



# 洛麗中文學校簡訊

## NCRCLS School News

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### 校長的話

親愛的洛麗中文學校家長及同學，

有一天在上課時，我走在教室外的走廊上巡視大家，心情格外歡愉。從教室裏傳來陣陣美妙的聲音，有老師們認真教學的回音，有同學們用心的朗讀聲，甚至看到有的老師正活潑的引導著同學一起手舞足蹈。太極拳班正聚精會神地在暖身。安靜的走廊上，只見值班的家長們在各個角落認真的執行勤務。忽然間，我竟然不知自己置身何處。心中自問：這裡是哪兒呀？“是在學校當中”這實在是令人難以置信!!! 突然間，有一位值勤家長對我說一聲，“校長好!”才將我拉回現狀，讓我記起自己肩上的責任。連忙向他回應，“你好。謝謝你在這裏服務，幫大家的忙!!!”

我們的學校好，可是我並不以此自滿。我心中有個夢想，希望有朝一日，像中文學校校徽上的男孩和女孩都舉開雙臂，高聲地叫道“我要去上中文學校!”這是我的想望，而你也可以和我一樣。

希望大家愉快的學習中文!

校長 郭震威

### Note From the Principal

Dear RCLS Family Members,

One day when I was doing my rounds through the hallways between the classrooms while the classes were still in session. I was so joyful to hear teachers speaking, students reading out loud, and in some cases, I was even able to see teachers dancing in circles with students following. Tai Chi students were making moves to warm-up. The hallways were quiet with duty parents stationed at various ends and corners. I asked myself, where was I? A school? How come? Why was I here to enjoy such a fulfilling ambiance? ... “Hello principal.” A duty parent’s whisper brought me back to realize of my job and responsibility at this school family. I quickly responded, “How are you? Thanks for being here to help.”

Am I contented? Of course not! I have a dream. I dream that the boy and girl in our school logo would one day raise their arms and shout, “Hooray! I’m going to the Chinese school!” I dream. And so can you.

Happy learning Chinese!

Sincerely,

Jenwei Kuo

NCRCLS Principal

2007-2008



# 你很會扯嗎?!

## 中文學校扯鈴班

張正非(扯鈴老師)

我三年級時，開始在中文學校學扯鈴，那個時候林昊是我的老師，我今天會的這些扯鈴花招，大部份都是林昊教的，林昊畢業以後，我和Wesley開始一起教這個班，轉眼間，今年已經是我們第三年教扯鈴了。剛開始時，我們兩個真的不知道到底要怎麼教這些小朋友，可是經過這三年的學習，我覺得我們扯鈴班的程度越來越好了。

我們扯鈴隊常常去各個地方表演，其實今天也是，我們每年表演的地方很多，像國際節，中國新年，公園，和學校，可是去年在杜克大學 Nasher 博物館表演得最好，我們從頭到尾都沒有一個人失誤，回想那一次，我和 Wesley 都覺得很有成就感；今年扯鈴班有十二個小朋友，我們希望會有更多的小朋友來參加扯鈴班。



你知道嗎，在哈佛大學也有一個扯鈴社團哦！  
另外，你也可以在 [www.chineseyoyo.org](http://www.chineseyoyo.org)，和  
[www.diabolotricks.com](http://www.diabolotricks.com) 看到一些扯鈴的訊息。

Do you know there is a Chinese Yo-Yo club in Harvard University? Besides, you can find some useful clips in [www.chineseyoyo.org](http://www.chineseyoyo.org) and [www.diabolotricks.com](http://www.diabolotricks.com).

# 快樂學習中文



## 全家總動員 樂趣多更多

張芳美（二甲導師）

我的兩個小孩上中文學校至今已經 5 年多了，這麼多年來，每到禮拜六，我經常要忍受小孩的抱怨，抱怨我剝奪了他們的星期假日；抱怨我不讓他們參加生日 party；抱怨我給他們增加了那麼多作業…。我先生很少陪我們來學校，總是我一個人拎著兩個心不甘情不願的小蘿蔔頭來上學，我相信有很多家庭跟我們一樣，全家只有我這個做媽的一頭熱，在孤軍奮戰之下，久而久之也只好讓小孩放棄學中文，我想，這也是為什麼愈高年級，學生人數愈少的原因之一。還好，我家的戰況，在兩年多前我接下學校的教職之後有了改善，因為小孩知道我並沒有利用他們上學的時間跑去逛街 shopping，相反的，他們知道媽媽也有課要上，而且絕對不能缺課；平時他們有中文作業要做，我也有教材要準備，因此我很少再聽到他們抱怨，這真是我接下教職的意外收穫。

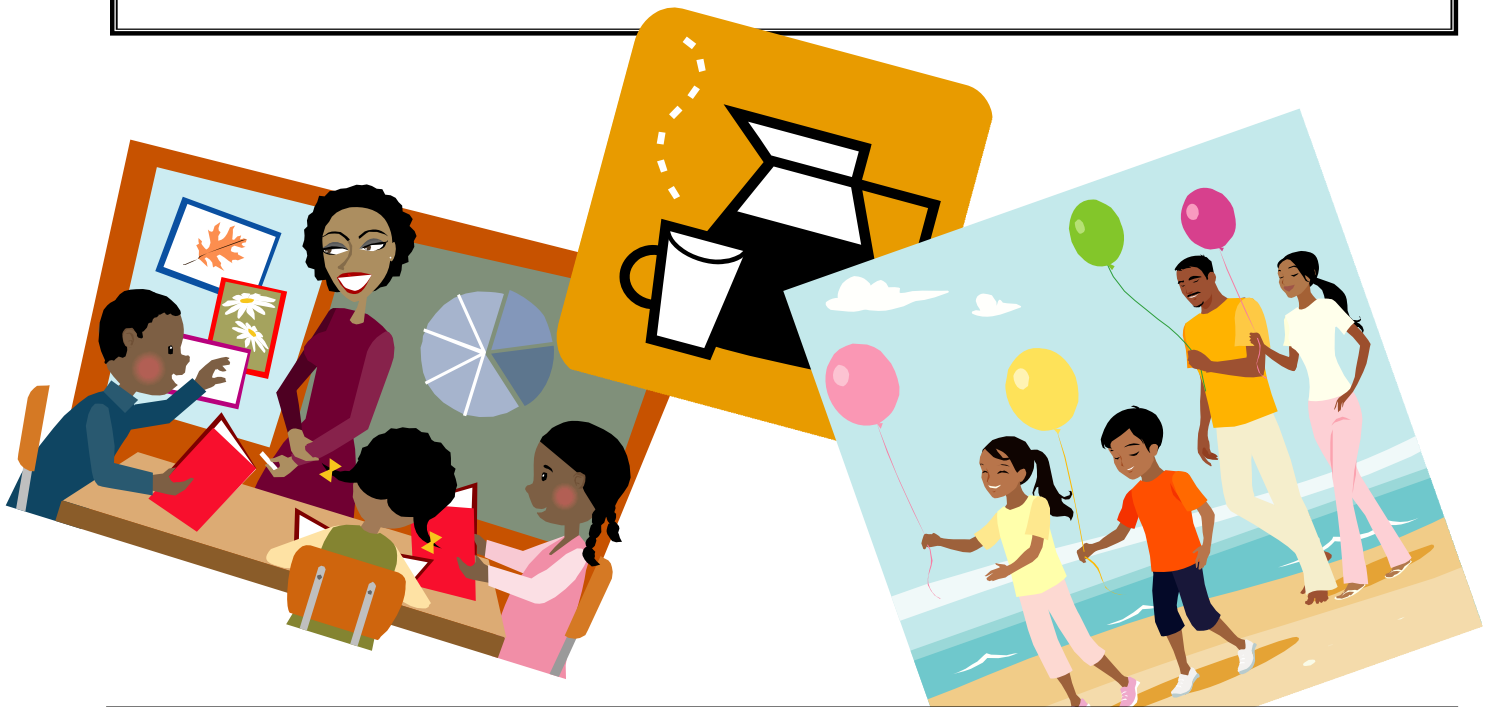
去年 10 月，我因為美簽過期，無法換發新駕照，足足有三個月的時間我不能開車，我先生只好當起我們母子三人的司機，這時中文學校已經很貼心地為家長們設有家長休息室，我們上課時他就待在家長休息室內喝咖啡、聊天，因為我不能開車對他所造成的不便，我原本預期他會很不耐煩，意外地，倒是從沒聽他抱怨過。三個月後，我終於拿到新駕照並恭喜他又可恢復自由之身，沒想到他居然說每個星期六還要繼續陪我們來學校，不但如此，他居然還接下了家長休息室負責泡咖啡接待家長的職務。從完全的冷漠到熱心的參與，這轉變令我好奇地不得不對他逼供，他說接下“室長”一職不過是付出一點點

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的勞力，但卻不斷的在獲得。中文學校是一個臥虎藏龍的地方，各行各業的專業人才這裡都有，當了“室長”之後大家都認識他了，生活上所碰到的疑難雜症，只要提出來，就會有好心的家長給與資訊及幫助。當這個“室長”可要比當台北市“市長”來得過癮多了！更何況，這幾個月來，他在學校裡看到這麼多的幹部、義工們，盡心盡力的為學校服務，令他很慚愧也很感動，能有機會也為學校服務，當然應該把握囉！

現在，我們全家都有個共識——星期六一定全家總動員，一起上中文學校，各司其職；各取所獲。上中文學校對我的小孩而言，不再是一件很無奈的事。我也不再孤立無援，整個情況有倒吃甘蔗；漸入佳境的趨勢，這也給了我很深的感觸，學校真的需要各位家長的支持與付出，在我們付出的同時，我們也得到了經驗、友誼、幫助……。而且，我們所付出的每一份心力，都會完全回饋到我們的下一代身上。我們學校有這麼多的家長，如果大家同心協力，相信一定能為我們的子女打造一個完美、優良的中文學習環境。



家家有本學中文的傷腦筋，你的經驗可以分享給大家知道嗎？歡迎來稿洛麗中文學校簡訊。

## For National Adoption Day - Nov.17

### *A Tiny Baby Picture in a Red Envelope*

A story for National Adoption Day  
by Ann-Marie Grissino, mother of an adopted Chinese girl

I would be glad to share our adoption story with you and tell you how RCLS and TACAS have affected our lives. Let me tell you our story.

On Oct 27<sup>th</sup> 1998 a FedEx truck appeared in our driveway carrying a most precious delivery: the first picture of the baby that was to be our forever daughter. Inside a small red envelope my neighbor and I found a picture showing the beautiful eyes of our Chinese baby-to-be, Guo Fang Fang. The picture of our 8-month-old was just a 1-inch square. I could barely see the small face through my tears. We cried and hugged each other as I held the red envelope and the small picture of my child with trembling hands.



A few hours later I was at the photo store enlarging it and making copies for every one of our family. We placed an 8x10 version in the center of our kitchen table. As my husband, Hank, and I shared meals, she seemed to call out to us every day: "Please come and get me soon."

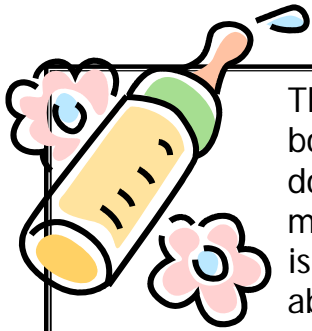
Although we had her 8-month-old picture on our table, it would take us another 4 months to actually hold her in our arms. We missed her first birthday and her first Christmas. But, on Dec 27<sup>th</sup>, we got the call. We would be traveling to China in 13 days!

On January 9<sup>th</sup> we flew to LA and met 13 other families with whom we'd be flying to Guangzhou. On the flight, I was so anxious. What am I doing? Will everything be ok? Will she like us? I was sick to my stomach. We arrived in a completely foreign country and my head was spinning.

Some families went to one area of China, while we went to Hefei. After waiting another 9 hours in the airport, we flew to our destination. We reached Hefei and heard that the babies would be delivered to us the next day. Thank goodness, because my head was so dizzy, I couldn't think straight.

(conti.)





That night Hank and I prepared the camera bag; our baby bag full of bottles, soy formula, and Pampers; and the bag filled with documents that we were not supposed to let out of our sight. In the middle of the night, both of us jumped up and rechecked the bags: is the camera charged, did I bring the little lamb rattle, and oh, how about the bottles?

Morning came and we were whisked off to a town hall. As we marched through the entrance of a building, we heard babies crying and felt our hearts thumping. We marched single file into a long room. Lined up in a long row of chairs against the wall, we saw 9 young women holding 9 babies. Each baby was dressed in a pink hat and a pink jacket and pant set. Each baby wore a small jade necklace and little red cloth shoes. Gou Fang Fang? Guo Fang Fang? I could barely breathe. She was at the end of the room. Hank's trembling hands dropped the video camera while I ran and knelt beneath our baby, held by her Ayie, who had tears in *her* eyes.

The world stopped. There was no one else in the room for us except our daughter. Here she was at last. We took turns holding her, tears streaming down our faces. *Her* cries were more for fear of these strangers who were to be her mother and father, but who talked, smelled, and looked differently than she was used to.

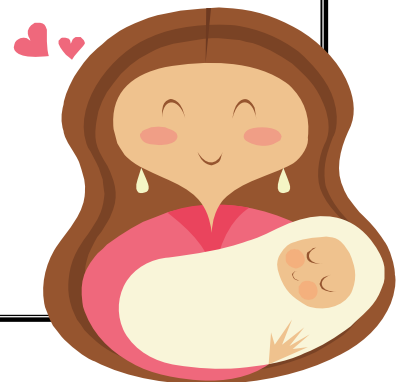
The babies had traveled hours ago from their birth town of Anqing and they were now tired and hungry. Oh, yes, bottles! Change them! How much formula goes into this bottle? My hands shook so much that I couldn't get the bottle top on. All of a sudden, we were rushed into the joys of parenthood.

I could tell you about our travels through the Chinese and U.S. governments as we prepared to take a baby out of the country and into the U.S. I could tell you about the first night at the hotel as our new daughter giggled excitedly at her reflection in the mirror. I could tell you how she whirled me around as she toddled up and down the hotel room held up by her new Mommy's hands.

But, that is another story for another time. I would like to share with you how RCLS and TACAS have changed our lives.

We arrived back in the States with our newly adopted Chinese daughter. Families came to visit and meet her. It was a busy time. Although we held her up for everyone to see, she couldn't understand anything we said.

(conti.)



We brought her to Chinese restaurants where waitresses scooped her up in their arms and carried her throughout the restaurant. We wondered would she understand them? Yes, she understood when they asked her to show her hands.

As she grew, we began to wonder how the Chinese-American community in the States would accept our family and whether we should try to keep her aware of her heritage, her culture, and her birthplace, but not overwhelm her with adoption issues. We decided to bring her to RCLS in the hopes that they would accept us with open arms. We couldn't have made a better decision.

We joined Bao-Chu (張寶珠老師) and her daughter, Melanie, in the Kindergarten language class. They shared their love and joy with all the children, including our daughter, Lian. She played and laughed with the other Chinese young girls and sat mesmerized almost every Saturday as she watched Bao-Chu, Melanie, and the older girls dance with long, colorful ribbons.



Since those first days at RCLS, we have attended Chinese Language School for 4 years. Lian now dances in Chinese dances herself yet still sits mesmerized by the "older girls." The older girls became role models of behavior, grace, and beauty. The older girls continue to hug and play with our girls. They pick the young ones up, they share a treat with them, they show them how to study hard, and they look into each others' Chinese eyes.

The gift of being with the Chinese-American community goes both ways. We have been told that our adopted girls have affected the older girls in ways which we never would have dreamed of. Some older girls have pleaded with their parents to schedule summer vacations so that they could be camp counselors in Camp China, a weekend in western NC for adopted Chinese kids. We were told of another RCLS girl who has been so significantly affected by our girls that she wants to go to college to be able to work with children in orphanages. We are overwhelmed by stories of how the Chinese-American girls looked at our girls.

Who would have thought that our attendance at a language school and its events would bring so much to our family and to others at RCLS? Certainly not us.

RCLS and TACAS have welcomed our Italian, Irish, and Chinese family into theirs. We are all bound by the red thread. Words can't express what RCLS and TACAS have done for our Chinese forever daughter.

We thank you from our hearts.

Hank, Ann-Marie, and Lian Grissino



Would you like to share your RCLS story? *NCRCLS School News* welcomes your story and hopes your participation can bring us and your family closer.