

1: 3 real stories from refugees | World Economic Forum

A story from a former Rwandan refugee who has returned home "I have returned to Rwanda to spend my life where I belong. I returned with the hopes of rebuilding my livelihood in the country that I have always called home," - Marie Uwimana, a former Rwandan refugee.

Within a few days after it began, there were seven hundred thousand refugees in Goma and another four hundred thousand at other camps in Zaire. More than half a million more flooded into Tanzania. Another quarter of a million chose Burundi. These are all countries that have difficulty caring for their own people and they were immediately overwhelmed" Stephen Kinzer Farmers, businessmen and teachers Long lines of women and children filed along the roadway. The women carried piles of firewood stacked high on their heads. Beside them children struggled with branches and twigs that scratched along the ground, causing trails of dust to rise up behind them. I rolled down the window and heard a growing murmur of voices. It swelled as we drove to the top of the hill, until the sound resembled a great swarm of bees, into which had been mixed the noise of car horns and growling lorries. At the top of the hill we pulled in to the side of the road and I found myself looking down on the UN refugee camp at Benaco, the latest receptacle for the displaced of Rwanda. From the hillside the camp spread out before us in the dusk like a ragged flag. There were patches of white where the UN had erected feeding stations, innumerable squares of blue where plastic huts had been erected, and moving between and around them a great mass of brown figures. From my vantage point on the roadway the camp seemed to be a place of incessant movement. In the middle there was a main pathway, along which thousands of people were moving up and down in an orderly line. As we drove down a track towards the UN main compound I noticed that the crowds were moving to and from a lake. They carried water in buckets, pails, plastic bags, anything that could be filled. I had never seen so many people crowded into one place. The air was by now thick with smoke; my lungs began to heave, and I coughed constantly. Down in the heart of the camp, the noise that had seemed a murmur from afar had become a loud, declamatory roll that rose above the refugees and hung in the air with the smoke and the smell of displaced people. Until a few weeks ago these people had lived and worked in Rwanda. They were farmers, businessmen, teachers -an entire society transplanted on to Tanzanian soil The people at Benaco were in a state of wretched poverty dependent on food hand-outs from the international community. They lived in plastic huts without sanitation, having lost their homes and land. Yet, as I moved among them, witnessing the squalor and desolation, I could not shut out the memory of Nyarabuye or the knowledge that among these huge crowds were thousands of people who had taken part in the genocide. Without thinking it through clearly, we sensed that a psychological force much greater than the simple survival instinct was at work to impel that immense throng so powerfully towards Congo " abandoning houses, properties, professions, habits, all without hesitation or a backward glance. Two years later those families returned from the refugee camps to their plots of land still bearing their collective guilt. There are those who fear encountering Hutus on the road. There are Hutus who saved Tutsis but who no longer dare go home to their villages, for fear that no one will believe them. There are people who fear visitors, or the night. There are innocent faces that frighten others and fear they are frightening others, as if they were criminals. There is the fear of threats, the panic of memories. The silence on the Rwandan hills is indescribable and cannot be compared with the usual mutism in the aftermath of war. Perhaps Cambodia offers a recent parallel. Tutsi survivors manage to surmount this silence only among themselves. But within the community of killers, innocent or guilty, each person plays the role of either a mute or an amnesiac. From A time for machetes.

2: Rwanda genocide refugees remain in DRC | News | Al Jazeera

Rwandan refugees are as diverse as Rwanda's population and play an integral role in reconciliation and development efforts in the post-genocide context. Many who gained higher education and skills in exile returned to strengthen the urban middle and upper classes.

Chantal Mrimi is now busy working to connect Scotland and Rwanda Image: Chantal Mrimi had next to nothing when she arrived in Fife 20 years ago. But she was blessed with two gifts – an unwavering spirit and a steely determination to succeed. Two decades on, her dream has become a reality. She is a stalwart of her community, a key player in her local council and the mother of two wonderful sons. Chantal fought back tears as she tried to put into words how grateful she is to the Scottish people who took her into their hearts. Two of her younger siblings almost died through malnutrition during the years that followed. They returned home from exile in the Congo in the early 90s and Chantal quickly found work as a vehicle admin assistant with a British charity to help make ends meet. She decided to visit Scotland after lengthy chats with her line manager who was from Leven, Fife. In Africa, it never happened. They wanted to know if I could wash the colour off. I answered all their questions and spoke about my experiences with them and their parents and made many new friends. A young Chantal Mrimi in Rwanda in Image: George Mcluskie Read More Hero cabbie rescues mum from drowning in loch in front of panic-stricken family She has since gone on to complete a management degree and is studying Philosophy, Politics and Economics with the Open University. She initially secured a job with a local interpreter firm translating English into French, Swahili and Rwandan before moving to Fife Council where she is now the PA to three senior managers. Her work has enabled her to buy her first house as well as help support her parents and a number of orphans they have taken in, in Africa. Chantal said that living in Scotland has opened her eyes to democracy and human rights. Now I live in a free country. Describing the chaos she left behind and the reason she wrote her book, she said: Everyone was the same – we were busy living minute to minute. The original intention was to build a settlement for up to 35, people but today, more than 50, live there. Rwandan refugee Chantal Mrimi pictured with some young friends Image: I want to help shape policies for my community within the council and I also visit schools to speak to the children. I tell them that they are the leaders of tomorrow and remind them of their duty to Scotland.

3: My brother the Rwandan refugee | www.enganchecubano.com

The Rwandan government and the RPF signed a protocol settling refugee issues in June as part of the Arusha negotiations. Instead of implementing the agreement, UN peacekeepers were overwhelmed by a fresh wave of refugees from Burundi following the October assassination of that country's president, Melchior Ndadaye.

All grown up, Marie has since returned to Rwanda with her two children. As she sits in the transit centre run by UNHCR and the Government of Rwanda to be transported to her home town, Marie tells UNHCR that she has returned to introduce her children to their home country, to be reunited with her siblings who were separated in the DRC, and to start their lives as no longer being refugees. Even though we had escaped genocide, our problems were only just beginning. Even though we had reached safety in the DRC, the horror of my memories starts with the sudden and unexpected death of my sister after falling ill. Two years later in October , the camp was dismantled and my father became separated from our family while we were transitioning. With no information on the whereabouts of my father, my family and I continued to travel south along Lake Kivu until we reached Kalehe. Unfortunately Kalehe is where my older brother passed away. The area where we had settled was subject to increasing insecurity and we would spend many days without food or water. Our community leader, also a refugee from Rwanda, urged people to move to Walikale in North Kivu, but on our way my mother and I were separated from my remaining sister, Consolate, and brother, Andre. My mother and I were all we had and we made it safely to Walikale. But when I had turned 13 years old my mom had passed away and I was alone. I remember passing several years in despair, feeling desperate as I was no longer with my family in a country that was not my home. I had heard there were more chances of finding a job in Masisi and decided to move there in search of a better life. In Masisi, I met a Congolese family that accepted me, took care of me and raised me as their own child. I am forever grateful to my second family. At 22 years old, I met a Congolese man whom I married and we were blessed with two children, Noella and Floribert. In June , I had met a woman, a former Rwandan refugee from my home town of Gitarama, who came to take her relatives back to Rwanda with her. She told me that Consolate and Andre my sister and brother had also returned to Rwanda five years earlier and are safe and sound! She gave me their contacts and after years apart " I was communicating with my family again! After talking to them, I knew it was time to go back to Rwanda and meet my family. I do not know much about what is going on in Rwanda, but I am very excited to be back to my motherland. I am extremely excited to see my brother and sister again, and to introduce them to their niece and nephew! I am sure it will now be easier to forget the hard life I went through over the past years once I see them again, and to move on from my life as a refugee. Today millions of Rwandans who fled have returned home and rebuilt their lives. Since the Cessation clause was invoked in , UNHCR has led the Return and Reintegration efforts to help Rwandans return in a safe and dignified manner, allowing them to come home after years abroad to rebuild their lives in their districts of origin. UNHCR ensured, transitional shelter, health services and basic assistance to the returnees, before transporting them to their districts of origin. Nyirumuringa Janvier contributed reporting from Gisenyi, Rwanda.

4: Great Lakes refugee crisis - Wikipedia

For the Rwandan refugees in Nairobi, many of who had been patiently saving money for the time when it was safe to return home, the lack of information from their families, coupled with the horrific pictures in the newspapers, was unbearable.

Wikileaks Stories from a Burundian refugee camp in flux While tensions between Rwanda and Burundi continue, a Canadian journalist recounts a different dynamic at one particular Burundian refugee camp, where memories of turmoil have brought people together. Here, a Burundian refugee child reads a book on the shores of Lake Tanganyika in western Tanzania, May 15, Although tensions run high between the two governments, Pedersen witnessed a much different dynamic while on the ground in Rwanda last year – that of cooperation and compassion between Rwandans and Burundians. Here she recounts her interviews with Rwandan volunteers, for whom the shadows of the genocide loom large. Names of volunteers in this story have been changed to protect the identity of the individuals interviewed. There is urgency in the jungle air. Sounds blend together, saturating the atmosphere with confusion. While it is only morning, the heat has already made itself an uncomfortable presence. Red dust from the earth hangs above the ground as it is disturbed and clings to whatever objects move through it. In a small clearing beside a lake in the fertile Rwandan countryside, drooping white tents are visible below the treeline. On the road leading to the clearing, coach buses are stopped in a row, their idling engines puffing out fuel, ready to depart as soon as their quotas have been met. The next day, on May 7, according to PLAN Canada officials, more than 7, Burundian refugees were registered at the border camp in Gashora, 5, of whom were estimated to be children. Throughout the summer, the Rwandan camp received on average people a day from Burundi, according to Job Nkulikiyinka, a relief coordinator for African Humanitarian Action. The current conflict in Burundi began last April, when President Pierre Nkurunziza declared he would be running for a third consecutive term, contrary to the constitutional arrangements outlined in the Arusha Peace and Reconciliation Agreement. The agreement, signed by the Burundian government, the National Assembly and all existing political parties, states that under no circumstances may a president serve for more than two terms of five years each. In response to the contestation of this constitution by Nkurunziza and his supporters, protests erupted in the capital city of Bujumbura. The protests soon became violent, in correlation with increased activity of the pro-Nkurunziza youth militia group known as the Imbonerakure. In addition, there have been a number of civilian deaths reported, including the assassination of prominent military general Adolphe Nshimirimana and the shooting of human rights activist Pierre Claver Mbonimpa. Life in the camp Since the influx of Burundian refugees to Rwanda began last May, a group of from Kigali have been volunteering at the camp at Gashora. For many of the Rwandan workers and volunteers, being at Gashora feels like being transported back in time to the genocide of , where similar societal upheaval and displacement occurred. While being survivors of such hardship is a fate wished upon no one, what happened 21 years ago in Rwanda is serving to connect its people to Burundians now in an exceptional way. Another member of the CLA, year-old Joseph, finds much of his experience volunteering in the camp overwhelming. He explains that at night, drops in temperature chill those with no blankets or tents, while during the day the heat is relentless. Burundian refugees in Gashora spoke of the Imbonerakure youth militia as being the most widespread and intimidating group making it increasingly difficult for Burundians to escape. Throughout his time at Gashora, Albert says that he made strong friendships with the refugees he interacted with, many of whom he is still in touch with. Finding common ground The way that Rwandan citizens are offering their services weekly in Gashora through CLA is not a temporary endeavour. History shows that these two countries used to be one, so in this way Burundians are our brothers and sisters – we are bound by that family tie to help them out during this period of insecurity. He has worked intermittently in smaller refugee situations since then, but his longest employment has been at Gashora, where he stayed for six months beginning last May. Michael was six years old and living in Kigali when the Rwandan genocide occurred, during which he lost most of his family. He notes that while receiving and treating refugees can be a very difficult task, due to the physical and emotional state of many of them, he

feels as though his life experiences have equipped him with the patience and strength to do so. If you have never seen life in the camps, you may have a difficult time doing what you are supposed to do [as a volunteer or worker]. In light of this, he strongly believes that Rwanda has a duty to play a role in assisting the Burundian people at this time. A great number of Rwandans have gone beyond volunteering in the camps to go as far as opening their homes to incoming refugees. Many Burundians have been shown warm hospitality and have been welcomed into various neighbourhoods within the city of Kigali. Different cause, same vulnerability At a community gathering on May 26 in Kigali, Burundian refugees in attendance were honoured by their Rwandan peers. Multiple Burundians expressed distress about their current situation, and shared with the group how difficult it has been to be completely uprooted and live in a limbo of not knowing when, or if, they will ever be able to return home. Barnabas, a year-old Rwandan, addressed the Burundian members of the group: We know what you are going through – I mean, just look at our history. Joseph agrees that the major difference between the Burundian conflict and the Rwandan genocide is who is fighting whom. Violence in Burundi continues. However, the Gashora camp is nearly empty now. After the last major relocation last September, only Burundian refugees remained. They, like the people of Rwanda, will have to start new lives without the promise of ever returning home. They, like the survivors of the Rwandan genocide, may open their doors to refugees from another civil unrest in the region two decades from now. And, as many interviewed for this piece will attest, it does not diminish the potential power of cooperation, and learning from the shortcomings of Here, being a refugee is commonplace, it is a part of life. Joseph, like the rest of the Rwandan populace, has undergone instances of civil unrest like Burundi multiple times before, and understands better than most members of the international community that the repercussions from the Burundian crisis will stretch indefinitely into the future, especially for its refugees.

5: UNHCR described it as the largest dislocation of a population they had ever seen

The refugee crisis "No one knows the exact number of Hutu who fled Rwanda in the summer of , but the UNHCR after described this as the largest dislocation of a population its aid workers had ever witnessed.

The largest group of refugees with whom I worked were Rwandans. Many had settled in Nairobi in the s and s, following the continuing violence between the Hutu and Tutsi. In the first few days it seemed too unbelievable to be true. There had been rumors of massacres, duly reported in the Nairobi papers but largely ignored elsewhere. Finally, news began trickling in. The numbers were raised daily. In time, we realized that the worst news, the most incredible, was the most accurate: Cholera began to spread in the camps. Five thousand who had taken refuge in one church were slaughtered. Neighbors turned on one another. Kigali was nearly deserted. The rivers in Rwanda were clogged with bodies, some of which began to float into Lake Victoria. The papers published gruesome pictures of bloated corpses. For the Rwandan refugees in Nairobi, many of who had been patiently saving money for the time when it was safe to return home, the lack of information from their families, coupled with the horrific pictures in the newspapers, was unbearable. There was no way for them to contact their families, and so they waited like the rest of the world for the news. Ironically, while the diplomats fled, the Rwandans living in Nairobi seemed to want to return, driven to find out what had happened to their families. Within weeks hundreds of Rwandans appeared in Nairobi, many having fled in advance of a massacre they had long anticipated with fear—after all, they had heard the Hutu radio broadcasts for months urging the Hutu to kill their Tutsi neighbors. They settled in slums with relatives, friends, and Rwandans they had met on the streets of Nairobi. Three Rwandan Jesuit priests were killed with pangas machetes at a retreat house in Kigali called the Centre Christus. The murderers separated the Jesuits and the retreatants—mostly priests and sisters—by ethnic group and murdered the Tutsi. Seventeen in all were killed, the very first, it was said, to be massacred in Rwanda. The rector of the Jesuit theology school in Nairobi, Augustin Karekezi, a soft-spoken Rwandan priest, lost most of his family in Kigali during the same week. Months later Karekezi would return to his country to work at the Centre Christus, replacing his slain Jesuit brothers. She was the director of the Centre Saint Pierre in Gisenyi, where she and her sisters sheltered Tutsi refugees during the genocide. When her brother, a colonel in the army, instructed Felicite to leave immediately in order to escape certain death, she wrote the following letter: Dearest brother, Thank you for wanting to help me. I would rather die than abandon the 43 persons for whom I am responsible. Pray for us, that we may come to God. When I come to God, I shall pray for you. Thank you for thinking of me. If God saves us, as we hope, we shall see each other tomorrow. Your sister, Felicite Niyitegka On April 21, the militia arrived at the center and transported the remaining Tutsis, as well as Felicite and her sisters, to an already-prepared mass grave. They shot to death more than 20 refugees and six of the sisters, leaving Felicite for last. Rwanda, it was often noted, is the most Catholic country in Africa. At the airport one day, I met a Belgian priest who had worked in Rwanda for 24 years in a small mission parish. He had been spirited out of his village during the massacres by the Belgian military, after remaining as long as he could. He told me of the leader of the small Christian community in his parish, who was also the head catechist, the layperson responsible for instructing people in Christianity. This catechist took the lead in killing people in his village. He was an effective organizer of genocide because he knew, thanks to his role in the community, who were Hutu and who were Tutsi an often difficult distinction to make. So he led the rest of the Hutu in slaughtering his fellow parishioners with pangas. Some comments offered by the occasional refugee made me realize that the Mikono Centre had become well known in Nairobi. Kabina was a young man whose story, as he related it, was incredible. His older brother had been an officer in one of the government ministries in Liberia. During a flare-up of political hostilities in Liberia, his brother was abducted by members of a rival party. While Kabina watched, his brother was buried alive with other members of his party. But after lodging with some Liberian refugees for a few months, Kabina heard rumors that Liberian soldiers were searching for him. His friends advised him to get as far away from Liberia as possible. So he left the Ivory Coast by jumping on and off trucks and finally ended up in Kampala, Uganda. But there were no Liberians in Uganda, and Kabina grew

lonely and sad. Kabina also discovered that the U. To discourage refugees from wandering from country to country in search of a better deal, the U. In every other country he was persona non grata. But in Nairobi Kabina found only more misery. There were, in fact, very few refugees from Liberia. He was not permitted to remain legally in the country, and he had absolutely no money. He was begging and scrounging through garbage cans for food. Kabina reached the end of the story and stared at me with bloodshot eyes. He reached into his dirty pants pocket and pulled out a creased photo. It showed him lounging on a concrete floor against a red oxide wall, wearing a pair of orange and green kitenge pants. Can I have a sewing machine? It was a good rule: It helped only people who were truly refugees. In this case, though, it was working against someone in need who was a real refugee. Stitching together a new life Mikono Centre had become a clearinghouse and meeting place for the refugees. People taped letters up for one another on outside walls and caught up on news while sitting on the long benches on the porch. Fearful of robberies and lacking storage space in their cramped houses, the refugees also asked us to store things for them: One day, Adela, a Rwandan refugee who made a living by doing tailoring and mending, appeared at our shop with her Singer N sewing machine, heavy table and all. At first I thought it might be broken. These thieves have taken everything, and all I have left is my machine! She had lugged the heavy machine from her house over the muddy fields, a distance of about five kilometers. We dragged the heavy machine inside. Adela shook my hand vigorously and said she felt better now that her machine was safe. I agreed to keep it until she found a new flat, or longer if she felt it was still unsafe. We already had dozens of bolts of vividly colored batik fabricâ€”made by two industrious Rwandan women. I brought Kabina into the main showroom; together we selected some suitable fabric. Kabina set to work in our backyard under the avocado tree. In a few hours he presented me with three batik kofias hats. They were all done; I paid him shillings, his first income in weeks. After a few weeks, he had earned enough money to rent a small flat. After a few months, he was able to purchase his own machine and started doing light tailoring for his neighbors. When I decided to return home I wanted to give the refugees time to get used to the idea. Their lives were replete with departures, transitory friendships, and impermanence. It explained the reason for my departureâ€”continuing my studies for ordination in the Statesâ€”and assured them of the continued support of JRS for them and their businesses. Posting the note on the window occasioned the expression of good wishes and affection from the refugees. Some brought me notes, some carried gifts, and others brought their children and parents for me to say goodbye to and bless. All of this I was quite unprepared for and found tremendously affecting. A few days after the note was posted, Brother Michael told me that Kabina Sockor was waiting on the porch to see me. His face was wet with tears as he entered the small office. After he sat down and wiped his eyes on his sleeve, I asked him what was wrong. I quickly reassured him, reminding him that Brother Michael would continue to work here and that the Mikono Centre would continue to help him out. He lowered his head. You are not understanding. His head sank and he closed his eyes. Tears dropped onto his jacket. Kabina reached over and grabbed my arm. We were sitting next to one another, on low wooden chairs with cushions. He turned his damp face to mine. I understood exactly what he meant. And he was mine.

6: Rwandan genocide: a survivor's story | World news | The Guardian

TESTIMONY Immaculee Ilibgiza: The Real Life of a Refugee (part 1) By Kristi Watts The Club. www.enganchecubano.com - Immaculee Ilibgiza grew up in Kibuye, a village in Rwanda. She says that they call it the country of a thousand hills.

This was an agreement between Rwanda and refugee host countries. Refugees will either have to return to their home country or stay in their country of residence as permanent residents or official citizens. Here are 10 facts about Rwanda refugees to know before they are no longer considered refugees. The majority of Rwanda refugees became refugees during the genocide. Extremist Hutus killed about , Tutsis and moderate Hutus over the span of about days in April The genocide was sparked by a plane crash that killed Burundi President Cyprien Ntaryami. There were warning signs before the genocide. According to a March unclassified document from the Department of State, there were almost , Hutu refugees from Burundi, over , Tutsi refugees who were exiled from Rwanda and , Rwandans who were internally displaced due to the conflict between the Rwandan Patriotic Front and the government. The Rwandan government said that 3. More than 5, Rwandan refugees returned home in Rwandan refugees have fled to nearby countries such as Tanzania, Zambia and Uganda. Refugees have faced physical attacks in Zambia and forced deportations in Tanzania and Uganda. There have been many pop culture references to the Rwandan genocide. Kanye West controversially incorporated a Rwandan refugee camp theme into his Yeezy Season 3 show. Rwanda has been holding refugees from Burundi 81, to be exact. Between , and , women were raped or sexually assaulted during the genocide. The Rwandan government has tried almost two million genocide criminals through a process called Gacaca. This process involves allowing local community leaders to judge genocide criminals. It is debated whether this helps the communities stay involved, or allows non-professionals to serve justice. Refugees who return to Rwanda by the December deadline will receive compensation. The Millennium Challenge Corporation , a U. They have done this through the Rwanda Threshold Program, which trained journalists, police officers, and other public officials from The United States government has aided Rwanda in many other areas as well, such as healthcare, economics, and education. These 10 facts about Rwanda refugees are important to remember as you consider being their last year to keep their refugee status. Rwandan refugees can reapply to get new refugee status in their host countries, but it is up to the host countries to decide whether to readmit them or not.

7: Paul Rusesabagina - Wikipedia

Thousands of Rwandan refugees living in Uganda remain unwilling to return home, citing a fear of persecution, despite the UN Refugee Agency's (UNHCR) invocation of a clause ending their refugee status. "[Since May], no Rwandan refugee of any profile, either urban or rural, has expressed.

She watched as her husband was dragged away and killed by people who had celebrated their wedding only a month before. Without it, I would be at home, in Rwanda. When I left in , I think one year was enough to bring everything back. I was lonely and afraid. It would be like you moving to Rwanda. I was in hospital with an eating disorder. I just closed my mouth because, at that time, there was no medication and, even if there was, there was no food. When I got here, and met people who really cared intensively, I got the chance to start my recovery. They told me I was not HIV-positive. The guy who helped me a lot was my therapist. He helped me without giving me medication, just emotional support. Before him, I would never have the energy to do the therapy. He was patient and he helped me a lot. He helped me to feel myself. He would make me really feel like I could believe him. After a few weeks he told me that I had too many thoughts and getting rid of them would help, so I went home, I wrote, I cried. Writing my book helped to cover a lot. Before it came out, I had a picture of it in my heart. When it came out in , it felt like having another baby. A great weight had left, that really haunting part of me was not there anymore. There are a number of Congolese, but I think some of them are Rwandan. I think there are Rwandans who are saying they are Congolese because they want to forget or escape. I cannot understand why, but they see me and are scared. That means most of my friends are British, they stick with me and now they are stuck with me. Hutus, Tutsis and Twa can be good or bad. I was brought up a very Christian girl. I still believe in love, and I still believe in good. You can imagine what it is to me now. They killed my uncle in a church; they killed thousands in Rwandan churches. Now my faith is more personal. She had studied hard in the Congo and came back to Rwanda to be a teacher. How do I feel about forgiveness? My son was in a documentary about Rwanda and they brought a killer in front of him. He is just 17 and has grown up in the UK and never knew his dad. Without any warning they asked him to forgive the killer, but forgiveness is not something you can tell someone to do. My son forgave the killer, but forgiving the people who killed his dad is much more complicated. I heard she used to go to prison every day to punish the person who killed her husband. I believe my concentration would be wasted on them. The pain would overwhelm me, that I would forget to feed my son. I would rather focus on that than on them, even if they spend their whole lives in prison that does not mean my husband or my sister or my uncle will come back to me. Anger only damages you, it does not help you to move on. I have an example. I used to constantly play a song I had listened to with my husband. I would listen and cry to myself. I see now that that was stupid, was that helping me? Music should make you laugh and smile, not cry. I forgive the people in Rwanda because of how well people have treated me here. When I was in hospital my bed was surrounded by flowers and cards, from whom? My uncle or my sister? I believe what goes around, comes around. I will forgive, I would say it in front of the murderers, but I will not forget. It is their fault I am here without my husband and with only one child. I wanted to have two or three children, but I am happy with just my son. Now I am just praying that he will give me lots of grandchildren so I can be busy. One big question that sticks with me: In Rwanda I have secretarial and economics qualifications. Here, I have studied really hard to help me get an income. I am a chef by trade. I just want to contribute to society. On the other hand I am very grateful. I see my son never misses a meal in the house, which is really important and I have to appreciate that deeply. The country is recovering really well, but the people in did too much, they broke my heart. There I can still have nightmares.

8: Chicago Tribune - We are currently unavailable in your region

July 28, , Page The New York Times Archives. There is no "Day in the Life of a Refugee Camp" story. There is only another day of death. Eleven-year-old Uwizeyimana sat on a bit of high.

More on the agenda There are Half of these are children. So far this year, almost 1 million refugees are estimated to have arrived in Europe by sea alone, according to the International Organization for Migration, but exact numbers are unclear. Many refugees experience unbelievable hardship as they are forced to flee their homes, often leaving family members behind, and go in search of a better life. Here are real stories from just three of the Without a work permit in Egypt, Doaa struggled through day shifts for low wages. As the months passed, she was getting more and more scared. One day, a motorcycle gang tried to kidnap her on the street. The war in Syria that drove her family away was in its fourth year. And the people who once welcomed them in Egypt had become weary of them. Despite all this, Doaa still had hope, because she was in love with another refugee, called Bassem. He promised to take her to safety in Europe where they would marry and build a new life. Doaa knew the risks. It was August , and more than 2, migrants and refugees had already died crossing the Mediterranean that year. After two days at sea she started to get worried, and on the third day she told Bassem: We will all sink. It was rusty and when the passengers were ordered to get on, they refused. The smugglers left angrily, and then returned to ram a hole in the side of the hull. Within minutes, the boat capsized and sank, with people trapped below deck. I felt like I was going to drown. Miraculously, Bassem found a water ring. There were corpses everywhere. The survivors came together in small groups and prayed for rescue. But as day turned to night and to day again, many lost hope. Doaa watched as men took off their life vests and drowned. Sensing his end was near, a Palestinian approached with his nine-month-old granddaughter, Malek. Soon after, Bassem had also reached his limit. Later that day, a mother struggled towards Doaa with Masa, an month-old girl. They were crying, agitated, hungry and thirsty. So she told them stories and played with them. Another day passed, and then another. On the fourth day in the sea, Doaa saw a merchant boat. For two hours she shouted. They spotted her with search lights in the dark and extended a rope â€” astonished to find a young woman clutching two babies. This year, her story has become more relevant than ever. More than , refugees and migrants have crossed the Mediterranean to seek safety and a better life in Europe, and tens of thousands died along the way. Across the EU, people are waking up to the tragedy unfolding on their shores. Some are responding with compassion, but far too many with xenophobia. That is 8 million more than last year, already the largest number since World War II, and the biggest annual rise we have ever recorded. Just a small fraction are seeking asylum in Europe. Still, many people in Europe are worried about security, the economy, changes to their culture. But to me, there is something very clear that overrides the rest: The simple truth is that refugees would not risk their lives on a journey so dangerous if they could thrive where they are. And migrants fleeing grinding poverty would not be on those boats if they could feed themselves and their children. And nobody would resort to handing over their life savings to smugglers if they could apply to migrate legally. What if there had been a legal way for Doaa to come to study? What if Masa had been given the legal chance to unite with family members in Northern Europe? What if Bassem had a work permit? Why is there no massive resettlement programme for Syrians? And why are the neighbouring countries that host 4 million Syrian refugees getting so little funding for infrastructure and development? And of course, the root question: I believe if the public knew the story of Doaa, they would demand that all refugees and migrants on their shores be rescued, that wars end and borders be opened. They would embrace Doaa, whose heart is not just full of the fear that drove her away from home, but with the hopes and dreams that bind us all as human beings. Emmanuel, Ghana I suppose I am one of those who almost made it. I left home with the dream of getting to Europe, where I was told I would easily find a job which would mean I would be able to look after my siblings. My mother died when I was very young and our father basically abandoned us as he could not, or did not want to, take care of us. I felt I had no choice but to leave Ghana and try my luck in Europe. It is difficult to explain and I have bad memories about this, but I had a terrible time in Libya. Those of us from certain African countries were treated very badly by men who kept us in dirty houses

without much clean water and with very little edible food. They were very abusive and they seemed to enjoy the way they treated us. It did not matter to them that we had paid them all this money. Finally, one day, after several weeks of waiting, I was one of about 75, mostly Africans, who were shoved onto a small rubber boat in the early morning when it was still dark. A few in our group initially refused to get onto this boat because it did not look strong or even big enough to carry all of us to Europe. The men in charge had weapons and were very aggressive. They were simply not interested in our complaints about the boat. We did not make it to Europe. Instead we spent five days aimlessly floating around and basically lost at sea. When the boat started losing air, we thought we were all going to die. As our food and water ran out, we eventually drifted towards the Tunisian coast where we were rescued and sent to a detention centre in Tunis. I was in this centre for a month before I was freed. Emmanuel was rescued from the detention centre and returned to Ghana with IOM assistance and was provided with reintegration support, including a small grant that helped him start a business transporting yams to the market. When I arrived back home in Ghana, my friends and relatives wanted to know why I had come back with nothing. There I was back home, when others were busy earning good money and looking after their families. Many wanted to know when I would try again to get to Europe. However, I do not see myself as a failure. For me, the most important thing is that I feel lucky to have survived at sea. I am alive and that is what matters. Although I did not make it to Europe, I genuinely do not regret trying to get there. It was the only option I felt I had at the time. One thing is certain, if I had opportunities here, I would not have been so desperate to try and go to Europe the way I did. After my experience, my advice to other young people is do not to make this journey. I know many of them may not listen and perhaps I too would probably not listen if I was very desperate to leave, but it is better to try very hard and make it here at home. If you have to go, do it properly. My dream now is to expand my business and end up employing other young people who will then no longer be desperate enough to try and put their lives at risk in this way. For now, I have no desire to try that journey again. I am very hopeful about the future. I wish many other young people could be too. That was the final straw – we simply had to move. She now lives alone with her five children in a small apartment in Mafraq Governorate. Um Nawwaf describes how hard it is to be a refugee: My son Nawwaf had to drop out of school and find a job to help me with the expenses. It makes our lives bearable. With the protracted nature of the conflict, many of them have exhausted their savings and other assets. With the arrival of winter, the pressures of daily life can only increase. Some 3, Syrian families, the majority of whom are households headed by women, have been benefiting from the programme, through which they receive monthly cash installments – the amount depends on the size of the household – paid via a local bank. For the Syrian refugees living in Jordan, life is a daily struggle. Humanitarian assistance makes their lives a little easier, but life is a constant mix of fear, anxiety and hope for a better future. With a glimmer of hope in her eyes, Um Nawwaf says:

9: Stories from the Rwandan genocide. A close-up look at the survivors and killers.

Healing Hearts " Rwanda 20 Years Later: Hear the story of two childhood friends separated by genocide, who " with the help of World Vision " ultimately found forgiveness, love, and restoration. Their story is a powerful lens into the Rwandan crisis.

Learn how and when to remove this template message Rusesabagina was one of nine children born to a Hutu father and Tutsi mother in Murama, Rwanda. By age 13, he was fluent in English and French. He married his first wife, Esther Sembeba, on September 8, 1968. By the end of his adolescence, Rusesabagina had decided to become a minister. He and his wife moved to Cameroon where he studied at seminary. In December 1978, he, his wife, and two children moved to Kigali. While there, a childhood friend, Isaac Mulihano, invited Rusesabagina to apply for an opening to work at the Mille Collines. He was offered a position and was later sent to Switzerland and Brussels to study hotel management. Due to distance and his commitment to work, he and Esther legally separated in 1981. Rusesabagina was granted full custody of their three children: Diane, Lys, and Roger. In 1982, he was invited to a wedding where he met Tatiana, the maid of honor and a Tutsi nurse in Ruhengeri. Tatiana and Paul married two years later and she adopted his children. In 1984, Paul Rusesabagina was promoted to assistant general manager of the Diplomat Hotel, an affiliate of the Mille Collines. Machetes were ordered and brought to the capital and given to the Interahamwe ; while Tutsi were being discriminated against, a rumour brought on by a radio station RTL M explained that the Tutsi wanted to kill all the Hutus. The wreckage landed in the garden of the presidential palace and all on board were killed. On April 7, 1994, the Presidential Guard assassinated Prime Minister Agathe Uwilingiyimana along with many other ministers, mainly those from political parties different from that of the assassinated Habyarimana and those slated to play important roles in the transitional government that had been planned to be instated on April 8. Ten Belgian UN peacekeepers were also killed. Though Rusesabagina was Hutu his father was Hutu and his mother Tutsi , his wife Tatiana was a Tutsi and his children considered mixed. Due to this, he was unable to escape from the war zone with his family. The truck set out for Kigali airport so they could flee to another country. He remained in the hotel to tend to the refugees. Tatiana and her children were specifically targeted within the convoy by radio messages, and returned to the hotel after being attacked. Her mother, brother and sister-in-law, and four nieces and nephews died in the genocide. Her father paid Hutu militia to be executed so he would not die a more painful death: We all knew we would die, no question. The only question was how. Would they chop us in pieces? With their machetes they would cut your left hand off. Then they would disappear and reappear a few hours later to cut off your right hand. A little later they would return for your left leg etc. They went on till you died. They wanted to make you suffer as long as possible. There was one alternative: Tutsi rebels pushed the Hutu militia into the Congo in July 1994, after over half of the Tutsis in Rwanda had been murdered. Rusesabagina took orphans from the camp behind Tutsi rebel lines with him to Tanzania , to keep them safe and away from Rwanda. By the end of the massacre, four of his eight siblings remained alive. He comments in his autobiography that "For a Rwandan family, this is a comparatively lucky outcome". Rusesabagina, his wife and children, and the refugees eventually managed to escape to Tanzania , thanks to the Rwandan Patriotic Front. After staying in Rwanda for two more years, Rusesabagina applied for asylum in Belgium and moved to Brussels with his wife, children, and his two adopted nieces in 1996 after receiving credible threats on his life. When they received threats again, they settled in Texas although they still maintain their Belgium home.

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