I helped the clinic staff spread the news about their services and the vaccines they could offer, traveling to the top of Putubiw and four other area villages to talk to the villagers about making the short trip to the clinic. Once the patients arrived, I was able to help the staff with them, but it was the nurses who were largely able to use their skills to serve the community, and the villagers seemed to become more comfortable with the healthcare that had been available to them all along. The pregnant women of the area began to come to our

clinic in large numbers, and we dedicated entire days to providing them with proper check-ups, vitamins, and immunizations. Many women came because they trusted in my abilities as an *obruni*, or white person, but they soon realized it was their own medical staff that could provide them with everything they needed in healthcare. With the help of a translator, I also had the opportunity to speak with countless women about family planning options.

Working in the clinic allowed me to break out of my role as a teacher for young children and to see the world of the typical adult living in a village in Ghana. I never knew what to expect on the days that I worked with the clinic staff or in what role I would be serving, but I always learned great amounts about Putubiw and its villagers. I was presented with an intimate view of the private issues that affect the people that I lived with for nine weeks, and they in turn trusted me enough to allow me to do my best to help.

Each day as I returned home from either my work in the primary school or the clinic, my host mother would warmly welcome me back to our home at the bottom of the hill. With my terribly broken Fanti and her bits of English, we would share small moments about our days and have a conversation that would often end with smiles and maybe even a hug. I often thought of my work at my placements in the same way; nothing too extravagant or complicated was ever produced by my work but my presence made all the difference. Small moments defined my work in Putubiw, not large results. Perhaps the villagers have already forgotten that I was there or maybe they will never forget me, but either way in committing myself fully to Putubiw and its villagers during my internship I was able to see the world in a new way and hopefully present the world in a new way to all those that I met, taught, treated, or called a friend in Ghana.