

Dear Friends and Relatives,

The third week of teaching has gone well. I have been enjoying it and my Chinese teachers like my style. For special presentations we Americans spoke about New Year's Day, Valentine's Day, and the 4th of July one evening and about Thanksgiving and Easter on another. (Christmas was done last week.) The Chinese told us about Spring Festival (held in January like a new year's celebration), National Day (October 1, like our Independence Day), and the Autumn Festival with its moon story. The hero's wife flies to the moon forever after drinking a special substance in order to keep it away from a thief. She



becomes the lady in the moon: Chang'e.



The hero, Hou Yi, shoots down multiple suns.

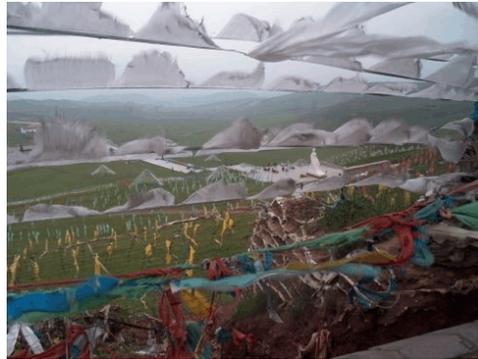


Hero and wife.



A distant relationship forever.

On Saturday we had a long trip to the west to the shores of Qinghai Lake (pronounced "Ching Hai"). Unlike last year's trip, this one had low clouds and intermittent rain showers. It was only a light mist when we were outside, so that was not much of a problem. Our first stop along the way was at a Tibetan temple area at the Sun-Moon Mountain. It was crowded with Chinese tourists. They and our young team members were busy riding on yaks and camels and being photographed, often wearing Tibet style clothing. The altitude was about 11,450 feet and the air temperature 52 degrees. Lots of ropes held colorful sheets of cloth with printed prayers flapping in the wind. I have mixed pictures from this year and last year in these samples.



The next tourist attraction were the fields of yellow rape flowers. The seed is harvested later for vegetable oil (known as Canola in America and Canada - originally a product of Canadian Oil Company). We suspect that the Tibetan farmers earn more per acre from the tourists than from the seed crop. Of course, rides were also available on yaks or horses.



I did not spend much time at the lake shore. All the birds that I saw with these poor weather conditions were seen there last year. But I got more good photos of two of them.



Brown-headed Gull

On Sunday morning we returned to the much smaller, less crowded church relatively close to our campus.

Here's a photo of my class of 15 Chinese teachers of English for 2011.



The photo of our teaching team follows. Our official translator and her daughter are in front of me.



Common Redshank, a sandpiper

Ed Holroyd, 31 July 2011

