

This is the letter that one of the UTB members wrote and read to me at my farewell party. It broke my heart and will always serve as a reminder to me of the beauty and depth of my friends in Mambis. I will always love and miss them tremendously.

Feb 11, 2009

Dear Linda,

Its been almost two years that we've been here together.

Despite our coloured skin, we've been mingled in the same pool, and thus your character imitates our culture in some areas. You have impacted the Sunday School service and consequently a lot of the kids have learned the fundamentals of self-discipline and self-control...which is rare in a Melanesian society... and PNG is no exception.

Linda, your staying in this society is entirely unique thus: you are a friend to all and an enemy to none. You were so generous and that generosity was demonstrated by the actions you took. You've assisted some parents and students who are financially handicapped in their tuition fees this year. That is a tremendous exercise that any body of your age could ever do, but you've done it. We salute you so much.

Linda, to my personal perspective towards you is: I have no words to comprehend your kindness and perhaps you are inspirational to me. I salute you either.

Hey Linda, its good to say "Hellow" and "How are you?" to a new friend, but it's a tearful experience, and a heart breaking one, to say goodbye to an old friend of yours whom thus seeks his or her own way to depart from you.

Flowers can bloom away but the memories of yours in this society will never be blown away, rather they would still linger in the broken heart of the UTBs in the years to come.

Linda, now the clock has clicked at your time and you are leaving us to the school, via your parents and friends. Then this is what we, the immediate friends from this society, urge you to do:

When you are carried away with your commitment, and you might be sitting, in your flat or room or elsewhere, and see the lightning strike and the peals of thunder rumble and gradually you see or hear a huge rain outpouring, please do this for our sake: Vacate your comfortable seat or just cease anything you do and move out to the porch. As you arrived at the porch, move your hands into the air to fetch the huge outpouring with your curved palm. Linda, you try and see how much rain you have collected with your palm.

Hey! Linda! The volume of rain you've collected with your curved palm is how you are missing us, but the volume of rain that you catch not with your curved palm or even touch with your palm, is how we have a heart for you.

Hey Linda, years and months exceed us will never decolourize your impact in us, the UTB and Mambis community.

That's all and may God bless you exceedingly abundantly.

Yours in Christ,
Peter S Tanda.