

## **Greetings once again from Swanland School, Nairobi, Kenya.**

Thank you for your very kind donation and support, which we received on 8th this month. Your generosity will make an immediate difference in the lives of many Swans. I bought some stationary for the school worth 35.000 Kenya shillings and the rest went to food. I hope that as it rains may be the prices of greens and other commodities will come down otherwise thank you in advance and may God bless you and your team. I wanted to let you all know how much I appreciated your time in raising money to help me run the school. You all did a fantastic job to our school during this trying and difficulty time.

I once read that "No two gardens are the same. No two days are the same in one garden." Similarly, you have helped create a place that is as unique as Swanland School Nairobi Kenya and will continue to be a source of life and delight as you help us create hope in lives of many children. Thank you so much for your advice and prayers, thoughts, and actions. We will all think of Swanland community UK fondly and often. Thank you and may God bless you all send my love and greetings to all friends they are an inspiration to me and my team here at Swanland School Nairobi Kenya.

One of the new pupils at Swanland School Nairobi has written about the attack on her home & family in Eldoret and how she arrived in Nairobi. It is a very moving account & it shows how our recent donations have been spent. **Pastor Hudson Kuyanda**

### ***The Story of Irene Chepkemboi***

My Names are Irene Chepkembo. I come from Eldoret in Rift valley. I'm 18 years old and now in form four in Swanland school Nairobi. I do not know how I came here but God knows, this after the election last year things turned to be so bad.

One of the things I enjoy most is to spend my time with my family and friends from neighbourhood. I'm have never been to Nairobi I was born here in Wasinikisho in Eldoret. I had lost hope but I found it when I came to my home Swanland School.

I come from a family of eight and I'm the second born in my family it is very hard to live with friends when you have parents and do not know where they are it would be better if I know that they are dead and buried but here is a case where we do not even understand how we left one another.



I will never forget very early when our parents went to cast their vote on December 27th, we thought that we were going to have a new president and that things will change in our country only to find out that it was the opposite as everything turned to be neighbours fighting against each other. On January 5th 2008 it was our very last time to see my mom my beloved brothers and other friends. People came to our village killed our neighbour when my father heard that because men were sleeping outside and the women and children inside, I heard my father call my mother come out with the children enemies are approaching us felt everything swaying from side to side with the rocking movement of the ground. Immediately I realized what was happening and I shouted, "Enemies had been attacked our neighbours house!!...."

We all went and hide in the bush near by and within two hours our house was set on fire thus several house in my village were on fire I remember we went down near the river and spent there the whole night we were bitten by mosquitoes and in the morning things were not normal we escaped death and went to chief camp where we found many families small children crying helplessly hungry and with nothing .The

tremor got worse and the whole houses shook terribly as attackers were trying to break in. We dashed out of the house without further thought. I prayed to God to help and save us. My brother was also praying fervently, calling out to the Lord, and Mom also called out the name of Jesus. Most of our neighbours were already out on the streets and in camps

All of us just watched in disbelief. The crowd began to swell as more people gathered, some shouting, others crying. We lost hope in life. Everywhere there was a cry. The atmosphere was so tense. We were frightened and unsure what would happen next. We continued calling the name of Jesus to help us. There was total chaos and confusion. Clearly no one knew what they would do to save the situation. We watched the houses in our neighbourhood people breaking into. Some of them were like half fallen, tilting perilously, but just a few hours later they too went down to ashes. People screamed in despair as they watched helplessly their houses going down on ashes.

Then the evening we were told to leave to the Maili Saba police station police lorries came and people were jumping without knowing where they are going and where their families are I managed to board on a lorry with one of my neighbours so I was lucky I had no family member but at least a friend I know, and since he was a boy he went to spend time with other boys during late hours we could only meet during day time. The most disturbing is the time I had with my brother before the chaos erupted. My brother, Kemboi was with us that December when we all went to church that morning. What a special time we had together. As we walked along, enjoying the refreshing air of the countryside, we thanked God for His blessings on our lives and also for the previous days' Christmas celebration. Well after two weeks there was no food in the camp at Maili Saba and people were living the camp through many ways one day a friend that we had met in the camp told us that there was a transport to take them to Limuru near Nairobi and she asked us to be ready we could find some food there and even water to drink since life in the camp where we were was so pathetic at around ten they were called and they asked the police to go with us and we all went.

While in Limuru on our way we found a gang of young men had blocked the road and since we had an escort of police they ran away and we continued with the journey. Where we went we also found other displaced people but not as many compared to Maili Saba. We were received and given a tent where all of us lived. Because of the hardship in the camp we decided to go near by church school we had heard the school that is helping the orphans so we asked for Swan school we even forgot it was Swanland a good Samaritan from Utheru helped us this woman when we told her that we came from Eldoret and we do not have a relative near that we lost all our parents we do not know where they are she accepted and took us to Swanland School.

We did not know anyone but asked for Pastor the pastor had left so we were taken to the church waited for almost a day the pastor came and we narrated to him the whole story and he called a lady who took us to the room where other girls were sleeping we came back for prayers and we were served supper then went to sleep the following morning we went to pastor office he asked us which class we were and he was surprised that I was a candidate sitting for my form four exams this year he asked David to issue uniform to each one of us and they gave us each seventeen exercise books four ball pen and two pencils from there we were smiling to each other and did not know what to do we have missed class for almost the whole term but we thank the pastor and the school for accepting us to live at school and learn. I cannot imagine not being in Nairobi and learning. Swanland School has become my home after form four this year I do not know where to go but hope that pastor will accept me to be here and help other either to teach or even help in any work that he will give as I miss where my parents are.

Pastor has been very good to us and what I can not forget is what he likes saying that even though you do not have your mothers and fathers here you have one in heaven who brought you here and he will make sure that you learn and fulfil all your plans. Right now we live at school with many children having the same problem I thank pastor Kuyanda and the workers at school doing helping many imagine pastor paid my registration fee for KCS 6500 last month the deadline was 28th and to me it was a miracle and thank God.

*Yours sincerely Irene Chepkemboi*