Pelletiri, Len [a.k.a. Leonard Pelettiri]. Letter to Editors. The <u>Grapevine</u> July 2008: 3.

Readers Write



Len Pelletiri wrote:

People everywhere (in my dreams) ask, "What ever happened to that great English teacher, Len Pelletiri, after he retired -1986, was it? He married

Mary Rose of the Counseling Department, then slipped into peaceful and muchdeserved domestic tranquility and obscurity, I guess."

Well, I haven't written yet another book, and we've traveled quite a bit, but who hasn't. Have you noted the airports? What I've really done is to live on and love my fixed income (thank you, GC) and do Good Samaritan stuff, in Mexico, San Diego and abroad. I tried tennis, fine food and theatre tickets, but found that doing "wonderful" things like helping to build a school in Tijuana and "adopting" an Afghan family was more soul-satisfying.

My latest kick was a whirlwind Peace-Corps-type pilgrimage. From March 2 to 15, 2008 five of us from First Unitarian Universalist Church of San Diego toured Manila and the island of Negros, visiting seven of the 27 UU churches in the Philippines, including our sister-church in a mountain village named Malingin. We planted seeds for several substantial projects such as a safe electrical system for that village, plans for production of a Ready To Use Food (think vitaminenriched peanut butter), technical help with a coastal-erosion problem, and started a collaboration between our headquarters and the main public library in Dumaguete, the capitol, to install a ten-carel computer room. We even visited the grave of Rev. Toribio Ouimada, founder of the UU Church of the Philippines, who was eventually shot and burned to death in his own home for his attempts at social reform for the poor.

And that's not even mentioning the presents, inspiration and love we exchanged with the scores of friendly people we met as we practiced service as our prayer. By e-mail and Skype, we're continuing to work on these and other projects, and Mary Rose and I only wish we had started with each other earlier. At 81, my life still has meaning. (see photos in Digital Driftwood)