

WALKING TOWARDS SUCCESSFUL FUTURE

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CAMBODIAN**

INTRODUCTION

Despite the stage of self Development I have fought against natural destiny and poverty, with the aim to access what I dream for being a leader of leading people to go out of poverty through self development.

To help the poor people by dole-out program is not good because it will make the poor become dependent on outside support. It is necessary to develop the capability of the poor people become “full“ persons through self-help activities that will make them self-reliant. Self-help activities can also create a sense of responsibility among the poor people taking care of the program by them selves.

The establishment of a Center in the city next to the dump is one way of helping children who the poor garbage pickers address their poverty problems in the future through self-help and mutual help activities under the continuous support of Japan Team of Young Human Power (JHP).

To realize this, there is a need to create linkage will the Education, Social and Life Skills, and Personal Value Development.

LIFE SITUATION IN POLITICAL AND SOCIAL EVENTS

INTRODUCTION

What is life? Personally, Life is the breath with the strength of non-stop attempt with all facing obstacles and walking towards what I love to do legally, socially and environmentally.



My life is the life full of working from the small that I try to survive in the Cambodian society independently, is a life of thinking for the better future. I feel hopeless sometimes and lost my way where should I go without the giving love and compassion from parent, without people surrounding me giving me ideas, giving me what I need, giving me the strong huge that I SOMETIMES IS WATCHING TO THE PARENTS HOLD THEIR CHILDREN AND SAY BABY I LOVE YOU. BABY WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT DO YOU NEED?

I just the pictures of these it seems the abstract pictures that I cannot do it, but I really need it. I dream to get it but noone give me this need. They have their own children, they give their all love to their own children. I love the word Ph.D very much in my life I always dream to get it someday.

Based on my dream I still do attempt and hope that some day my life will change. I try to do many ways to be a persons with suitable survival, with good education, with many good skills and good attitude

LIFE AFTER BORNN (IN SIHAMOUK TIMES 1961-1969)

I was born in Quarter N° 4, Phnom Penh city, on 04 June 1961.

My father name is Mech Him, was illiterate, he learnt everything from the temple even writing and skill, but he can write very little he know much about carpentry. He was a soldier since the French colony, he joint troop with Khmer Isarak, led by Puth Chay in the Kandal province to fight for independence from French colony led by King Norodom Sihanouk from 1949 till 1953. He is always away from home.

My father was a nice man for me he was very good father he has never used violence against all children, even Khmer tradition most parent always use violence to educate children. He always give times to children to talk, take children sightseeing, motivate children to do everything what we can do properly. He is a man with clear goal and dream. He is about 1.75m high, he speaks softly and never have big laugh just smile only. He had never used violence to children.

My mother

Her name is Chin Sourn, she has 5 siblings, no one is survived now. She can write and read very little. She mostly stay with children to care all of us at home. She sometimes used violence to children. My father bought a land in 1959 they built wooden house at Phsar Deum Thkao, Phnom

Penh City. Now this house is still at the same place but it is owned by the other people. After Khmer rouge on 7 January 1979 no one can own his/her own property.

Personal background

I have 2 elder sisters and 1 elder brother. I am cadet in the family. My parent called me Kon Paov means (Cadet in English) every time. My father was soldier in charge of civil engineering and my mother was housemaid she is illiterates she can write very little Khmer. My father just studied at the temple, he learnt Khmer and French.

When I was at 6 years old I lived in Kirirum, 140 kilometers away from Phnom Penh, where there was a military camp, where my father was working. I attended school in Kirirum. I walked about 4 kilometers a day. I remembered that I run to school without uniform because it is public school and very far school from Phnom Penh. **130109**

My father had one wooden house in Phsar Deum Thkao in Phnom Penh his ideas is to let children stay in Phnom Penh for better education. My father always goes outside to build military camp. I sometimes came with my family to Phnom Penh. My father decided to buy a land in Phnom Penh and build a wooden house with roofing tile. It is near market and school.

In 1969, Khmer Rouge taken over Kirirum, my father moved to Dah Kanh Chor military camp (Treng Traying) in Kampong Speu province, located along the road No 4. I was moved to live in Phnom Penh with my mother, my two elder sisters and one elder brother. We all five lived in a house next to Phsar Deum Thkao market, Sangkat No 5, Phnom Penh city. I walked to school with 3 sets of school uniform. I do try to wash clothes and iron with charcoal iron. I save much money what I get from my mother. Personally, I like playing building house and injection.

IN LON NOL TIMES 1970-1975

I attended school at Phsar Deum Thkao primary school. In 1970 this school name was changed to Chhiv Neang Neang primary school. My mother gave me 1 riels a day for snack at school. At that time teacher never asked for money from students. I paid only 50 cents for ice-cream or some other snacks. I recognized that I am a person who wants to help other because sometimes I pay my friend ice-cream. I saved the less of my money to buy watch and education materials.

My parent's living condition was medium but my father really want all children go to school he did not want my mother come along with him to military camp. I do hard to study at school some grade I got very good score means number 2 in the class. I study in the early morning I get up at 5:00 A.M. I had never been to the restaurant except a chief of my father bring my family. My house had only one radio. It did not have TV. I had no toys and learning materials except I go to school to read at library. I think that my mother did not know much about child education and child rights as well, but she know well how to give love and compassion, how to motivate children to study hard. One of my sister stopped study at grade 7 then she got marriage at the age of 18 years old.

Unfortunately, in 1973 my father was shot to dead at the battle field in Kirirum when I was in grade 7 (grade 6 now). I became a fatherless boy at 12 years old. My family situation felt into poverty after the death of my father. I was moved to live with a rich family at Banteay Sleuk, next to Phsar Deum Kor market. I worked as child's worker. I waked up at 5:00 a.m then clean ground surrounding the house until 06:30 a.m then I go to school. At that time the school started at 7:00-11:00 and 14:00 to 17:00 in the afternoon. In the evening, I worked till 11:00 p.m because I have to open the gate when some bodies come and lately go out, but some charity gave me some money for school when they saw me opening the gate in midnight. My works were: making food for 4 dogs, cleaning land of 40 meters by 30 meters, planting and watering flowers and fruit trees,

guarding and opening gate. In the evening, wives of rich man come to play gambling till midnight therefore I have to wait to open gate till midnight.

I ride an old bicycle without mudguard every school day: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. I repeated an examination of primary to lower secondary school for one year. Fortunately I passed I was proud to study in the lower secondary school at Kbal Thnal (Boeun Trabek) high school in English. Sometimes I walked to school. I rarely stopped going to school. Increasingly I attended English class at Church at Phsar Depot in the City. When house owner knew I really want to study English she sponsored me for English class with her daughter. Actually I had little time to study and do homework.

In 1974, Khmer Rouge shell gun of 105 mm and 125 mm to Lon Nol house in Phnom Penh City and other government buildings, many people was killed. I had a duty to make trench to protect shelling gun. In the night house owner and I always listen to the sound of shelling gun, we could not sleep in the room we always sleep in the trench. Sometimes, my mother came to see me and stayed with me for long, then she help cooking in the house. Even though I still go to school, my mother worried about incident at the demonstration of students against Lon Nol government. She told me not to join any demonstration. Personally, I do not want to make trouble with any one I always make friend each other. I had never joined any demonstration. Once I was hit by a gang leader at the school, but teachers do help me from this fighting because they trust me as a good student. I was a chief of students in the class. When this house became unsafe house's owner moved to many places in Phnom Penh for safe. At last we lived next to the ministry of Defense till April 1975.

KHMER ROUGH PERIOD 1975-1979

On 17 April 1975 Khmer Rouge won fighting in whole Cambodia. I was standing to welcome Khmer Rouge troops along the street in the city, I was very happy to see all of them. But I was scar to see arm in their hand, one pistol in their waist, black uniform, black cap, one tower and rubber sandal. Every people thought that Cambodian country get peace and stop fighting each other because Lon Nol soldiers dropped all guns and uniform along the street and weaving white flags.

But this hope was failed after two hours Khmer Rouge soldiers shout louder and point the gun to the people chase people out of the city for one week. They told that please go to your home land for safe ANGKAR will clean every thing in the city after one week you will all be allowed to come back home don't get much belonging with you.

My mother, one sister, one brother and I walked out of the Phnom Penh city with a baggage and some money. I walked from Phnom Penh to Kampot province, 124 kilometers way from Phnom Penh. I pulled a cart with full of the things for eating and clothes. Along the road to Kampot we cannot pay any currencies therefore my mother changed her gold with rice and spicy. We get to know that what Lon Nol said before flying out that "My people next we will live equally no poor and no rich we will have the same food, clothes, drink, dormitory and accommodation"

Along the road I saw current population with same back clothes even Khmer Rouge soldiers. I saw the big dead people beside the road. Sometimes, we drank water in the pond, river and lake where the death was inside. My mother told me and my siblings "all son and daughters please keep quiet do not say anything besides good things of ANGKAR otherwise you will be killed. You must try harder to adopt your selves in this situation". While speaking my mother looked at me unhappily and unhelpfully.

Of course, my mother homeland is in Takeo province but we could not change our direction besides Angkar/Khmer Rouge soldiers. After reaching at Dambok Kpos commune we were called by Khmer Rouge leaders to meet at the temple in order to tell about the place of living. They called new comers as 18 people mean people who left Phnom Penh.

I was separated from my mother, sister and brother. I was living in the child group to make organic fertilizer carrier for 1 year. I worked 10 to 12 hours a day. I had no holiday every day is working. I had no school only working. In 1976, I was living in adult group which called advanced power group who carry heavy work like making dam, canal, farming in the night. I was forced to work very hard, and rest very little. I got up at 04:30 worked till 22:00. I was provided food only 2 times a day, 3 ladles of rice porridge per meal with water grass soup mostly. My teeth became black. I had only two set of black cloth and one towel. I always drank water at the field. I had never thought about health care, what I thought is enough food to eat. I ate leaves, root of the trees, any insects what I could eat to fill my stomach. I had no blanket to cover when I am cold. My mother, sisters and brother were all killed in 1977. I always prayed silently for the safeness before going to bed by turning my face to the east and praying tree times "Prah Put mean Buddha; Tham Mang mean Dharma and Sang Khang mean Monk".

I was pushed up to the jungle for one month with 31 families we had no food we ate leaves, root of the trees and other things whatever we could eat for the survive. We slept directly on the ground using the leaves as the mat and blanket. we drank water from the mountain directly. We work for farming on the mountain with Khmer Rouge arm force. I had never hoped that I was alive because my health was not good, but I committed my selves to work to dead at the site is better than they killed me. I pray that if anyone can help me just to have enough food and not to work too hard I very much thank I need help. One day, the air-craft of Vietnamese troops bombarded in the mountain Khmer Rouge run away we all came down from the mountain and escaped to Tani market in Kampot province we were shot by Khmer Rouge few people died in the mountain, but I was safe to be at Taki market, Kampot province.

IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF KAMPUCHER 1979-1989

Again in Jan 1979, I and villagers were pushed to the mountain while Vietnamese troop coming to the place, but fortunately aircraft bombarded in order to intercept along the way, then I and villagers came back to the village pushing by Vietnamese troops saying "di Takeo" means go to Takeo. I came along with the people to Takeo province. I was sick I got medicine from Vietnamese soldiers. I lived there for 1 month then I came to Phnom Penh by taking 15 days by walk.

I arrived in Phnom Penh in April 1979. I saw different people living at my father house, then I ask them for temporarily staying at this house. I was working as cyclo driver for self surviving. After that I was allowed to stay at orphanage N^o 1 next to Chroy Changva Bridge or Japanese Bridge. I got accommodation and education which provided by the government. Of course, it was not enough but it was better that Khmer Rough period. I still worked as cyclo driver to earn money for filling my needs to buy clothes and education materials. I also learnt playing guitar. I could re-attend school at grade 6. I finished lower secondary school in 1984, and then I passed the exam to learn nurse as my dream at Central Sanitary Managerial Employee School for 3 years from 1984 to 1987. I also worked as cyclo driver till I could do practicum at the hospital where I could earn money.

In 1987 I was sent work at Chey Chum Nas (victory) hospital for one year then I was moved to work at Srok Kandal Steung hospital in end of 1987. I rode bicycle from Phnom Penh to Kandal Steung hospital, 36 kilometers away from Phnom Penh. I could not stay at the hospital because I want to learn English and French in Phnom Penh. I rode bicycle with long distance for almost 3 years. When the rain comes I am very happy because it makes me cold and gets more power. I had meal at the hospital Ms. Touch, cook, pity me give me food every day.

THE STATE OF KAMPUCHEA 1989-1993 and THE KINGDOM OF CAMBODIA 1993-UP TO DATE

In July 1989, 24 hours Television, Japanese NGO, surveyed the project of health care at hospital and they asked for a person who can speak English to voluntarily work with Japanese engineer and doctor. I had worked with 24 hour Television, Japanese NGO for 2 years as a volunteer of construction technical supervisor trained by Mr. Yonezawa, Japanese engineer and instrumentist when having operation of harelip. It is my first experience to work with foreigner. I feel proud that I can speak English seems my dream come true gradually. I hardly study English by reading many English books.

I was a chief of surgery ward in the hospital. My life was getting better. In 1990, I was a volunteer to supervise the construction at Beung Trabek skill training center with Japan Sotoshu Relief Committee (JSRC). After that Mr. Nakura and Mr. Tezuka employed me as a staff of Japan Sotoshu Relief Committee (JSRC). I rode bicycle with Tezuka san to survey the project for JSRC while we had no car. After that JSRC was given a pick up car from United Nations Development Programme (UNDP).

My second working with foreigner with Nakura san and Tezuka san was very much successful. I remembered once I drove a pick up car to Thmar Puok is located Cambodian-Thai border where there was a demobilization program of United Nations with Nakura san with the convoy of Red Cross. It was my first experience to drive longer. I gave him many bumping on the way to Battambang rprovince. Next day I drove to Thmar Puok, but unluckily the rain came in the night before we go. In the morning the road still wet it was very slippery I just drove in gear number 1 only then I have to carefully steer very slow and soft otherwise the car will go swimming at the rice field besides the road. What I very much worry was to let the car pass each other with slippery road. When we came back the road was dry I was very happy to drive then I try to drive better which I was appreciated from Nakura san that my driving is better when coming back. I was in charge of building school in Svay Rieng and Kampot province. I personally decided to work hard for getting success in my job under the support of Nakura san.

By the way Tezuka san gave me many ideas for self development and education. He taught me on how to access what I dream and how to make trust from other. He gave me much experiences about Japanese culture and commitment that one Japanese man think that he/she died because of reputation and nation/society not to be dead under materialism. All these unforgettable comments make a lot of senses what I have remembered in my life.

My life has changed a lot from hopeless, from loneliness, from no one discuss, to met better hope while I was working with JSRC through the support of Mother of Love and Compassion **Ms. OSANAI MIEKO, JHP President**. She sponsored me to study English at Australia Center for English (ACE), my English getting better, after that she sponsored me to study Rural Social Leadership at Xevior university in Philippines for 1 years, from 1995 to 1996, my position and understanding about social work better higher. When I come back I became an education program officer at JSRC. She taught me how to be good and responsible man legally and socially by thinking the suffering of others before doing every thing. I had worked with many local communities on the field of community development that what I really want to do. Ms. OSANAI shares a lot of times, money and experiences to me in order to help a man who really in need to get opportunity as other people have. She has encouraged me to do effort to reach want I want to reach even short or long.

I was very happy to work with my communities which they really need help and support to develop their local communities by conducting a volunteer committee. I try my best to build capacity of existing committees to run integrated community development by sitting with them to analyze all local problems, key issues and making strategic plan to address the problem. I got

change to bring my communities to visit Thailand for getting experiences on community development process and program achieved from self help and mutual help. The community participation tool was very largely aware at target communities in Svay Rieng, Prey veng and Kampot province to implement school construction, rice bank, traditional music, pond, tree planting and child education.

I did not forget to save money to buy land for opening the orphanage I bought a land where I run CCH one 08 November 1996 sized 20m x 40m.

I retired from Japanese NGO in 2001 because of the reform of administration and project that they stop supporting community development. After that I went to see the dump in Steung Mean Chey, Phnom Penh city.

Center for Children's Happiness Project Survey

I made my first visit to the Stung Meanchey Municipal Waste Dump, or the closest thing to hell on earth. It is a 6.5 hectares mountain of the smoldering, decaying, oozing waste of Cambodia and the roughly 2000 people - six hundred of whom are children - who live and work there. The village, located just off to the side of the garbage dump, has existed for about twenty years. It sprang up as former residents of Phnom Penh, who were evacuated to the countryside to work in Pol Pot's rice fields, returned to their city in search of opportunity. Over the last quarter century many rural families have made the same journey to the big city looking for work. Many lost their land during the war or accumulated massive debts because of crop failures and health expenses. Their only hope lay in the city. And so they picked up their families and moved to Phnom Penh. Like the original settlers in Stung Meanchey, they ended up working as garbage pickers and living on the outskirts of the landfill. This is the lowest level of human existence

Some of the kids were actually born in the village outside of the landfill and worked there since they were old enough. Others were from the countryside and ended up there for the same reasons as everyone else. It was their only option besides suicide or starvation.

The road to the landfill is lined with recycling businesses. These are the ones who pay the garbage pickers nominal fees for aluminum cans and plastics. The kids collect them in big rice sacks that they throw over their shoulders, thus their nickname - bag kids. You see them all over the city, but the big goldmine is the landfill. They make between fifty and seventy-five cents a day collecting recyclables.

As you make your way actually into the landfill you are overwhelmed by three things: 1) the smell 2) the flies 3) the horrible sight of all the people, especially the children, whose workplace and home this is. Today I saw a naked child who looked about 2 years old, but could have been older (its hard to tell because they are all malnourished and growth-stunted), sitting on the filthy dirt road that runs through the landfill eating a piece of durian fruit off the ground. His stomach, like nearly every child's stomach in the place, was bulging out - the human body's way of screaming "FEED ME!!!" I shudder to think where that fruit came from.

Most of the very small kids who are all running around outside the landfill in the little shantytown nearby are naked and filthy. Many of the kids working on the landfill have no shoes or flimsy sandals. I saw one girl today wearing shoes that were about ten sizes too big, probably borrowed from her grandmother. I looked down to examine the contents of the garbage that dozens of children around me were stomping in with totally inadequate protection. Amongst all the refuse, I saw a used condom, several syringes, lots of broken glass and sharp metal objects. Then there's the

green, gray and black sludge that makes up most of the place, which I assume is what garbage turns into when it sits in a landfill for a while.

As we walked back to my bike, I saw a young girl doubled over and crying in heap of garbage. Her clothes, which once were white, were as black and filthy as her skin. Our driver asked her what was wrong and she pointed to her stomach. We asked her if she wanted us to take her to a doctor and she said yes, so we took her to the public clinic near the landfill. The doctor there did not appear shocked or saddened, or terribly compassionate for that matter, by the condition of this poor girl. Her sad state is nothing shocking in Stung Meanchey. Without doing any tests or asking her anything, she diagnosed her with diarrhea and gave her a couple injections, which the girl took like a pro with only a few tears. The doctor gave us some oral antibiotics and some rehydration salts. We picked up some clean water for her, filled her little pocket with enough money so that she wouldn't have to work for a couple weeks, and delivered her to the tiny wooden shack, at the foot of a mountain of garbage, that she calls home. We instructed her aunt, who takes care of her, that she is not to work and that she must rest and take the medicine everyday with the water. Who knows if she will actually stay home and take the medicine properly, or if her aunt will try to sell it instead and send her back to work. She promised not to, but I don't have a lot of faith in people who send their children to work in landfills. I'm quite certain of this girl's future. The next place the girls from the landfill usually end up is the nearby brothels, where they are certain to contract HIV, if they haven't already gotten it from stepping on used condoms and syringes at the landfill.

In 2001, I wrote a proposal to Ms. OSANAI MIEKO, JHP President, namely the Center for Children to Happiness CCH, which built on my land then I asked for permission of formulating Local NGOs that officially issued on 28 February 2002 by the Ministry of Interior. The purpose of establishing an NGO because Ms. Osainai MIEKO think that so far she has supported me to be educated people which courageously improve knowledge, skill and moral for better future. It is times for me to help others who really in need, especially orphan and children who are working at the dump, they have never attended school they really need education.

Ms. Osanai MIEKO gave me 15,000 US\$ to increasingly buy a land sized 10m x 46m next to the land, is located next to the land where I bought on 10 September 2001 in order to expand the land of CCH one.

CCH staff and learnt about child psychology and development from Rebecca Stich, American volunteer, and also we learnt from Ms. Pina, Bachelor degree of Child psychology.

CCH Progress

The Center for Children to Happiness CCH has implemented in October 2002 with 16 children, 9 girls and 7 boys. On behalf of all kids and CCH staffs I would like to thank you very much for your great donation to help vulnerable children, 33 kids are given opportunity to get education and behavior change for better future. My three year experience makes me know a lot about child psychology and methodology of educating children verbally and physically. I become a father of all 33 kids, 18 boys and 15 girls that hare to equally share my loving kindness, compassion hope, love and experience to all of them.

Personally, I am Committed to the Poor, I Value People, I am Stewards and I am Responsive. I want to see vulnerable/poor children get opportunity to go to school for better education and future as others, they successfully reach their dream finally by their own commitment and action. Children Rights access to every child even the poor. Equity of education should be enhanced at all level of people. What I need, is a father who makes use to all existing kids by giving them education, social and working skill, and also moral for better future, is a father to help children to reach their dream successfully. When they become at the age of 18 years, young citizens become fully responsible for their own decisions and actions, both legally and socially.

At CCH, I firstly priority for better education of children by sending them to the public school then we monitor their study every month by using school monitoring book sharing information with teacher at the school. CCH teachers retrain them at CCH. CCH educates them to have knowledge, skills and respected value with good manner in family and society. Social and life skills are both important that tomorrow adult can ahead understand how to run input themselves into after getting perfect skill for better marketing. CCH train them to know about PEST: Political, Economic and Social Technology. CCH encourage children's participation means seeing children as human beings with dignity and rights and focus on what children can do, rather that on what children cannot do.

There are no essential logical steps, as is the case with research or advocacy, because participation means mainstreaming children's views and efforts in all activities, recognizing that children are individuals capable of understanding, making decision, and acting on them. A child who does not feel a sense of personal power cannot participate effectively; - Children who are not involved in decisions made about their life feel powerless.

Thus, by seeking children's input, and by being respectful, encouraging ad supportive, adults can help children to feel confident about participating as well as about other aspects of their lives. Nevertheless, there are two fundamental principal that apply to all genuine children participation:

- First that children should have an opportunity to influence decisions that affect their lives and
- Secondly that they need information on which to base their opinions.

PROCESS OF CHILDREN'S PARTICIPATION WITH ADULT

In addition, whenever children participate with adults the process should be

- Voluntary: The rights to participate implies the right to decide not to participate;
- Informed: Children should know the background, purpose, risk and possible outcomes of their participation, before they asked if they wish to participate;
- Meaningful: Participation should have a purpose, and a realistic chance of achieving children goals; and
- In the best interest of the child: The benefits that a child can expect from participation in an activity should always be greater that the potential disadvantages and risks.

When they become at the age of 18 years, young citizens become fully responsible for their own decisions and actions, both legally and socially.

My dream:

I want to run the orphanage to help and share my existing life to other orphans and needy children and youths as many as I can to change their lives through getting better education by self-commitment and motivation to get higher education.

I am sharing and training the next 13 CCH leaders to run CCH from 2011.

I really want CCH to get one to three million US dollars for CCH endowment fund to deposit in the bank to get interest to run CCH forever.

CCH now has it own 5 properties:

- 1- CCH one in Phnom Penh capital city, where my own property that I offer to CCH
- 2- CCH two in Phnom Penh
- 3- CCH three in Phnom Penh
- 4- CCH youth house in Phnom Penh
- 5- and CCH in Sihanouk province.

I thank so much to all below supporters:

- 1- Japan Team of Young Human Power, JHP
- 2- Friends of CCH in Norway (Ms. Eli Svanhild Riska Thorsen)
- 3- Friends of CCH in Belgium, De Stortkinderen
- 4- Cambodian Development Children Committee in England
- 5- Friends of CCH in Germany, Smile Cambodia
- 6- Dr. Martin Hannemann in Germany
- 7- 100 Friends in USA
- 8- Happy Hearts Fund in USA
- 9- Friends of CCH in USA
- 10- Rangitoto college in Newzealands
- 11- United World School International NGO
- 12- Christine Lawther in Australia
- 13- 1st school Monza in Italy
- 14- Northbridge International School Cambodia, NISC
- 15- and All School, Private Donors, Supporters and Sponsors

I have opportunity to involve in Regional Level in Asia on the Rights of the Child

In March 2003 I was elected to be secretary of NGO Committee on the Rights of the Child

28 February - 01 March 2004 I was invited to attend Southeast Asia Conference of Trafficking in the Children for Sexual Purpose in Indonesia as a speaker on behalf of NGO Committee on the Rights of The Child (NGO CRC). It is my first life that I joint the regional seminar that make me very worry about my presentation some nights I slept only 5 hours in order to make my interested presentation. I am very proud to sit on the stage with 5 speakers then we presented one by one and answer the question from more that 200 audiences.

5-6 September 2004 I was invited to attend GET/AIT Joint Seminar on Message from Asia on the UN Decade of Education for Sustainable Development held in Asian Institute of Technology. At this time, Mr. YOSHIOKA and I had shared our presentations about JHP programs in power point. I felt very happy when I heard from him that my presentation looks good as professional.

11-13 November 2005 I was invited to attend workshop on the Implementation of the Concluding Observations of the Committee on the Rights of the Child. I attend United Nation workshop on the Concluding RC.

03-10 April 2005 I am invited to attend Research Sharing Workshop on the documentation of existing child participation and training of trainers to mainstreaming child participation in Thailand by Asia.

18-24 June 2006 Sub-regional conference in Lo Po Chun UWC in Hong Kong on 18-24 June 2006

20-30 May 2006 Mekong regional workshop on child trafficking 20-30 May 2006 in Thailand

20-26 March 006 World conference on Vision and Mission of United World College 20-26 March 2006 in Singapore

Please read more in my CV.

I THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR READING MY PERSONAL PROFILE. BEST WISHES TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

