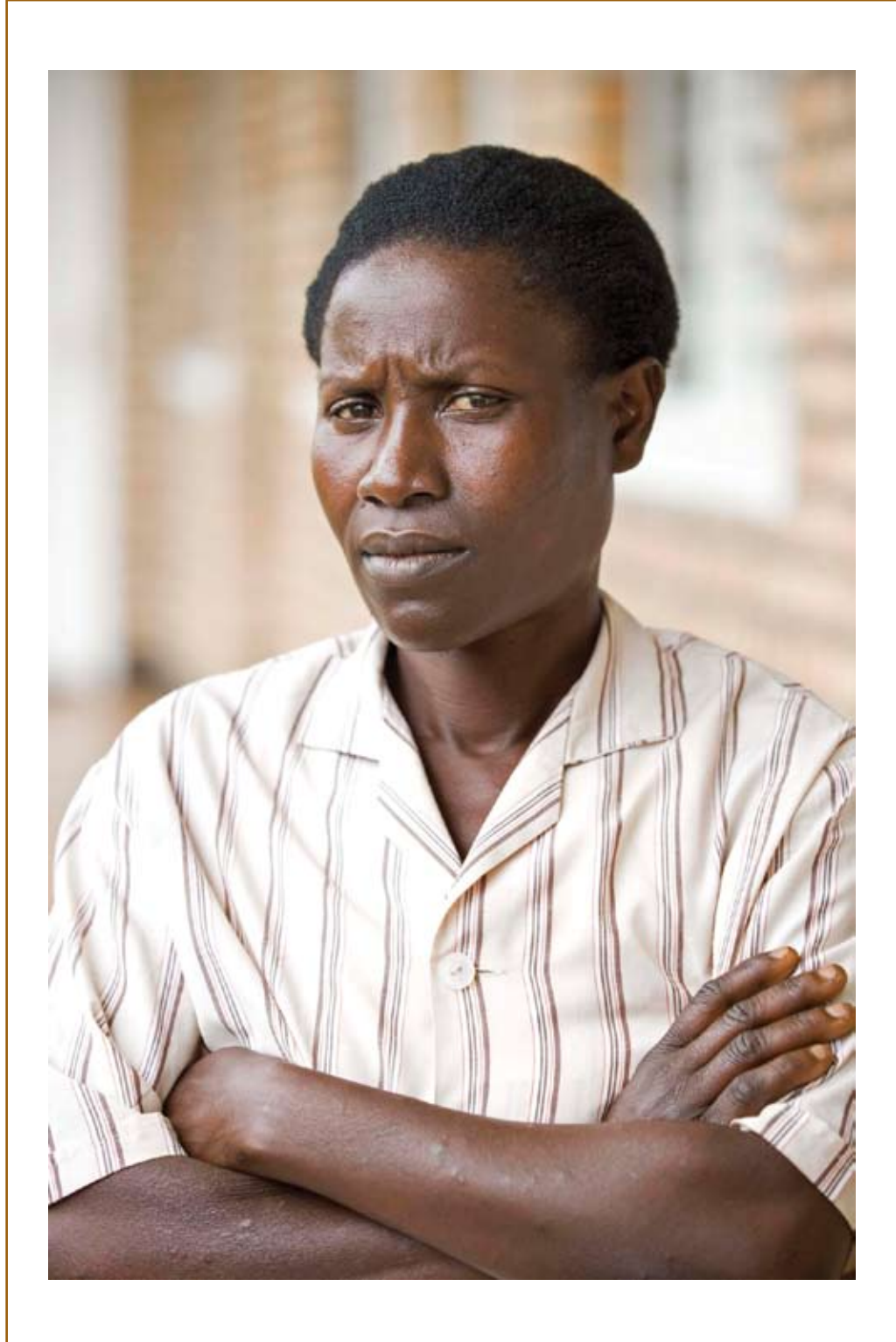


Tubeho (“to live again”) Project Rwandan Survivors of Genocide



My name is Mukatidaruhutse Jeanne. I live in Kabirizi, and I am 43 years old. I was married but my husband died in the genocide and I have my children and other orphans that I look after.

When the genocide started, I was in the banana field and my husband sent my first born to tell me that things had changed, that he must go, and he ran away. If God wants, we will meet again. I was sitting down asking myself what to do, but no ideas came and people were running in every direction... I asked my neighbors what was wrong, but no one wanted to answer me... Everyone was changing his opinion of me. Suddenly, there was a man with a machete, and I was afraid... My children were still very young....

My home area was Zaza and it was not really easy for me to leave it because there were many killers along the way. I saw a bush and hid myself in it... I took my child and put my hands over his mouth, then they started to burn a house made of banana leaves. I looked at my child, put him on my back and went to see a man who was a Christian. I asked him if he could help me. [Later] killers came and asked that man to give them the one who was hidden there. My baby was sleeping because it was during the night. They took me. I can't tell how many there were. They raped me but didn't kill me. The man who tried to hide me was surprised by what was happening and didn't know what to do.

When the killers finished raping me, they went away and I started to run. I broke my leg but I continued to run and came back to the house where I was hiding. The man opened the door for me and realized that I was still alive.

[Later] I couldn't respond to anything. I could hear people saying that every Tutsi was dead, every woman and child... In my area where I lived before the genocide, no one survived, not even children. At that time I was fed up with the world. I even wanted to die... I was not afraid and I could hear many people walking where I was sitting down, waiting for them to come kill us.

When we arrived at the Karembo camp in the morning they met us to tell us we had to go to a different camp. Some soldiers were talking to the ones who had raped us so it was not easy for us to say anything. We were traumatized because in those camps were different people, including the wives of killers. We went to the camp in the direction of Kibungo. My youngest child was starting to get sick and I was pregnant. I gave birth in August.

After the genocide, we lived in very bad conditions. I had no one except the orphans. I had to look after them. My sister-in-law died and left me her child, and I felt obliged to look after this child... AVEGA gave me a counselor to help me because I was lacking hope to survive. I was traumatized, and after a test I realized that I had HIV. I have learned to live with that and I can now say that I am doing well.

We think that Gacaca (Rwanda people's courts) is a good thing because it is a field (forum) where we can talk -- except when people do not want to tell the whole truth. [Then] they can come and kill you. We just believe in God. I thank the government because it took us from solitude.

~ Mukatidaruhutse Jeanne (1/06)

Exhibit:

**November 6
through December 5**

Closing Reception:

**December 5
5:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Michigan Lobby**

Closing Panel:

**December 5
6:30 to 8 p.m.
Congress Lounge**

Where:

**Roosevelt University
430 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, IL 60605**



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