

Home Away from Home

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Kyasira children's home had not been my option. I had wanted to go to Sanyu babies' home because I felt they needed more affection and the thought of being abandoned made

me shudder each time I imagined a similar incident.

When we reached Kyasira, a place close by Kampala in Enteve Road, we were welcomed warmly, and taken around the place. There are about seventy abandoned children. The children introduced themselves giving mostly their Christian names. Some did not have parents, others were abandoned and some did not know any of their relations. The nuns are all they had, Kyasira the only home they had ever seen.

They entertained us with smiling faces while the nuns cheered them. We also joined them in the dancing and in the evening, we did their laundry with them while they told us stories about themselves.

How could one live with such a strong fact of not belonging and still smile at a world that has robbed them with fury? When we went to

see their farm, water from Lake Victoria had destroyed their crops; since they are very close to the lake and their land is flat, this happens often. Fishermen trespass into their territory, fish without their permission and steal their food.

I kept asking myself why all this is happening to them. I talked to one of the girls whose name was Maria, so that for those few hours that we were there, she could have someone to relate with in a personal way.

What I saw and heard left such strong impressions in my mind. May no one ever feel alone as long as I can do something about it.
