



Seasons Greetings

Newsletter

First edition December 2014

RALF

ROLAN ADAMS
LEGACY FOUNDATION

Welcome

It gives us great pleasure in welcoming you all to the first edition of our periodical RALF, Newsletter. You may ask yourself why Rolan's family has not had a fitting tribute or legacy to celebrate his life before now. The answer is straightforward and simple.

In order to highlight our loss and racial injustices generally, we as parents felt guilty and uncomfortable spending so much time demonstrating on the streets, attending public meetings, appearing in or contributing to newspaper articles and newsreel footages – when we could have spent this time with our surviving children who were struggling to come to terms with the awful reality of losing Rolan.

We understood that these initiatives were necessary to help bring about greater awareness of the difficulties facing some minority communities, and to support families who found themselves in a similar situation to ours.

We nevertheless knew the time was right to continue what we had started when Rolan's siblings started leading on the look and feel of the current legacy initiatives, which I hope you will enjoy reading about.

It was also at this point I (Richard) became inspired with our mantra: *"In Others I Still Live!"* as it encapsulates and endorses everything we do in Rolan's name.

In this first edition you will find out more about our continuing struggle for justice, who we are, what we do and some of the works and initiatives we have already undertaken, along with how you can support us in this endeavour.

Richard and Audrey Adams

23 years on....

What is topical in our lives at the moment is that the Metropolitan Police finally admits that our family was under *surveillance* following the racist murder; and it seems that this could have been ongoing for the 23 years since. Imagine this infringement into our private lives, came at a time when our family was thrown into absolute turmoil and immense grief. The Police tried to keep their *surveillance and intrusion covert*, but it was overtly obvious that we were being watched, we were being followed and that our home phone calls were being monitored.



The police repeatedly denied they were monitoring us, and because of what we were subjected to, we finally refused to allow the Police Family Liaison Officer back into our home. The real tragedy and injustice is that whilst the Met Police had our family under surveillance, they could have focused on gathering evidence on all of the perpetrators, so that all of them would have been brought to justice. Instead, some of them literally got away with murder.

In the Operation *Herne* report, we have been referred to as "Collateral Intrusion", in their so-called monitoring of "violent protest groups". We were never, or subsequently been, part of any violent protest group. Assistant Commissioner Martin Hewitt stated that the families involved have received an apology from the Met. This is completely untrue; no one from the Met has been in contact to date. In fact it was not until our Solicitor, Jane Deighton, contacted the Police, following the Leveson Inquiry, that the Met gave any indication that we were involved in this saga. We are therefore calling for the immediate disclosure of all undercover surveillance documents following Rolan's sad passing.

The Rolan Adams Legacy Foundation (RALF)

Who we are and what we do:

The family members of Rolan Adams set up RALF in 2014. Although the family have worked over the past 20 years to try to eradicate levels of inequalities at international, national and local levels, the family recently decided to formalise their work in the form of a Foundation and a legacy to Rolan, which will strive to continue the fight for **equality for all** both in the UK and across the world. A big task you say, but we are determined to do what it takes to achieve key aspects contained in the Millennium Development Goals.

The core members of the Foundation consist of Audrey and Richard Adams, Co-Founders, their children Nathan, Skylar and Shanice, and their grandchildren Letesha and Dermal. Several dedicated and committed volunteers, without who the work of the Foundation would be so much more difficult, support us. *The Volunteers are: Advisers Lee Jasper, Jane Deighton and Lois Ferguson. Volunteers – Ade Goode, Jacqui Gordon, Haven Lutaaya, Lorna Muhammad, Denise Killingbeck-Stuart, Yvonne Williams, Naomi Stuart, Sinead Siley, Alethia Tsekiri, Erroll Johnson, Delroy Brown and Satish Sekar.*

We at RALF believe that **education is a route out of poverty** as education provides valuable knowledge and skills to improve people's lives, which in turn means when children grow up, their own children will have a much better chance sustaining themselves and of reaching their full potential.

Our goal therefore is to ensure that *Rolan, although tragically taken from us, lives on in others.* This will be achieved through our efforts to make a real difference in the lives of those who have been disadvantaged and or disenfranchised.

At the moment we are working with young girls / women in Jamaica (the place where our family originated from). These young people have had unfortunate starts to their lives, they have experienced abuse, poverty and lack of education, but they are determined not to let their experiences define them, and so are we.



The young girls / women are all young mothers themselves and live in a mother and baby's home called St Anthony's, Mary's Child which is based in Kingston. Our Project that works with St Anthony's, Mary's Child is called *Putting the Girl Child First*.

In addition to St Anthony's, Mary's Child, the Foundation also supports a local Soup Kitchen in downtown Kingston, as well as the SOS Children's Village, also in Kingston.

Our long-term aim is to continue to support and protect children and young people who have been exploited. Many of them experience extreme levels of poverty, hunger and require a universal primary education. It is our intension to assist with improving their health and well being, and support them to achieve environmental sustainability and self-determination.

Letesha Kirton-Adams



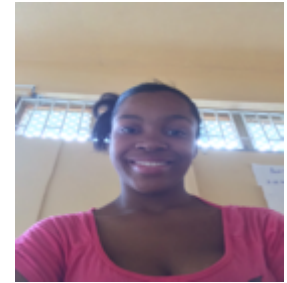
Sponsors and Donors

A Very Big Thank You to all who pledged and gave to *Put the Girl Child First* and the *SOS Village*, which are the first projects of RALF. Without your gifts and donations what was achieved would not have been possible. You gave money, clothes, food, stationery and toiletries, all of which were urgently needed.

Your kind gifts and donations were much appreciated and will go a long way to helping us make a difference in the lives of these vulnerable young people.

There were enough contributions made to the *Put the Girl Child First* and *SOS Village* projects to be able to pack and ship three barrels to Jamaica.

We were totally overwhelmed by the generosity of you all and when we spoke with *St Anthony's*, *Mary's Child* and the *SOS Village*, they too were amazed with the amount of donations that were received in such a short period of fund raising. They also have asked us to pass on their gratitude.



"Thank you for the amazing efforts made to send us the things on our urgent list. Please can you say a most humble thank you to all your supporters from all of us at St Anthony's, we really appreciate it."

So a big thank you goes out to:

Ade Goode	Akilah Beason	Alethia Tsekiri	Angela Blacklaw
Angelique Franklin	Barbara Benjamin	Caroline Francis	Claire Francis
Deborah Battiste	Delroy Brown	Denise Stuart	Elaine Rumble
Errol Johnson	Georgette Francis	Genene Bryant	Greg Francis
India Beason	Jacqui Gordon	Janet Grant	Janhoi McGregor
Jenny Rumble	Joyce Wiltshire	Karen Williams	Skylar Nelson
Luaretta Lake	Leanne Richards	Lee Jasper	Letesha Kirton-Adams
Letisha Richards	Lorna Muhammad	Lorraine Adams	Maureen Gordon
Maurika	Naomi Stuart	Nnena Urumke	Pasty McDonald
Paula Modeste	Petrona Wright	Phillipa Beason	Semerah Killingbeck
Sevil Sahman	Shanice Adams	Shenaid Siley	Shirley Blau
Shirley Grant	Shirley Richards	Sibel Sulliman	Sinead Barton
Sonia Bird	Sonia Calliard	Sonia Neeranjon	Steven Francis
Tuesdai Barnett – Simpson	Vanessa Melchor	Yvonne Williams	Zinnia Weir

Sponsors and Donors

As well as all of those who contributed to our fundraising events this year, a very special thank you goes out to Jacqui Gordon and Sinead Barton.

A Sponsored Walk

On hearing about the efforts of her cousin, Sinead Barton decided to raise money for *Put the Girl Child First*, by doing a four mile sponsored walk. Sinead raised £71.00 in total. So a very big thank you to Sinead for supporting *Put the Girl Child First* project.



Donations for *Put the Girl Child First*

People eventually donated the following:

Adult Toiletries

19 tubes of toothpaste & 14 toothbrushes
50 packets of sanitary towels & Nursing pads
45 bars of soap,
31 deodorants
35 Shower Gels & Shampoos

Baby toiletries

70 packets of baby wipes
32 bars of baby soap
20 baby bath + 22 baby lotion
10 baby powder + 11 baby oils
15 cotton wools + cotton buds
Bath sponges, nappy cream & sterilizing tablets
Feeding cups, baby feeding spoons, cutlery sets and soothers/pacifiers
Numerous packs of nappies

Baby clothes

48 baby vest + 31 baby tights
27 baby dresses + 28 romper suits
36 T-shirts
Baby hats, baby shoes, shirts, and underwear for both boys and girls
Numerous baby blankets, bibs, pajamas, cot sheets

Adult clothes

130 Underwear, nightdresses, pajamas, bras and shoes.

Food

32 cans of Tinned Mackerel, Tinned Sardines, Tinned Salmon
18 tins of Corned beef
18 tins of Tuna
15 kg of Basmati Rice

Stationery

Numerous amounts of:
Pens, Pencils, Paper, Glue, Acrylic Paints
Artist painting brushes, Colouring pencils
A4 folders

Race for Life

Similarly Jacqui Gordon a longtime supporter of RALF took on the Race for Life challenge in October 2014. Jacqui ran 5 kilometers with her friend Karen Williams and raised £240.00 for RALF's first international project *Put the Girl Child First*. Again, on behalf of RALF we extend a big thank you to Jacqui also.



The Life Changer

I started planning my trip back in December 2013. Whilst I was preparing I didn't really think about what to expect, or about missing anybody, as I was so preoccupied with packing and making last minute arrangements.

I recall my leaving party a few days before I was due to leave. It didn't really feel like I was going anywhere. But it hit me the night before when I was at a family event. As I said my goodbyes I started to feel overwhelmed. I suddenly thought I'm not going to see my family for six weeks; I'm going to be by myself. What if something happens to me, what if I don't like my apartment? When I sat on the plane the next morning I thought **there is no turning back now!**

I hadn't been to Kingston airport in 10 years (as we normally fly into Montego Bay) so when I arrived everything looked so different. After the fiasco of collecting my luggage (those of you who know, you know what I am talking about) I couldn't find Uncle Dennis who was supposed to pick me and my dad up. My mum had planned everything down to the last detail but failed to give me or my dad Uncle Dennis' number. When we eventually found Uncle Dennis we were extremely irritable, hot, and sticky, laden down suitcases, a laptop, cameras and a huge rucksack. The traffic during Kingston's rush hour was horrendous and we sat in traffic for a whole hour, just trying to get across town. I just wanted to get back on the plan and go home.

I spent a relaxing 10 days between Kingston and Ocho Rios at first. When I stayed in Kingston I went to collect the three barrels with Miss Williams (the Manager of the Mother and Baby Home). We stopped at a sorting office where we had to change the name on the receipt as we sent it in the wrong name. Miss Williams then realised that she had forgotten the tax exemption certificate and whilst she and Alanzo (the driver) went to collect the certificate, I got the electric window of our car stuck and torrential rain began to fall and came gushing in through the window, while my dad was rocking the window trying to close it. I thought it was hilarious. My dad didn't!

When they finally returned we made our way to the Wharf where we spent 4 hours trying to retrieve our barrels. In the end Miss Williams told us to leave and said she'll wait for them to be cleared. So my family and I made our way to Ocho Rios. We received a call at 7.00 pm that evening from Miss Williams saying they had finally taken the barrels home. Never again!



That Saturday the girls from the home were at Flavours Beach in Ocho Rios as a treat for passing their exams, so my dad and I went to meet them there to introduce ourselves. Flavours Beach is one of the most authentic beaches I visited during my stay; the atmosphere was so chilled and natural. The girls were eating their homemade chicken and drinking bag juice, not all of the girls were there, as one had gone into Labour and was at Jubilee Hospital in Kingston.

My first few days at St Anthony's, Mary's Child were slow, especially the first day as the majority of the girls were enrolling into school for the New Year. I was however formally introduced to all the girls and I spent time getting to know each one and their children. Most of the girls at St Anthony's, Mary's Child are mothers, but two of the girls are orphans and live at the home with the others.

The first thing that stood out to me was the love the girls have for each other's babies, they love and disciplined them as if the babies were their own, and no matter how much the girls argued amongst themselves, they still showed the babies love. As you can imagine the house was chaotic as there are 15 teenage girls. These girls argue about everything and if you want to find out anyone's secrets just listen to their arguments as they all spill the beans.



On day two I met Auntie Jeri who is a missionary from the USA and had been in Jamaica for four years. She was like the mother of the house, the girls loved and had no choice but to respect Auntie Jeri, as she wouldn't hesitate to put them in their place.

On day three I began my workshops. The sessions typically started by me showing a presentation I had put together. There would be a discussion after each topic and we would discuss other topical issues of the day. I would play the girls songs and let them watch movies, which would tie in with the day's topic. One of the sessions was on self-esteem and this workshop was inspired by one of the girls calling another black and ugly. Every cuss started with "Yuh Black and H'ugly like a wah". I wanted the girls to understand how their words could affect each other's self-esteem.

Auntie Jeri gave all the girls a tee shirts saying, "**My Black is Beautiful**". Each day I would start off with general conversations, as the girls had so many questions to ask me about London like "yuh really have snow over deh?" and when I explained the seasons to them, one of the girls said "No man England weather full ah mix up mi nuh want go ah foreign again!" But they all secretly wanted to come to England as "England Nice Eeh Man!" We always followed each session with a game or two. The girls taught me so many different games but our favourite game was twister. Even a nine months pregnant mother to be, joined in!

Every morning when I arrived, I would be greeted with music from one of the mother's sound system, but Thursdays were my favourite days as it was "Lovers Thursday". She would play slow jams for most of the day. As the days went on the girls would open up to me and give me an insight into their lives and let me know how they were feeling. Some of the girls would pretend that everything was okay, but on rare moments when we were alone, occasionally some would cry and tell me how much they missed home, or they may cuddle up to me and tell me how they met the father of their child.



The Sleepover

I think my favourite day was my last day. That morning the girls invited me to devotion where they sang and prayed for me. They wished me well with my university course; they prayed for a safe flight back and asked God to bless the donors, my family and I. I



took all the girls and babies who were not at school, to Devon House for Ice Cream. Miss Gloria, a Missionary from Korea came with us, along with Mr Roberts (the driver) and Miss Reid, who made us some Tuna Sandwiches. Unfortunately, when we arrived at Devon House it was closed for maintenance so

we sat and ate our lunch outside. One of the girls was unable to eat the sandwiches so I took her to find something else to eat. During our walk, she told me how she met her son's father. The father worked in the local area, he was 34 and she was barely a teenager. She is convinced that when she leaves the home her baby's father will take care of her and the baby.

When we returned to the main group we got our ice creams. I had one chocolate scoop and a new flavour called "one drop", which had dragon stout in it; it was too good!! The people in the shop thought that one of the babies was my child, they thought he looked like me. The girls and I were constantly running around the grounds trying to escape the ants. The ants were killing us running up our legs and all over the babies. At 4.00 p.m. Mr Roberts came to pick us up and take us home.

The girls asked me to have a Sleepover with them and I agreed. The day of the big Sleepover I went to pick up some treats for us. Auntie Jeri called me to let me know that there was no Gas at the home. However, no one at the home thought this was a problem; they would just cook on a coal fire. But again, one of the girls decided to have a melt down

and became very rude to a member of staff. But the member of staff was not having any of it that day and told her that her own children do not speak to her like that and she was not having it from her. The other girls joined in and the culprit went upstairs refusing to eat dinner with us. No matter how hard Auntie Jeri and I pleaded with her, she just lay in her bed and cried.

After Dinner we had evening devotion and went upstairs to get the Sleepover started. We all had to rush upstairs and use the toilets and water for the last time as the "Wata lock orf at 8!". We played so many fun games during the night. The winner of each game received a prize. I donated a pair of sandals and the sandals were in high demand, but they were too big for the winner, so we suggested a swap and all hell broke loose. Auntie Jeri calmed the girls down and at this point the young girl who had been so rude to a staff member re-joined us. We watched *Bring it On* and ate our weight in Popcorn. It was fun!

Later that night we spoke openly and honestly about our lives, experiences and aspirations. We discussed what we would tell our younger selves, how we would have liked things to be different but accepting our own realities. I also spoke with the girls individually and two of the life stories really touched me; and the way in which they opened up to me. It was at that point I really felt a strong bond with the girls, a connection I knew was going to be difficult to leave behind.

The night went quickly and by the time I woke up the next morning baby Andre was already chatting away so I went to pick him up and went downstairs. Miss



Palmer had already cooked breakfast on the coal fire and Miss Reid had returned. Whilst we were eating breakfast Miss Reid sang us a beautiful song and baby Kenoy was grooving behind her!



After breakfast I was looking for one of the girls and was told she was in the reception area. When I caught up with her she was crying. She said she was really fed up "Mi cyaa bother anymore, di damn pickney won't stop cry and me stay up all night, mi tired and mi body ah hat mi!" I hugged her and told her that she was not alone. I asked Miss Reid to look after her baby, whilst she took a nap.

That morning was so emotional and on reflection I didn't realise I had touched so many of the girls. After our morning sing along a Christian group came by and ran a workshop with loads of interactive activities and then it was time for goodbyes. The first person I said goodbye to, started crying. I hugged her and she got worse, which set me off. I went to hug the others but one of the girls wouldn't make any eye contact with me, she just cried. The same happened with each of the girls. I felt so guilty for leaving them!

As I walked to Uncle Rico's car they all followed behind crying. All I could hear was the girls pleading with me to stay and begging me not to forget them, which I never could. A couple of the girls wouldn't let me get in the car, they got in with me and Auntie Jeri had to take them out of car. The journey back to my accommodation was so quiet and it rained so heavily! When I arrived at my apartment Auntie Jeri hugged me and we arranged to meet the following Tuesday for the Soup Kitchen. As soon as I got into my apartment I cried so hard... I just felt so bad! I called my mum and she gave me some wise words of wisdom that made me appreciate what I had. I found it very difficult to sleep that night.

On my last Tuesday Auntie Jeri and Auntie Margaret picked me up from my apartment. I went with them to assist at the Soup Kitchen in Downtown Kingston. I was told that we would be going into the ghettos to hand out food to the most vulnerable. The first lady's house I went to brought tears to my eyes. She was in her early 60's and she had been having tests for 3





A local beneficiary of the Soup Kitchen and Shanice

years to find out what was wrong with her. But as soon as I stepped into the room I knew she had Cancer as her body was skeletal, but her eyes were still bright. She welcomed me into her home and introduced me to her son who actually lives in Oxford in the UK. We gave her some soup and a Pattie. She told us that she couldn't swallow anything so we said our prayers and left.

We met so many people with ailments but all of them had faith that there will be better days ahead and that God has a plan for them. All I could do was admire them, whilst I was there, not once did any of them complain; and this put a lot of things into perspective for me.

I forgot to mention that like a lot of Jamaicans I was unfortunate to get Chickungunya. I had never heard of the disease (the disease is spread by an infected Mosquito biting you), but little by little all of the girls, their babies and the staff at St Anthony's, Mary's Child were succumbing to the illness. Chikgun as they called it, gives you a high fever, terrible headaches, muscle and joint pains, nausea and a horrible rash. I thought I was going to die. But Uncle Dennis and Aunt Marion, and the ladies at the home took good care of me. They would "rub me down" with all sorts of potions, creams and powders. I really thought I was going to die I was so unwell. When I spoke to my mum I couldn't tell her how bad I felt and that I actually had Chikgun, because I knew she would tell me to come home. Now!! I did not tell her I had Chikgun until I got home.

I visited my own Doctor when I got home; she also had never heard of the disease, she had to look it up!! She told me that the symptoms could last for up to 10 months. I was shocked. I now hear that the Prime Minister has declared a state of emergency as so many people have been affected by Chikgun.

So, I had been in Jamaica for nearly six weeks and in my last week or so I had been looking forward to going home. Throughout the duration of my last day I had been itching to go home but I received a text from BA to say my flight home was delayed by six hours and I started cussing. When I eventually checked in my luggage and was in the departure lounge I felt tearful...

I promised myself that when I got home I would post pictures every day, but not every moment should be broadcasted, especially the ones so special.

The time out in Jamaica has been a life changing experience for me. Not only did I learn more about my country but I learnt a lot about myself. Working with the lovely young ladies at St Anthony's-Mary's Child, volunteering at a Soup Kitchen Downtown and going into the ghettos to provide food for the most vulnerable has made me realise how ungrateful I have been at times, as these people have so little but always managed to have a smile on their faces. Whilst I was with them I never heard anyone complaining, they were always thanking God for their blessings and here I was complaining about what now seems like foolishness when I have a roof over my head, food, running water, electricity, free health care on demand and a loving family.

The people there were thanking me for my kindness, but if I had the chance to see them all again I would thank them all for teaching me how to appreciate my many blessings, for their hospitality and their love.

By Shanice Adams



Hope is the Anchor to my Soul

By Angelique Franklin

When my friend Skylar first told me about her family's new charity project "Put The Girl Child First" I remember thinking that I was glad that someone was doing something for us girls! It's not to say that boys and young men don't need support and help too, but in what can often feel like a male dominated world, us girls can be left on the back burner and often forgotten about!



I love the idea that there are a group of people who want to help these young girls realise that your environment or your upbringing doesn't have to be your identity, that they can be more than this!

Often, young girls of today's generation, especially those from disadvantaged homes, lose sight of hope and who they are and what they could be; often giving into pressures from home, society and friends and grow up feeling that their dreams are just that, dreams; something unattainable or achievable.

But "Put The Girl Child First" is breaking this destructive cycle and it's not doing it through a one-time celeb fest charity concert or publicised sponsored run, (not that I am discrediting these things,) but through giving their time, energy and daily commitment, of providing the basics of clean clothes, toiletries, food and bedding – little everyday things that you and I often take for granted on a daily basis, but for those without, and in need, these very things are what can make them feel good, clean and safe. But more importantly than this, it lets the young girls know that they matter and that someone in the world cares!

It is not always in the grand gestures that will touch one another's lives, *but it is in the small simple acts of kindness that we can spread hope*, for as my favourite quote says **"Hope is the anchor to my soul"** and it is with hope that these young women's dreams and aspirations can be realised...

THAT is why I support "Put The Girl Child First" and why I would encourage you to do the same."

Angie xx

Georgette Francis

A Contributor to Put the Girl Child First

Dear Readers

I am writing to you as someone who is a supporter of *Put the Girl Child First*. I decided that this was a worthy Project and worth supporting for the following reasons. First and foremost I am a Jamaican, I am a Woman and I am a Mother. All these are reasons why *Put the Girl Child First* is important to me, and hopefully will be important to you too.

Being Jamaican - whether you are a woman or a man I know that Jamaicans are proud, proud of their country and heritage. Jamaicans have a proud history of supporting those who are less fortunate than themselves, but whether you are a Jamaican or not, please continue to support *Put the Girl Child First* and the legacy of Rolan Adams.

Being a Woman - As a woman or young woman or even a teenager, *Imagine being overpowered by a man you may or may not know, imagine the horror of being raped, and imagine what the outcome of that could be...sexually transmitted diseases, mental health problems, relationship problems, unwanted pregnancies, a baby.....these are some of the issues that Put the Girl Child First is trying to deal with.* We need your help and support to be able to continue the very valuable work we **are doing in all these areas**. Without your help we cannot continue to provide the assistance the women and young women will require. So please give to *Put the Girl Child First* through the Rolan Adams Legacy Fund (RALF) so that we can continue this valuable work.

And Finally Being a Parent - If you have had a child, it is hard to look on and see the suffering of another human being without feeling a need to reach out and help, as a parent and in particular a mother, that is how I felt. I am hoping that all the parents and mothers out there will find out more about *Put the Girl Child First* and will feel like me that you want to do something to help.

I would urge you to follow up on that feeling and contribute to *Put the Girl Child First*. For further information please contact info@rolanadams.org.uk

The RALF £100 Campaign for 'Put the Girl Child First'

Luxury, a state of luxury is what we currently live in, here in the UK. Free health care, free education and a social system to help cushion our fall should we need it. Ok yes I know it very much sounds as though I am looking at the UK with pretty pink 'rose tinted glasses' as these services are paid for by our tax contributions and may not be perfect, however these are still 'Luxuries' which many residents in other countries are not in receipt of.

At RALF it is our vision for that every child in the world should be entitled to appropriate health and nutritional care, an education and the opportunity to achieve one's potential, as without these very basic necessities children and young people's futures look very bleak.

So how does this philosophical rant relate to you and the girls at *Put the Girl Child First* project?

What if I told you for a hundred of your finest British pounds your money could;

- Sponsor a Child's educational fees (tuition fee) +
- Pay for their educational materials (books),
- Provide school lunch and transport to and from school

.....for a whole entire year.

You would laugh right? I know I did! But this is not a joke. With just £100 per year each girl at St Anthony's, Mary's Child will be able to attend school without the worry of how it is all going to be paid for.

So we challenge you to penny pinch over the next few months. For some it might be cutting back at Xmas, for others it might be eating out less, for me it will mean sacrificing on that new pair of shoes (smile). Whatever it is I bet the knowledge of knowing your sacrifices has aided the educational empowerment of young women will be worth it.

Watch this space for further details, or if you are already feel inspired to assist with the £100 Campaign **contact me Skylar on Tel: 07432 022 392 OR Email: info@rolanadams.org.uk**



RALF is looking for people to volunteer in Jamaica in 2015

In Jamaica, your skills can make a difference to a young person's life. The communities we work with in Jamaica need experienced, caring and well-meaning people like you. As a RALF intern or volunteer, you'll live and work in Jamaica for up to six weeks with other dedicated interns or volunteers like yourself, helping to improve the quality of life for people who need it most.

What's in it for me?

You will experience a different culture, new customs and develop lifelong values in a way few people ever can.

You will help to change lives – particularly your own and the communities you work with.

Take that first step towards becoming an intern or volunteer in Jamaica with RALF.

If you or someone you know, think they may be interested, contact Shanice Adams at shanice@rolanadams.org.uk to find out more.



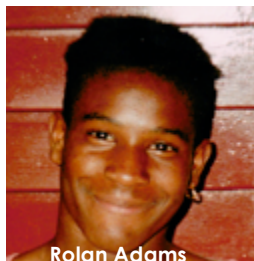
Simon de Banya

A kindred Soul

It is almost a year since the tragic loss of our dear Brother and Friend, Simon de Banya. Simon was a champion for human rights and justice for all. He came to prominence during the Stephen Lawrence Campaign, when he worked from the offices of the 1990 Trust as their Campaigns Manager.

While Simon was working with Neville Lawrence, he met Orin Lewis and Beverley De-Gale and became involved in the search for a bone marrow donor for their son, Daniel, who had developed leukaemia at the age of six. Simon was instrumental in the national campaign to find a donor for Daniel. To date more than 50,000 Black people have signed up to the bone marrow register.

But we remember Simon as our friend, a kind and gentle soul who always remembered Rolan in whatever he was doing. He called the *Rolan Adams Family Campaign* the *People's Campaign*. Wanting for others what we wanted for ourselves.



RALF donated £100 to the Soup Kitchen in Kingston



Local beneficiary of the Soup Kitchen and Shanice

During the Festive Season RALF has sent the following:

20 individual Christmas presents for the young mothers and members of staff at St Anthony's, Mary's Child:



RALF gave A3 2015 Calendars to our sponsors and donors:



**Would you like to advertise
in this space?**

**For more information please
contact Nathan Adams at**

nathan@rolanadams.org.uk



Advertisement Space!

How you can help RALF

Would you like to help us, to help others? Your ideas and efforts can change a young person's life forever. Whether you want to hold a cake/bake sale, or do a sponsored run or walk, shave your head, whatever you like, you can help to change lives. So contact us with your fundraising ideas at info@rolanadams.org.uk

Thank you for supporting RALF and Put the Girl Child First

We wish you all a very Merry Christmas

and a Prosperous & Fulfilling New YEAR

Contact details:

Web: www.rolanadams.org.uk

Email: info@rolanadams.org.uk

Tel: +44 (0) 7432 022 392

Facebook: [Rolan Adams Legacy](#)

